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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

July 19th

VOLUME XVII.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1858.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XCVII.—JUNE, 1858.—VOL. XVII.



“THE GREEN,” NEW HAVEN.

THE CITY OF ELMS.

I.

A WINTER day of 1636, and London is foggy and chilly. Within a low counting-room in “the city,” before a glowing fire, sit three middle-aged gentlemen, solemnly still, toasting their toes, and semi-occasionally sipping good ale from huge silver flagons. So dark is the day that the bright fire-light has no great task to drive the gray daylight out through the small, smudgy window; then it has all to itself the little low room, and it flickers and flashes on wainscot and carving, makes three uncertain, huge shadows along and over the dark back wall, gilds the bright silver of the jolly old ale-flagons, reddens the faces of the three solemn sitters, and seems—so still are they—the only life in the room.

“I will go!” breaks the silence, coming from Hopkins, the youngest; and he seizes his flagon and drains the last pint, as if in relief at the birth of the long gestated purpose.

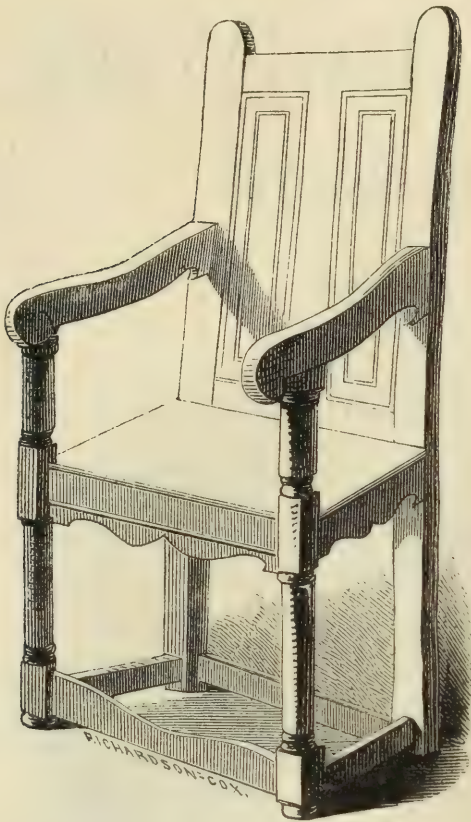
“Thank God!” exclaims Davenport, piously, and thirstily seeks relief also.

Eaton, the eldest, seizes his flagon and drinks long and deep, saying a gusty and hearty “Amen,” when he finishes. The word echoes hollowly within the cavity of the empty utensil, and the lid falls *clack!* and signals the end of the ale and the meeting. They have been waiting only for Hopkins’s tardy consent to the plan; that gained, the solemn triumvirate breaks up its dim session, content for the present with this first step from tyranny at home toward freedom in the wilderness.

The weakest of the brethren may not impute

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it for a sin against the Puritans that they drank beer; it was a custom of the times, and they, at least, did not observe it with excess. Blame not the lips through which they drank "gude ayle," nor the noses through which they sang unharmonious psalms. They thought they did God service; and so they did, in their queer but conscientious ways of living and doing. Laugh, if you please, at the peculiarities of the Puritans; but acknowledge that they were bold, true men, God-fearing, self-denying, Christian heroes, for all that.

John Davenport, son of the Mayor of Coventry, was Master of Arts and Bachelor of Divinity by Oxford authority, and had preached in St. Stephen's, at London, for some years, before he began to favor the doctrines of the Puritans. When his convictions resulted in actions, Laud, that zealous hater of Puritanism, made England an unpleasant place of abode for him; so he went over to Holland, lived there three years, corresponding and planning, and then came back to London to meet his friend Eaton, and perfect their great project of removing to America. He was not a ranter; he was a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian, grown hopeless at length of reform in the State Church, and hopeful of Christian liberty for himself and his friends only in the free wilderness of the New World.

Theophilus Eaton, whose counting-room the three have just left, was older than Davenport by a few years, having been born in Oxfordshire in 1590, where his father, says Mather, was "a faithful and famous minister." Disappointing his parents, who were desirous that he should follow the profession of his father, he followed

his own inclinations, which led him to London and commercial prosperity. Getting rich in the "east-country trade"—along the shores of the Baltic—he was chosen deputy-governor of the mercantile company to which he belonged, visited the northern countries of Europe, and was the agent of the King of England at the court of Denmark. When a boy at school in Coventry, he became an intimate friend of John Davenport, son of the Mayor; and when John came to preach at St. Stephen's, Theophilus became one of his parishioners.

Although married to a daughter of the Bishop of Chester, and, according to Mather, "arrived unto a fair estate, and a merchant of great credit and fashion," he easily became, under the influence of his old friend John, a zealous and active Puritan. He, as well as Davenport, was one of the patentees of Massachusetts, and early in the history of the emigration, formed plans to join the adventurous Pilgrims.

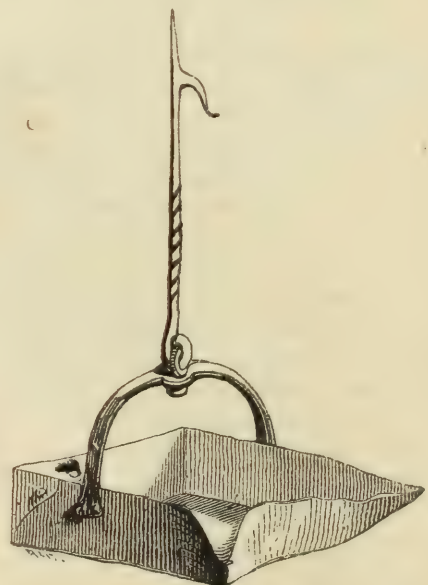
Edward Hopkins, the youngest of the three, was a native of Shrewsbury, and born about the year 1600. He was step-son to Eaton, like him was "a merchant of credit and fashion," and may be pardoned if, on account of his youth and his position, he was the last to say "I will go." Yet he also was deeply imbued with the feelings and principles of the Puritans, and the sacrifice he made of fortune and station was not less hearty and sincere than that of his relative Eaton.

These three, whom we have seen to have been gentlemen of rank and wealth, were the founders of a colony which sailed from England early in the spring of 1637 for Massachusetts Bay. They embarked in two ships, taking with them a large amount of property, and a number of persons in the capacity of servants. Their voyage was favorable, and they arrived at Boston on the 3d of June, 1637.

II.

Another picture.

It is mid-April, in 1638. The south wind—hazy and perfumed, blowing warm from San

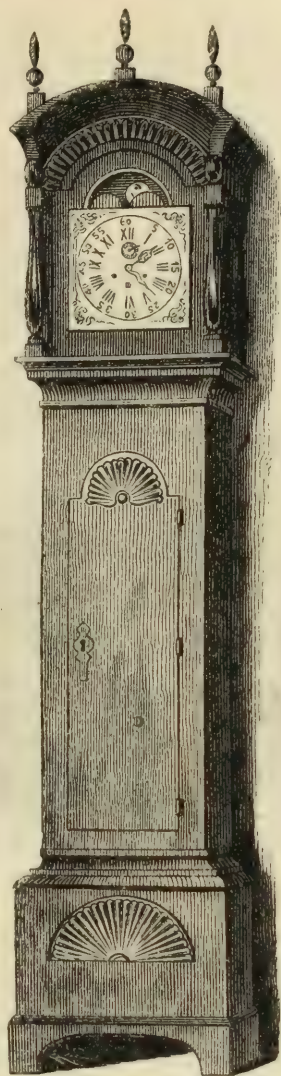


Salvador, along that mystic thermal ocean-current which flows northward from the dreamy, glowing islands of the Western Indies — has kissed new life into the outermost buds of the grand forest trees; the maples are flushed with faint green, the elm-boughs thickened hourly, the oak-buds are swollen almost to the birth of life; along the southward-facing banks the flowers and grasses dance to the music of the breeze and sunlight; the meadows, which level away toward the bay, have already grown brightly green; the wavelets beyond are playing with each other, half merrily, half lazily; farther away in the distance a bright blue reach of waters meets the horizon, with a fringe of dim, low-lying shore.

Under this great oak are assembled the members of the London colony. Here at last they have raised their altar, and, in "a temple not made with hands," whose arches of meeting boughs let through the smiles of heaven on this their first Sabbath in the wilderness, they gather around John Davenport, their loved pastor and guide, and join in singing praises to the God of Israel—to Him who has led them, as of old He led the Hebrews, across the sea, to the Canaan of their hopes.

From their ships—which you may see through the lower branches, swinging with the tide in the bay—they have toilsomely brought the huge iron-bound chests and the heavy oaken furniture which lie scattered under the trees. Clumsy farming-tools of the times, silver-chased muskets and pistols, kitchen utensils, rich outer-garments of silk, cut and embroidered in the showy fashion of two centuries ago; these lie in chance places, heaped or singly, among the rocks and trees.

With some show of order the Pilgrims have arranged themselves to listen to this first sermon; and yet, knowing that it will be a long one—two hours long at the shortest—they have chosen convenient positions. Some recline on the fresh grass; some lean against rocks, or the more accommodating gnarlings of the old trees; husbands support their wives, and mothers gath-



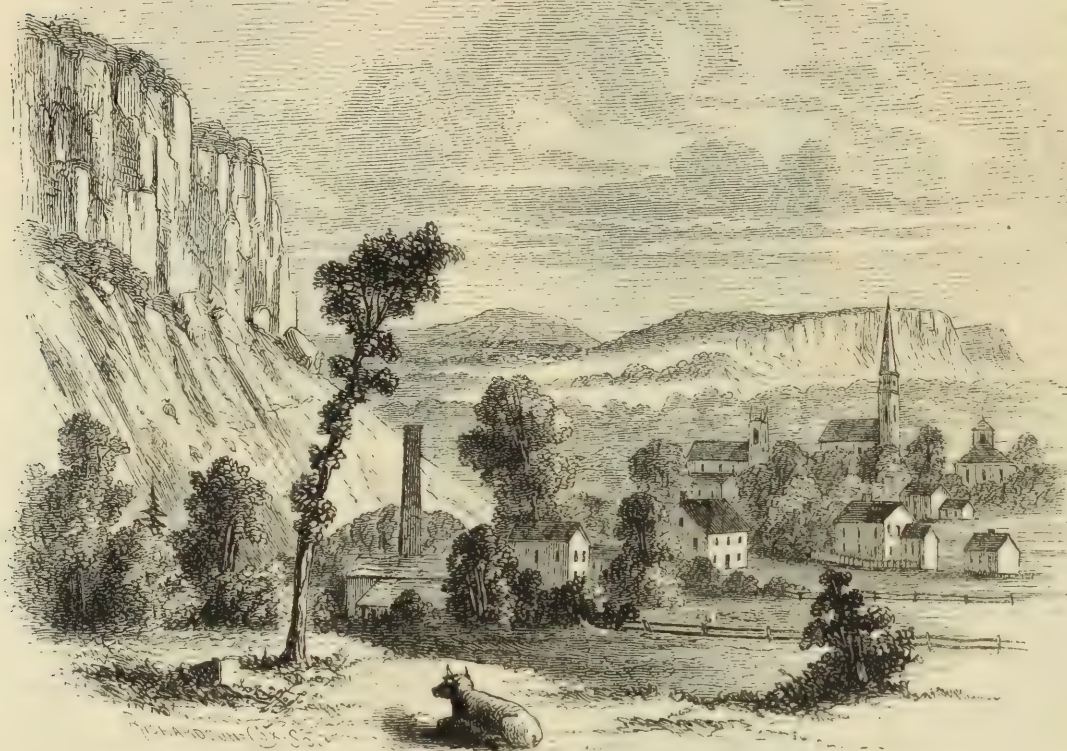
er children—who may be restless, and will be sleepy—within the folds of their full dresses. A few of the stiffest of the men stand piously erect, or lean upon their stout muskets. Steel-clad soldiers, the servants of the company, tread solemnly and slowly on guard around the borders of the group; the Quinapiacs are friendly, but the Puritans trust in Providence and powder.

Davenport preaches from the text, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil;" and he warns his attentive hearers that even here temptations are to be encountered, and that the fight with Satan has not ended, though they have changed the battle-ground from London to "the wilderness."

The April Sabbath sun has set, and the *new haven* has been consecrated as the new home of our London Puritans and Pilgrims.

The colony arrived at Boston from England, on the 26th of July, 1637. The fame of Mr. Davenport, and the reputation and good estates of the principal gentlemen of this company, made a warm and hearty welcome for them with the





WEST ROCK, AND PART OF WESTVILLE.

good people of "the Bay." Not only the leading men of the several towns, but also "the General Court," made advantageous offers to them to settle in their midst. Charlestown made liberal proposals; Newbury (port) offered to give up the whole town to them; and the Court invited them to settle at any place they should choose.

But they had determined to form a distinct colony, as far as possible beyond the reach of the long arm of Laud, who was even then stretching his powers to interfere with the disagreeable independence of the exiles. Our friends had planned, even from the beginning, the founding of a commonwealth in the regulation of which they might be compelled to recognize no human authority foreign to themselves.

By the pursuit of the Pequots, the Bay settlers had become acquainted with the pleasant shores of what is now called "the Sound." The land was represented as fruitful, and the harbors were known to be large and accessible; "wherefore the land seemed favorable for commerce," to which the founders of the colony had originally determined, if possible, to devote themselves.

In the fall of 1637, therefore, Mr. Eaton—who from the first and till his death was the leader of the colony, both on account of his wealth and character—started on an expedition of exploration along the coast. On arriving at Quinnipiac, he was satisfied. The place was remote from "the Bay" on the one hand, and not too near "the Manhadoes" on the other. The

harbor was commercially inviting, the meadows and forests agriculturally attractive, the Indians friendly; deer abounded in the woods, fish in the waters; the climate was milder than that endured by his brethren at the North. In short, he was content, and thankful that Providence had provided so goodly an heritage for his company. So he left a few men to guard the claim through the winter and returned to Boston.

As soon as spring came, the colony re-embarked, and, sailing around the Cape, coasted along the shore until they came in sight of "Red Rock"—as the Dutch, sailing eastward, had already named the bold headland which stands sentinel over the harbor—and landed at the *new haven* about the middle of April; the precise date is unknown.

The planters of Quinnipiac, determined to maintain peace and friendship with the Indians, began from the first to treat them kindly, and by gifts, fair purchases, and amicable treaties, conciliated the good-will of the small and feeble tribe which held the territory. By the Pequots on the east and the Mohawks on the west, the Quinnipiaks were often "unseasonably assaulted and terrified," and it seems they were not at all unwilling to receive the powerful English as neighbors and friends. In the November after their arrival we find from the records that Momauguin, sole sachem of the Quinnipiaks, on the one hand, and Theophilus Eaton and John Davenport on the other, entered into a covenant, in which it was stipulated that, in consideration of promises of protection and "twelve



EAST ROCK, FROM WHITNEYVILLE ROAD.

coats of English cloth, twelve alchymy spoons (pewter, probably), twelve hatchets, twelve hoes, two dozen of knives, twelve porringers, and four cases of French knives and scissors," he, Momauguin, sole sachem, etc., yielded up all his right, title, and interest to all lands, rivers, ponds, and trees, with all the liberties and appurtenances belonging to the same, to said Theophilus and said John, their heirs and assigns, forever. It was covenanted, also, that the Indians should always have land for planting corn on the east side of the harbor and river toward Saybrook.

The treaty was a fair one on both sides. The Indians regarded it as such; and by this act, and by subsequent fair dealings and kindnesses, the colonists made firm friends of their neighbors, by whom they never were seriously molested.

Another purchase was made in the December following from Montowise, sachem of another tribe, claiming lands to the north of Quinnipiac. This tract was ten miles long and thirteen broad, and seemed then large enough for all the wants of the colony.

In the ancient records of New Haven the original agreements are still preserved, signed by the contracting parties, the rude delineations of bows, arrows, and hatchets still telling of the unaccustomed grasp of pen of "Momauguin, Sugcogisin, Quosaquash, Carroughood, Woosauruck, and Shaumpishuh," and of "Montowise and Sawsounck," of whom the second purchase was made.

During the first year there appears to have been no act of civil, ecclesiastical, or military authority. The settlers were busy in providing homes and food for their families, under the acknowledged authority of Eaton and Davenport. The colony was wealthy—by far the richest in men and means of the companies which came to New England—and there is no appearance from the record or letters that they were ever straitened for bread, as the other colonies were.

Their first settlement was made in George Street (now called) and on the opposite hill; but within a short time, in keeping with the design of the founders to plant a capital colony, they laid out their town in squares. In the centre was a large and beautiful square, left unoccupied, and this was "compassed" with others, making nine in all. These remain to this day unaltered in boundaries. The town has spread in all directions, but the original plan has been adhered to, and most of the broad and shaded streets of the modern city cross each other rectangularly.

For the first fourteen months the new settlers acted under what they called a "plantation covenant," in which they solemnly pledged themselves to each other and to God that they would be governed in all things "by those rules which the Scripture holds forth." An attempt is made at the present day to maintain the same principles, but with a success by no means commensurate with that of our ancestors.

During the hurry and bustle of this first year



EAST ROCK, SOUTH VIEW.

the ten or twelve leading men were praying, fasting, inquiring, and debating over the great work of laying the foundations of Church and State. The breadth of Scripture rules was ample, but too indefinitely bounded. Rulers and magistrates were needed, and some form of government: and so—quotation is made from their own records:

“The 4th day of the 4th moneth called June 1639, all the free planters assembled together in a general meetinge to consult about settling ciuill Governmt according to God, and about the nominatiō of persons thatt might be founde by consent of all, fittest in all respects for the foundaō worke of a church which was intend to be gathered in Quinipieck.”

Within the rough walls of “Mr. Newman’s barn” a civil compact was agreed upon, and signed, after most solemn deliberation, the like of which may not be any where found in modern history. Not the laws of England, for from them they had just fled as unjust and tyrannical; not the Roman civil law, for that was foreign to the spirit of Englishmen, and to the spirit of civil and religious freedom which animated the Puritans; not the wiser and juster laws of Solon, or Lycurgus, or King Alfred; but simply and only the laws of Moses, a copy of which was in every man’s hand, and which were familiar to every subject of the jurisdiction. These were the laws adopted by the one hundred and eleven “free planters of Quinipieck.”

Objections have been made to some of the peculiarities of the government thus inaugurated—objections, some of which are not entirely unreasonable—but it has been generally con-

ceded that the leaders of the new commonwealth were wise and just and liberal for their times, and for the circumstances amidst which they acted.

In this article, which must be brief, and which should be mainly descriptive, there is neither space nor place for a discussion of the principles and results of the renowned compact of the Quinnipiac colonists. The reader who desires to examine the subject more thoroughly is referred to the discourses of Kingsley, Bacon, and Dutton, wherein the actions of their ancestors are ably defended.

Let us turn over a few of the pages of the old colonial records of matters which came before “the General Court.” We may thus learn how the state prospered under the laws of Moses; may see how they lived and labored, watched and prayed. It must be remembered, however, in justice to the colonists, that a large number of them were servants, hired in England—more or less intelligently devoted to the principles of Puritanism, it is true, yet in many cases ignorant and careless:

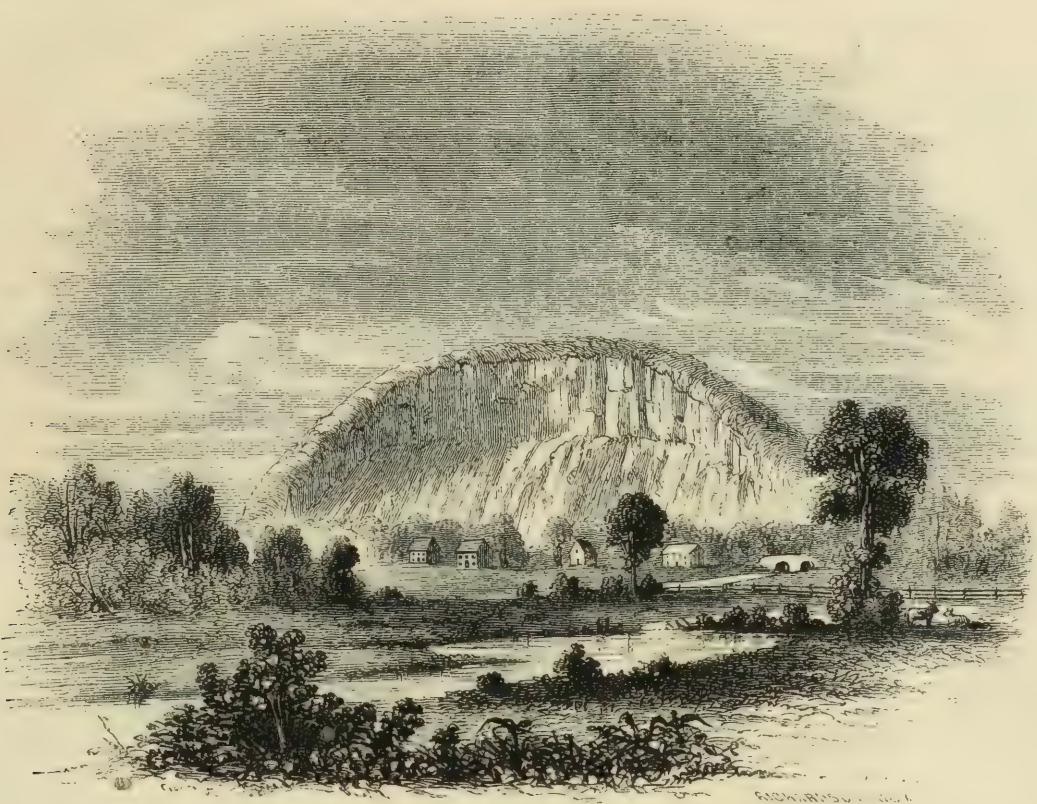
“October 25th. 1639.

“—the worde of God shall be the onely rule to be attended vnto in ordering the affayres of government in this plantatiō.”

“Nouember 3d.

“Itt is ordered thatt Mr. Hopkins have two hogsheads of lime for his vse, and as much more as will finnish his house as he now intends itt, he thinking thatt two hogsheads more will serve.”

It may be significant of a curious chapter in the secret history of the settlement, this single mention of the name of Mr. Hopkins. The



WEST ROCK.

reader may remember him as one of the original three, the step-son of Eaton, the merchant of wealth and fashion in London. It is certain that he came with the colony, and here we have the record of his building a plastered house, one of the few first; but his name does not appear among the one hundred and eleven, nor is it mentioned again in the records. It is said that he shortly removed to Hartford, but the usual leave to depart does not appear to have been voted to him. We may only guess at the causes of the disaffection of this, one of the leading men of the colony, for the rest were wise enough to leave no record of the affair.

"December 4th 1639.

"*Roger Dukurst and James Stewart are in-joined to make double restitution to John Cockerill for five pound, seaventeene shillings, wch they stole out of his chist on the Lords day in the meetinge time, and they being servants to the said Cockerill, for wch aggravation they were whipped allso.*"

This dispensation of justice is decidedly Mo-
saic.

"Jan: 4th 1639.

"*Itt is ordered thatt those thatt kill wolves and foxes shall have for every wolfe head 15s and for every foxe head 2s 6d.*"

"Febr: 5th 1639.

"*Isaiah, Captaine Turners man, fined 5l for being druncke on the Lords day.*

"*John Jenner accused for being drunke wth strong waters was acquitted, itt appearing to be of infirmity & occasioned by the extremity of the colde.*" (!)

"1t of the 7th moneth 1640.

"*Itt is ordered that evry man that is appoynt-*

ed to watch whether Mrs or servants, shall come every Lords day to the meetinge compleatly armed, and all others shall bring their swords, no man exempted save Mr. Eaton, or pastor, Mr. James, Mr. Samuuell Eaton and the 2 deacons."

"*This towne now named Newhaven.*"

"25th of 12th mon: 1641.

"*Itt is ordered that a free schoole shall be sett vp in this towne.*"

Was not this the first "free schoole" of New England? Can any other "towne" in the Union boast of having enjoyed the benefits of free education for two hundred and sixteen years?

"Ezechiell Cheevers" was the master of this school, and the first of the famous race of "Connecticut school-masters."

"Novemb: 1644.

"*The propositiō for the releife of poor scholars att the colledge att Cambridg [Harvard] was fully approved off, and thereupon itt was ordered thatt Josuah Attwater and William Davis shall receive of every one in this plantatiō whose hart is willing to contribute thereunto, a peck of wheat or the vallue of itt.*"

III.

"Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the out-casts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine out-casts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler."—ISAIAH, xvi. 3, 4.

From this text Mr. Davenport preached when the emissaries of the King were in New Haven in pursuit of "the Judges," Goff, Whalley, and Dixwell. The pursuit was energetic and the escapes narrow, but "Moab" hid the "out-casts," and the soldiers of Governor Andross searched in vain.



THE JUDGES CAVE.

Sir Edmund himself, who was by no means popular as a man or a magistrate, when resting at New Haven over the Sabbath, during one of his tours through the colony of Connecticut, was insulted, as he thought, at meeting, where the deacon gave out the 52d Psalm, of Sternhold and Hopkins's version, commencing—

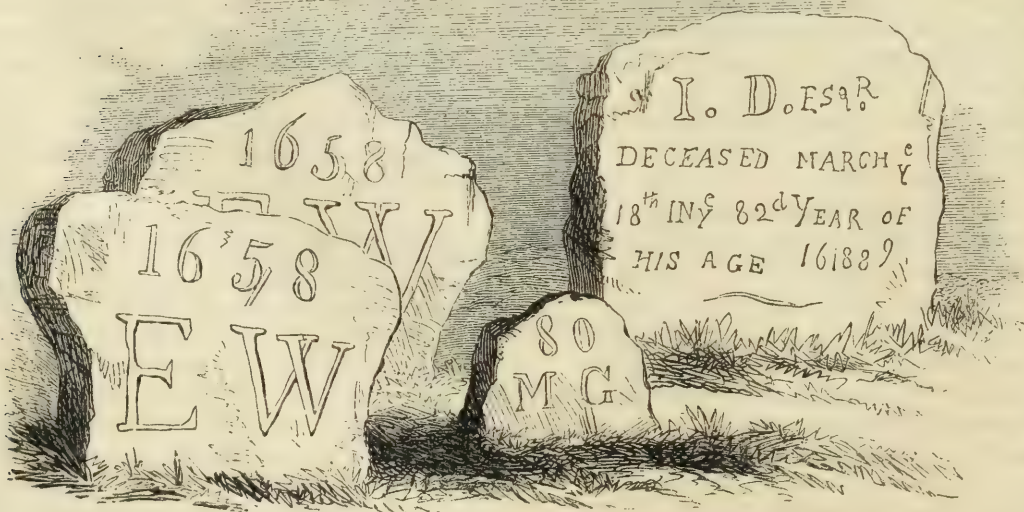
“Why dost thou, tyrant, boast a’ road,
Thy wicked works to praise?
Dost thou not know there is a God,
Whose mercies last always?”

On reprehending the deacon, the “tyrant” received, as an excuse, that it was the usage to sing the Psalms in course, “and so was obliged

to put up with it;” but although this might have been the usual custom, it is not unlikely that this Moabitish deacon selected the psalm for Sir Edmund’s particular contemplation.

There are numerous traditions of the aid and comfort given by the people to the objects of the King’s hatred and pursuit.

When it became unsafe for them to remain in the town, they resorted to the Rocks, on one of which, in a cave called still the “Judges’ Cave,” they lived for weeks together. This spot, which is on West Rock, about two miles and a half from the city, is a favorite resort of excursionists, and the gray rocks are covered with ambitious initials. Far up on the side of



TOMBSTONES OF THE REICIDES.

one of the huge boulders which form the cave appears the ancient inscription,

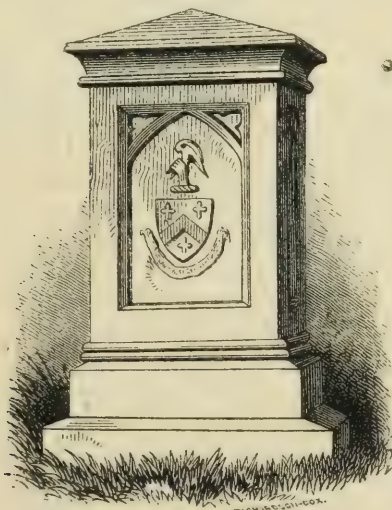
“Resistance to Tyrants is
obedience to God.”

On one occasion, when the pursuers were on the track of the fugitives, they escaped from the city and hastened toward one of their “coverts” upon East Rock; but the soldiers were so close upon them that they had scarcely time to conceal themselves under “Neck Bridge” (seen in the engraving) when the horsemen clattered over the bridge, on their way to Hartford. Tradition has it that, if the soldiers had thought of examining the bridge they would have needed bright eyes to discover their prey, for only the three noses of them were above water.

The lives of “the Judges” were romances, their deaths and burials romantically mysterious. They feared, with reason, as the result proved, that even the sanctity of their graves might not be left inviolate. Dixwell lived seventeen of his twenty-nine years of exile in New Haven, under the name of James Davids, Esquire, enjoying the esteem of the few who held his secret. When he died, at a good old age, he requested that no monument should be erected at his grave giving an account of his person, name, and character, alleging as a reason, “lest his enemies might dishonor his ashes.” His friends yielded to his last wishes, and a plain stone, of which we give a sketch, was the only memorial of the regicide.

“Often,” says President Stiles, in his “History of the Judges”—“often have we heard the Crown officers aspersing and vilifying them; and some, so late as 1775, visited and treated the graves with marks of indignity too indecent to be mentioned.”

One of the Dixwells of Boston, a descendant of Colonel Dixwell, has, within a few years, erected a noble and beautiful monument to the memory of his ancestor, of which the accompanying sketch is a good representation. On one face of the stone is cut the Dixwell coat of arms. The crest is a hand clutching firmly the talon and fluttering wing of an eagle; the motto is,



DIXWELL'S MONUMENT.

“*Esse quam videri*”—To be, rather than to seem.

Whalley was cousin to Cromwell, and fought valiantly at Naseby, charging, “with a psalm,” the squadrons of Langdale and Prince Rupert, victorious over both. Goff aided in “purging the Parliament,” at the head of musketeers, and was called to the Protector’s House of Lords. Dixwell was a colonel in Cromwell’s army, and a member of his Parliament in 1654. They crowned their heroism in the Puritan cause by acting with the thirty judges who condemned and beheaded King Charles the First; and then, at the Restoration, the drama was ended. Pursued and almost taken, hiding and almost discovered, fearful yet always trusting in God, the judges spent the remainder of their lives in New England, and were summoned at last to meet the Judge of all. Awaiting the great decision, they sleep in peaceful, honored graves.

Let us fill up, somewhat, this imperfect sketch of the main outlines of the first half-century with a few chiaroscuro touches of the home life of our ancestors.

The colonists of New Haven, as has been noticed, founded their civil polity upon the laws of Moses; Sunday, consequently, was observed with the greatest reverence and strictness. At three o’clock on Saturday afternoon they ended the week’s labors, and spent the rest of the day as “the preparation.” All youths under twenty-one were catechised publicly in the meeting-house, the Westminster Catechism being the text-book. Seated in the front seats of the gallery, each rose in turn to answer the question propounded by the minister. This exercise was unpopular with the young folks, who looked forward to the attainment of freedom with eager anticipation; but governmental and parental authority was stronger then than now, and they were obliged to submit.

Saturday night, after sundown, was regarded as part of “holy time,” and to this day, in many parts of New England, the law is observed—“From even to even shall ye celebrate your Sabbaths.” On “the Lord’s Day” no one was excused from attending “meeting,” except upon the plea of sickness. Non-attendance was punished by fines, and sometimes by whipping, as we see in the following quotation from the record of 1647:

“*William Blayden was publicly and severely whipped for not attending meeting, although he plead that all the clothes he had were unfit to wear, being all wet through the preceding Saturday, as he had been abroad after cattle in the woods in a violent rain, and on the Sunday had kept his bed.*”

Meeting-time was announced by beating a drum or blowing a conch-shell.

“The time we tell,
When there to come,
By beat of drum
Or sounding shell.”

When gathered within the meeting-house, the

men and women occupied seats on opposite sides of the broad aisle, the young people sitting in the galleries, in full view of their watchful parents and guardians. In their services they evidently endeavored to differ as much as possible from the forms of the English Church. They stood, instead of kneeling, during prayer, and sat while singing. They made it a matter of conscience to stand motionless during the longest prayers. At the present day, in the meeting-house which succeeds the original framed building, the degenerate posterity of the Puritans indulge in various "unseemly" postures during prayer: the majority compromise between kneeling and sitting, a very few of the older men stand during the whole or a part of the exercise, while many, especially the younger part of the audience, sit at ease and gaze around them.

Imagine the look of old John Davenport, were he to rise from his grave some Sunday morning and walk up the broad aisle of the "Centre Church" during "the long prayer!" Not more astonished would he be at marble pulpit, frescoed walls, cushioned seats, and gilded organ-pipes, than at the slothful and independent, not to say irreverent, positions of the congregation. Manners and men have changed "considerably" (using that word in Jeremy Taylor's sense) since "the good old colony times."

Social intercourse was very formal. Every man received his title: ministers and magistrates were called Mister, and few addressed them uncovered; church members were saluted as brethren and sisters; and the commonalty, who were not in church fellowship, were simply "goodman" and "goodwife." Besides these the records abound with military titles, sergeants and corporals, even, receiving the lawful handle to their names.

Especial pains were taken that there should be no disorderly conduct between "young men and maidens." The following law is copied from Eaton's code:

"Whosoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any maide or maide-servant, either for himself or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents or guardians, besides all damages the parents may sustain, shall pay to the plantation 40s. for the first offense, and for the second towards the same party, £4; for the third, shall be fined, imprisoned, or corporeally punished, as the plantation court shall direct."

Under this law, as appears by the New Haven records, at a court held in May, 1660, Jacobeth Murline and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted "for setting down on a chest together, his arme about her waiste and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in yt. sinfull posture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified." Each of them was sentenced to pay 20s. to the treasurer. It was lucky for them that they escaped being "corporeally punished," for there seems to have

been a remarkable fondness for this method of punishing offenders of all kinds.

During the first half-century, and even later, it was the custom to cut the hair "round by a cap," a trencher or bowl often serving the purpose of marking the track of the shears. Wigs were afterward in fashion, and were worn even by boys. After the wigs were out of fashion it became the mode to dress the hair by cueing or clubbing it behind, the cue being worn in silk bags, adorned with large black rosettes by the rich, and in eel-skins by the common people. Dress coats were made with long, full skirts, stiffened with buckram to make them stand out; the sleeves were short and full, and bars of lead were sewn in the lining to make the cuffs hang down when the arm was raised. Vests were worn with immense pocket-flaps, reaching nearly to the knees. Knee-breeches were worn by old and young, the pantaloons being a modern invention. Many of the ancient silver shoe-buckles are still preserved in old families.

The dress of women varied often then, as now, but at first was remarkable for simplicity. Striped linen short-gowns and petticoats, in summer, were worn in public, and in winter, garments of linsey-woolsey cloth, of home manufacture. When calico was first introduced, it was sold at about a dollar a yard, and she was dressed in the first fashion who wore a calico gown. In later times the well-known open-fronted gowns were worn, displaying the worked "stomacher" and quilted petticoat. Hoops had their day, and gowns with trails—"sweep-streets," as they were called, the end of the trail being carried on the arm of the wearer, unless she were a personage of rank and wealth enough to have a waiter to carry it for her. Dress shoes were made of cloth, with high, wooden heels; and it was thought no great impropriety for the ladies to display these, or even the "clocks" on their stockings. Black velvet masks were worn by some in winter, to shield the face from the cold; they were kept on by a silver mouth-piece, held between the teeth. Green masks were worn in summer. Parasols, as well as umbrellas, were unknown; the ladies used, instead, large paper fans, to shield their faces from the sun. As for bonnets, we have not space to describe their varieties; it is enough to say that they were generally very small in the crown and very large in the brim, beneath which the hair was dressed in bushy curls or "rolled over" a cushion, and stiffened up with pomatum to twice the height of the forehead. "Against the wind," the modern hat would be preferable.

Had we space we should delight to describe the solid old houses and their heavy old furniture; to tell how they lived in the home-spinning, home-brewing days of 1700 and thereabout; to sketch the glittering corner-cupboards, where goodwives displayed their "chaney" and silver, or the immense "chests" of home-made linen, kept carefully in the "spare-room;" but we must pass on to the next era in the history of New Haven.



YALE COLLEGE.

IV.

In 1700 ten clergymen met at Branford, each bringing a few books under his arm. Placing these on the table in Parson Russell's study, each said, solemnly, "I give these books for the founding a college in this colony." A century and a half has gone by, and Yale College counts her books and her graduates by thousands.

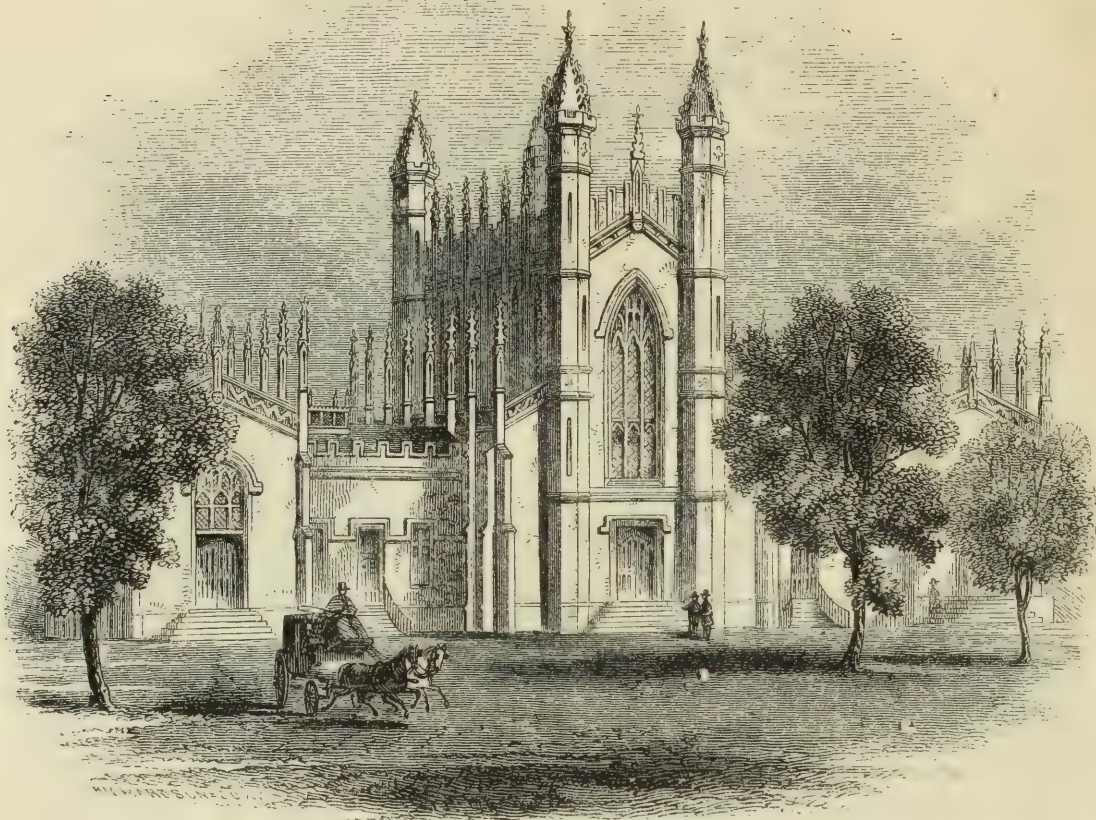
As early in the history of the New Haven colony as 1652, or within thirteen years after the first settlement at Quinnipiac, the project of establishing a college was started by Davenport and favored by the people. The well-founded remonstrances of the people of Massachusetts, who very justly observed that the whole population of New England was scarcely sufficient for the support of the single institution at Cambridge, prevented the prosecution of the noble plan. It may have been noticed among our quotations from the colonial records, that the people of New Haven contributed to the support of Harvard in "wheat, or the vulture of it," thus sacrificing their own wishes for the general good.

The "Collegiate School," which, at first, struggled for existence, became afterward the principal attraction of the town; indeed no just history or description of New Haven can be written which omits mention of "the College." "Old Yale" is so well known and so well loved

and respected throughout the land that even the general reader will not be uninterested, it is hoped, in a short account of the olden times of the venerable institution; while, among the thousands of *Harper's* readers, many an *alumnus* will be pleased, not only to see the elm-shaded sanctuary within which four happy years of his life were passed, but also to read again a few of the annals of "*Alma mater* Yale."

The Revolution, which divides the history of the college into two nearly equal parts, effected great alterations in college life and manners, and broke up many traditional English usages, which had been adhered to from the foundation. It reads strangely nowadays, this extract from the manuscript laws of the college: "Every student shall be called by his sir-name except he be the son of a nobleman, or a knight's eldest son;" yet this distinction between noblemen and commoners existed down to 1768, until which time the name of the student highest in rank headed the list of his class. The only relic of titular distinction at the present time is noticed at "Presentation Day," when one of the college officers presents the Seniors to the president, in a formal Latin address, naming each member of the class as "Dominus" Jenkins or Jones.

In those days the president was a being of majestic dignity: no undergraduate was per-



YALE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

mitted to wear his hat within ten rods of that august person. The professors might not be approached uncovered within eight rods, and even a tutor, *then*, received obeisance by law, within twenty-seven and a half yards. The Freshman, poor fellow! whenever he spoke to a superior, which included all above him, even the Sophomores, or was spoken to by one, was obliged "to keep his hat off until bidden to put it on."

It will amuse modern collegians to read the following quotations from the college laws, printed in 1764, and in force long after:

"A Freshman shall not play with any members of an upper class, without being asked; nor is he permitted to use any acts of familiarity with them even in study-time.

"In case of personal insult, a Junior may call up a Freshman and reprehend (?) him. A Sophomore in like case must obtain leave from a Senior, and then he may discipline (?) a Freshman, not detaining him more than five minutes.

"Freshmen are obliged to perform all reasonable errands for any superior, always returning an account of the same to the person who sent them. When called, they shall attend and give a respectful answer; and when attending on their superior, they are not to depart until regularly dismissed.

"When a Freshman is near a gate or door belonging to college or college-yard, he shall look around and observe whether any of his superiors are coming to the same; and if any

are coming within three rods, he shall not enter without a signal to proceed."

Humble as they were, it may be imagined that puny Sophomores sometimes found "five minutes" quite too short a time in which to "discipline" the pluckiest of the Freshmen; and as for the "errands," the "superiors" were occasionally outwitted, as witness the following:

A Senior once gave a Freshman a dollar, and bade him go to the most distant store from the college and purchase pipes and tobacco. The Freshman departed, with becoming humility, and soon returned with ninety-nine cents' worth of pipes and one cent's worth of tobacco. Whether he was thereupon "disciplined" tradition saith not.

Referring to this servitude of the Freshmen, President Woolsey remarks, in his "Historical Discourse," delivered to the graduates in 1850: "All this was very gravely meant, and continued long in use. The Seniors considered it as a part of the system to initiate the ignorant striplings into the college usages, and they performed their duties with the decorum of dancing masters."

Even as late as 1800, it was required of the "ignorant striplings" that they should run errands for resident graduates and for the two upper classes, any where within the limits of one mile. The poor fellows were formally exempted from such duty in 1804, but even now they are the butts of college ridicule, and the victims, occasionally, of various practical jokes, although these are becoming rarer every year.

Up to the time of the Revolution, the system of instruction was very limited, compared with the present course. The graduates were expected, for the most part, to choose the clerical profession; indeed, the college was founded as a nursery of the Church; on which account the study of Hebrew was thoroughly pursued, and the New Testament diligently read by all classes; and this was the only Greek studied. The mathematical sciences received but little attention; rhetoric was almost unknown as a study until 1770; and the physical sciences were unheard of until a much later period. What would the students of the present day say, were they "weekly called to recite, *memoriter*, the Assembly's Catechism in Latin?"

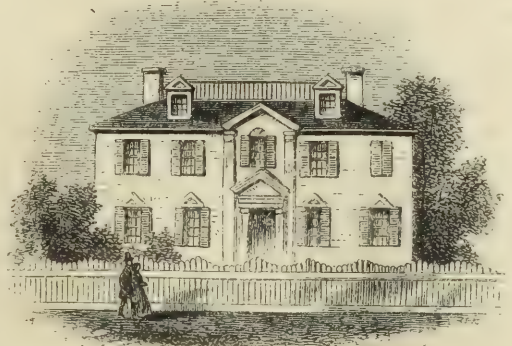
"Commencements," a hundred years ago, differed, in some respects, from the mild affairs of nowadays. Then they were occasions of such noisy mirth and even of riot, that the corporation was obliged to exert itself, by stringent laws, to contro~~l~~ the exuberance of the departing Seniors. Cannons were fired, and it was usual for the graduating class to provide a pipe of wine, free to all comers. This, in 1760, took the place of the "barrel of metheglin," which, by a law of 1746, "the Seniors may provide and give away, and nothing more;" and when the authorities, compelled by the disturbances and confusions which flowed from the pipe of wine, undertook to break up the custom of the general "treat," the Seniors rebelled, brought large quantities of rum into college, and "carried on" to that degree that the Commencement exercises were suspended. "Similar scenes are not known to have occurred afterward, although for a long time that anniversary wore as much the aspect of a training day as of a literary festival."

During the Revolution the students were enthusiastic rebels. The news of the first battles echoed loudly, we may well believe, in the quiet cloisters of the college. The young patriots joined eagerly with the citizens in celebrating the great event of the first blow struck for liberty. Studies were abandoned, and military drills took their place. It was found almost impossible to keep up the regular exercises of the classes; and during almost the whole war the college was in a state of confusion which endangered its continued existence. At the inauguration of the Rev. Ezra Stiles as President, the students, who had been scattered in several of the neighboring towns, were reassembled, and under his energetic administration the college began the career of prosperity which has distinguished it from that time to the present.

It is unnecessary to speak of Yale College as it stands to-day. Its name and fame are as wide-spread as the Union. Its past is written in the history of the country; its present prosperity is indicated by its annual catalogues. Six hundred students are gathered within its walls to-day; its two lower classes number, respectively, one hundred and twenty-eight, and one hundred and thirty-four; and its corps of

instructors are not inferior, either in numbers or reputation, to that of any similar institution on this side of the Atlantic.

"Semper floreat, alma mater, Yale!"



ARNOLD'S RESIDENCE.

When the news of the battle of Lexington arrived, by express, at New Haven, Captain Benedict Arnold, who was at that time commander of the "Governor's Guard," immediately called out his company, and the next morning about forty of them started with him for the seat of war. At Pomfret, on their way, they were joined by General Putnam. On their arrival at head-quarters at Cambridge, the company proved to be the only one which was complete in its uniform and equipments, and as such was selected to deliver the body of a British officer who had been taken prisoner at Lexington and had died of his wounds. Upon this occasion, one of the British officers, appointed to receive the body from the Guards, expressed his surprise at seeing an American company appearing so well, and remarked that "they were not excelled by any of his Majesty's troops."

While at Cambridge, Arnold was sent, with a thousand men, on the memorable expedition into Canada. About a dozen of his men accompanied him; the remainder of the company shortly returned to New Haven. "The Governor's Guard" still flourishes, and is justly proud of its history. Arnold "kept store" in New Haven for many years, and his sign is still preserved as a relic. He was in easy circumstances, as his house, still standing, gives evidence; and although maintaining a good position among his fellow-citizens, was yet regarded by many of them as a shrewd, selfish, unprincipled man. When the news arrived of his treachery at West Point, not a few who knew him declared that it was nothing more than might have been expected of him.

During "the war," while the enemy held possession of New York, the towns on the seaboard were continually liable to attack. In the campaign of 1779, the British seem to have aimed at little more than to plunder, distress, and consume. The attack on this town took place on Monday, July 5, 1779. The fleet, consisting of two men-of-war, with tenders, transports, etc., anchored off the West Haven shore. The forces on board numbered 3000 troops, under the command of the infamous

General Tryon. Of these, about 1500 landed at West Haven, and a smaller detachment at South End, on the eastern side of the harbor.

The inhabitants of the city were entirely unprepared to offer resistance to such a force, but a few of the boldest men sallied out to meet the enemy, with the intention of harassing them and giving time for the removal of women and children to places of safety. These, carrying a few of their most portable valuables, hurried away, in carts, and wagons, and on horseback, to the woods beyond and behind West Rock, and from the summit of that eminence many of them watched the advance of the enemy and the smoke of the fire which their husbands and fathers were pouring at them from behind the trees and fences.

The writer, when a boy, has often listened to his grandmother, with breathless attention, as she narrated the events of that flight, or how, from "the top of the Rock," she watched "the red-coats" defiling along "the Allen-town road." The bridge over West River was so well defended by our militia that the enemy chose to make a circuit of nine miles in order to enter town by the Derby road. This course brought them almost to the very foot of West Rock, and the sight of their brilliant uniforms and glittering muskets, as it appeared to the women and children on the height above, was one never to be forgotten.

Meanwhile the other divisions, which had landed on the other side of the harbor some time after the landing of the main body, had marched toward the city, meeting with little resistance, and entered the town nearly at the same time with the larger force. Notwithstanding the proclamation in which General Tryon announced that the persons and property of the unresisting should be spared, the town was delivered up to promiscuous plunder; "in which," says the record published at the time, "besides

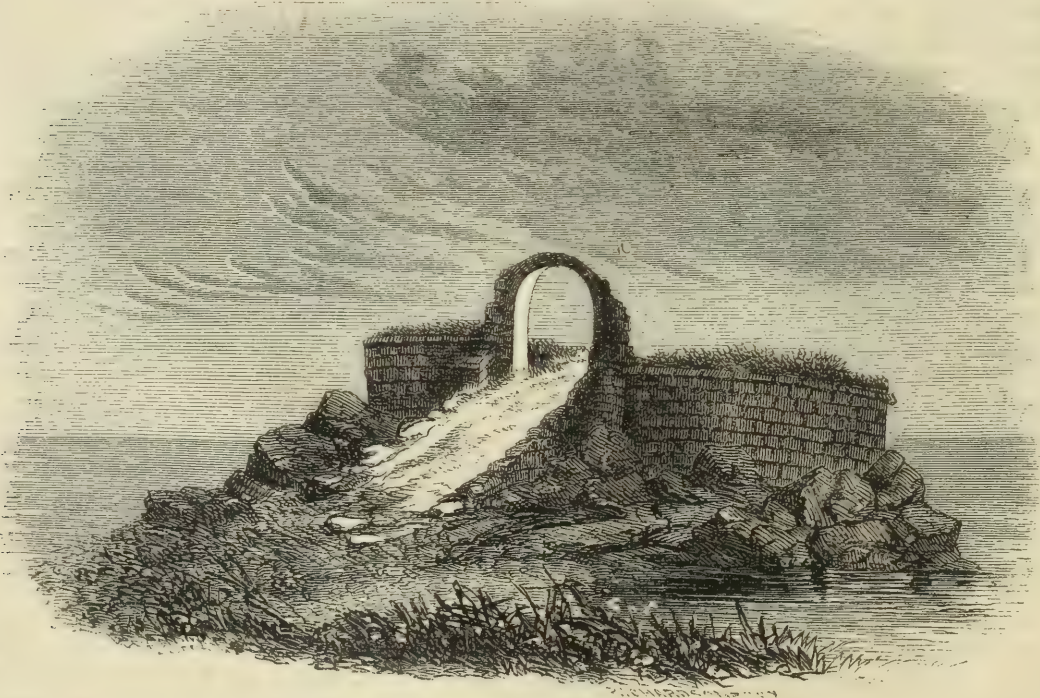
robbing the inhabitants of their watches, money, plate, buckles, clothing, bedding, and provisions, they broke and destroyed their household furniture to a very great amount. Some families lost every thing their houses contained; many have now neither food nor clothes to shift.

"Although in this expedition it must be confessed, to the credit of the Britons, that they have not done all the mischief in their power, yet the brutal ravishment of women; the wanton and malicious destruction of property; the burning of the stores upon the wharf, and eight houses in East Haven; the beating, stabbing, and insulting of the Rev. Dr. Dagget (Professor of Divinity in the College) after he was made prisoner; the mortally wounding of Mr. Beers in his own door; the murdering the aged and helpless Mr. English in his own house; and the beating, and finally cutting out the tongue of, and then killing, *a distracted man*, are sufficient proofs that they were *really Britons*."

Twenty-five of the inhabitants were killed during the skirmishing on the road and the sacking of the town, and between thirty and forty were carried off prisoners. By the next morning the militia of the neighboring towns had collected in such numbers that the "Britons" thought it prudent to retire. So they retreated on board their fleet and set sail to the westward.

Thus ended the attack on New Haven—one of the most cruel and savage of the whole war.

The detachment which marched up along the East Haven shore received a check at "Black Rock," where there was a rudely-constructed fort, in which were nineteen men and three field-pieces. During the war of 1812 a larger fort was built there, and named "Fort Hale," in honor of Nathan Hale, the martyr spy. This noble young man entered the army under General Washington, immediately after his graduation at Yale College. He was well known



FORT HALE.



NEW HAVEN FROM "THE FORT."

here, and his memory is still cherished with pride for his brave self-devotion, and grief for his sad martyrdom. The fort is now in ruins.

Sailing from that enchanted island, the abode of semi-translated Puritans, which superstitious skippers of fog-enveloped mackerel-smacks assert to be floating mysteriously along the indefinite shores of "Away Down East"—sailing thence in high-pooped pinnace, were good old Theophilus Eaton to enter our harbor in the twilight of some summer evening, he would have no difficulty in recognizing the spot on which he founded a city nearly two centuries and a quarter ago. East and West Rocks—

"Twin giants, guarding sea and land"—

still stand on duty, scarred veterans though they be. Between them, and spreading its verdure to the very shore of the bay, stands a forest, as thick and green as that which attracted his primeval admiration; and the tall spires which pierce the trees would be almost the only signs of the changes which had taken place during his long absence. Not till he had sailed well up the harbor would he notice, with surprise, the masts and steeples and numerous white houses of old "Dragon," where his men caught innocent seals, and called them by that fearful name, so long ago; which ancient fishing-place has changed into a prosperous village, and grown famous for "Fair Haven oysters" and fast yachts. Coming nearer, he might wonder at the long arm which Trade extends to beckon Commerce in,—"Long Wharf," in prosier phrase, grasping its great handful of sugar-laden West Indiamen, and telling him of the realization of his old commercial hopes and plans. Looking in that direction, toward the glowing west, a roaring, screaming train of cars might cause him a justifiable exclamation of surprise; or he might port his helm, in sudden terror, to escape destruction at the huge

wheels of the incoming steamboat. Not, however, until he had moored his venerable bark securely among "the oyster-stakes," and had entered the shaded streets of the modern city, would he realize the changes which two hundred years have made.

Hurry back to your pinnace, old patriarch! The boys don't touch their hats to governors even, nowadays; a disrespectful crowd is gathering around you; for

"Your old three-cornered hat,
And your breeches, and all that,
Are so queer."

"The City of Elms" owes a great part of its reputation to its beautiful trees. Its streets are lined with grand old elms or luxuriant maples, and its public squares are thick-shaded groves.

The streets present long vistas of arched verdure; and one of these, a view of which is given by the wood-cut on the next page, is the admiration of strangers and the pride of the native-born. The meeting branches of the magnificent elms which border the long aisle form a Gothic archway of perfect symmetry and beauty. For these old trees, and for the taste which leads to the planting of others, the city is mainly indebted to the late Hon. James Hillhouse, who, about the year 1800, inclosed "the Green" and set out the noble rows of elms which are, and will long remain, most beautiful memorials of his taste and public spirit. The citizens should honor his memory with some more enduring monument; yet, till the last shadow falls from the oldest elm, his name will be gratefully mentioned by all who enjoy the summer shade or winter sheen of the grand old trees he planted.

A pleasing peculiarity of New Haven is that its dwellings have so generally the appearance of *homes*. The houses are mostly built in the cottage or villa style of architecture, and each embowers itself in shade and shrubbery, through which are given glimpses of gardens and grape-



TEMPLE STREET.

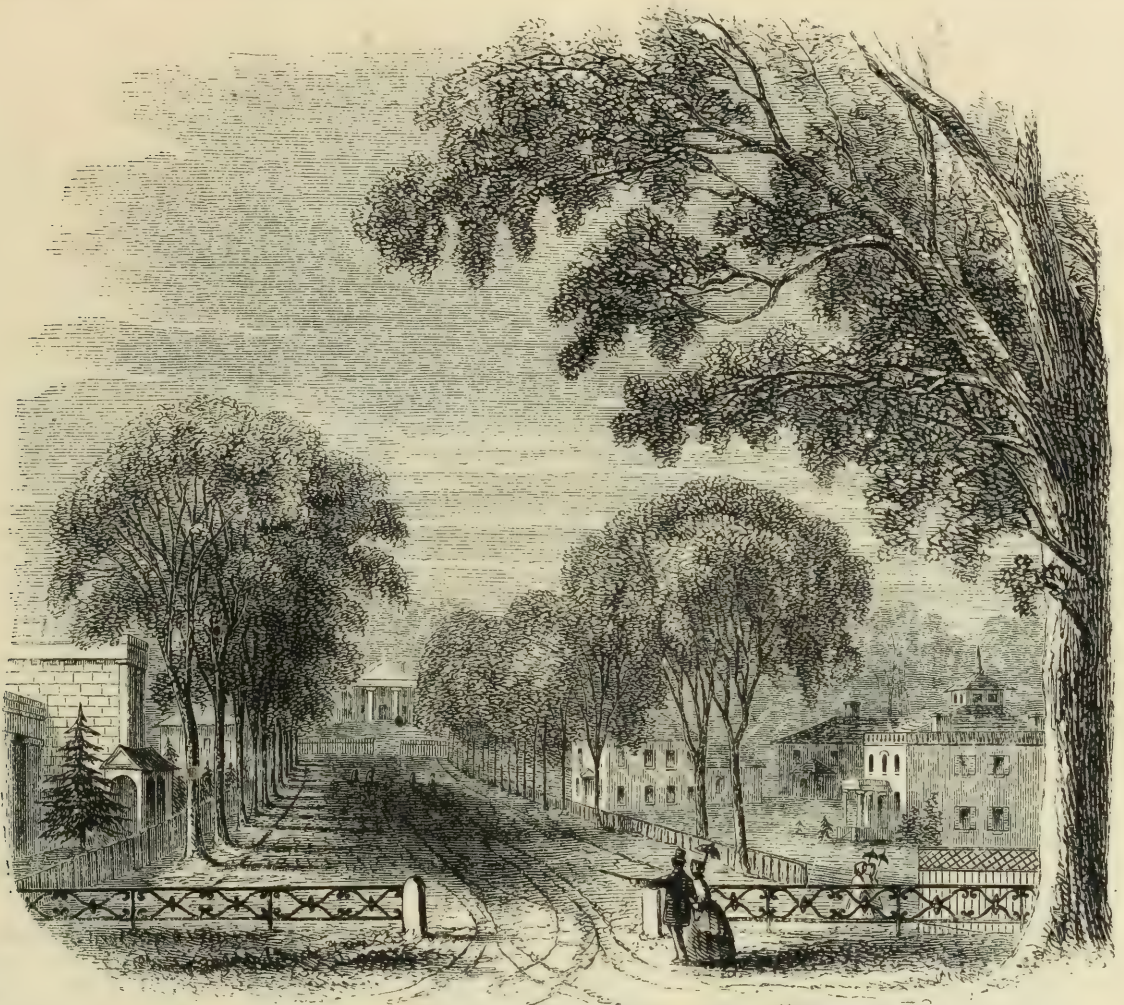
arbors. The people are famous horticulturists, and fruits and flowers abound in their seasons; nor is the enjoyment of these confined to the wealthy; for *every* house has its garden, and every man seems to live beneath his own "vine and fig-tree." Indeed the stranger will find it difficult to fancy himself within a thrifty commercial city of thirty thousand inhabitants; or, at least, will hesitate in deciding whether New Haven is *rus in urbe*, or *urbs in rure*. The cloisters of College, though in the heart of the city, are yet undisturbed by the rush of trade, while even the New Yorker will not miss the rattle of Russ and "cobble" pavements.

"The Green," as the principal public square is rurally named by the New Haveners, is unequaled by any similar park in the country. Its attraction consists not so much in the beauty of the public buildings situated within its inclosure as in its hundreds of large elms, each in its prime of age and symmetry. Most of these monarch elms are omitted from the sketch given on page 1, lest a stranger might imagine that "The Green" were only a grove of trees. Beyond the churches is seen the State House—an edifice of pure Doric architecture; and farther beyond appears the front of the College Chapel.

The College, also, is almost hidden by thick elms, many of which are sacrificed in the engraving. The row of plain brick buildings which form the factory-like façade of "old

Yale" is certainly more venerable than beautiful; but the Library and the new Alumni Hall are specimens of the more fitting structures which the sons of Alma Mater are beginning to provide for the old lady's future residence.

From the settlement of the town until 1796 that part of the Green upon which stand the Centre Church and the State House was used as a burial-ground; but the land being deemed more appropriate for a park, a new burial-place was opened in the northern part of the town. The old graves, however, were left unmolested until 1821, when the stones were removed to the new cemetery. The only monuments left were those of the Judges, and the few which are covered by the Centre Church. The new cemetery is very beautifully inclosed and laid out; and here may be seen the monuments of Governor Eaton, of several presidents of the College—among which those of President Stiles and President Dwight will attract the notice of every scholar and patriot; of Colonel Humphreys, the aid-de-camp of Washington, a soldier, historian, and poet; of Noah Webster; of Roger Sherman, one of the purest patriots among the signers of the Declaration; of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, and of many others renowned in the history of the State and country. The remains of Colonel Trumbull, the companion of Washington and the painter-patriot of the Revolution, rest beneath the walls



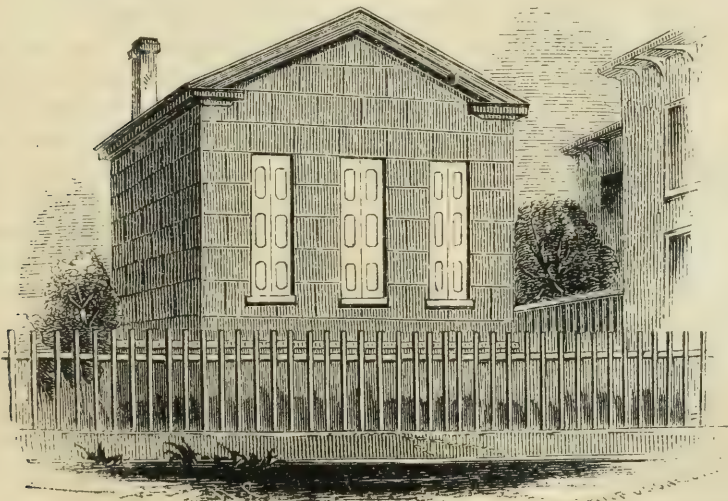
HILLHOUSE AVENUE.

of "Trumbull Gallery," on the College grounds. Here are collected his numerous works, illustrating the great events in many of which he was *magna pars*—an actor in the scenes which he depicted. The collection is particularly rich in portraits of the heroes of the Revolution. There are in this room *two hundred and fifty* portraits of distinguished men of that period, painted *from life*. Many of these are grouped in eight historical paintings, in which the accuracy of drawing, the admirable coloring, the va-

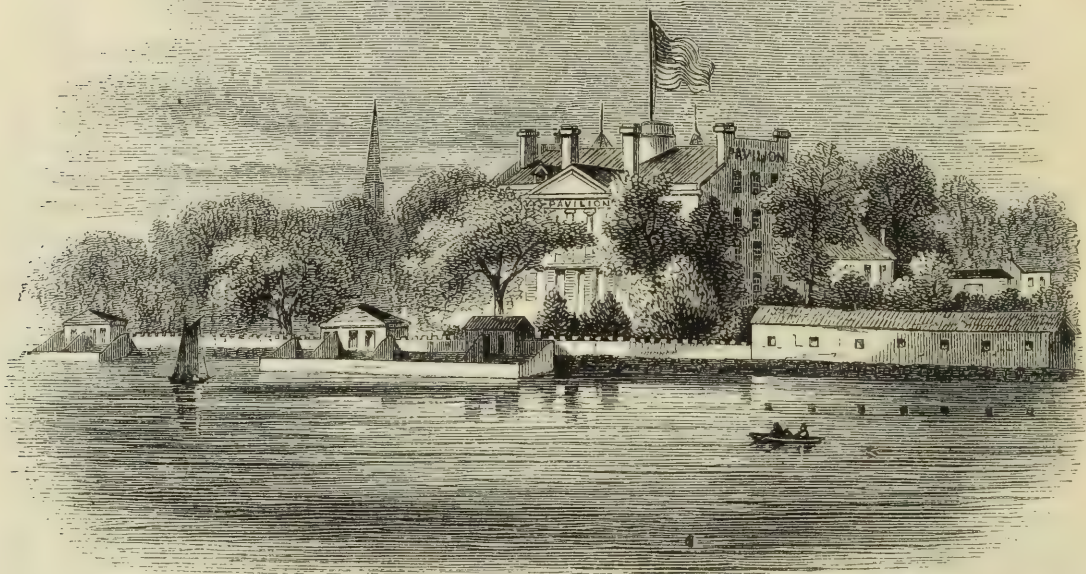
riety of figures introduced, the force of expression displayed in attitudes and countenances, have determined for them a place among the first productions of American art.

Since the days of Ezekiel Cheever, the first of the race of Connecticut schoolmasters, whom, by-the-way, we may fancy as not dissimilar in appearance to the "Ichabod Crane" of Irving and Darley, New Haven has been celebrated for its schools. Among those which are now particularly worthy of mention are the "Hop-

kins Grammar School," which was founded, in 1664, by the liberality of Governor Hopkins, who left a large bequest "for the breeding up of hopeful youths," and which has flourished from that day to this; the "Collegiate and Commercial Institute" of Dr. Russell, which has long been justly celebrated for the unusual advantages it offers for a thorough education; the young ladies' "seminaries" of Miss Dutton and Professor Roberti; and several very excellent public schools, which are not surpassed, in any respect, by similar institutions in the country. At the Reading Rooms of the



PERCIVAL'S HOUSE



THE PAVILION.

"Young Men's Institute" may be found the leading journals of the Union; its library and evening classes, and its annual course of lectures, are sources of profit and enjoyment to the young mechanics and business men of the city.

In closing this brief and imperfect sketch of New Haven as it is, it should, perhaps, be remarked that much has been omitted. Statisticians are referred to gazetteers and guide-books for the numerals expressing the population and wealth of the city; yet it may be said, in general terms, that New Haven is a Yankee city, and may boast, with equal right, of its Mechanics and its Masters of Arts.

The sketches scattered along the pages of the article may need a word of explanation:

The quaint-looking structure on page 17 was erected for the residence of the poet Percival. The house was built in accordance with his hermit tastes; the only entrance is at the back of the building, and the largest room is the library, the large windows of which would

have opened on the front. It was never occupied, and has recently passed from the hands of the poet's executors.

The venerable chair represented on page 2 was the property of Rev. Abram Pierson, the first President of Yale, and did duty on state occasions as early as 1701. It is carefully preserved in the Library of the College.

The rusty sword, on page 3, might tell an eventful history. Its blade was forged in 1666, and it *flourished* in the early Indian wars of the colony, in "the old French War," and in the war of the Revolution. Captain Nathaniel Turner, one of the original settlers of New Haven, first wielded it, and in the hands of his descendants it played an important part on many a bloody field. It rests now, in well-earned repose, in the rooms of the Historical Society, at Hartford.

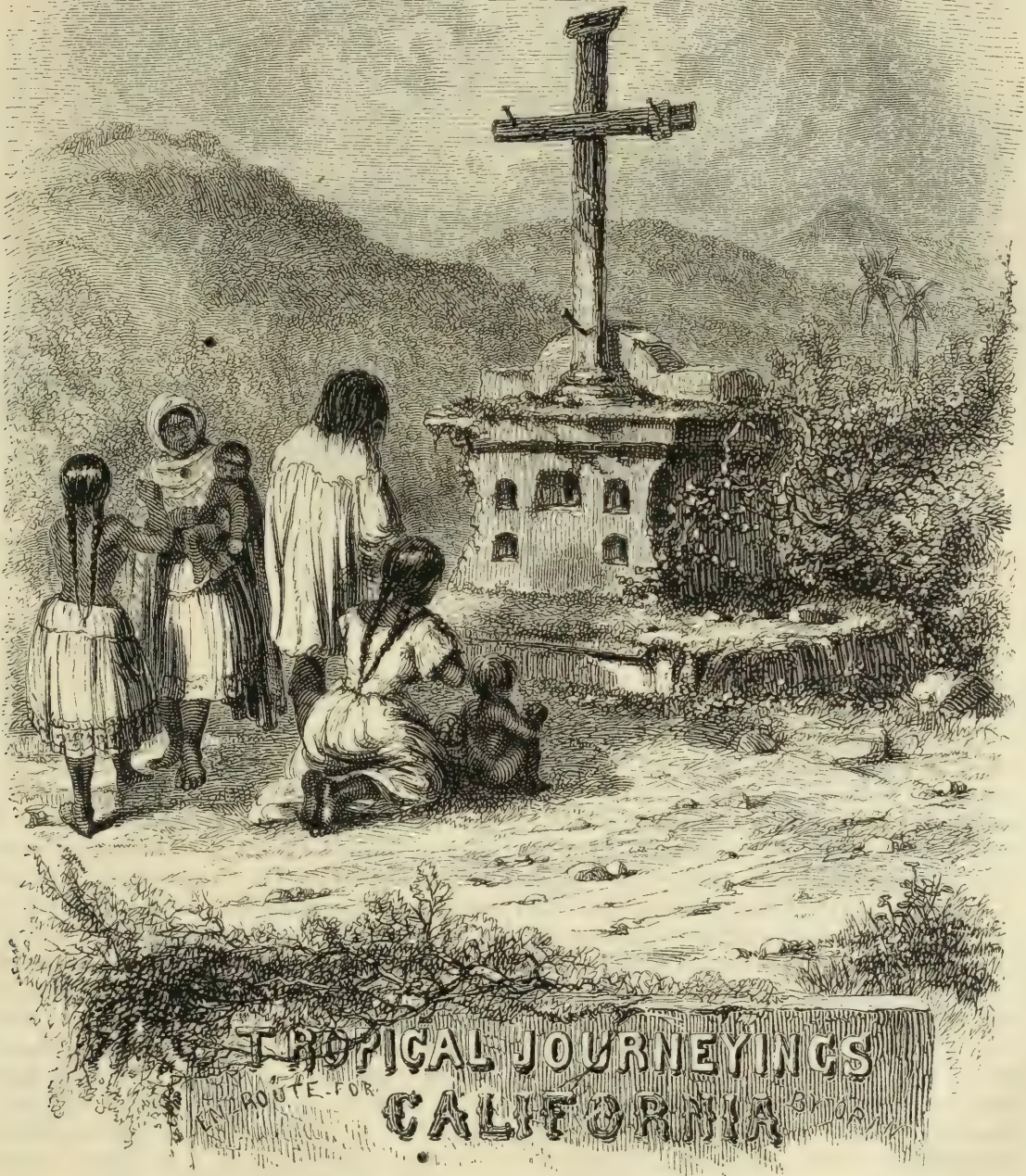
The lamp and boot, on pages 2 and 3, are from the same collection. The age of the former is not known; but the stout boot stubbed over the rough roads of Connecticut in 1675.

The lamp is decidedly primitive. It is of iron, and is now rusty and black; but, hung from the lofty "mantle-piece," its two wicks floating in abundant grease and projecting from the lips at the corners, it must have lighted up the beams and rafters of some grand old kitchen of "the good old colony times."

The clock, on page 3, keeps time yet, as it has done these hundred years and more—keeps time and shows the phases of the moon with never-questioned truth. It traces its descent through the family of one of the leaders of the colony, and has never disgraced its ancestry.



NEW HAVEN HOUSE.

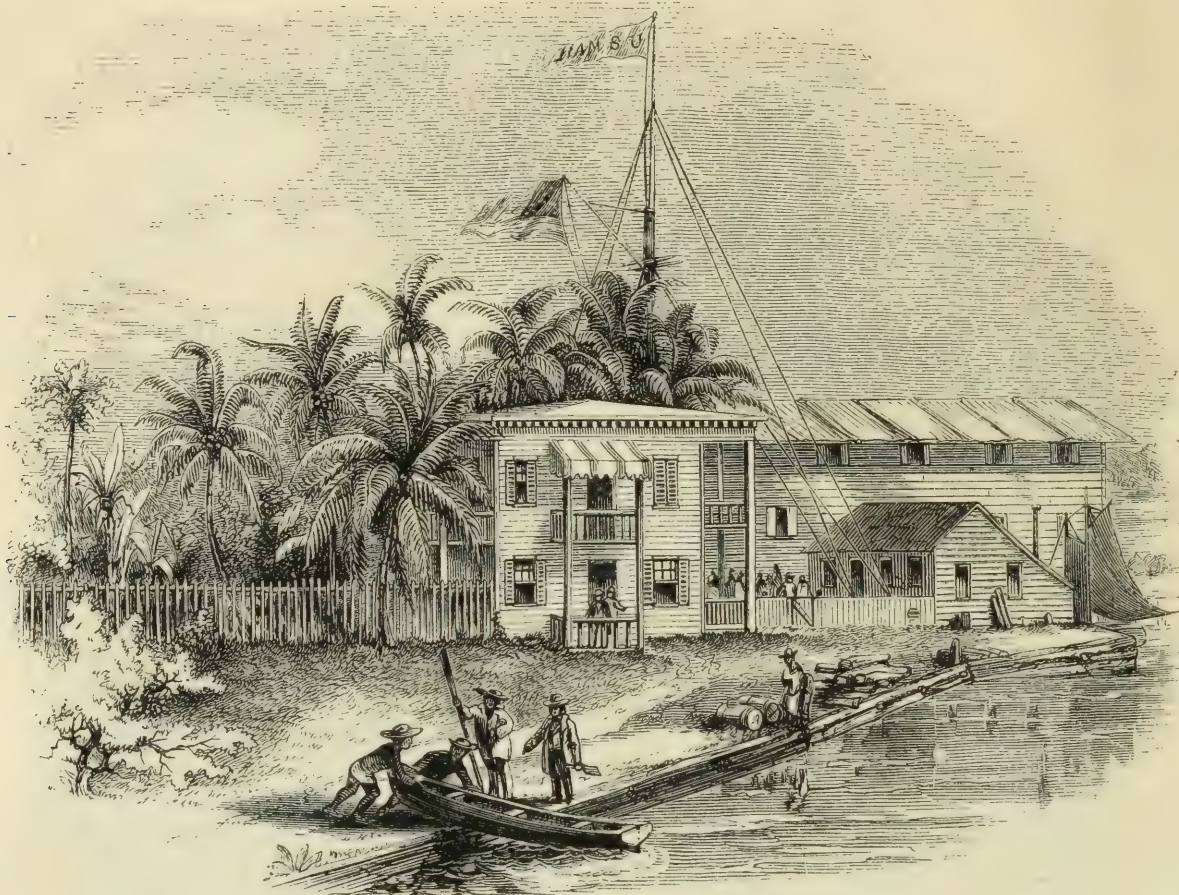


CROSS AT PORTO BELLO.

A FAMOUS structure was that wharf at Aspinwall. Built on a foundation of coppered piles driven deep into the coral bed, it ran out on the reef, a distance of nearly a thousand feet, to where a depth of water existed sufficient to float the largest ships. Forty feet in breadth, and covered over by a lofty metallic roof, it stood alike indicative of the skillful architect and the spirit of enterprise that faints neither at distance nor difficulties. The timber of the country was found unfit in strength and durability for such a structure, and the forests of Maine were put under contribution to

supply the need. Every pile in the foundation, every plank in the superstructure, had been transported more than two thousand miles. Nor was it sufficient that the material should be firm and sound. In this region the waters are infested with a boring worm called the *teredo*, which rapidly destroys every kind of timber, so that it became necessary to sheathe the piles with heavy plates of metal—thus making it one of the finest and most durable wooden wharves in the world.

At the upper end a grove of cocoa-nut trees shot up through the flooring and overshadowed,



THE AGENCY.

on the right, a neat little cottage, beside which stood several immense iron tanks, each capable of holding three or four hundred thousand gallons. The whole island of Manzanilla, a mile in length by three-quarters in width, being a low coral formation—at the highest point only a few feet above the level of the sea—has no springs of water, and that obtained by digging is so brackish that the inhabitants are forced to use rain-water instead; and these tanks, which are readily filled during the rains which prevail for more than half the year, serve as a supply during the dry season.

On the left side of the wharf, luxuriantly embowered by the long pennate leaves of the cocoas, stood the residence of the Steamship Company's agent. It was a large quadrangular, verandaed establishment, giving ample evidence that the essentials of a tropical residence can be combined with the comforts and conveniences of a Northern home. Passing through the offices which occupied the lower part of the building we ascended to the second floor, and found the Company's agent enjoying a solitary cup of coffee. He came forward with a frank and cordial welcome, and an invitation to join in his beverage. Our host proved not only courteous and hospitable, but possessed of much intelligence and refinement. A residence of between three and four years in this locality made him a reliable authority on all points connected with it, and I endeavored to profit by the opportunity his acquaintance offered to ob-

tain information concerning many things peculiar to the place.

The veranda (where we seated ourselves in cozy Chinese chairs after our coffee) overhung a perfect little *bijou* of a garden twenty or thirty yards square, which our entertainer told us had been redeemed from the surrounding swamp but little more than a year previous. Nothing could have better shown the rapid growth and luxuriance of tropical vegetation. The poy-poya in full bearing; banana-trees whose wide wings half hid the yellow lobes that, bursting with ripeness, hung in clustered cones beneath; fruit-bearing vines trained over arbors that displayed while they supported their jolly loads; these, with fat beds of vegetables and a gay sprinkling of flowers, graced and enriched a spot that, only the year before, was a stagnant malarious pool. Very beautiful, too, were some of the flowers, among which were some of that rare variety of the Orchid family known as the *Espiritu Santo*. Its blossom, which is of an alabaster whiteness, approaches the tulip in form, and gives forth a powerful perfume not unlike that of the magnolia; but it is neither for its beauty of shape, its purity, nor its fragrance that it is chiefly esteemed. Resting within the cup of the flower, so marvelously formed that no human hand, be it ever so cunning, could excel the resemblance, lies the prone image of a dove. The exquisitely moulded pinions hang lifeless from its sides; the head bends gently forward; the tiny bill, tipped with

a delicate carmine, almost touches its snow-white breast; while the expression of the entire image (and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see the expression) seems the very incarnation of meekness and ethereal innocence. No one who has seen this can wonder that the early Spanish



Catholic, ever on the alert for any phenomenon upon which to fasten the idea of a miraculous origin, should have bowed down before this matchless flower and named it "*Flor del Espiritu Santo*," or "the Flower of the Holy Ghost;" nor that the still more superstitious Indian should have accepted the imposing title, and ever after gazed upon it with awe and devotional reverence, ascribing a peculiar sanctity even to the ground upon which it blossoms, and to the very



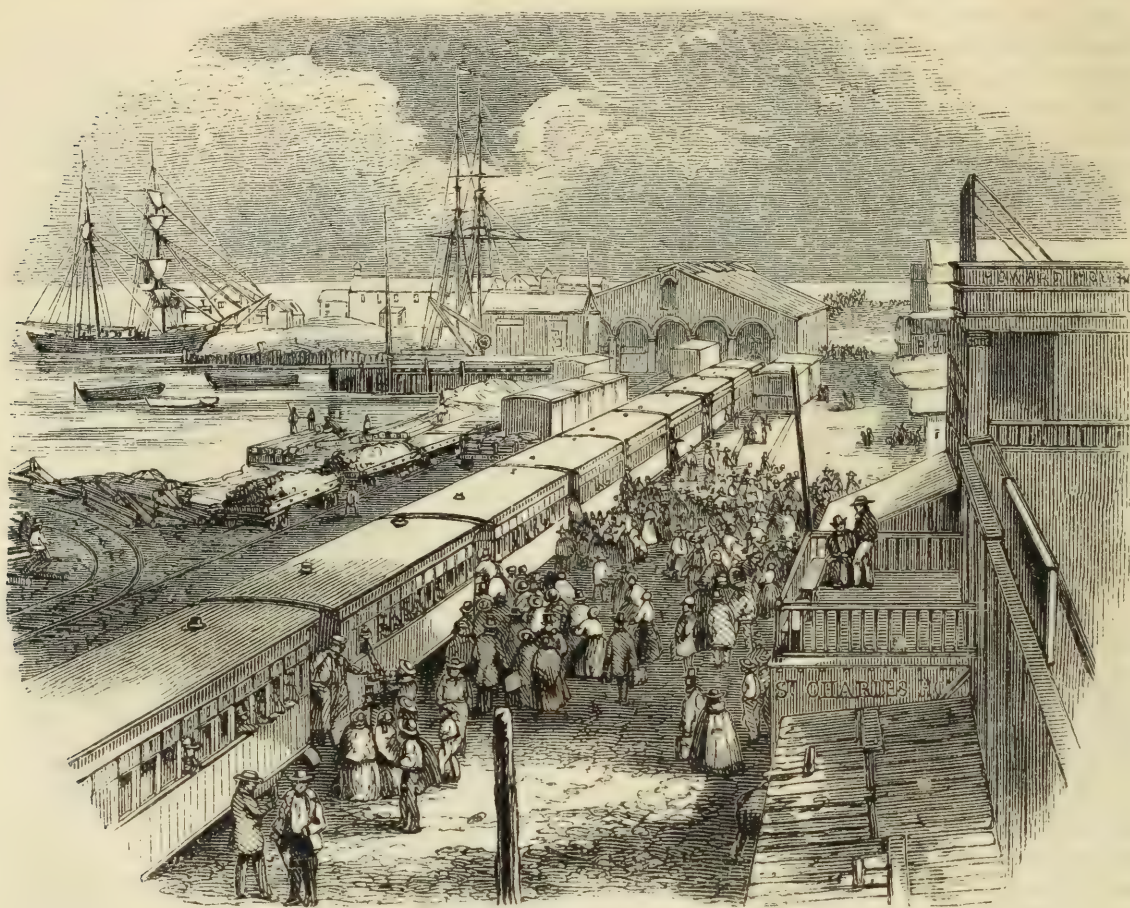
BANANA IN BLOSSOM.



THE ESPIRITU SANTO.

air which it lades with its delicious fragrance. It is indigenous on the Isthmus of Panama, being found most frequently in low and marshy grounds, springing from decayed trees and crevices in the rocks. Some of the most vigorous plants attain a height of six or seven feet. The stalks are jointed and throw out broad lanceolate leaves by pairs. It is an annual, blooming in July, August, and September, and has, in several instances, been successfully cultivated in the conservatories of foreign lands. In former times bulbs of this plant could rarely be obtained, and only with much labor and difficulty; but since their localities have been discovered by the less reverential Anglo-Saxon, multitudes have been ruthlessly torn from their native morasses and distributed to the four quarters of the globe; though their habits and necessities have been so little appreciated that, except in rare instances, the efforts to bring them to flower have proved ineffectual.

After a pleasant evening the agent kindly extended to me an invitation to pass at his domicile the few days I intended remaining on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. I accepted the invitation with hearty satisfaction; and being shown to an airy chamber opening on the bay, wherein stood a capacious well-netted four-poster, I was soon rejoicing in a luxury that no one, unless fresh from the experience of a nautical couch, can appreciate. The freedom of a fair turn-over, without aid from old Neptune, and the ability to strike out in defiance of top-berths and bulk-heads, was a wondrous comfort. Then the music of divers and sundry penetrating little bailiffs, sounding their disappointed horns



DEPARTURE FOR PANAMA.

and gnashing their unreceipted bills through the interstices of the stout netting, gave a sum total of enjoyment so huge that it seemed almost ungrateful to sink the reality in sleep. But tired nature at last exerted her rights, and I became oblivious.

The sun was well up before I awoke, and the echoing whistle of the locomotive gave indication that the trains for Panama were about getting off. So I hastened down, and was just in time to witness the rush into a long train of as genuine American cars as ever rolled out of a Jersey City dépôt. On every side were countenances full of anxiety and arms full of shawls, oiled-silk clothing, lunch-baskets, water-bottles and other bottles, and small baggage; children with hands and faces full of tropical gingerbread; and the "independents" bringing up the rear with buckets of ice and black junk bottles—one and all jostling each other and crowding into the cars. Every thing had the appearance of a glorious spree in prospect; but, strange to relate, nothing of the kind was intended. The passengers supposed themselves simply carrying the absolute necessities for a three hours' ride in a railroad train; for it seems currently believed by Isthmus travelers, as well as many other people, that all water not drawn from their own wells is positively baneful unless corrected by a little schnapps or Otard—hence the innumerable junk bottles. The legends of starvation and exposure, undergone when the transit occupied a week or more, might, undoubtedly, be held accountable for the provisioning mania,

which no one seemed to enjoy more than the delighted natives and Jamaica negresses that thrived by peddling out these things to our travelers.

The impatient engine at last rang out its final shriek, and away rattled the train with five hundred would-be Californians hurrahing and waving their adieus until the last car disappeared in the Isthmian wilderness.

After a substantial ten-o'clock breakfast, a tour of the town and its surroundings was determined upon, when, guarded by umbrellas from the fervent sun, we sallied forth along the quadruple track of the railway toward its Atlantic terminus, about half a mile distant. On our right the line of shops and hotels, which were visible from the entrance of the harbor, skirted the way. The shops, perhaps half a dozen in number, displayed a very respectable assortment of goods; and the hotels—of which there were, great and small, at least a dozen—had well-furnished bars and a universally accompanying billiard-table, while in high relief on the balconies were posted, "United States Hotel," "St. Charles Hotel," "Veranda," "St. Nicholas," and titles of like imposing sound; but, save a few loungers with sickly and uncustomer-like looks and an occasional straggling native, the street was clear of business. It had gone as it came—with our passengers—and the whole line seemed waiting, with calm resignation, for another invoice of Californians.

At the end of the row stood the Panama Railroad Company's office—a respectable, yellow-



THE MINGILLO, II

low, fire-proof, two-story, brick building, into one of the upper windows of which the wires of the Isthmus telegraph converged. On the sea-side of the road things looked more stirring. Several permanent-looking wharves stretched out, along whose sides quite a number of brigs and schooners were unloading, and although too far off to interfere materially with the solemn silence of the street, yet gave assurance that there was business being done. The vessels were mostly laden with coals, brought here to be transferred by rail to the Pacific coast. A little farther on stood a curious, high, corrugated iron box, which I mistook for some sort of patent water-works, but subsequently ascertained to be the office and wharf of an English steamship company. The wharf, just large enough to support the seven-by-nine corrugated office, was built, several years since, of the celebrated screw-piles, at a cost of forty or fifty thousand dollars, and now served the admirable purpose of keeping the office clear of a street which the railroad company have substituted for its original water privilege. It was a prime wharf, as far as it went, and only lacked depth of water to be just what was wanted. However, it may be a satisfaction to "John" to have an iron screw-piled wharf, for he can claim squatter privilege and anchor opposite—and then, there is "Jonathan," standing close at hand with his rude wooden piers stretched out into six-fathom water, ready to do his wharf-work and pocket his sovereigns.

Situated in the same line, but few feet farther on, was a massive stone structure, three hundred feet long by eighty wide, through whose broad arched entrances a triple track was

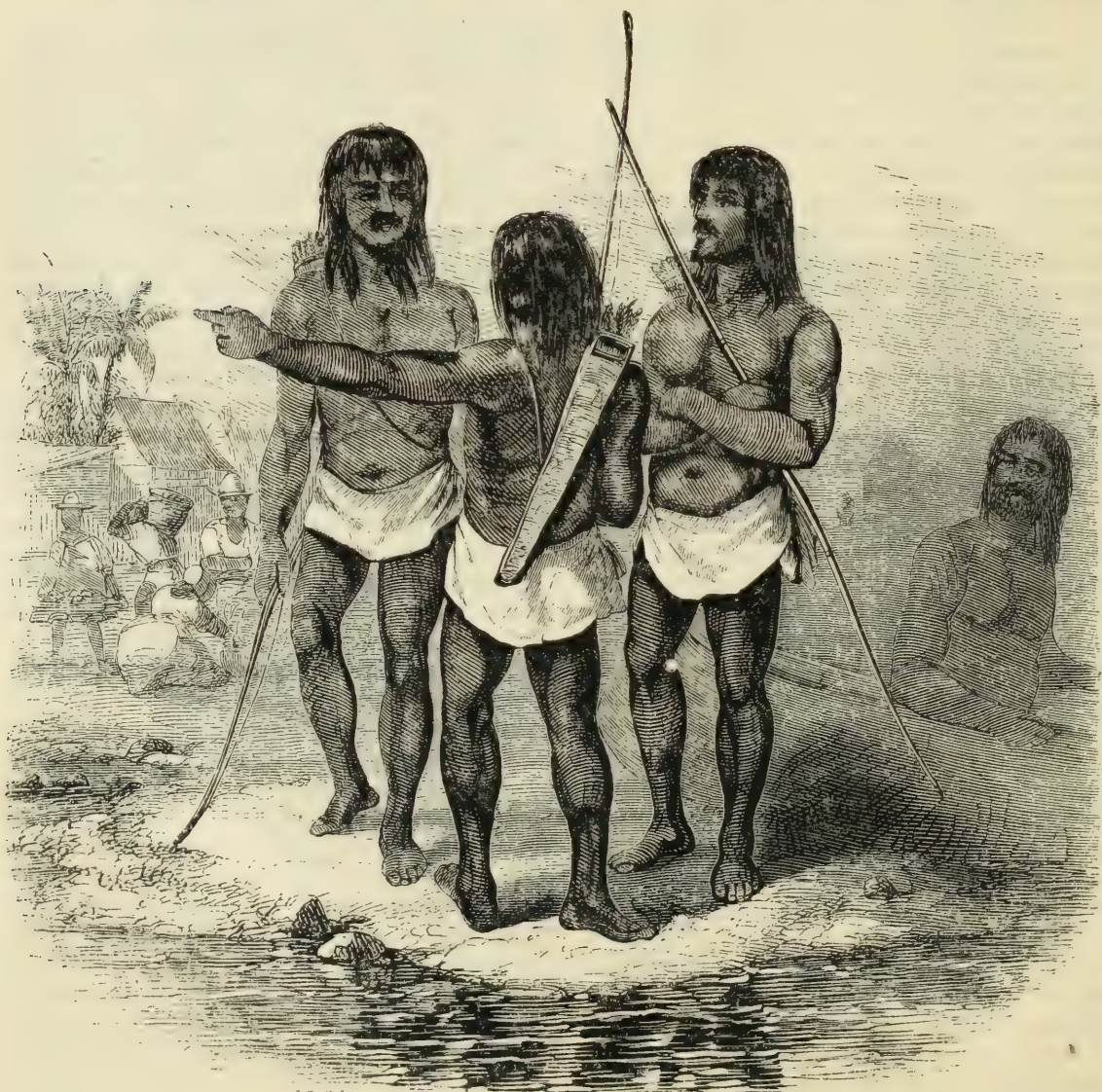
laid. This huge building was the freight dépôt of the Panama Railroad Company. On entering it presented a sight which gave substantial proof of the accomplished results of the inter-oceanic railway. Bales of quina bark from the interior were piled many tiers deep, and reached to the iron triangular-braced roof of the edifice. Ceroons of indigo and cochineal from San Salvador and Guatemala; coffee from Costa Rica, and cacao from Ecuador; sarsaparilla from Nicaragua and ivory-nuts from Porto Bello; copper ore from Bolivia; silver bars from Chili; boxes of hard dollars from Mexico, and gold ore from California; hides from the whole range of the North and South Pacific Coast; hundreds of bushels of glistening pearl-oyster shells from the fisheries of Panama lay heaped along the floor, flanked by no end of North American beef, pork, flour, bread, and cheese, for the provisioning of the Pacific coast, and English and French goods for the same markets; while in a train of cattle-cars that stood on one of the tracks were huddled about a hundred meek-looking lamas from Peru, on their way to the island of Cuba, among whose mountains they are used for beasts of burden as well as for their wool. The interior of that immense freight-house, filled with rich merchandise, was a glowing commentary on the energy and enterprise that had developed the vast resources from whence this wealth was drawn, and which, until the completion of the inter-oceanic railway, was almost useless to the world. Since its first discovery no one has ever doubted the riches of the Pacific coast; yet for more than three centuries, during which the matter was occasionally agitated both in the Old and in the New World,

none could be found far-sighted and bold enough to risk their millions in opening this door-way to the richest countries on the globe. It remained for American men with American capital, and in our own age, to fling wide open its portals; to stir up the dry bones of Spanish-American imbecility, and inject into its veins the fervent blood of progress; and now, endued with new life, it sends the rich currents back—feebly, it is true, for the present, but with the earnest of a richer harvest than the most sanguine speculator ever conceived.

On emerging from the farther extremity of the freight-house, a couple of hundred paces directly onward brought us to the *Mingillo*, or native market-place. A few lusty, half-naked negroes, descended from the African slaves of the old Spanish dominion, who form a large proportion of the littoral population of the Isthmus, were supplying their customers with fish, cassawa, and the fruits and vegetables of the country, from out the bongoes which lay alongside the wharf, or, grouped on the shore over smoking kettles of *sancoche*, ladled out that favorite compound to their native patrons. A little apart from these stood three or four native Indians from the region of San Blas, sixty miles

down the coast. Rather under the medium stature, they were broad-shouldered and muscular, with the straight black hair and high cheek-bones of the North American tribes. The interest with which I observed them was greatly enhanced by the information that they belonged to a tribe never subjugated by the *Conquistadores*, but who had maintained an unwavering hostility to the Spaniard since the first discovery of the country, and cherished such a jealousy of their independence, that, to the present day, no white man has been permitted to land on their shores. Their dress consisted of a simple fold of cloth tied about their loins, and each, armed with a bow and a quiver full of arrows barbed with fish-bones, standing by their canoes, apathetic, yet with a conscious independence in their bearing, gave a fair idea of the races which Columbus and his followers found here in the days of old. A couple of dimes induced one of these aborigines to part with his bow and two or three bone-tipped arrows, but an ominous shake of the head was the invariable answer to all further attempts at improving his acquaintance.

Along the opposite side of the track from the *Mingillo* lay a broad lagoon, covering a couple



SAN BLAS INDIANS.

of acres, and connected with the waters of the harbor by a narrow opening under the road upon which we stood. A line of low stores and tenements, occupied principally by the native population, skirted its farther shore, beyond which a dense swamp forest shut off the view.

At about a cable's length from the market-place a newly-arrived brig, of some four or five hundred tons, lay anchored. The mingled shouting of the natives and Yankee sailors that were distributed about her decks and in a huge barge alongside, directed my attention to her just as the first package of her cargo was being hoisted out of the hold. Expecting to see a bilge-stained cask or a weather-beaten box swinging from the tackles, what was my surprise at beholding, apparently, a mass of rock-crystal flashing in the sun! I turned to my friendly chaperon, in wonder, for an explanation of where this sparkling freight was quarried? what kingly palace it was destined to adorn? and was answered by a single quiet sentence—"Johnson's ice." It took but a moment for him to explain that this Johnson was an enterprising son of old Massachusetts, who carried on a brisk traffic in solidified Connecticut River—who imported New England winters into the very heart of the tropics, and dispensed them by the pound. And so it was; for after a while spent in watching block after block of the frigid freight as it passed down from the deck of the brig into the barge, and enjoying the mad antics of the gathered groups of the natives as a little piece was occasionally thrown to them, we entered the ice-dépôt hard by, and there found the identical Johnson, who made a business of dragging Jack Frost under the equator, and received from him divers marks of cool courtesy—among which is distinctly remembered a couple of prime juleps, packed to the brim with genuine home-made ice.

In fine spirits after this refrigerating episode, we resumed our walk along the track, which, as we advanced, began to show something of the original state of the island. Broad, dank pools of stagnant water lay on either side of the track, crossed occasionally by embryotic streets of fresh earth, which told that the work of salubriating this quarter was in progress. Along the sea-beach, which formed a semicircle a quarter of a mile beyond us, the driving surf of centuries had washed up a wide barrier of shells and coral, upon which the hospitals of the Railroad Company and the principal residences of its employes were situated. First, on the left, were the hospitals, a couple of large, airy buildings, surrounded by generous tiers of piazzas. A general air of tidiness and comfort prevailed around that spoke well for their management. Three or four neat little cottages came next on the line of the beach, the residences of the principal officers of the company, with little garden-plats in the rear, and an occasional cocoa-tree throwing pleasant shadows over them. Then came the English Consulate—a fine corrugated iron dwelling, over which the flag of Great Brit-

ain extended its folds; while directly fronting us stood the general domestic rendezvous of the Railroad Company's officials. Its long, sloping roof just peeped above a heavy growth of cultivated foliage, among which the banana and palm trees preponderated. A little farther on, to the right, were the buildings of the terminus, with their many-arched fronts, and on either side of these, machine-shops, whose tall chimneys sent forth high curling columns of smoke, while the ring of many hammers broke cheerily upon the ear.

The almost surrounding and far-extended swamp, covered with impenetrable chapparal, bid defiance to farther progress in this direction; but, wishing to continue our walk, we turned to the sea-beach, along which a nicely-graded road had been constructed, extending almost the entire circumference of the island. The *Paseo Coral*, as it is called, was the result not alone of a desire on the part of the citizens of Aspinwall for a public drive and promenade, but of a humane endeavor to afford employment to many destitute and starving filibusters, the miserable remnant of Walker's Nicaraguan forces, who had succeeded in getting thus far on their sad journey home. Its construction was evidently somewhat in advance of the times, for thus far in my peregrinations I had seen neither a vehicle of any description save the railroad cars, nor a beast of burden ranking above a donkey. After following the *Paseo Coral* along the beach for a third of a mile, it turned directly into the midst of the jungle and wound by gentle curves through a tangled mass of mangrove-bushes, prickly vines, and cacti. This pleasure-road projected into the solitude of a dank morass that, until its existence, had probably never before been invaded by human footsteps, and was of too recent construction not to afford a rich field for the lover of natural history. Parrots fluttered and screamed overhead, their harsh notes intermingled with the melodious whistle of the turpiale, and the deep cooing of the turtle-dove; while underfoot varieties of lizards darted across our path, and numberless land-crabs scampered into their holes by the roadside.

The temptation to add to my stock of curios proved irresistible: seizing a stick I started in pursuit of a bevy of crabs that a turn in the road suddenly revealed to our view. Under the circumstances their speed was admirable, but I was upon them before they could reach the thicket, when, to my astonishment, instead of increased speed, three or four of the hindermost turned sharp around for fight. I was almost convulsed by the jaunty and comically defiant air of the little beggars; their bodies—of a pale blue color, about the size of half a coconut—were furnished with eight legs and a pair of claws, one of which was of enormous size, which, as they whirled about for a set-to, they threw up in a genuine boxing attitude, and with an evident determination to resist to the last. Admiration for such gallant conduct did not de-

ter me from profiting by it, and after a brisk tussle of a minute or more (in which two or three of them scampered off minus half their legs) I succeeded in capturing the largest of the party. This, as well as several other varieties of the crab species, abounds here in great numbers, and are esteemed quite a delicate article of food by the natives. Stories are told of their rapacity and carnivorous tastes that almost surpass belief. It is said that the largest animals, dead or wounded past resistance, are frequently reduced to whitened skeletons by them in a single night. During our walk I secured, besides the pugnacious individual previously alluded to, several of a smaller variety, with bright scarlet legs and bodies of a rich, dark blue. One of my greatest troubles was the difficulty in capturing them without mutilation. Seized by a leg or claw, they would leave it in my hand without the slightest ceremony, and decamp on the balance of their extremities so briskly that renewed pursuit seldom availed any thing. I had a great desire to secure a specimen or two of the little *saurians* whose brilliant scaly skins and bristling crests were almost any moment to be seen gliding across our way, but they were too nimble for me, and I came almost to despair of so curious an addition to my spoils, when we were startled by the report of a gun hard by, and, turning, descried a native creeping out from the chapparal, not more than fifty yards behind us, dragging after him what seemed to be a huge lizard. At once retracing our steps we approached the dusky Nimrod, and found his prize to be an immense crested *iguana*, not less than seven or eight feet in length, including a caudal appendage nearly, if not quite, as long as

its body. Its skin, covered with minute glistening scales, was of a dark green color, varied by bands of jet black, which encircled it at intervals of three or four inches. The head was indescribably hideous, while a formidable spiny crest ran the entire length of its back. It seemed scarcely possible that so fiercely-accoutred a specimen should be a harmless fly-catcher; such, however, was the fact.

The iguana-killer seemed not altogether pleased with my scrutiny of his prize, and upon making a proposition to possess myself of the animal, he replied with an emphatic "*No, Señor. Comore el mismo.*" But when he came to understand that I cared only for the skin, and that he would still be able to "eat him himself," he consented to part with the hide for *un peso* (a dollar); whereupon my jack-knife came into requisition, and in the course of a few minutes the saurian's hide was rolled up in a snug bundle, wrapped in a wild banana-leaf, tied with the strong fibres of the air-plânt, and safely under my arm, while the native, who rendered me willing and valuable assistance in the flaying process, pocketed his *peso* and crawled back into the chapparal rejoicing. The flesh of the *iguana* is considered a great delicacy by the natives, and its eggs, which, though much smaller, are like turtles' eggs in shape and flavor, after being dried, form quite an important and favorite article of their diet.

Shaping our course homeward, we passed along the eastern side of the lagoon through the native portion of the town. This was composed of low shanties and rickety wooden buildings, each one of which was a market or shop of some sort, from which the natives of the city



THE IGUANA.

and surrounding country are supplied. The odor of the jerked-beef and fish which hung from poles and on frames in front of these places of business, and the offal strewn about the street, created such a penetrating effluvia that I had no disposition to examine the interiors. One place, however, the *turtle-market*, presented so novel an appearance that I concluded to make my nose do penance for a few minutes. A formidable display of turtle-flesh, flippers, and shells hung along the front of the establishment and lay around the entrance; while alongside a couple of stalwart, half-nude negroes were busily engaged in flaying a huge green turtle, weighing not less than two or three hundred pounds. Half a dozen other turtles were lying on their backs near by, occasionally raising their heavy eyelids and glaring sullenly around, or ringing their horny flippers against their shells, in evident token of irritated helplessness; while, secured in a pen just opposite, a much larger number were floundering about in the waters of the lagoon. These turtles were of the variety held in such high repute by epicures in all parts of the world, and are found in great numbers on the islands along the coast: they are so easily obtained that, before the establishment of the railway here, they had scarcely a market value; the finest now sell for about five cents per pound. A group of native women with wooden platters on their heads, and a few nude protuberant-bellied children and wretched-looking dogs, were gathered around the turtle-flayers, watching the process with evident gusto; but the olfactory perception of previous victims forced us to deny our curiosity farther indulgence, and, starting off, another quarter of an hour found us resting from our interesting but fatiguing jaunt under the cool piazzas of the Agency.

In the course of the evening I was informed by the agent that, in consequence of some mishap to the water-pipes on the wharf, the *Illinois* would be sent to Porto Bello for water on the following morning, and was invited to make one of a pleasure-party which had been arranged in view of so fine an opportunity to visit that ancient harbor and city, once the richest and most important of the Spanish possessions in America, but which for nearly two centuries had been lying in ruin and decay.

Our party, composed of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen, embarked at 7 o'clock of the next morning, and we at once steamed out of the harbor. Every preparation had been made by the captain and the agent to secure the greatest amount of enjoyment by ship and shore during the jaunt. Hampers of eatables and drinkables, fishing-tackle, fowling-pieces, etc., and a trio of musicians to enliven the party and fill up any little vacuum that might occur. The day was beautiful and the waters like a mirror. Every one seemed determined to enjoy the time to the utmost. Two hours passed like a dream, and we were standing into the entrance of "*the beautiful harbor*."

In speaking of the first discovery of this place in 1502, Washington Irving, in his third volume of "*The Life and Voyages of Columbus*," thus describes it: "It was surrounded by an elevated country, open and cultivated, with houses within a bow-shot of each other, surrounded by fruit-trees, groves of palms, and fields producing maize, vegetables, and the delicious pine-apple; so that the whole neighborhood had the mingled appearance of an orchard and garden." Within a century after this country was conquered and settled by the Spaniards the city of Porto Bello was founded, and soon became a place of great importance as the Atlantic dépôt for the treasures from the Spanish possessions on the Pacific coast, with which it was connected by a paved road from the city of Panama, forty miles distant. It was strongly fortified by two castles or forts, one on either side of the harbor, which were considered almost impregnable, besides by various heavy batteries and castles within the harbor and city. It was garrisoned by several hundred soldiers, and had a population, including priests and nuns (of which there were not a few), of more than a thousand souls. Once every year a great fair was held at Porto Bello, at which time great galleons arrived from Spain laden with merchandise and slaves to traffic with the merchants of the Pacific coast, whose long trains of mules, laden with gold, silver, and precious stones extorted from the long-suffering and ever-patient aborigines, would then pour into the city by the paved road from Panama. On the grand plaza in front of the Governor's castle the multitudes gathered; long rows of booths were erected on every hand, in which the Castilian merchants displayed their rich brocades and velvets, arms of every variety and pattern, as well as divers other articles for use or ornament. Crowds of slaves were gathered here and there, awaiting the disposal of their owners, while the rich Spanish-Americans, with their wives and families, sauntered through the fair, buying or bartering for whatever they had need in goods or slaves.

It was a brilliant day the day of the fair in that ancient city of Porto Bello. Merriment and festivity mingled with the busy scenes, and all went well with the Spaniard in his blood-bought prosperity; but the poor Indians, rightful owners of the soil, who once lived here in plenty and quietness—whose prosperous condition was well shown in the description by Columbus when he first entered their peaceful harbor—where were they during the great festival? Wading through a crimson chapter, we find them driven from their fruitful fields into the deepest recesses of the forest, enslaved, smarting under the lash, made to grope in the bowels of the mountains for the satisfaction of their rapacious tormentors; their caciques hunted like wild beasts, mutilated, sent captive beyond the seas, and all under a flimsy cloak of civilization and religion.

But a day of partial retribution comes at last. Porto Bello, mighty in wealth and fancied

strength, in an hour of listless security received such a scourging as must have made the poor aborigines fancy that their prayers and sacrifices had at last found answer. About the middle of the sixteenth century a band of lawless marauders, less than five hundred in number, headed by the notorious Morgan (afterward Sir Henry Morgan, who had for some time previously been cruising about the Caribbean waters, and had already ravaged several feebly fortified Spanish-American towns), lured by the reputation of the great riches of Porto Bello, and disregarding the equally wide-spread fame of her impregnable defenses, determined to attempt the reduction and pillage of the place. "In a fleet of nine small but well-equipped vessels the buccaneers arrived within a few leagues of the harbor, when, leaving their ships, they came by boats and canoes near to its entrance, where they landed July 1, 1668.

The outer fortress, named Triana, situated on the right side of the city, was the point determined upon for the initiatory attack. In the silence of midnight, guided by an occasional *alerte* drawled out by the sleepy sentinels, they crept along, under cover of a dense thicket, up to the first outpost of the city. Three or four of their number were then sent forward to surprise and capture the sentry if possible, or to dispatch him if necessary. The former they succeeded in doing so dextrously that in a few moments he was brought a prisoner to Morgan, without having given an alarm. They then, by furious menaces, obtained every information in regard to the number and condition of the garrison and the most facile means of gaining an ingress into the city; then advancing, through the guidance of the terrified sentinel, they came directly under the walls of the castle and forced their prisoner to demand for them its immediate surrender. The garrison, however, made answer by a heavy random discharge of cannon and musketry, which did no further damage than to alarm the rest of the city; while the buccaneers, at once scaling the ramparts by means of ladders with which they were well provided, poured into the castle. After a brief and ineffectual resistance by the garrison the pirates obtained complete possession of the place; then securing their prisoners, both officers and soldiers, in a large room near the powder magazine, they laid a long train, and, marching out into the city, blew up the castle with its ill-fated occupants. The noise of the explosion, followed by the wild cries of the buccaneers as they rushed through the streets attacking whoever they met, sent terror into the hearts of the astounded citizens; so that they made but little attempt at resistance, but strove to escape on every hand, flinging their treasures into wells and cisterns, and flying into the castles, and even into the neighboring forests, for refuge. The Governor of the city, after having vainly endeavored to arrest the terror-stricken multitude in order to make some stand against the enemy, retreated into his castle with a few devoted followers; and from

thence, by a sharp discharge of cannon and small arms, and dashing hand-grenades, pots of combustibles, and missiles of every description, from the walls down upon the heads of the besiegers, succeeded in repulsing them with much slaughter. Somewhat disheartened by this sudden revulsion in the tide of their success, the pirates then turned their attention to the churches, which were known to be rich in gold and silver images and shrines and massive services of plate, and also to the smaller castles into which many of the chief citizens had fled with their families and treasures. These being inefficiently held were soon forced to surrender, after which many priests and citizens were brutally murdered, and much wealth in jewels and gold was secured. Thus gaining renewed courage and ardor, they returned to the attack of the Governor's stronghold. Profiting by their previous experience, they themselves kept well aloof from the walls, but seizing numbers of the ecclesiastics and religious women whom they had torn from the churches and cloisters, forced them to bear the scaling-ladders along their front, in hopes that sentiments of pity or conscientious scruples would deter the Governor from firing as before. But although besought by these poor unfortunates with many prayers and tears to surrender, the brave Governor again poured his fires upon them, and it was only after many of those religious persons were slaughtered that the ladders were finally placed, and the blood-thirsty horde gained a position on the walls. A short and decisive conflict then took place, which resulted so disastrously to the besieged that they all threw down their arms, praying for quarter, save the old Governor, who, notwithstanding that his wife and daughters besought him on their knees by prayers and tears to surrender, continued fighting until, having slain very many, he was at last dispatched. Then followed scenes of butchery, rapine, and pillage that beggar description. This continued for several days, during which time the buccaneers rioted in every sort of brutal indulgence and dissipation. An unquenchable thirst for plunder urged them on to commit the most horrid enormities; those of their miserable victims whom they supposed the possessors of hidden wealth were put to the rack and often tortured and mutilated to such a degree that they died on the spot. At last, having stripped the citizens of all their riches and become satiated with debauchery, they dismantled the fortresses and set sail for their rendezvous at Jamaica loaded down with the spoils of that once prosperous and beautiful city."

Porto Bello never fully recovered from that terrible ravaging; for as often as any thing like prosperity seemed inclined to manifest itself within its borders some ruthless adventurer, encouraged by Morgan's great success, would pounce upon it as a lawful prize. The finishing stroke was given by Admiral Vernon, of the British navy, who sacked and pillaged the city in 1738, gaining but a meagre booty for his pains. Since then, the decline of the Spanish

CAPTURE OF PORTO BELLO.

possessions beyond the Isthmus having destroyed its importance as a place of deposit and trade, it has fallen into ruin. Its dwellings and fortifications have crumbled and become overgrown with the swift-growing vegetation of the tropics; and its inhabitants, once the rich merchants of Castile and Leon, have been replaced by two or three hundred degenerate specimens of humanity, made up from the mingled blood of the Spaniard, the native, and the Negro, who eke out a lazy existence within its fallen walls.

Our little party was gathered upon the hurricane deck of the *Ill-*

LANDING OF THE BUCCANEERS.

nois, the more fully to observe and appreciate the loveliness of the scenery as we glided into the placid waters of Porto Bello Bay. Seldom have I witnessed a sight of more picturesque beauty than that which opened upon our view as we passed between the high mountains, gorgeous with their thick mantles of evergreen, that reared up on either side of the entrance. Beyond us was a broad expanse of water entirely shut in by the encircling shore, which sloped gently back on the right until it met the rough mountain half a mile distant. On the left the abrupt face of the coast range came bluff to the water's edge, and directly in front a narrow valley discovered to us the cloud-enshrouded peaks of the far-off Cordilleras. The site of the ancient city was on the right shore. Fort "Triana," which was rebuilt after its destruction by the buccaneers, though sadly dilapidated and half-hid by huge trees that had found root on and within its walls, still showed a couple of watch-towers, apparently in tolerable preservation, and the general line of the original fortress. A scattered row of cane huts stretched along the shore, following the course of the ancient streets, while here and there the ruins of old dwellings, cathedrals, and public buildings could be seen standing against a background of thick undergrowth.

We soon reached our watering-place, which was situated on the left side of the bay little more than half a mile from the town, and the shore was so bold that, when the vessel was finally moored, we were almost within jumping

distance from the beach. A stone's-throw beyond us little bits of parapets, watch-towers, and battlements struggled out from the heavily jungled hill-side, the picturesque grave-stones of an ancient harbor-guard.

Preparations were at once commenced for taking the water on board. A couple of lengths of bright red cast-iron pipes, that ran out from a thicket of tall canes bordering the narrow beach, showed that Yankee enterprise had been at work even here; they were part of a line of the same sort that, some years ago, were laid by the United States Steamship Company, and extended a hundred yards through a narrow gorge in the mountain side into a gushing spring of pure cool water. A length or two of hose was soon attached to the pipes, from whence the water flowed directly into the tanks of our vessel.

It was proposed by some of the gentlemen of our party that we should visit the spring, as an incident of no little historical interest was attached to its first discovery. In Arthur Helps's "Spanish Conquest in America" he speaks of a Spanish adventurer named Nicuesa, who coasted along here in 1510. Among his company was one who had accompanied Columbus in his fourth voyage, and on arriving opposite this harbor he recognized it, saying that Columbus had here landed and buried an anchor half its length in the sand opposite to a spring of fresh water. "They went, and found the mariner to be right, and the harbor proved to be Porto Bello—so named by Columbus."

Half an hour's hard climbing up shelving steepes, over huge rocks, and through prickly tanglewood, brought us to the notable spring, whose sparkling waters tumbled down in pretty cascades from a wild rock-bound nook, almost hidden by great trees loaded with parasites, and a profusion of brilliant foliage of a lesser growth. The air, which on the beach almost simmered, became changed to a delicious coolness, and was vocal with the warbling of numerous gayly-plumaged birds. There were palm-trees of the variety bearing the vegetable ivory, the nuts of which lay plentifully on the ground beneath; *lignum-vitæ* trees, whose tops were radiant with bright yellow blossoms, and their trunks festooned by flowering vines and embossed with myriads of cacti; while the rocks around were almost embedded in a wealth of beautiful mosses and ferns. Had it not been for a glimpse of the bright water-pipes of the Steamship Company, which entered the stream a few yards below, we could readily have fancied that



THE BEACH



COLUMBUS'S SPRING.

we were the only visitants since the discovery of the place by Columbus, more than three hundred and fifty years before, so wild and undisturbed did every thing seem.

After quaffing liberally from the cool water, and refreshing our heated faces in the limpid stream, we made diligent search hoping to find some traces graven upon the surrounding rocks by the "great discoverer," which should establish its historic interest beyond a cavil, but not a letter or sign rewarded the effort; and our party fell to botanizing and gathering specimens of agate, jasper, and cornelian, with which the bed of the stream below abounded, while I took a position near by and was soon absorbed in the pleasures of penciling the beauties of the spring. A careful outline was nearly completed, when there came a realization that the fairest scene may lose its charms by a single discordant feature.

This was through the sudden discovery that a little black ball which dropped from an overhanging limb upon the log whereon I sat was nothing less than a very large and lively tarantula.

Now when it comes to be un-

derstood that this tarantula was a sort of immense black, hairy *spider*, some six inches in diameter, and of a variety whose bite is so venomous as to be fatal in a few hours, my sensations at the moment may be imagined. Hastily removing to a respectful distance, I made preparations for capturing the beast, and after a few minutes' cautious manœuvring had his ugliness securely impaled upon a stout bit of sharpened reed. Just then one of the party came up, and after admiring the specimen, coolly informed me that the vicinity had quite a reputation as abounding in tarantulas, scorpions, and centipedes, besides occasional venomous snakes and anacondas. I was prepared to believe it, and also to depart; for the masses of verdure that seemed so beautiful in tint and form but a few moments before, were then only to be seen as admirable lurking-places for all sorts of venomous reptiles. Curious

ous and graceful cacti became painfully suggestive of the living serpents they so closely resembled, and every rustle of an adjacent twig seemed a flourish of some vicious beast preparatory to pouncing upon the luckless wayfarer.

We succeeded, however, in making a safe return to the beach, where our companions had already arrived and were parleying with a group of young natives from the opposite side of the bay. The tarantula—which we exhibited still alive—and squirming upon the end of the reed attracted universal admiration. Thinking that the natives might be interested in examining it, one of our party displayed it to them so effectually that they fled shrieking to their canoes. They were a mongrel set, ranging from mulatto to pure African, half or quite naked, but very jolly. Evidently distrustful of our intentions, they soon paddled back across the bay to report their impressions in the town.

We returned to the ship and found every thing in readiness for a jaunt across the bay. A well-appointed lunch-basket, a bucket of ice, a couple of fowling-pieces, and fishing-tackle, were stowed in the bow of one of the ship's largest boats, and our party, including the la-



SCORPION.

dies, embarked and pushed off, prepared for any thing, from stirring adventure and dusty antiquarian research, down to a quiet fish by the bay-side and a lunch in some shaded grove. A few minutes' pleasant row transported us across the still waters of the harbor to a sandy beach, where the general landing-place was indicated by a large number of canoes drawn up just in the rear of a row of dilapidated stone buildings. Twenty or thirty Portobellans—men, women, and children—were grouped around, aroused into quite animated exhibitions of pantomime and chattering discussion in regard to the probable reasons for this unusual descent upon their quiet town. A few pleasant words, however, made them our friends, if we could judge by their smiling faces and the alacrity with which several yelping curs that seemed inclined to dispute the landing were driven back among the ruins. They were by no means as ill-looking a people as I had been led to suppose we should find. True, they were of all colors, and the males were scantily dressed and ragged, and the children mostly naked; but the women were a good-natured, laughing set, rather neatly though very loosely attired in white muslin, with short sleeves and very low necks, some with a rich profusion of jetty hair flowing down their shoulders, and decorated with yellow or crimson flowers; while others, whose locks—or rather *fleeces*—refused to flow, were set off with pearl-mounted combs, and occasionally with a flaunting bandana. Suspended from the necks of all I observed some little relic or priest-blessed token, showing that whatever might be their condition, they had at least inherited some of the superstitions and outward signs of the religion of the ancient occupants of the place.

During the disembarkation we were not a little startled by hearing a voice with a broad Hibernian brogue, and in gleeful accents, shouting out a volley of genuine Irish welcomes; and in another instant a brawny, sandy-haired son of Erin, disguised under a broad-striped splint hat, pushed through the crowd and capered about us, shaking hands with our sailors, and swinging his old splint in an ecstasy of delight. "Paddy" was evidently "abroad;" but how he came to be domesticated, as he evidently was, among the



CENTIPEDE.

natives of this secluded region, was a riddle. This (as soon as the exuberance of his spirits was a little exhausted) he solved by informing us that the coasting schooner *Sarah White*, from Liverpool, in looking for a market about a year previous, had found it on a ledge of rocks just below the harbor, and had gone to pieces; while himself and five of his shipmates were rescued and brought to this place by the natives. His companions were taken off, after a couple of months' sojourn, by one of the little schooners that occasionally trade along the coast; but Paddy losing his heart to a fascinating Mestizo, had married her and settled down; then, as he said, "the *haythens* were all *Christians* in the *ould* place, an' plinty to ate and dhrink; an' it wasn't the likes o' him as ull be laving on an unsartinty." "Terence Malony, at yir sarvice," was a chip of the true Emerald, and evidently on the best possible terms with the people of his adoption; for as he bustled about, tucking under his arms our umbrellas, fishing-tackle, etc., he tweaked the naked little natives, chucked the grinning wenches under their chins, and illustrated "a rollicking, divil-may-care Irishman" in the best possible style; while the objects of his delicate attentions attested their enjoyment of this apparently not unusual proceeding by repeated bursts of merriment, and an unmitigated display of ivory.

Leaving the boat in charge of a couple of our sailors, we followed "Terence," who, as he assured us, knew "every fut o' the town," and filed through a narrow, dirty path between the dilapidated walls for a few yards, when we came out upon a regularly-paved way, evidently one of the principal streets of the ancient city. On both sides were remains of stone houses, almost embedded in the overgrowing foliage, and from the inclosures of which arose trees—mimosa, gourd, orange, and palm—often as thick as a man's body. Some were patched up and built upon and against with bamboos, occupied, it appeared, almost equally by dogs, pigs, chickens, and natives, who seemed inclined to pay us every attention as we sauntered along. Numerous turkey-buzzards (or *John Crow* vultures, as they are sometimes called) were also domesticated among them, and so tame that they might easily have been dispatched with our sticks; but the people of this, as well as most tropical countries, look upon the buzzard as their especial friend, for they are usually their only scavengers.



TERENCE MALONY.

Paddy made himself especially useful by checking the undue familiarity with which the quadrupeds seemed inclined to favor us, and afforded an opportunity to examine the interiors of the cabins. Nothing could be more simple than their furnishing. A hammock swung across the entrance, serving as seat and lounge during the day and bed at night; a floor of the bare earth; a few bits of pottery and an iron kettle resting upon a pile of smoke-blackened stones just outside, seemed to comprise the entire parlor, bedroom, and kitchen furniture of the majority. A few had two apartments, one in rear of the other, and one or two an upper chamber, the means of access to which was a simple upright post with notches hacked on either side for stairs. In the far corner of one of the tenements we entered, sat an aged negress with a tightly-curved fleece upon her head as white as snow. Attracted by the exceedingly antique appearance of the crone, I approached for the purpose of rewarding her longevity with a dime or two, when she suddenly turned a complete somersault, and a huge *grunter*, with half a dozen little ones that had been ensconced under and behind her chair, rushed squealing out of the cabin. Comment on the intimacy seems unnecessary. Our ladies were the especial admiration of the females, who pressed upon them quantities of fruits and freshly-gathered flowers, stoutly repulsing any attempt at compensation.

Attracted by the buzz of many voices, which seemed to proceed from a well-preserved ruin a little back from the line of the street, we advanced toward it, and through the open door and windows, innocent of sash or blinds, we



EXHIBITING THE TARANTULA.

were surprised to find its interior occupied by a native school. Some thirty or forty tawny-skinned but bright-looking children, of ages ranging from three to a dozen years, were making the room ring with a chattering medley of sounds, which our appearance at the windows seemed only to increase. Their teacher, a dark, meek-looking man, of about forty, in a sort of half-clerical costume, was walking up and down among them, apparently "lining" their lessons. Observing that we watched the proceedings with interest, he politely motioned us to enter. We did so, and seated ourselves on a rude bench, which was summarily cleared of its curly-headed little occupants for our use. About a dozen of the largest boys were ranged along in front of a low desk on one side of the room, tracing letters with pointed slips of bamboo upon the sand with which the desk was strewn; one acting as monitor passed up and down along the class, criticising the work, then

erasing it with a little wooden scraper which he carried in his hand. Five or six of the smaller boys were going through an oral exercise in arithmetic with the teacher, and the remainder were conning their lessons aloud, each one in his own key, and all working with an earnestness that might shame some schools in our own land.

After a few moments the master made a signal of dismissal to the school, and we entered into conversation with him as well as our indifferent Spanish and his meagre English would permit. As we had already surmised, from his clerical costume and the numerous images and pictures of saints suspended from the school-room walls, he was a Catholic missionary. On his own responsibility he had, several years before, sought out this unpromising field. Full of philanthropic zeal and religious enthusiasm, he had settled among this almost unknown and uncivilized people, and after much labor had

succeeded in establishing a school. Poor in this world's goods, for a long time he struggled with his poverty and the apathy and ignorance of the people, subsisting upon the merest pittance gained by the work of his hands, until at last he so won upon them by his unwearied kindness and persevering labors, that he not only succeeded in surrounding himself with a multitude of—for that country—well-conditioned children in his school-room, but gained the position of general adviser and oracle of the place. He was then in the receipt of quite a princely salary, namely, fifty *reales* per month—about seven of our American dollars—besides many gifts and other favors from his now appreciative and grateful patrons. His countenance beamed with enthusiasm as he spoke of the results which were to follow from his self-sacri-

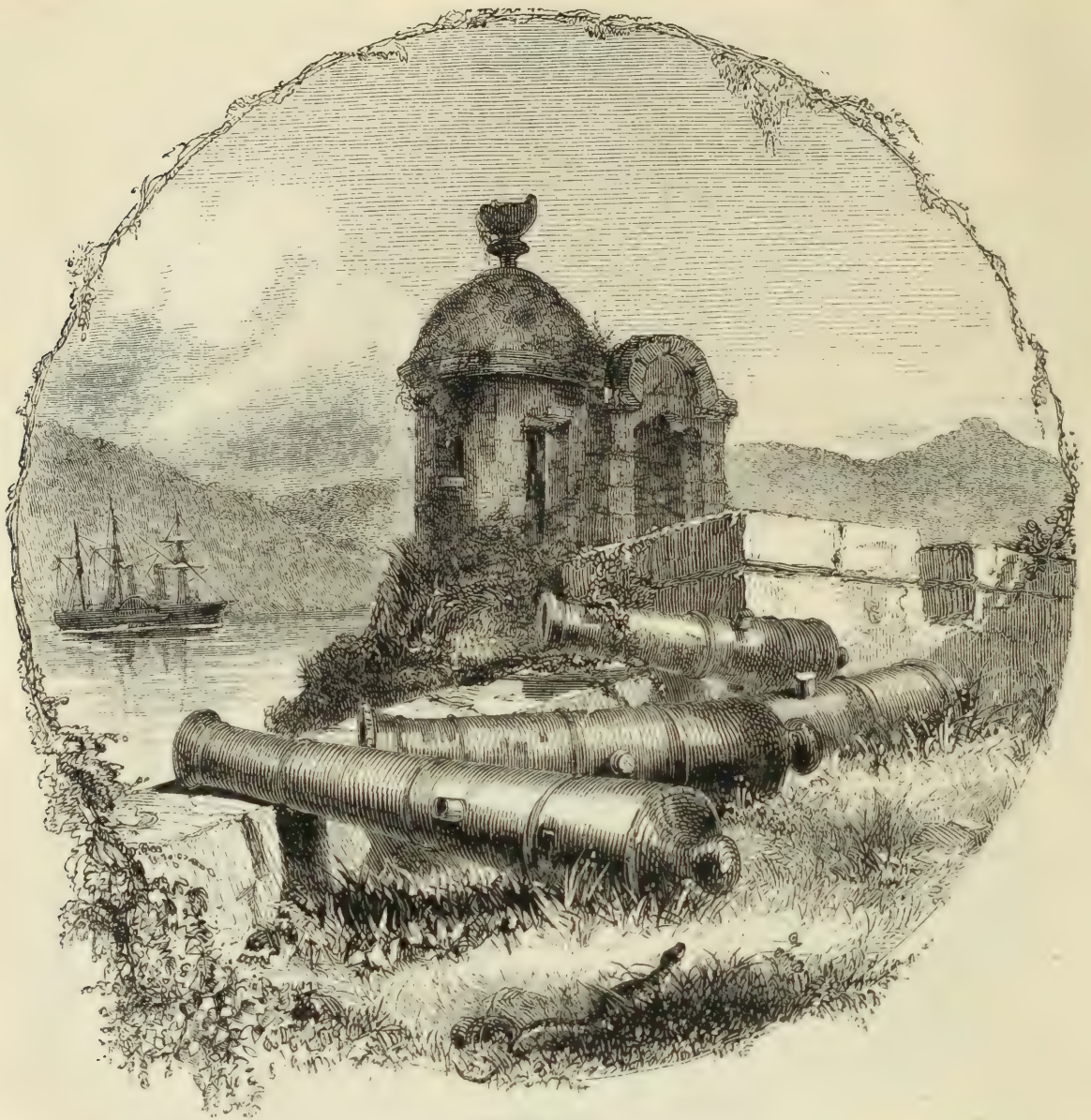
ficing efforts. Already they were beyond what he had believed possible ; and he had full confidence that he should live to witness the entire regeneration of this degraded people. We could not refrain from expressing our cordial sympathy with the feelings which inspired the simple-hearted and praiseworthy missionary. A purse, containing three quarter-eagles, was made up, with which we requested him to establish prizes, and distribute among his little flock as his judgment might dictate ; and another, containing ten dollars, of which we begged his own acceptance, as an earnest of our admiration and regard.

The gifts were taken with many expressions of gratitude ; and as we were about resuming our walk, he volunteered to accompany us and point out the principal objects of interest.

Under his guidance we pursued our way a



THE SCHOOLMASTER.

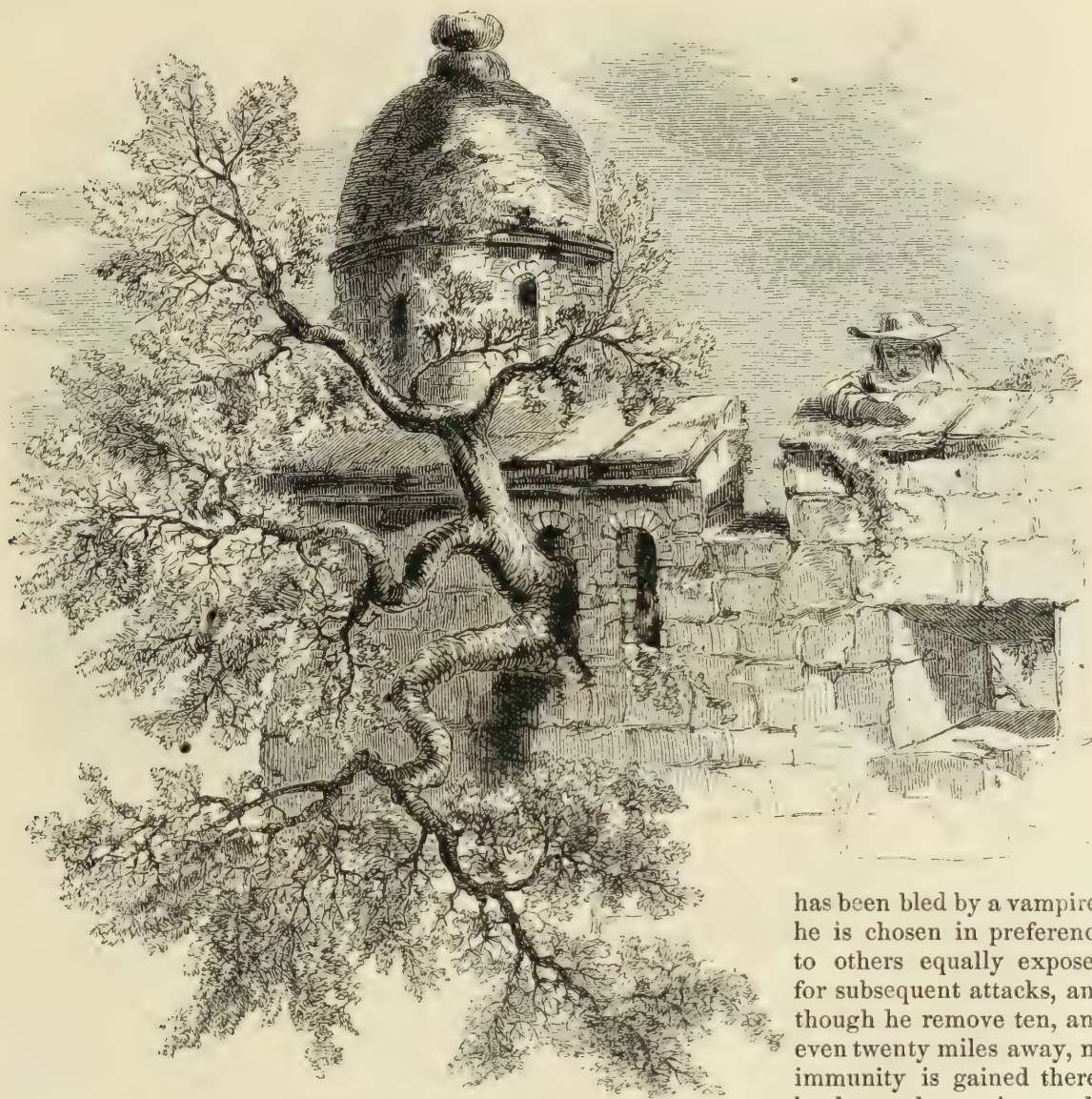


FORT TRIANA.

little farther along the street to its terminus, which was formed by the solid-arched entrance of Fort Triana, flanked on either side by massive buttresses, which were pierced by occasional narrow embrasures, and surmounted by circular sentry towers. The pavement was completely grass-grown and the whole structure was in a luxuriantly-vegetating condition. Its great solidity and strength first attracted our notice. The inclosing walls could scarcely have measured at their base less than from ten to twelve feet in thickness, and were, on the sea-side, at least forty feet in height. The paved floor of the interior was covered over by a tangled growth of vines, principally of a species of the mimosa popularly known as the "sensitive plant," whose delicate foliage shrank into apparent leaflessness as we forced our way along. Several heaps of rust-eaten bomb-shells and cannon-balls were visible through the interlacing vines; and upon an elevated part of the fortification, which was reached by a sort of stone inclined plane, were lying about a dozen immense cannon. Time had finished his work with carriages of the guns and every thing of

wood connected with the original battery, but the guns were as smooth and polished as if fresh from the foundry. This was, as our good missionary informed us, in consequence of the large quantity of silver used in their manufacture. He said that their value, for the silver alone, was very great. Among the trees, which on portions of the fortress might almost be said to form groves, some were of very curious and even fantastic shape. One, which had taken root in the interior of a watch-tower, had grown to an enormous size, and burst the inclosing walls, carrying up several large stones embraced in its branches; another, springing from the base of the wall near a narrow musket-embrasure, had passed through it, and developed to at least eighteen inches in diameter both on the outer and inner side of the wall, but in its passage through the opening it was no more than about two or three inches in thickness.

During our explorations about the fort an entrance into a dark arch-way was discovered, supposed to terminate in the ancient powder magazine. Consenting to a proposal from one of the party to examine it, we groped along a low,



TREE GROWING THROUGH THE FORT.

damp passage for some half a dozen yards, and came to an open space, which, by swinging our umbrellas, was found to be an arched chamber about thirty feet square. The size and shape of the place, however, was not ascertained before finding that it had other occupants than ourselves. Multitudes of immense bats of the vampire species were domiciled there, and seemed by no means disposed to vacate the premises. A sharp skirmish was the result, and we came out with divers bites and bruises and a couple of specimens, one of which, with wings outstretched, measured over twenty inches in breadth. Imagine a large mouse, with a horn upon its nose like a rhinoceros—furnish him with a pair of demoniac wings, and you have a very fair picture of the vampire. He is dreaded by the natives on account of his blood-sucking propensities. In the sultry tropical nights he fans the heated sleeper with his wings while his needle-like teeth are being inserted into the veins of his victim, when he slakes his thirst with almost inconceivable gentleness, and it is only by some fortunate chance that he is ever discovered before the mischief is done. It is a curious and well-authenticated fact, that once an individual

has been bled by a vampire, he is chosen in preference to others equally exposed for subsequent attacks, and though he remove ten, and even twenty miles away, no immunity is gained thereby, but each morning awakens weaker and weaker until

he either succumbs or the animal is discovered and killed. Cattle and horses, from being more exposed, are more frequently the subjects of attack.

Passing out of the fortress we retraced our steps along the street, and continued until the opposite end of the town was reached. Here we found the ruins of a once stately cathedral, which time and neglect had marked as belonging to the past; its crumbling tower still held two or three of the bells of its ancient chime, but the rest had fallen, and were lying half-buried in the earth at its base. There was also the ruins of a marble colonnade near by, a few of its pillars still upright, telling where some princely edifice had stood. At the extremity of the street a large iron cross, mounted upon a massive stone foundation, indicated the starting-point of the great paved road which led to Panama in the olden time. This cross is represented in the cut which heads this paper. On every side of the stone-work were little arched niches in which it was the custom of travelers to deposit votive offerings previous to starting upon a journey to the Pacific Coast. It was still held in reverential esteem by the natives, several of



KILLING BATS.

whom were kneeling before it as we passed ; and in some of the niches were sea-shells filled with fish or cocoa-nut oil, in which little tapers were burning.

The ancient road was about ten feet in width, paved with large cobble-stones, and still in a remarkable state of preservation. It was covered with short velvety grass, except in the middle, where a tiny ant-path was worn. Extending along it as far as the eye could reach, the treasure-freighted mule-trains and the gay cavalcades that in "the long ago" had made busy clatter along its course, were now represented by myriads of little ants laden with leaves, and marching with the order and precision of a line

of soldiers along the path. As we watched the operations of these little creatures, the ingenuity displayed in carving out their burdens from the foliage by the road-side—the regularity and activity with which they filed into the road, and plodded their way to the hillocks near the old cross, to which we traced them—the thought suggested itself that if the original projectors of this great paved way had taken lessons from these prudent and industrious insects, and, like them, had been peaceable and persevering—depending upon the rich products of home production, instead of grasping for far-off and uncertain wealth—they might still have been the possessors of the place, happy and prosperous. But



THE VAMPIRE.



RUINED CHURCH.

the Spaniards never thought of developing the greatest riches of the country: always coveting and warring for gold, they fought and grasped until its possession drew upon them a merited punishment; while the hills and valleys of the land, with their wondrous vegetative wealth, that alone would have given a great and lasting prosperity, remained uncared-for and undeveloped.

Somewhat fatigued with our wanderings, we adjourned to the inviting shade of a large orange-tree by the road-side, and partook of a generous luncheon, making our dessert off the luscious fruit with which the branches above us were filled. After the repast we strolled along to the upper shore of the harbor, and visited the remains of several government store-houses and another large fortification, which, however, possessed neither novelty nor interest enough to be worthy of further mention. Large numbers of pelicans were quietly perched upon the trees overhanging the beach, making an occasional splashing descent upon the water, as some unlucky passing fish attracted their attention. They were so tame that we walked directly under their roosting places without causing any disturbance.

Our jaunt was here terminated by the report of a signal-gun from the ship, giving notice that the watering was completed. So, hastening back to the landing-place, we bade our good friend the missionary adieu, and embarking, pushed off for the ship—the worthy “Terence,” half-leg deep in the water, shouting after us all sorts of good luck and speedy return.

The night was just closing around as we arrived on board, and every thing being in readiness we at once steamed out of the harbor, and arrived safely alongside the wharf at Navy Bay at about 10 P.M.; thus satisfactorily completing our excursion to the ancient harbor and city of Porto Bello.

THE MICROSCOPE.

MOST persons, I imagine, must have seen little children pick currants and citron out of a cake, and leave the bread part untouched. Even thus would it be with some of my gentle readers, perhaps, if I were not on my guard; but whoever eats of my cake shall eat fairly. The observer who looks at a microscopic object through that magic tube, the microscope, for the first time, is so delighted—I may say enraptured—with the wonderful visions made evident, that he would like nothing better than for some one to take pen and pencil in hand, and, without prefacing one word about the nature of the microscope, begin to give pleasing illustrations. I don't approve of people picking currants and citron out of my cake in that way.

Some people I have met with are dreadfully shy of encountering a mathematical term, thinking it must be dry and difficult. Now I can not stir one step in the way of teaching the nature of the microscope until my readers apprehend the meaning of the proposition, “*that the apparent magnitude of bodies is proportionate to the size of the angle they subtend on the seeing part of the eye.*”

Ladies don't study Euclid, and I don't wish them; but I trust that many a lady will read what I am now writing. For their special aid, therefore, I beg to intimate that an angle is a corner. For example, the corner in the lower part of the letter V is an angle; and if the two legs of the V were to be prolonged ever so far, the angle would be none the bigger in a mathematical sense. When we speak of an angle being large or small we do not mean that its legs are long or short, but that the corner is blunt or sharp. The sharper the corner, the smaller is the angle; the more blunt, the larger it is.

Follow me now to my Dutch clock—we shall find it useful. The hands of my clock are out of order, and if I do not tighten them on their pivots they slip and move about in most eccentric fashion. Let us turn the eccentricity of my Dutch clock to account. Fixing the hour-hand at XII., and removing the wedge by which it is tightened on the pivot, the obedient hand will stay pointing at XII., though I cause the minute-hand to move quite round the dial. Very well. Fancy now the circular part of the dial to be divided into 360 equal parts; then, if I point the minute-hand to seven minutes and a half past XII., it will be evident, if you count, that the minute-hand proceeding from XII. will have traversed over 45 of the parts into which the circle is divided, and will be said to form an angle of 45 degrees with the hour-hand.

If the minute-hand be pushed on to III. it

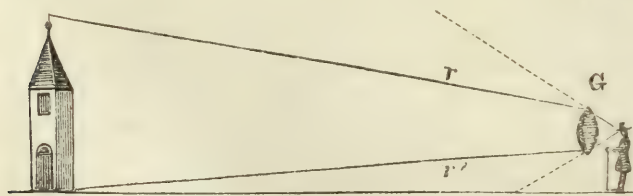
will have passed over 90 of the equal parts or degrees, and will form the angle of which a square surface has four, and which mathematicians call a right angle. If I have occasion, then, hereafter to state that an angle is one of a certain number of degrees, you will know exactly what I mean.

Now imagine yourself standing with your face toward an object—say a tower—from the very highest and the very lowest part of which a thread proceeds, the two extremes of the thread meeting in one of your eyes; then it follows that the nearer you are to the object, the larger will the angle be which the threads make. The following diagram will render this evident in a moment.



Now every body knows that the farther a spectator removes from any object the smaller does the object appear, until at last it ceases to be visible altogether; the fact being, that the unaided human eye can not perceive an object under a smaller visual angle than three degrees. If, then, we could manage to convert a small visual angle into a large one, an object too far off, or too naturally small to be visible, might be rendered visible; for the reader will be good enough to understand that our assumed pieces of thread are tangible representatives of visual rays of light.

Certain glasses, I need not say, have the property of making objects appear large, whence they are called magnifying glasses; and, if what I have already stated be correct, their magnifying power is due to the property which they have of converting small visual angles into those which are larger. That is to say, they bend or refract the rays of light as represented in the following diagram, making them converge to a point sooner than they otherwise would.



Observe, the piece of glass represented in my picture above, at G, is not flat; it bulges out on either side, and forms a thin edge all around. It is this peculiar conformation which gives it the magnifying power; why or wherefore would take me too far into the science of optics to describe just now; such, however, is the fact. It is possible, therefore, by means of glasses, to render large objects visible, which would otherwise be invisible because of their distance; and small things visible, which would be otherwise invisible on account of their smallness. Instru-

ments of the former kind are called telescopes—of the latter kind, microscopes: both are instruments having the property of increasing the size of visual angles.

In combining different glasses, whether to form a telescope or a microscope, enormous difficulties had at first to be overcome—so great, indeed, that the illustrious philosopher, Newton, gave up the task in despair. Not only is much light sacrificed by passing through numerous glasses, and objects, though magnified, are rendered indistinct, except special care be taken; but the light which is transmitted does not appear of its true color, except special provision be made for overcoming what is termed spherical observation. In the manufacture of tele-

scopes, mirrors were for a long time employed, to a great extent, instead of glasses, for avoiding this defect, and mirror-microscopes were, indeed, also made; but they so little answered the purpose intended that philosophers abandoned them in favor of the single microscope, as it was called—an instru-

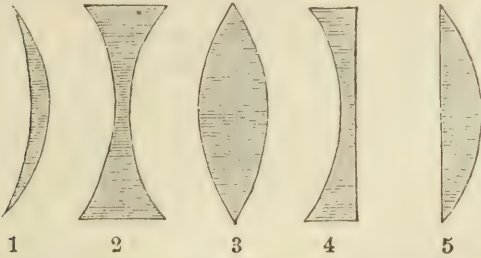
ment consisting only of one single magnifying glass. All the wonderful discoveries of the early microscopists were effected by instruments of this kind, the triumph of modern microscope makers being, that they have succeeded in combining various glasses, still preserving the true colors of the object viewed. Certain kinds of glass are false for one color, and certain kinds for another. One kind of glass will disperse red light, another yellow, and a third blue light; but, by combining all three kinds of glass together, the imperfections of each may be neutralized, and objects seen in their proper colors.

To the ordinary observer a piece of glass is a piece of glass and nothing more; not so to the microscope-maker. To him the exact power of refraction or bending, which each piece of glass possesses for light of different colors, is of the utmost importance. Varieties of English glass answer well for some of the lenses entering into a microscope; but for a certain kind of glass the microscope-maker has to send to Switzerland. Microscopic glasses, or lenses, are so troublesome to get into form that, though

the material glass is cheap, the lenses become very expensive. Above all things, it is necessary that the original glass shall be the best of its kind. A common observer would not discriminate any difference between various samples; but the practiced eye of the microscope-maker is quick at perceiving imperfections. He places each piece of glass on a little globule of mercury, and notices the appearance presented by the shining metal when viewed through it. If it be not distorted—if the light comes regularly through—the glass is presumed to be good; otherwise, it is rejected as unfit.

We have already seen that the sides of a magnifying glass bulge out. Different degrees of bulging are imparted, to suit the exact conditions aimed at—the bulging or convexity of some lenses being more considerable than of others.

A lens, too, may be convex only on one side and flat on the other; or it may be concave on one side and convex on the other; or, lastly, some lenses are concave on one or both sides, in which case they do not magnify, but diminish the apparent size of objects. The following diagram represents profile views of different kinds of lenses:



1. *Meniscus, or concavo-convex*; 2. *Double-concave*; 3. *Double-convex*; 4. *Plano-concave*; 5. *Plano-convex*.

In proportion as the natural refracting power of a transparent medium is greater, so may the artificial convexity of it, when made into a lens, be less; and in all cases it is desirable to lessen the thickness of the transparent lens medium to the greatest extent compatible with the desired result, in order to avoid unnecessary loss of light by transmission. This consideration has led to a strange expedient: small lenses, for microscopes, have actually been made, on some occasions, out of diamonds, or other transparent precious stones. Nothing answers so well as diamond microscope glasses (if the word be permissible); but there is an obvious objection to the common use of diamonds for this purpose.

Whatever be the glass or other transparent material employed, it is converted into a lens by a tedious and long-continued process of grinding. A cast-iron mould or matrix, of the shape coincident with the lens, being selected, the piece of glass is imbedded in pitch, and the grinding prosecuted. At first rough grinding-powders are used; then other powders, finer and finer; until it only remains to impart, by means of an impalpable powder, the last touch of polish.

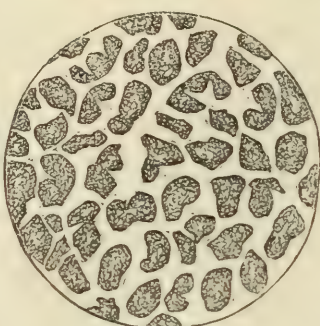
In the early days of the microscope, when it represented objects under all sorts of gay colors, which did not appertain to them, and indistinct as to form, the instrument was a mere toy, altogether unadapted to the use of the philosopher. It is otherwise now. The revelations of the microscope, in making known to mortal eyes what a modern philosopher has called "the grand immensity of littleness," are only second in wonder, and not second in importance, to the revelations which the telescope has made in the spangled expanse of heaven. Things invisible to the unaided human eye, assume, when looked at through the magic tube, proportions of grandeur and finished perfection. Things which we crush like inanimate dust beneath our feet, are seen to palpitate with life, and to possess a delicate organization. In cases of wounds or accident, an animal sometimes dies from mere loss of blood. Therefore, what so probable,

on the face of it, as that the injection of more blood into the system would supply exactly what was wanted? The experiment was tried of injecting the blood of animals into the system of man; but it failed miserably—the patient expired in agonies. Why should this be? The microscope solves the mystery. Blood, when microscopically examined, is no longer seen to be a mere red fluid; it is found to be composed of red particles, falsely called *globules* sometimes (they are really flat disks), varying in shape and size, for various animals. One would have expected to find the smallest animals possess the smallest blood discs; but really this is not so, the very smallest blood particles yet discovered being found in animals of the deer tribe. Well, now suppose the attempt were made to shoot a marble through a pea-blower, what think you would occur? Why, either the marble would not enter, or it would enter, and the pea-blower would be split open. In either case the intention would be frustrated. Can one doubt, then, that the most terrible consequences should ensue from the endeavor to make large blood corpuscles pass through small vessels, or even the contrary? How could we have acquired suspicion of the fact, except through the microscope? Blood—taken from one animal of a species, and supplied to another of the same species—is perfectly effectual, and by this treatment are many human lives preserved. How beautiful is this teaching of the microscope!

Rust-stained iron, and blood-stained iron, will not present appearances appreciably different to the eye; but, what behests of unrequited justice, what awards of innocence or guilt, turn upon the distinction? The microscope comes to our aid. If the red stain be blood, the discs may be seen; if of rust, the absence of organization will be demonstrated. At Berlin, elegant ornaments are made out of a certain variety of cast iron obtained from a particular locality. The material from which the iron was extracted manifested no peculiar appearance to the naked eye; but Ehrenberg, the great German naturalist, was desirous of seeing how it looked under the microscope. He subjected it to examination, and found it to be made up of iron skeletons—skeletons of animalcules. Strange little things, their bones were of iron! What could have made this known but the microscope? Some time ago, in England, certain individuals, feloniously inclined, turned out the gold dust which a certain barrel contained, and filled the latter with sand. A party concerned, however, objected to the exchange, and, rightly inferring that where the sand got into the barrel, the gold must have got out, he put himself in communication with the microscopist Ehrenberg. This practiced observer having submitted to scrutiny the sand prevalent at every station on the part of the road traversed by the barrel, soon traced it home by peculiarities of its appearance. This disclosure put the officers of justice on the right track, and eventually the thieves were captured.



CHICORY.



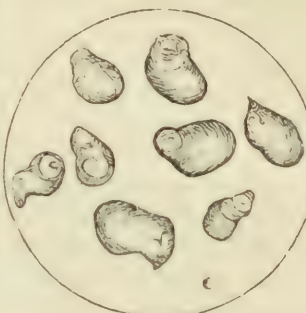
COFFEE.

can not cheat the microscope. It so happens, that though starch be a powder to the naked eye, it is seen to be as much a collection of organized particles, when examined microscopically, as a heap of beans or peas are seen to be a collection of individual parts by our ordinary vision.

To an ordinary observation, the most wonderful microscopic revelations are those of insect organs, and the entire bodies of animalcules. The sting of a bee or of a wasp, when magnified, swells into a weapon of terrible defense. A needle-

Well done, microscope! Not ten years since, a commission of chemists being examined by the government, relative to the possibility of discovering chicory when present in coffee, testified that it could not be discovered either by a chemical or any other method. It can now be discovered easily: they forgot the microscope. This beautiful instrument has become, in point of fact, a most powerful aid to analysis—not only microscopic analysis, properly so called, but also chemical analysis. It is a characteristic of chemistry, that what is true for large quantities is also true for small ones. If a mixture of so and so produce a certain color, when brought into contact, by the pint, or quart, or gallon, the same colored result will be obtained in the smallest bulks imaginable—microscopic bulks even, if we have only the microscope to see them with. But the microscope has a specific field of analysis, one wholly its own—not beyond, but beside the field of chemistry. The microscope can not, like chemistry, deal with things having neither shape nor dimensions, much less with things invisible; but whenever a body admits of being recognized by any quality of shape or organization, then there is no testimony like that of the microscope. A grain of chicory and a grain of coffee berry present the same appearance to the eye; but their organization is absolutely different, as may be seen by the foregoing diagrams. Give him sufficient time, and the microscope could separate the particles of chicory from those of coffee, one by one.

The different varieties of starch present beautiful objects of microscopic examination. Wheat starch, potato starch, and many other varieties of starch, are all to the chemist identical; but the invalid knows they have not all the same flavor, and the fraudulent adulterator mixes them. At his peril let him do this, I say; he



TWO VARIETIES OF ARROW ROOT.

for perforating the eyes of his needles, he drilled an eye in the hair of a baby; but suppose the task had been set him of drilling a hole lengthwise through the hair, making the hole



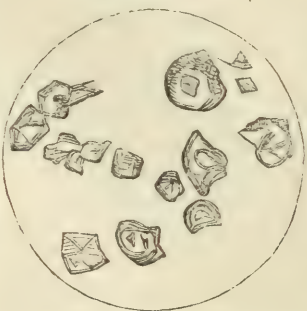
MICROSCOPIC APPEARANCE OF A DROP OF WATER.

terminate a little on one side near the point of the hair. Of this kind do we find to be the construction of the sting of a wasp or of a bee, when microscopically examined. Its point is beautifully sharp and barbed; not the slightest irregularity can be perceived upon it, though a needle point, when viewed microscopically, presents the appearance of a piece of steel wire abruptly broken off.

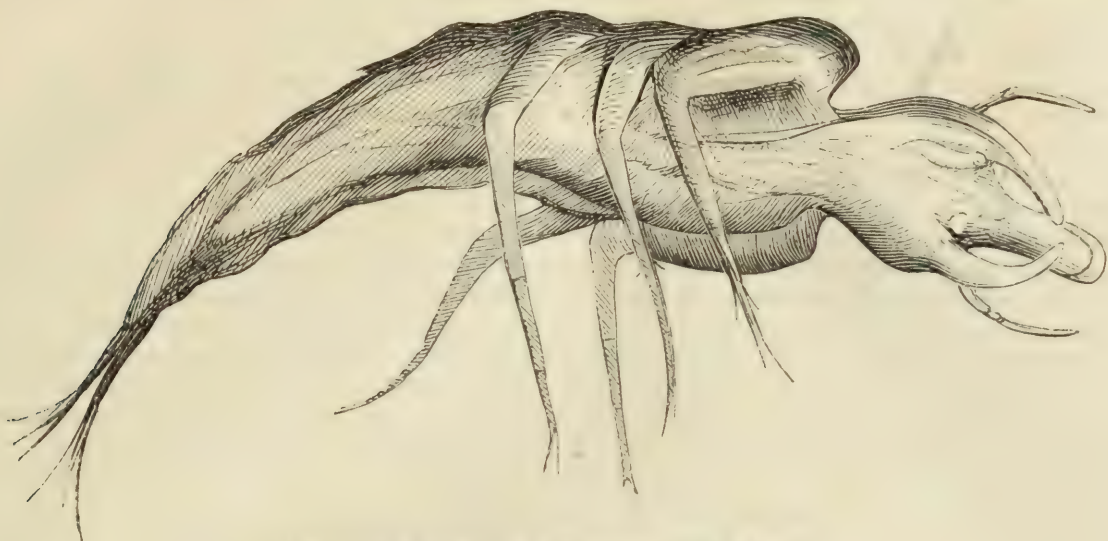
If you catch a butterfly by its wings, you will find a soft, fatty dust adhering to your fingers. The beautiful colors which make us prize the butterfly seem to us, therefore, to be composed of an impalpable dust. But if we view a little



POTATO STARCH.



S. SEA ARROW ROOT STARCH.

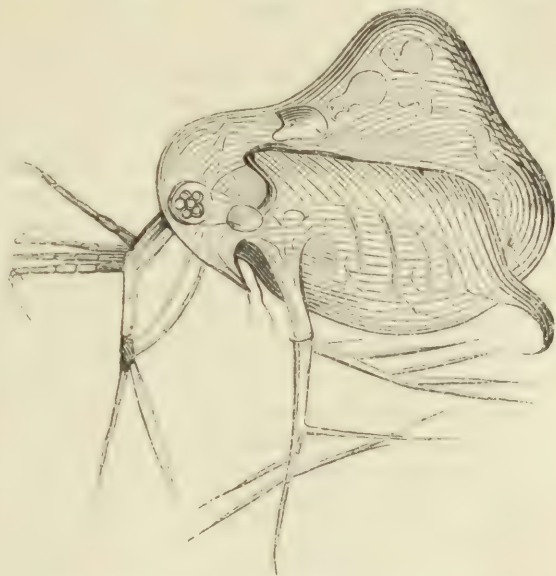


ANIMALCULE FOUND IN PUTREFIED DITCH WATER.

of this through the microscope, we find it to consist of a mass of fine, beautifully-colored, and perfectly-formed feathers, wherein, if we have a magnifier of sufficient power, we may readily detect the various parts of a feather, and—marvel!—the quill part is even found to be hollow. Placing a portion of a butterfly's wing in the microscope, we discover that this is covered with myriads of just such minute particles (Lichtenberg calculated that a square inch of butterfly's wing contained no less than 100,736 distinct feathers), placed in regular layers as the feathers of a fowl. How wonderful are the works of God! and how crude and imperfect is the finest workmanship of man, when compared with the works of man's Creator! The finest needle is coarse and full of irregularities when examined with the microscope; the edge of the keenest razor is indented like a coarse saw. The fairy-like muslins of Dacca are rough and uneven, and the threads of the finest lace have all the inequalities of coarse cordage; while the thread of the common house-spider's web, examined with microscopes of the highest power, yet appears of equal fineness.

It is related of Ehrenberg, the great Prussian

microscopist, that during his travels in India he conversed with a Brahmin, whose religion prohibited him from taking life of any kind, or eat-



CRAB-SHAPED DITCH-WATER ANIMALCULE.

ing of that which had once possessed life. To this man Ehrenberg, to prove to him the absurdity of his belief, exhibited the world of animalcule life contained in a drop of water.

"You have destroyed my happiness," said the Brahmin, "and my life also; for I see now that I shall never be able to drink, and must perish of thirst."

To which Ehrenberg is said to have replied by showing him that a drop of rum poured into a tumbler of water caused all the animalculæ to precipitate themselves to the bottom of the glass. Thus relieving the poor Brahmin from his perplexity.

But see what a little world is a drop of rain-water. Countless animals, of strangest forms—living, moving, performing the various func-



CRAB-SHAPED DITCH-WATER ANIMALCULE.

tions of their limited life, giving birth to others of their species, and dying, often in the short space of a few hours. The hateful shapes shown on the previous page inhabit, however, only the common ditch-water. They are well armed with claws and teeth, and lead most active lives, catching and devouring their lesser neighbors. Most of these animals are transparent, and the observer sees not only their motions as they dart upon their prey, but can examine at leisure the various processes going on within their bodies. So marvelous are the powers of reproduction in some of these animals, that, Professor Ehrenberg states, no less than seventeen millions may be produced from a single individual in twenty-four days. So minute are others that it would take—according to the same high authority—no less than 46,656,000,000,000 of them to fill the space of one quarter of a square inch.

But there would be no end to enumerating the wonders displayed by the microscope. The revelations of the instrument are useful, as we have seen, in the affairs of ordinary life; but the observer who only regards them in this sense has but half profited by the task. The microscope teaches us that the perfection of beings and organisms is not in proportion to their size. However small the creatures of God may be, they are no less carefully made than a human being, and in some respects more elaborately. The common house-fly is no great pet; we worry and pursue her remorselessly; but the mechanism of a fly's foot, by which she is enabled to walk head downward from the ceiling, is as far more elaborate and beautiful than any thing a human mechanic can turn out as one can well imagine; and the eye of a house-fly is a perfect microcosm of beauties. Wherever we turn our gaze and regard the works of God, they are all perfect. Piercing by telescopic power the far-off regions of space, nebulae become stars, the latter suns, and the planetary orbs of our own system teach us how insignificant is our little "earth." In the grand immensity of heaven's orbs, all is perfect. Piercing, by the microscope, the gloom of forms departed to the naked eye, of things too small to see, a grand immensity of littleness is disclosed, where all, too, is perfect. "All things," it is evident, "are naked and open to Him with whom we have to do"—a solemn consideration for those who live in disobedience to His will.

DEAR HUNTING.

DOCTOR PECK was a bald bachelor and book-keeper, blistering his brains in Boston during the July of eighteen hundred and fifty.

"Brad" (brief for Bradstreet), of Boston also, a bachelor also, was bull, bear, or broker, had hair inclining to igneous—and much of it—and a body inclining to oleaginous—and much of it—and was, consequently, not easily to be refrigerated.

The two, being intimates, talked over an escape from swelter, and, after much planning,

determined on a deering and trouting trip to the Adirondac Mountains, at that time more of a *terra incognita* than it is now.

In New Haven the long vacation of Yale was just begun, and I had dropped a second slipper from my toes out of a South College window, while dreaming of the *under-toes* at Nahant, whither I intended going as soon as supplies came from home, when my chum's voice and my two slippers and three pebbles entering my window successively, aroused me to consciousness of the fact that he had returned from the post-office. We had tossed up to determine which should melt down to the eleven o'clock mail, and as I had gained "head," he had meekly submitted to the fate of "one sent."

"Letter for you, chum!" followed the third pebble.

"From home?" said I, with my head where my feet had been.

"Come down and see. I may be a John the Baptist [referring to the 'one sent'], but I am not a Mercury, to go flying up stairs, carrying 'rocks,' too, at high noon in July!"

Let me here abjure bad jokes. I won't make any more if I can help it; but, really, the air about college was as thick with them as it was with tobacco-smoke, and I naturally employ the South College vernacular while recalling the bricks of the building.

The word "rocks" gave me strength. "Pay to ———, or Order," floated before me as I leaped down the rickety stairs, and the document was soon in hand. But it was post-marked "Boston," and instead of a "My dear son, please find inclosed," etc., I read the following:

"DEAR NAT,—Bundle up your eldest garments, buy or steal a gun, and join us at Troy on the 1st prox., for a month's shooting in Northern New York. We rely on you. Telegraph whether you will or you won't.

"Yours warmly,

"PECK AND BRAD."

I was not long in deciding between Nahant and the woods, for I had often wished for time and good company for this very excursion, and here were both. Peck was a cousin, famous as a sportsman, and of a convivial turn of mind; and "Brad" was as clever as he was fat, so the Doctor had written me before. "But," said I to chum, as I explained the situation of affairs, "where's the medium with which to circulate? You see, I can't telegraph to these fellows one way or the other until the governor remits, and, unfortunately, he is quite too often remiss in his remittances."

"Well, Nat, seein' as you are in need of it, I may as well hand over the *other* letter I got for you. *That's* from the right quarter, I imagine."

"The governor's a trump! All right! Come down with me to the creamery and we'll cool off before dinner; and I'll stop at the telegraphist's on the way."

The triangle was duly constructed at Troy on the 1st. The other angles had arrived a few hours before me, and when shown to their room

at the hotel, I found them *in medias res*, the *res* consisting of hunting and fishing apparatus, of all sorts, scattered "permiscus" on beds and chairs and washstands. Peck, who was a Nimrod, ramrod, and fishing-rod combined, knew by experience what would be needed, and I, who had never shot any thing larger than a chitty-bird, or caught any thing shyer than a sun-fish, was astonished at the contents of his bags and boxes. In addition to the proper paraphernalia of a sportsman, there was a small frying-pan, a tin case filled with salt pork, a coffee-machine, and various other necessities for camp life. "Brad," with remarkable sagacity, had brought a small brass horn, "good to make a noise with if you're lost." And "horn" reminds me of two square bottles of reliable brandy; and bottles reminds me of a small medicine chest which Peck contributed to the general stock, whereupon we dubbed him "Doctor," which "handle" was used for that trip and long after.

Brad and I were fully impressed by this display of "the Doctor's" foresight and general knowledge, and voted him generalissimo unanimously. He assumed the honor meekly, and pulled the dim lock of hair on his round pate in acknowledgment; but he soon began to exercise his dictatorship, and by an edict tumbled out Brad's dress-coat and my French boots, and sent him out to buy blankets and me to find a pair of long-legged cow-hides; he confiscated all unnecessary garments, and seizing my trunk as the largest, crammed nearly every thing into that, obliging us to content ourselves with bags. He was provided with seventeen or twenty pockets, in a regular-built hunting-coat, and at our start he *bulged* ridiculously.

Leaving behind us at the Troy House quite half of what would have been *impedimenta*, we started next morning in high spirits for Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain; and a pretty looking trio we were.

But I had better not spend more time in preparations. Let us leave unnecessaries at Troy.

It was on a beautiful Saturday afternoon that the little steamer stopped at the "Ti' landing," at the wharf whereof we left several squads of our passengers. As we were to wait there an hour the triangle went ashore, and amused itself by wandering over the ruins of the old fortress of Ticonderoga, and by firing off a little field-piece (modern) which we found on a hill near the hotel. As there were no materials for wadding, we pushed in the ramrod and loaded "her" from the touch-hole, and when the powder overran thereat, I fired a blank charge from my gun at the priming, and away went the ramrod, whizzing over the lawn, in dangerous proximity to the heads of a nurse and two children, who screamed and ran—and so did we, and got on board the steamer, *hilariter celeriter*; or, in the vulgate, "helter-skelter."—*Vide* the Author's work on Etymology.

The ultimate radii of the sun were glorifying

the long summit of the Green Mountain range, while the western shore of the lake was slowly darkening into night, when our steamer glided up to the lonely landing of Crown Point. It was Saturday night, and partly because the place was as favorable as any other for a point of departure into the woods, and partly because we would not violate the sanctity of the Sabbath already begun, we concluded, in council, to stop there; so we shouldered our guns and bags, and giving our trunk to a stout boy who superintended the landing-place, we stepped on shore. As the steamer paddled away, and we were left alone on the wharf, we found ourselves in something of a predicament.

"Isn't this Crown Point, young man?"

"Yaas."

"Well: where *is* it?"

"Jest over that air hill."

"How much of a town is there?"

"Waal, there's somethin' of a settlemunt."

"Is there a hotel?"

"I guess not."

"No tavern?"

"Mr. Hallard use'ter keep a kind o' tavern, but he's dead."

"Well, boys," said the Doctor, "shall we camp out, or go up over 'that air hill' and ask some benevolent Crown Pointer to keep us over Sunday?"

"I dunno but Miss Hallard might keep you: she does sometimes take in people, over night."

"Miss Hallard" proved hospitable, and exerted herself successfully to entertain us. Since then I have lodged and fed at many a place where people are taken in on different principles, at "hotels" with quarter miles of piazza without and bell-wire within, but at none where beds were cleaner, bread sweeter, butter more golden and fresh, honey more sincere (*sine cerâ*: *Vide* work on Etymology, referred to *supra*) than at the Widow Hallard's, Crown Point Landing.

I pass over Sunday, the employment and enjoyment of which placid day pertain not to this record.

Dr. Peck's bed was vacant when Brad and I opened our eyes on Monday morning. He had stolen a march on us, but made his appearance just as we were going down to breakfast, bringing as spoils three ducks and a string of perch. He had been gone only three hours; and he chuckled over his success and bantered our laziness with allowable merriment.

The perches were fried forthwith for breakfast; we enjoyed the ducks for dinner; and the day was mainly spent in inquiries about how to get into the woods and where to go. Our arrangements being completed, we all took a shoot after sundown at the ducks on the lake. There was a deep and shallow bay, just above the landing, filled with tall reeds, among which were winding passages, wide enough for a boat. I would describe that evening's hunt could I tell of a decent shot made by my own gun. The Doctor did all the execution: Brad sculled.

How cool and crispy was the air, albeit an August morning, when at daylight we strode, strided, straddled the "buck-board" of Bill Kent's vehicle for the transportation of lumber! I was about to call it a wagon, but this conveyance could not justly claim that designation. It consisted of two wheels "forard" and two more "aft," isthmused by a "pole" and a two-inch plank, which was called the "buck-board." Astride of this we vibrated through the "some-thin' of a settlemunt," guns over shoulder, trunk roped tightly on to the "hind X," and carpet-bags dangling beneath. The horses were fresh after Sunday's rest and oats, and Bill gave them permission to make the most of a good road: "they won't go along quite so tantrum when they come to corduroy." We were blissfully ignorant of the character of a "corduroy road," but soon exchanged ignorance and bliss for experience and jolting. The road "struck into" the woods within a mile or two, and here the way had been made smooth by felling the trees and laying their trunks side by side, at right angles to the track. Bounce-ti-bounce-ti-bump over stumps: "Isn't *this*"—bounce—"going to ride with a"—bump—BANG goes Peck's gun! accidentally discharged into the air, in one of our mutual collisions, as we wedged together at the lowest sag of the buck-board. The horses took fright, of course, at the explosion, and away we went for half a mile or so, bounding along rather terrifically. How Bill Kent kept his seat on the "forard X" and held his horses we did not see, perhaps because our attention was quite thoroughly given to our own situations. Peck leaned forward and embraced the buck-board; Brad embraced Peck—fortunate that we had placed the fattest fellow in the middle!—and I embraced Brad. But the animals, under the persuasive influence of Bill's stout pull, calmed themselves, and we stopped at last, at Brad's remark, "See—here—boys, I can't—stand this—any longer!" Exchanges were made. Peck, whose fatness was of a chubbier and more elastic nature, took the middle, and we resumed our ride.

We were going some thirty miles westward into the woods, intending to stop at an iron furnace, from the neighborhood of which our driver procured his lumber. There was quite a village—of log-huts—around "the furnace," we had been told, as also that there was good troutling thereabouts. It was almost sundown when we descended into the valley of the iron-works, and we were tired enough to content ourselves with almost any kind of lodging-place; but as there was one frame building in the village, which looked the more inviting as we rode by a shanty or two, we directed Bill to take us there.

"Why, Mr. Hayden lives there!"

"Mr. Hayden! Who's he?"

"Well, he's one of the owners of the works."

"What kind of a woman is Mrs. Hayden, Bill? Do you think she'd entertain angels unawares?"

"I dunno; you can try her, any way."

So we drove up.

"Brad!" exclaimed I, "is that a piano we hear?"

"Sounds like it!"

"Guess it's one o' Hayden's dorters," said Bill.

"This is the place, then, for us. You go ahead, Peck—you're the best-looking—and speak *very* civilly to Mother Hayden. But who'd a thought of a piano here in the woods!"

Peck stood a long time, it seemed to us, talking with a nice-looking lady at the door. The music had stopped, meanwhile, and Brad and I thought we detected a feminine face at one of the front windows; but he saw it at one window, while I was positive that I glimpsed it at another.

"What if there are two, Brad, my boy!"

"Perhaps *three*!"

Our conjectures and anticipations were ended at this moment by the return of Peck.

"We can stay to-night," said he, "though I had to beg for it. But, boys"—with two twinkles and a whisper—"I saw about three-quarters of a yard of dimity whisk by the hall-door, and I heard 'em smiling and ckipering behind the door. The old lady went in 'to see,' she said, and I'll take my oath I heard one of 'em say, 'Do, mother!'"

Off came the trunk and the bags, and, with a regret or two that we had left our bettermost suits at Troy, we bade good-by to Bill, and filed into the house. It was a very snug and pretty little cottage, and in the parlor, which we entered, were indications of taste and refinement as pleasing as they were unexpected. There was no room ready for us. Mrs. Hayden came in to say, "Would we wash in the well-room before supper?"

"Certainly! any where! we were desirous of making just as little trouble as possible, marm!"

On the way to the well-room our watchful eyes detected several vanishing figures, undoubtedly feminine. "Perhaps three" became "perhaps more," as we plunged our faces in the cool spring-water, and our fertile fancies yielded a fabulous crop of may-be's and I-hope-so's. At supper, although we watched, with furtive glances, the several doors of the dining-room, our curiosity went ungratified; and as Mrs. Hayden "supposed we were tired," and we were sure of that fact, we were soon after shown to our sleeping-room. Here was one double-bed, and "a shake-down" on the floor. Brad had to take this, "because you are the fattest, you know, and won't mind the bed's being a little hard." A hair-pin on the bureau and a stray gaiter under it, found by Peck on his hands and knees performing discoveries, assured us that we owed our lodging to the sacrifices of the indefinite young ladies, whom we now heard frolicking in the parlor below. We were tired enough, however, to be willing to leave suspicions to be solved the next day, and we stretched our jolted bones on beds which

seemed downy, and were soon dreaming of—I presume the reader can imagine what.

But Brad *snores!* I am sorry to be obliged to record it, but he *did*. He may have dreamed of angels for all that, but I confess to an inability to reconcile snoring and romance; can you, reader? Fancy your *beau-ideal* or actual, lady, with his nose pointing upward, his mouth open, and long successive snores proceeding from the windpipe, which has channeled vows and protestations, and whispered questions to you! Or you, my boy, who are in love so tenderly with blue-eyed Mary, can you, *will* you think it *possible* that at night, “when stars are in the quiet sky,” the frills of her night-cap tremble—but no! I myself will not suppose such a thing! It can not be!

“Wake up, Brad! you bull-frog *profundo!* The bell has rung, and it’s seven o’clock.”

We all slept late that morning, and several of my bones had not finished aching when Peck, who was the most larkish of the party, roused Brad and me. We made rather hurried toilets, and unanimous were the regrets that we hadn’t brought with us any presentable apparel. However, by making the most of our united wardrobes, we contrived to appear decent, if not respectable, and so—going together to keep our courage up—we started for the breakfast-room.

“Stop a moment,” says Peck. “If there are any introductions, Mrs. Hayden don’t know our names. What shall we do?”

“Oh, we’ll introduce each other. I don’t believe we shall have any difficulty.”

“Well, you go first.”

“No, Doctor; you’re the oldest.”

“Well, Brad’s the *biggest*.”

“I’m the *pluckiest*, anyhow! Get behind me, you two boys. I’ll show you how to do it.”

There were introductions—several. “Miss Mary So-and-so” and “Miss Ada Something else;” “Miss Harriet,” “Miss Julia,” “Miss Fanny”—*five* of them! In our turn I introduced, “Doctor Peck, ladies; Mr. Bradstreet, ladies; and your servant, Burton Mansfield, ladies.”

There was more or less constraint and stiffness at that breakfast, more rather than less; but I may venture to say that we were gentlemen well-bred enough to say something about nothing at any time, which is all that is required sometimes. Yet it was rather a trying time. One of them poured the coffee—Mrs. Hayden had breakfasted long before—and another occupied the opposite end of the table, leaving three to sit face to face with *us* three. But we had topics enough for conversation; explanations of our getting there; accounting for the antiquity of our garments; inquiries about the country; “Didn’t we hear the piano played last evening?” remarks on our good fortune in finding such a hospitable house; hopes that we had not incommoded or crowded them (smiles on the five faces), etc., etc.

Although I should like nothing better than to tell how, between breakfast and dinner, we

cultivated acquaintance with these by no means unwilling maidens, neglecting the legitimate object of our expedition; how we didn’t succeed, for several days, in ascertaining just the best direction in which to start on our hunt; how very difficult it was to find and employ a hunter to guide us; how we were not only urged, but compelled, to stay against our inclinations and senses of proprieties; yet I am afraid that the editor of this entertaining periodical will object if I spin my yarn too fine.

But since new characters are coming on the stage, and such as are likely to figure prominently in the play, I must certainly devote some space to the following *dramatis personæ*.

MR. HAYDEN: One of the owners of the iron furnace; resident of Burlington, Vermont; having this summer residence in the woods; away at this time on business, little dreaming of wolves in his sheep-fold.

MRS. HAYDEN: Quiet, motherly lady, somewhat under control of her daughters, who managed matters pretty much in their own way; an excellent housewife; could cook trout and venison superbly.

MISS MARY HAYDEN: Youngest daughter of above; about sixteen; charmingly pretty; an exquisite pianist; just out of boarding-school; romantic, therefore; and, alas! almost the death of poor Peck.

MISS JULIA HAYDEN: Elder sister of above; same description as above, a few shades soberer in tone; and for “Peck” read “Brad.”

MISS ADA KING:	} Friends of above;
MISS FANNY KIRKMAN:	
MISS HARRIET FARNHAM:	

from fifteen to nineteen; come with above from boarding-school to spend vacation in the woods; all pretty but one, and she jovial enough to make up for her few physical deficiencies.

The last five characters are delighted to have beaux so unexpectedly and romantically, and are determined to keep them some time—wishing, however, that there were two more. They plan picnics, and boating and fishing on a “convenient” pond, and quarrel, playfully, in anticipation as to who shall have whom.

N.B.—That this last paragraph is not conjecturally dramatical the reader may come to know; but, having let him into these agreeable secrets, the author returns to the action of the play.

About half a mile from “Pine Cottage” was a sheet of water which should have had a more euphonious name than “Knob Pond,” but it hadn’t. Thither, on the third day after our arrival, a very merry party “wended their way,” following a path which led through an ancient pine forest. By our assistance, most cheerfully rendered, the ladies found but little difficulty in surmounting the numerous prostrate “monarchs of the forest,” and we reached the pond with only one bonnet dilapidated and one skirt torn. I am surprised, as I think of it, that we dared to embark our whole number in that small, moist fishing-boat. Now, reader, if you think I am going to have an upset and a rescue, you are

very much mistaken. I know that such an event would be just the thing here; but I believe that magazinists have employed that useful incident so often that it is slightly stale. Given, a party of young ladies and gentlemen, a pond, river or bay, and a boat; given, of course, that attachments are in progress; and an accident, a shriek, and a "gallant" rescue comes next, to the surprise of nobody who has been an attentive reader of magazine literature. Besides, mine is a true story, or very nearly so. I know that it is customary with story-tellers to make that assertion, and that it is only semi-occasionally believed; but I leave my name and address with the editor hereof, and can be examined before a jury of either sex.

No accident happened on our way across the pond, I am happy to say, although we were careless enough to have had seven or eight. True, Brad, who had brought his tooting-horn, suddenly tried the echoes, blowing a blast behind Miss Ada's bonnet, to the terror of that person, who threw herself forward almost into my arms, instead of jumping overboard, as she might have been pardoned for doing; but this event did not reach the dignity of an accident. We arrived in safety at the foot of "the Knob"—a young mountain of a knobbish shape—and made various preparations, we for fishing, they for dinner; baskets of necessities, by-the-way, having been previously carried to the spot by a Patrick. Which of us should furnish the first trout for the frying-pan was immediately the business in hand. The Doctor and I had been over the ground the day before, and knew a spot where a gushing spring poured a stream of water from the rocks into the pond, and where the trouts came up at mid-day for a cool drink. It had been agreed that the lucky fisherman should choose his own frier, and we were each eager to display our skill and our sentiments. Peck was expected to succeed, for we knew his craft; but he was nervous and excited, and so I, at least, hoped to beat him. We each affixed a grasshopper to our best hook, and, stealing cautiously up behind the bushes, at a signal, dropped our bait into the hole. Suspensive moment! Five pairs of bright eyes were watching us not far off, and several hearts were beating more hurriedly than usual.

The Doctor's luck did not desert him. His "hopper-grass" could not have looked fairly about him before he was seized by a voracious trout, and in a second the fish was landed, amidst the quiet applause of the ladies. He was just heavy enough *not* to break the rod, being about a two-pounder. While Peck with joy dressed his fish, and with emotion presented it to the blushing Miss Mary, as I knew he would, Brad and I continued to hold our rods at arm's-length over the bushes, unfavored by even a bite. By peeping, we could actually see the fish, but they remained uninfluenced by our seductions. Peck returned and caught another, and a third, and a dozen, all fine, fat fellows, but still we fished in vain. It was a try-angle

of which only the apex was acute enough to angle with success. (That joke smacks of South College, I admit.) We became disgusted with his acquisitiveness, and refused to associate with him. I went to help Ada arrange the dinner, and Brad talked with Miss Fanny, and blew echoes, in spite of the pantomimic maledictions of Peck, who remained at the spring, preferring fishing to flirting. I know you said you wanted short stories, Mr. Editor, but I do enjoy recalling and relating that pleasant picnic. Ada, a ripe brunette, overflowing with fun, witty and pretty, and wearing a scarlet jacket and a jaunty "gipsy"—Ah well! I'll take longer steps toward finis.

That night—it was my turn to sleep on the floor—I had just succeeded in not hearing Brad's confounded snore, when I was aroused by a ghostly sigh and woke to behold a strange image between me and the window. Moonlight. I became less alarmed as I recognized the mild though melancholy countenance of poor Peck. He was sitting "in a frame of mind" and a single garment, gazing at the moon. It was his first love, I knew, and I would not disturb him. A bachelor of twenty-eight, he had failed to find the particular shrine at which to offer his devotions. And yet he had failed not through want of intention or endeavor. "What I want," he would say, "is a pretty, sensible girl, unfashionable enough to cook a dinner, well educated and refined, and with just as much money as I've got myself." May I venture to say that it is not very strange that he found it difficult to suit himself? But now he had really found his ideal. Mary had cooked his trout admirably: he saw her assisting her mother, like a good, sensible daughter as she was, although there was a Bridget; and her education and refinement were agreeably noticeable to all of us. The Doctor had met his fate, and there, in the pale moonlight, his swelling heart was relieving itself in sighs of *such* a size! (South College.) Anon he paced the floor; anon he shook his fist at me—supposing me to be asleep, of course, or I'd have shaken—hands with him, poor fellow! When old fogies of his age catch love (or the measles), they are apt to have it "hard."

But why did he shake his fist at me? I did not know the reason until some months afterward. It was in this wise: Mary was a skillful player, and loved music enthusiastically. Now I am something of a performer myself, and so it was very natural that we should play and sing duets, and be often together at the piano. Now Peck—he didn't know "do" from a dough-nut—hadn't *any* music in his soul, and so could not meet his lady's spirit in that sphere. I didn't intend to interfere with his plans, and wouldn't have done so if he had only told me of them. I would have preferred that Ada should have been the musician of the party, but as music was an older flame of mine than Ada, why, I consequently paid my attentions mostly to M. But poor Peck (appropriate alliteration)

was jealous of me, was in just the situation to be jealous, and I suppose he enjoyed himself.

Brad didn't lie awake "nights," not he. He was harpooned, as he admitted afterward, but the blubber being thick, the weapon had not touched a vital part. He didn't worry himself nor "take on" at all about his "affair;" took it quietly, proposed some six months afterward, by letter, and was accepted. But I did not intend to come to my *dénouement* so suddenly. I may as well, however; no one will care to read the old story of love-making. Let us withdraw our characters within the perpendicular of the green curtain, preparatory to the final bow and courtesy.

We remained at Pine Cottage three weeks, fishing and being fished for—I suppose?—making occasional long tramps to shoot at venison, with quite inconsiderable success, preferring the *deer*-hunting to be found nearer home. When we left "Woodville," the Doctor could be called "poor Peck" no longer, for he was conditionally accepted by his Mary—conditionally, because Mary's mother insisted upon taking time to examine his references. These, I am happy to add, proved satisfactory. In due time the lucky Doctor landed his prettiest fish; in short, they were married. Brad, as I have already let out, married his choice, the elder Miss Hayden; and I—

OLD AND NEW STYLE.

"Times change, and we change with them."

"There's no such word as FAIL."

IT is possible, notwithstanding our positive conviction to the contrary, for people to enjoy existence on an income of less than a thousand a year, living in a wooden two-story house, without gas, bath-room, or any of those necessities of life, and depending for the geniality of their atmosphere in winter chiefly on their own tempers and dispositions, in connection with stoves and a grate or two. No doubt we startle our readers with this opening proposition, and make ourselves liable to distrust in any future statement we may put forth. Nevertheless we reassert it, and introduce you at once, to save discussion, to the cheerful sitting-room of Dr. Anthony, physician in ordinary to the village and township of Groton Four Corners. Were the christening of that venerable settlement to take place now, it would doubtless be designated Grotonville—if indeed the family name of the original proprietor of the land were not discarded altogether for "Lucknow," "Cawn-pore," or some other melodious Asiatic popularity, of which we shall soon have a full crop in Nebraska and territories yet to be.

As it was, the name had some remote bearing on the geography of the place. The Grotons had been the principal family for many years after its settlement, and Mrs. Anthony, who was a descendant, had inherited the family mansion of the old squire himself, whose memory was still a terror to evil-doers, though his

monument had been the chief pride of the "burying-ground" for twenty years or more. The outskirts of the settlement had crystallized into four hamlets, whence the "corners," all of which considered themselves entitled to the post-office, the meeting-house, school-house, and the monopoly of election days.

Be that as it may, Dr. Anthony's services were pretty equally divided among them, and the easy life he led may be inferred from the fact that his horse paused naturally at every door within a circuit of fourteen miles; while his bills were the last to be paid, if we except the minister's salary, though he invariably adapted them to homeopathic principles.

Fortunately his family was small. One son now at college, and a bright charming daughter, recently graduated at the Florence Female Academy, were all that taxed his income; so that the Doctor had been able to lay aside something yearly out of seven or eight hundred, and was considered a rich man by all the neighborhood. The reputation costs considerably more in city life, and each year sees the figures increased—happily for any of us who may aspire to it, *the sum is not required to be proven*, and we may add ciphers at discretion to make up the amount.

Nor was the Doctor obliged to keep up this pleasant estimation by retaining a host of serving men and women, and refurnishing every two years. His "John" was gardener and coachman both, and managed to get along amiably with the middle-aged domestic who reigned supreme in the kitchen, and if Mrs. Anthony's one failing must be hinted at, was rather mistress than maid. Mrs. Anthony had fallen into a way of thinking that Ann could not bear exposure and hard work as she had done when she first came to them seven years before, though younger by several years than herself, and was constantly lightening Ann's duties more and more. Only the morning in which we have the pleasure of making her acquaintance, she was seriously considering whether old Mrs. Smith, who came to wash every Monday, had not better undertake Tuesday's ironing too.

"Just as you think best, mother," said Kitty Anthony, who on the other side of the room stood washing the breakfast things, the sleeves of her neatly-fitting morning-dress tucked just above the elbow, displaying the roundness and dimples of the white arm, never uncovered on any other occasion.

"Poor Ann has so much more to do since you came home, my dear," urged Mrs. Anthony, to satisfy her own mind evidently, for Kitty had made no objections.

"I don't see how, mother; for I take care of my own room, and the parlor, and this, and help ironing and baking days; besides doing up the muslins."

"Of course *you* can't see, young girls can't be expected to—nobody but an experienced housekeeper knows how many steps there are to be taken every day."

Mrs. Anthony subsided into *The Defiant*, the only weekly newspaper taken in the family.

Kitty polished her cups in silence, with a half-demure half-pouting expression, naturally enough, when her blue eyes saw clearly through the transparency of her mother's arguments and Ann's usurpation. To be charged with making trouble, too, after all she did! It was quite too bad! and she had almost made up her mind to open revolt, when she was startled by an exclamation from her mother, who dropped the interesting sheet as she cried out,

"Oh Kitty! poor Charles, your poor dear uncle, oh what shall I do!"

The flush died from Kitty's cheeks and lips in a moment; she felt sick and faint as she hurried to her mother's chair.

"Uncle Charles! What is it, mother? Not dead!"

"Oh no, Kitty, not dead! Oh dear! what will become of them all?—he's failed! Oh, if your father was only here!"—and she laid her head back on Kitty's bosom, and cried as she had not done in many a day of tranquil life before. Kitty cried too: the storm was more violent still with her. The misfortune, to her inexperienced eyes, was appalling; second only to State's prison or death—as hopeless as the one, and as full of mortification and disgrace as the other. She thought of Mr. Welden, at the Mills, how heart-broken he had looked ever since his failure, how prematurely old and gray he had grown, how his home had been broken up, all that he possessed sold for his creditors, and his children dispersed to gain a livelihood as best they might! And all this had come upon her dear Uncle Charles—her mother's only brother—her beautiful Cousin Helen's father! And Helen, what would become of her, reared in such luxury and refinement! Kitty was ready to wish—in the loving, self-sacrificing spirit born with her, and nourished in the kindly, though homely, courtesies of village life—that it was her father who had failed, and she herself who was to go out in the world—she could get along so much better, she knew!

But perhaps her mother was mistaken after all. It could not be that her Uncle Charles, rich as he was—"immensely wealthy," as her mother always said—could have come to this. She recalled the luxurious appointments of their house in Union Square, the many servants, the liberal sums she had seen Helen spend in a single morning on her one visit to the metropolis, which had been like a dream of enchantment from first to last.

"It must be a mistake!" she said, drying her eyes suddenly. "Let me look, mother; I don't believe you read it right."

But there it was, in that fatal proscriptive list: "Charles E. Groton, banker; failed, with heavy liabilities."

She read it with that strange consciousness that burns printed news of ill into the memory, yet at the moment seems like unreality.

"Oh, if your father was only here!" and Mrs. Anthony's tears welled forth again.

What good the worthy physician could have done if he had been there she did not stop to think. It was a case which medical skill could not reach; but Mrs. Anthony, like many of the Doctor's patients, had come to consider his very presence a safeguard.

"What will become of them all!" mourned she; "lost *every thing*, of course! Here's your father now! Oh, James, brother Charles has failed! what will they do?"

"Do? why come right up here, to be sure—all of them; we've got enough for both till they can turn round again. A pity if Charles wasn't welcome in his father's own house, where he was born."

The Doctor had not found time to read his newspaper which had come the night before, but the postmaster had taken the liberty, and it was pretty well known by this time throughout Charles Groton's native place that he had failed. They were discussing it at the store when the Doctor called to order a barrel of flour, or rather, to transmit Ann's order to that effect. The idle and envious said it was good enough for him, setting himself up so above every body, "people every mite as good as he was any day, and cutting such a swath with his carriage and horses when he came up in the summer. Sech extravagance alus did cum to ruin some time or nuther, and sarves him right!" A few combated this opinion, and held that "Charlie was a fust-rate feller, no ways stuck-up—not half so stiff as the old squire." But they were in the minority; for to this day the Judean proverb holds good, that "one's own country and kindred" deny merited honor—if we take the kindred once or twice removed.

Coming suddenly upon this discussion, the Doctor had hurried back to break the news to his wife, revolving possible contingencies as he rode along, and was thus able to direct the family council by suggesting the kindly project of bringing the whole family to the old homestead.

"But he'll never settle down here, in the world!" said Mrs. Anthony, reviving at once in the Doctor's presence. "I know Charles so well; and Helena never would be contented, though Helen's more like her father, I think. Any way, they are all so independent and high-spirited."

And you or I, dear reader, in our hotel-like houses, with suites of empty rooms, would have exclaimed, "Impossible! A whole family! My dear, you are out of your senses!" and should have contented ourselves with writing a most touching note of condolence, filled with epithets, and greatly underscored. But Mrs. Anthony, carried away by the warmth of her heart, forgot even Ann's possible displeasure, and only feared lest the "whole family" would *not* come and make themselves contented.

"Yes, that was the worst of it," the Doctor agreed; "but there is my Harlem, and the

bank-stock, you know, Sarah. It wouldn't be much; but if Charles can make any kind of a settlement with his creditors so as to go on again, he's quite welcome to it for a start."

"I never thought of that! so he can!" And Mrs. Anthony brightened as if, instead of inaugurating a permanent sinking-fund, she had just come into possession of the stock at par value.

"Oh, I know!" Kitty had an idea too, and Kitty's ideas were generally available. "I'm sure Cousin Helen would be more contented to be doing something for herself. I should be. I shouldn't mind any thing, if I could only be helping you out of trouble, father. She speaks French so beautifully, and plays so well, that it would be no trouble at all to her to teach; and we could have a little school together. I could hear arithmetic, and geography, and such things," she added, humbly.

"Pretty good notion—isn't it, mother?" and the Doctor looked as pleased as his wife had done at the original proposition.

"Why, so it is! There's the kitchen we could fix up to eat in for a while—though I don't know about Helena—and they could have this for a school-room," added Mrs. Anthony.

"I'll write straight off," said the Doctor, unclasping his heavy riding-cloak, and feeling in his various pockets for his spectacles. "Every day makes a difference when people are in such trouble. Kitty, my dear, open the secretary;" and Mrs. Anthony gazed moodily upon the fatal black list, keeping silence for at least five minutes by the tall Dutch clock in the corner.

The Doctor's powers of composition having been for so long a time chiefly confined to prescriptions and an original and time-saving system of book-keeping, he found it difficult to express the mingled emotions of sympathy and benevolence that filled his large heart; and, at last, becoming convinced of the impossibility of doing himself and his wife justice, threw down the pen and pushed his chair back.

"It's just as you say, mother—if they were not so dreadfully high-spirited I could get along better. A person situated as Charles is just now is apt to be a *leetle* touchy. If I could only talk with him five minutes, I could make him see things just about right."

"Can't you go down, father?" said Kitty, who had finished her neat arrangement of the closet, and now prepared to "dress for dinner," by untucking her sleeves, and substituting a black silk apron for the ample gingham which had defended the spotless purity of her chintz dress.

"I wish I could"—and the Doctor paused a moment to consider—"but I don't see how I can leave, possibly. There's old Mr. Thompson is sure to have a 'spell' the instant he hears I'm out of town, and the widow Lane's two children are pretty bad with scarlet fever—it's likely to go hard with them."

"Couldn't you write for Charles to come up?" suggested Mrs. Anthony, who had no idea that the pulse of the money market required as

close attention as old Mr. Thompson's, and made bond slaves of business men; she thought her husband was the only man who submitted to such daily tyranny.

"I hardly think he'd feel able to leave," said the Doctor, with a dim perception of the involvements of a financial crisis.

"Couldn't Kitty go down then, and tell them all about our plans?"

"Oh yes; why can't I, father?" and Kitty forgot, in her desire to serve her uncle and his family, how impossible it had been to ride twenty-two miles alone in the stage from Florence.

"I wish Charles was here; but I don't know whether it would be worth while to send for him to old Union and interrupt his studies."

"Brother? I never thought of him."

"I don't think it's advisable—not really advisable;" and the Doctor pondered, twirling his thumbs before him.

Kitty awaited the result with the feverish impatience natural to her years. It would be so much easier to set forth upon this comforting errand than to stay at home watching the manifold delays of the mail and suffering, in imagination, all the evils her aunt and Helen were passing through.

"Could you get ready right off? I could put you under the Captain's care," said the Doctor, at length, having arrived at a conditional mental affirmative to Kitty's request. "We should have to start at two o'clock to be sure of driving in to the landing in time."

"Oh yes—right away! I should only want a carpet-bag—should I, mother? Oh, may I really go?"

"I don't see how else we can manage it. Well"—and the Doctor started suddenly to his feet—"if we are going I must be off to Mrs. Lane's, that's a fact. I'll tell John to have Harry ready in the gig for us."

There was consolation to Mrs. Anthony in the necessity for active exertion, especially as she felt she was helping "poor Charles" already every moment; whether it was by beseeching Ann in the kitchen to have dinner punctually at twelve—not a minute over on any account; or in the bedroom, folding the few things she thought it would be necessary for Kitty to take with her, as she was to go down one day and come up the next.

"It wouldn't be right to stay longer, I think, my dear, situated as they are now. Company in the city is a very expensive thing—a very different matter from our having it, where we raise our own vegetables and have plenty of every thing—where you have to send to market so, every meal counts, and what we want to do is to help them."

To which Kitty agreed, as she fastened her dark green merino, which would make such a suitable traveling-dress; for she was not of those who choose a boat's cabin to display their best silk and all the jewelry they can honestly gather together. Of course she was entirely ready by eleven o'clock, and passed an hour in an in-

tolerable state of anxiety and impatience lest dinner should be late—lest her father should not come, even if it was in season—and, worst of all, what if he had not allowed himself sufficient time to get to the steamboat!

But none of these hindrances befell her on her errand of mercy; though she did not breathe freely until she found herself actually depositing her carpet-bag in berth C, on board the little boat making its late autumn trips between Groton Landing and the great metropolis.

Her father had confided her to the Captain's care as they came on board—a duty which he performed by sending her beef-steak at supper; and had "taken a bond of fate" by introducing her, just at the last moment, while "all ashore" sounded, to an old acquaintance he had discovered among the passengers, Mr. Loundsberry, whom she did not set eyes on again.

"Mr. Loundsberry will see to you, Kitty; so make yourself quite easy. My daughter is going to the city alone on very important and painful business. Carpet-bag all right? Remember, now, 7 Union Square," and the Doctor was obliged to retreat precipitately to the wharf, where he stood, waving his hand at intervals, until the clumsy *Washington* finally moved down the river.

Mr. Loundsberry meanwhile had gone to look after his baggage, and Kitty retired to the ladies' cabin, the sacred privacy of which the sable chambermaid was already demonstrating by drawing a Turkey-red curtain before the door.

With the freshness and buoyancy incident upon a night passed in the narrow confines of a single berth, with insufficient covering—waking with a start each time the boat made a landing, and finally refreshed by a toilet in common with twenty-two fellow-passengers of whom nine were children—Kitty found herself at last actually embarked in a cab with the carpet-bag on the seat opposite to her for company, and making her solitary way through the gray, cheerless dawn toward her uncle's residence. The stores, as yet unarrayed in their bright window draperies and adornments, were depressing in themselves, so were the few pedestrians who hurried along to their shops and work-rooms. With every square her heart sank, and the reality of her position became divested of its romance. What if she should not find her uncle? the auction might already have taken place, and they have sought shelter in some of those miserable streets, unconscious of the warm hospitality that opened its doors to them. She dreaded the meeting now, the actual sight of her uncle so borne down by care and anxiety, of her aunt's and Helen's distress. What should she say to them? How could she comfort them?—it had seemed so easy yesterday! She looked out of the window eagerly as the clattering vehicle approached the aristocratic neighborhood to which it was bound. How she wished it was all over, and she on her way home again!

There was the house! Oh, what if they were gone? or, if she had arrived the very day of the

sale, how mortified they would be! But they need not mind *her*; she loved them all better than ever.

But the red flag of the auctioneer was not suspended from the drawing-room windows, and her uncle's name was still on the door. That did not give certainty, however, and her heart beat fast with nervous dread as she ascended the steps and rang at the well-known portal. It had not occurred to her to have the driver make the inquiry, though she bade him wait, while she took the carpet-bag in hand, for greater safety, remembering her mother's many warnings, and stood there shivering, for the morning air was already very keen, until it pleased Jackson, her uncle's man, to leave the newspaper he was airing and reading at the same time, to respond to her summons.

He had but lately come to the place, and the unfamiliar face struck fresh dread to her heart. The man eyed her so curiously, too, with such an impertinent stare, not thinking it worth his while to inquire into her business.

"Does Mr. Groton live here yet?"

"I rather think he *does*," responded the lofty Jackson.

Kitty turned around and went down the steps to pay the cabman and tell him he could go, but the door was still held by its unbending custodian when she returned.

"Will you tell them that I am here," she said, making a faint essay to pass by way of reminding him that she could not so long as he stood there.

"Oh, suppose they should want to know who it was! We don't see callers so early in the morning."

"Kitty Groton—from the country, tell them, if you please—or I should not have been here so early."

"Country cousin, sure enough," the fashionable serving man, who had the honor of referring to Brown himself, remarked inwardly, and though he allowed her to pass, he did not trouble himself to open the drawing-room door for her, or offer to relieve her of the carpet-bag, which she still held tightly, when reflected in the great pier glass, a shy, dreary little figure, perched on the extreme edge of the divan in front of it. Kitty was a heroine only through her sympathies, and now that she had really reached the journey's end, her courage was fast giving way. If she could have seen the family at once she would have accomplished her errand in a steady, straightforward manner, but every moment she waited made their position seem harder, and her own embassy more perplexing. How could they ever come down from those lofty frescoed rooms to the old-fashioned parlor at home, apart from the new dining arrangement her mother had proposed in order to give Helen a school-room. There was her cousin's grand piano, if the creditors should give it up, as they always did in stories, especially where the young lady of the family supports them all, and educates her brothers by giving music les-

sons—it would fill up the little parlor entirely! Helen was a long time coming to her, but no doubt she was struggling for composure, to meet her with such changed fortunes; and this thought, together with the physical sinking from fatigue and lack of food, following the excitement of the previous twenty-four hours, completely unnerved her; so that when her cousin at last appeared she could only throw her arms around her and sob, “Oh, Helen, oh, Helen, I’m so sorry; oh, we all are!”

The mirror now had added to its “interior view” a tall showy figure, in an elegant dressing-gown, and embroideries to match, who returned the embrace affectionately but with a puzzled expression greatly in contrast to Kitty’s dreary little face drenched with tears.

“Why, Kitty! sorry for what? you odd little thing! and where in the world did you drop from, and where’s uncle?”

“He couldn’t leave,” said Kitty, feeling greatly relieved by the hysterical burst, and at finding that Helen was not entirely overwhelmed. “But he thought I had better come right away, and tell Uncle Charles to bring you all up there, and that he could have all the bank-stock, and mother says we can do very well without the dining-room, and she’ll manage Ann.”

Guileless little diplomat—mystifying her cousin more at every word, but anxious only to discharge her mission at once.

“You sing and play so beautifully, and speak French so well, father says a select school is sure to succeed in our neighborhood, as there isn’t one nearer than the Seminary.”

“Suppose you take off your things, Kitty, and come up in the dining-room, where you won’t freeze to death; Jackson hasn’t got the furnaces started yet. Papa’s up there, and you can explain to him all about your school-keeping plan.” And as the good-natured girl ushered her cousin through the hall, giving the beloved carpet-bag into Jackson’s charge, she thought she began to fathom Kitty’s errand and her agitation. “Yes, it must be that her cousin wanted to open a school—people in the country had such odd notions about working for themselves—and her father had sent her down to the city to have some extra lessons in French and music, for which the bank-stock was proposed as payment, and they were all to be invited up there in the summer in return for taking charge of Kitty.”

“Here’s Cousin Kitty, papa; she’s come down all alone, and I found her freezing in the drawing-room. I wish you *would* speak to Jackson about the furnace; he doesn’t take the trouble to keep it up at night!”

“Why, Kitten! you do look as blue and miserable as if some one had tried to drown you. Take off her cloak, Helen, and ring for breakfast at once. How’s Sarah and the Doctor?”

“They’re very well, uncle;” and Kitty tried to keep the flood-gates of her sympathy closed: but this affectionate salute had raised them again.

“Any thing happened, Puss? Charlie got

into a college scrape, eh?” asked Mr. Groton, giving the great black lump of sea-coal a vigorous thump that started forth a cheerful blaze.

“Charlie? Oh no, it’s only you all we are so sorry for; and mother cried herself half sick yesterday when she heard it, and I’ve felt so bad ever since!”

Helen, leaning against the mantle, threw wondering glances at her father—what could it all mean!

“About me! Kitten?”

“Yes, uncle; I wouldn’t have come down alone, but father couldn’t leave, and he said he never could make you understand in a letter: only I was to tell you that you had better bring Aunt Helena and Helen right up, and we would all do our best to make them comfortable. I’m sure I would work night and day, and I could help Helen with the little children.”

“Little children?”

“If she would like to have a school to help you along, uncle, mother says she could have the dining-room; and, oh! I forgot, father said if the bank-stock wasn’t enough to help you get into business again, he could raise some more money by a mortgage on our house. I hope you will take it! Won’t you, please, uncle? Oh, we all felt so dreadfully when we heard you had failed! But you don’t look half so sick as I was afraid you would!”

“You little soft-hearted goose!”—and Helen knelt down in the most graceful of attitudes on the rich velvet hearth-rug—“I keep school! How excessively funny! Only think, papa!”

But “papa” did not seem to see the proposition in the same light. By the working of his fine face—care-worn but by no means wretched—as he caught the true state of the case from the confused explanations of his niece, its simple warm-heartedness was fully recognized and appreciated. He coughed a little, and took out his handkerchief before he trusted himself to reply.

“Just what I might have expected from all of you! Kitty, it’s done me more good than a full clearance would have!”

“Then you will take it. Oh, I’m so glad! Father was afraid you wouldn’t understand.”

“I do, tell him—every bit of it. I understand him, and Sarah, and you. So my Kitten is ready to work for her old uncle, as well as give up all her little property!”

“Oh yes, indeed, if I could only help you.”

“There, Helen, think of that next time you think you are sacrificing yourself by giving up a frock or a party. Send Bridget to tell your mother that we are going to try and have breakfast at eight instead of half past nine this morning. See how they keep me waiting, Kitty; I have old country habits.”

“But is it really so very bad?” asked Kitty, who could not be enlivened even by the prospect of breakfast until she knew the depth of the calamity.

“It’s bad enough, but not quite sufficient to make me rob you. Ask Helen how bad it is. I believe she’s recovered.”

"Why, I couldn't imagine what you meant, Kitty, when you began to cry so; I thought you were homesick, or had lost your trunk. By-the-way, take Miss Groton's trunk up to the blue room, Jackson. You're not wanted just now."

Jackson, bent on picking up his little bit of information as a breakfast relish for the servants' hall, disappeared with all outward civility and inward wrath. "Comes of living with a family still in business; couldn't expect better manners," he remarked to a friend, stopping at the Clarendon, that evening, when detailing the circumstance, and his private impression that the said family must have been extremely "low" originally; which conclusion was derived chiefly from the disposition their newly arrived visitor and relative evinced to wait on herself as far as it was possible to do so—a positive evidence of ill-breeding, as they both agreed.

"I did not bring a trunk; mother thought I might put you out if I staid over night."

"Nonsense! You're going to make a good long visit now we've got you here. You're come just in time for our dinner company to-day; hasn't she, Helena? Helena, Kitty's come all this way alone, to offer us every dollar her father can raise, and a home besides; it seems my suspension's pretty well known, thanks to the *Defiant*, I suppose."

Kitty rose as her aunt came into the room; she was always a little afraid of her, and blushed guiltily at her uncle's off-hand explanation of her errand, remembering what her mother had said of "Helena's spirit." Mrs. Groton was attired in a *robe de chambre* of rich Chiné silk; her sister-in-law would have considered it quite too fine, even for her best dress, opening in front to display a skirt, embroidered *en tablier*; her head was adorned by a Honiton cap fastened by large Spanish pins. Mrs. Charles Groton frequently remarked that she did not see how people contrived to lose their teeth and hair at forty; from which it is needless to infer that both were in an unusual state of preservation. She had a habit of passing her hand caressingly over the one when she talked, and of smiling to display the last, as she now did when advancing to salute her husband's niece.

"It's very good in her, I'm sure, and in your father, my dear; how did you leave your mother?"

Kitty could not comprehend this smiling indifference to what had seemed half an hour ago of vital importance to the whole family; but she understood a part of the response aright, that having made this amiable acknowledgment the subject was not to be returned to for the present, especially as Jackson had reappeared with the coffee-urn and breakfast was placed on the table.

Mr. Groton ate very little—nothing in fact—but drank enormously of the strong coffee, as he finished the money article which Kitty's arrival had interrupted. She could not help noticing this, and how a shadow seemed to settle on his face as he rose to go down town.

"Dinner at seven? you need not expect me till the last moment, Helena. Any thing I can do for you? Good-by, Kitty; mind I find you here when I come back. I'll write to your father, so they won't be uneasy"—and he kissed her heartily. She was the only one he did kiss; she noticed that too. But the good old habit of morning and evening salutations is fast becoming traditional in Gotham.

"It's quite a relief," began Helen, the moment the two girls were alone together, "to have you to talk to about it. Of course we never breathe it before the servants or to any of our friends; if it wasn't for the horrible taste for failures, papa says, that the public have got up lately, not a soul need have known any thing. As it is, I'm mortified to death every time I go out, for you never know who's heard it, and who hasn't; we're all so dreadfully civil to each other, though I know perfectly well that Georgy Berrian's father has gone all to bits, and so has Alice Gregory's."

"But has Uncle Charles really failed? I suppose he hasn't, from—" and here she hesitated—it might not be entirely kind to say "from the way you are living;" but she thought of the great house and fine furniture and many servants still retained.

"No, indeed, only 'suspended;' though I suppose it's much the same thing, only it saves people's feelings. If it hadn't been for some body or other—I don't remember who—he might have extended, which is quite a different thing."

"Oh!" said Kitty, though it was not very clear to her comprehension.

"Papa thought at first it was a great deal worse than it is—last week; but now he expects to go on again, as soon as he has come to the bottom of every thing, and so, of course, mamma and myself felt quite satisfied. But in spite of all that, what do you think? He insists on our laying down the carriage, and having a woman in Jackson's place. Jackson don't know it yet. I'm dreadfully afraid he'll get hold of it; that's why I sent him out of the room this morning."

"But he's got to know it when he goes, hasn't he?"

"Yes, of course; but his month won't be up in ten days or more, and he'd take such airs the moment he knew it, and set up all the rest. We are not going out in the carriage again, as papa insists upon it, though I can't see why; but mamma has it brought round every morning, and then changes her mind, you know, so that Peter won't think—Peter and Jackson are going together. It's a very great misfortune, I'm sure; and I don't wonder you pity us—we are dreadfully to be pitied, mamma and me."

"But I think uncle has the hardest part," said Kitty, beginning to feel the fatigue of her journey greatly, and wondering if the great high bed in the blue room, with its tinted counterpane, and square pillows frilled with Valenciennes, was made to lie down on, or only intended for ornamental service.

"Oh, men don't mind such things; and, besides, papa's never been out in the carriage only three times since we had it, except when he drove up to Groton last summer; it's going to be dreadful for us, though, to stand shivering and hailing an omnibus at Beck's, with our friends getting into their carriages and driving off before our very faces—though for that matter he's put a veto on any new dresses this season, and I shall positively feel too shabby to go to church a month from now."

"Why, you had so many dresses last winter! they'd last me five years. I have the silk uncle gave me made over and this merino for my best dresses; and mother thinks it's quite enough, with one new one, by-and-by, toward spring."

"Why you see it wouldn't have made so much difference, only this year, of all others, there's such a decided change. Flounces are going out and *quilles* coming in, which I'm very sorry for, as flounces are so becoming to me. We shall have to be rigidly economical, you see; and dear knows, at one time I didn't know but we should be positively obliged to move into a smaller house and keep only three servants. The times are so awful, you haven't the least idea! Gentlemen don't talk of any thing else, not even politics. Won't you tell, positively, if I'll tell you something?" and Helen paused and looked her cousin steadily in the face. "On honor, now; I wouldn't have it get about for the world, as it's all over with."

"I don't know any body to tell."

"Oh, but you might, you know. Well, it's been the most *fortunate* thing after all, for I was on the very point of making a *dreadful* match."

Kitty had read of such things—the lover, in those "popular tales" wherein failures are so touchingly narrated, either coming forward instantly to rescue the "noble girl"—from a two-story house and the music-lessons—or turning out a base deceiver, leaving the coast clear for some single-minded individual who makes ample compensation as to income and affection!

"Oh, I'm so glad! Mother said it might turn out a blessing after all—uncle's failure. How fortunate that you escaped!"

"Just on the *edge* of an engagement positively, but it wasn't *papa's* failure—you must remember that's only a *suspension*, a very different matter—but his own—Henry Jordan's."

"Was he dishonest?"

"No, indeed, that's the worst of it. Do you know he actually paid over every dollar he had in the world, and made an assignment out-and-out! He's got to begin all over again, and has gone into an importing house as book-keeper. Only think of that! Actually a book-keeper!"

Helen's accents were expressive of the deepest infamy and disgrace as she looked to see if her cousin realized the full extent of her escape.

"But if you loved him well enough to think about being engaged to him before, I shouldn't think *that* would make any difference."

"You shouldn't! I'm astonished! Why, Kitty, I really did not think you were such a

goose! Don't you want to lie down a while?—you look tired to death. Here, take this lounge—I'll change. There, stretch your feet out, and make yourself comfortable. Wait; I'll get you a dressing-gown; one of mamma's will fit you better than mine. What have you got with you that will do to wear to-night?"

"I did not bring any other dress at all. Won't this do to take dinner in?"

"If we were alone you needn't have minded; but there's to be a regular dinner, you see. Papa doesn't approve of it, but we can't get by it decently. It's for the Ludlam Whites; they were very kind and civil to us last summer at Newport, where they have a beautiful place—Bay View—and live South on one of their plantations in the winter. But they haven't gone back yet, and are stopping at the St. Nicholas; so we were in duty bound to do something. We wanted a regular evening-party, but papa vetoed it at once, and mamma said perhaps it would not be in as good taste, considering all things, as a dinner; so that, of course, decided us, though I really do not believe papa appreciates the sacrifice we have made for him. But wasn't it provoking about Henry Jordan? He's very fine-looking, though dreadfully good; dotes on Young Men's Associations, and 'improving the condition of the poor.' But then that's all very well; there are so many good names on the committee, and it brings a young man into notice, papa says; and I think I could have managed him about the Opera."

"How about it?" asked Kitty, very sleepily. The comfortable lounge and soft atmosphere of the room were fast merging all things into confusion, though she tried to keep her eyes open and listen.

"Why, that was almost the only thing against him. He was odd, but he didn't approve of it! Did you ever hear of any thing so absurd? So, on the whole, I think I've made an escape. You'll see him here to-night. Papa insists on having him asked all the same, though he must see from my manner that there's not the slightest encouragement. Are you going to sleep, Kitty?"

But Kitty was already dreaming of the boat, and the cabman, and Jackson, and roused up only to settle herself in a more comfortable position, and so fell asleep quietly.

Meanwhile her uncle had snatched a moment from pressing business cares to give those at home awaiting the speeding of her embassy so anxiously word of her safe arrival and detention.

"I could not possibly tell you, my dear brother and sister, how your love and interest have touched me. The congealed springs of trust and confidence in human nature have welled forth again, and I feel that there is still something to struggle on for. But for the utter selfishness of one or two from whom I had every reason to expect different treatment, I could have sustained myself under my unexpected

losses in the 'Life and Trust.' As it is I shall get through. But the same spirit which has brought me into this difficulty is going to spread the ruin far and wide to every commercial circle under the sun. It is but the beginning of sorrows; and those who have withheld the aid will, in the end, suffer most. I may yet be obliged to accept your kindly offer of shelter for myself and family. Heaven only knows where it will all end! If the worst comes to the worst, I shall turn to you with the same hearty sincerity with which you have asked me to come."

It was the one bright gleam of the banker's day. All else was toil and disappointment, weary heart and brain, striving to resolve the Gordian knot of commercial disaster—until he turned homeward, spent and harassed still, to meet guests with whom he had little or no sympathy, and who would not care a jot if they heard, next day, that he had gone down with the tide, a hopeless wreck.

There was one exception—Henry Jordan—whom he had himself introduced at his house, and had once hoped would be as a son to him. Kitty, feeling very odd and uncomfortable in a pale-colored silk of her aunt's, which Helen had insisted on her wearing, forgot the short sleeves and square Vandyke corsage, which revealed more of her pretty neck than any one save herself had ever seen before, in her interest in the conversation going on between him and her uncle, and her deep sympathy for his great disappointment through her cousin.

Helen, radiant in a gauzy evening dress, at the other end of the table, laughed, and very nearly flirted, with young Ludlam White, whose chief attractions were his mustache and his expectations of acres in sea-island cotton. Ludlam White, Esq., present proprietor of the plantations aforesaid, was expansive in a white waistcoat and double chin; while his wife appeared to have become reduced, proportionally, in size and stature, and to have nothing whatever to say in self-defense. Besides this united family, there was a bright-eyed, sharp-voiced, old young lady, who, however, made no pretensions to undue youthfulness in dress or demeanor. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Lane, though married two years, and the parents of a remarkably fine child, as the reader of "Pomps and Vanities" may chance to recollect, were still devoted to each other, and added very little to the general instruction and entertainment; and, in addition to them, Jonas Small, Esq., a leading man down town, had been invited to keep Mr. White, Senior, in countenance, with his stylish wife, who had, of late, taken to fashionable charities, and, therefore, addressed her conversation chiefly to Mr. Jordan, whom she recognized in his official capacity—Secretary to the "Association for Ameliorating the Condition of the Poor"—and, for the time, ignored his social standing as book-keeper to Jones and Lutterell, French importers.

Under the protection of her uncle's near

neighborhood Kitty watched all these fine people with rustic earnestness, wondering if they really meant what they said—especially Miss Rosa Brevort, who threw out startling assertions and unguarded criticisms in the most reckless manner. She thought of her mother planning an invasion into Ann's dominions to accommodate the elegant hostess, who was dispensing soup and smiles with the utmost serenity and self-possession. She noted the costly appointments of the table—the crystal—the china—the silver—the rich viands that came and went in such profusion, almost untouched, through the many courses—the sparkling wines and rare devices of the dessert—yet it was only yesterday that she had feared being a burden though coming on her kindly errand. As Helen had said, a suspension must be a very different thing from a failure, and she only wished that her mother could, at once, be comforted by the knowledge. But Mrs. Small was "drawing out" Mr. Jordan on her favorite topic, and she ceased to wonder wherein the difference consisted to listen to his earnest, enthusiastic replies, and watch the animated expression of his fine face amidst so much dull commonplace of manner and conversation.

"Charming young man, Mr. Jordan!" remarked Mrs. Small to Miss Brevort, as the ladies left the dining-room. "It is really refreshing to meet with such a philanthropic spirit. So rare!"

"Very," responded Miss Brevort, shortly.

"It is such a privilege to be allowed to deny ourselves for the sake of suffering humanity. Don't you think so, Mrs. Lane?"

"Oh, great!" and our old acquaintance, Serena—who had kept her nurse from watching a dying mother that night, and whose "nerves" had not yet quite recovered from the discomposure attending the girl's "insolent remonstrance," as she presently informed Mrs. Groton—clasped her jeweled hands with impressive fervor. "Such a *great* privilege!" for Mrs. Small had always made subscription-books almost as fashionable as the Opera.

"One that we are remarkably slow to avail ourselves of," remarked Miss Brevort.

"For my part"—and Mrs. Small languidly dropped into a comfortable chair—"I am perfectly exhausted with committee meetings and consultations. Mr. Small declares that I am absolutely killing myself, there is such a constant demand on one's sympathies."

"Really, you ought not to do so much," said Mrs. Groton; "the claims of one's own family ought to be remembered—don't you agree with me, Mrs. White? We certainly owe the first duty to ourselves."

"It's first and last in most instances;" and Miss Brevort glanced coolly around the little circle, while Kitty thought of her mother leaving her comfortable fireside-corner to concoct broths in the kitchen for the Doctor's penniless patients, and then going with him, a dreary ride of miles, perhaps, to administer them.

"But Christian self-denial!" interposed Mrs. Small.

"Has died a natural death," said Miss Brevort. "Show me one symptom of pure, unmitigated benevolence. I'm not one of your good people you know, I don't pretend to it; but the papers insist so on the perishing condition of the poor as the season advances, that I entered on a little calculation relative to hoops this morning. We've lived to see the old proverb verified, 'No house without a skeleton in the closet;' no room, in my boarding-house at any rate. And suppose there are four thousand ladies in this city alone who wear them—that's moderate—and one must have at least two a year."

"Oh yes, they soil and get out of shape so soon," said Helen.

"And rip," added Serena, settling hers, with a little twitch and pat.

"You can't get one that's to be trusted under five dollars, though they must be cheaper before the winter is out, if all necessities of life are to come down; but two a year is ten dollars apiece for my four thousand, suppose they agreed to give them up. I instance hoops because they don't add to comfort or warmth; and that's what the poor wretches are to need. Well, in that item of 'Christian self-denial' alone, you have \$40,000, which might do *something* toward flannel petticoats."

"Oh, but we couldn't *exist* without them, Miss Brevort."

"We managed it tolerably well, Mrs. Lane, two years ago. And there's flounces; there's another nice question—not that I intend to deny myself a button for any one; but five yards left off of every silk dress made up in New York this winter would furnish a few pairs of blankets."

"Really, the ladies appear to be quite absorbed," remarked the ponderous Mr. White, who had been Miss Brevort's neighbor at dinner, and advanced toward the little knot of ladies as the gentlemen entered the room. "Might I inquire the subject under discussion?"

"Something quite novel—the extravagance of the day."

"Ah, just as we were remarking up stairs, you ladies have all the blame on your shoulders for once. These French silks and muslins; the enormous importations are at the bottom of it, Sir"—for he had caught Mr. Jordan's glance—"drained the country of specie."

"Exactly"—said Miss Brevort, surveying his expansive person, heaving benevolently beneath the white vest—"of Champagne and Madeira, cigars, and English grouse."

"Extravagance, extravagance!" continued Mr. White; "as I remarked to my young friend here, it's the crying sin of the age. What else is at the bottom of all this panic?"

"Selfishness; that's the root of the whole matter. Extravagance grows out of it, so does reckless speculation. Where we have the one vice of dress, you have that and the table to balance the account. Selfishness is at the bottom of the

panic," repeated Miss Brevort, energetically, as she moved away.

It was doubtless "the crying sin of the age," according to Miss Brevort's definition, which moved Mr. Jordan to monopolize our little friend Kitty throughout the evening, and he was probably actuated by the same motive when, a few months later, he visited Groton Four Corners, armed with a cordial letter of introduction to the Doctor from his brother-in-law; who added the satisfactory information that his affairs were once more in tolerable order, and that "he should not regret some losses, if they were the means of securing his little Kitty an excellent husband."

OUR SONS.

PROBABLY in every age, since the time of poor Adam and Eve's trouble with their willful son, the world has been supposed to be near its end on account of the naughtiness of boys. We confess that, for ourselves, in moments of wrath at the impish perversity, or of sorrow at the precocious wickedness of noted specimens of American boyhood, we have sometimes been tempted to that supposition, and certainly we could not much wonder if Young America furnished more food for the Prophet's avenging bears than Young Israel supplied. Yet the world has continued to be, and generation after generation has risen from petticoats to jackets and trousers, and from jackets and trousers to coats and pantaloons, without any utter extinction of the line of masculine succession. That succession will probably be kept up in this hemisphere, and here, as of old, the folly of youth will in due time be subdued by the wisdom of age. All the more earnestly, because of our good hope for the ultimate welfare of our country, we are disposed to look carefully and seriously at the tendencies of our sons, desirous at once of discovering their peculiar temptations and advantages. Some time ago we wrote upon the welfare of our daughters, not without response from many parents and friends, and this present article aims at the same practical purpose in the education of the family.

Our daughters are constitutionally more marked by sensibility, and our sons are more marked by willfulness. The consequence is that we are more anxious what will happen *to* our daughters, and what will happen *from* our sons—the daughter's sensitiveness exposing her to receive harm, and the son's willfulness exposing him to do harm. We are not wise to quarrel with Nature, and we must expect that boys will be more noisy and mischievous than girls; nay, we may count it a good sign of a lad's force of character if there is a good share of aggressive, fun-loving pluck in his composition. Well managed, his animal spirits will give him all the more manly loyalty, and, when true to the right cause, he will be all the more true because so much living sap has gone up into the fruit of his obedience. Yet what is more sad than force of will perverted to base uses, and the strength of

manhood sunk into the service of base lusts or fiendish passions? What is more sad than the sight presented every day in our streets—the scores of precocious manikins with the worst vices of men written over features almost infantile in their mould—boys who are hardly old enough to be beyond their mothers' watch, now swaggering with all the airs of experienced bloods, and polluting the air of God's heaven with the vocabulary of hell? Where such monstrous excesses are not found, how frequent is the utter repudiation of the proper reverence to age and authority! How many a stripling among us seems to think it the very first proof of manly spirit to break the Divine law which gives the home its blessedness and the state its security, and to be proud to show that he is above all such obsolete notions as giving honor to father or mother!

We shall be sorry to believe that American boys are worse than others; yet it is very clear to us that they are exposed to some temptations peculiar to themselves, and that the natural willfulness of boyhood is here much exaggerated by our social habits and institutions. The American boy partakes by nature, of course, of the temper of his English cousins, whose blood, in the main, he has in his veins; yet how different are the habits of the two parties! The English boy is encouraged—nay, compelled—to remain a boy; and his place at home, at school, at play, and at church, is such as to foster the proper spirit of boyhood. He is made constantly to feel that he is under discipline; and when apparently most free from constraint, and let out to play, upon the play-ground he is still bound by the laws of the game, and there is something in the rough sport that at once gives wholesome vent to his exuberant spirit and subdues his dogged individuality into something like loyal allegiance. The American boy, on the other hand, is accustomed to hear all authority challenged, not only by reprobate outlaws but by radical theorists; and very often, before the training of the nursery is complete or the lessons of the school are half-mastered, he is either in fancy or in fact put upon some form of money-getting that tempts him, if it does not force him, to be his own master. He is not encouraged to be a boy either in play or in earnest. At school every trait of morbid precocity is hailed too often as proof of genius, and the wholesome mirth of the play-ground is proscribed as childish and useless. The more manly sports have been in many quarters neglected for exciting books and shows, and in some cases the novel and the theatre have carried the day over the good old cricket and foot-ball. The restless will, that ought to be calmed and consolidated into manly force by brave exercise, is allowed to wear and fret itself into a petulant willfulness; and thus the natural delicacy of the American constitution is exaggerated by a perverse training. The normal check for nervous sensitiveness is muscular exercise, and by an hour's stout motion in the open air the nerves calm their fever, and the healthful balance of

life is restored. Our school-boys are too often strangers to this grand secret of nature, and many of those most overtaken with study try to balance the weariness of the desk by in-door excitements quite as exhausting. It would delight us to see a serious and determined movement sweep through the country in favor of the revival of the old-fashioned manly sports, and we anticipate more good from them than from any efforts in behalf of balls and theatres, with their suffocating atmosphere, glaring lights, and wasting excitement. We have sometimes been led into very grave apprehensions for the moral purity as well as the physical health of our boys, on account of the neglect of the robust sports that at once occupy the time and vent the animal spirits. The moment the constitution becomes nervous and excitable—a morbid sensitiveness taking the place of a wholesome muscular activity—there is a fearful exposure to prurient enticements, and monstrous abuses are, we fear, the frequent and the fatal consequence. We are confident that early rising, cold water, and the brave old play-grounds are quite as much needed as more faithful schools and churches to better the future of our sons. For our own part, we like far better the natural rudeness of boyhood than an unnatural delicacy; and it offends us far less to see a youth a little rough in manners, with a slight tendency to use his fists too freely, than to see him over sedentary, with a paleness and excitability that may indicate overstudy and may tempt morbid indulgences. The best cure for boyish rudeness is to give due play to boyish strength, and the out-door cure, under heaven's own air and sunshine, is more likely to rid the exuberant plant of its rank juices than any hot-house training. Our schools and colleges are ruled too much upon the hot-bed principle, and the pale faces in the halls and recitation-rooms are, to shrewd observers, signs of destroyers of health far less noble than the classic page or the midnight lamp. Few persons, we believe, study too much, but most scholars study unwisely; and with more of the right sort of play there would be more of the right sort of work, and far less of the vices that haunt languid muscles and overwrought nerves.

This tendency among our youth is much exaggerated by their too frequent habits of diet, especially by the use of tobacco. Personally we abominate the use of that weed in any shape, and it seems to us the filthiest of all habits for men to stuff their mouths, and stain their teeth, and swell their expectorations to the nausea of beholders with this yellow narcotic; and although a little of the aroma of a good cigar may not be offensive even to delicate nostrils, the whole atmosphere of a regular smoker is a nuisance, and his clothes are steeped in a fetid exhalation that, to sensitive olfactories, dismally announces his arrival before he enters the room. But for boy smokers and chewers we have no vestige of patience or toleration; and the sight beyond all others most ridiculous, were it not so painful, is that of a little juvenile, hard-

ly old enough to go out without his mother, puffing huge volumes of smoke from a monstrous cigar, and, in his pale face and affected swagger, presenting in himself those two fearful and frequent traits of our Young America—the union of puny health with braggart insolence. We had a strong specimen of this union at an academic assembly in this city not long since, where the exercises were often rudely interrupted by a score or two of precocious striplings, who solaced themselves in the intervals of their stampees by stimulating their courage with plugs of tobacco, in the absence of other stimulus. The worthy President rebuked them; and a sound flogging would have been no more than their due.

The first crisis in the career of our sons is probably at school, where they must run the gauntlet between two ranks of tempters—the pattern good boys, who slave themselves, mind and body, to the reigning spirit of emulation; and, on the other hand, the great company of idlers, whose truancy and mischief-making sometimes have a chivalrous fascination to young blood beyond the attractions of the more demure book-worms. He may consider himself a favored father whose son escapes the ordeal with health unbroken and principles intact, and who bids adieu to his school-days with good scholarship not purchased by feebleness of limb, and a good constitution, indebted for its robustness to better sport than robbing hen-roosts or giving bloody noses.

We need not enter into the private history of college life, or say what hosts of trials and temptations every collegian must conquer or subdue, for comparatively a small class of our youth enter college; and, moreover, it is the lot of the great multitude of our sons who are in stores and counting-rooms to be exposed to many of the same dangers as beset such students, so that it is best to say a word especially of those who are in training for business. The life of clerks and young salesmen in our cities is a curious and unwritten chapter of our American life, and few volumes would be more instructive than a catalogue of the hundred thousand youth in this city who are under some form of business training, and looking forward to a time of independence and competence. It would be sometimes pathetically and sometimes repulsively interesting to know how much compensation these young men receive for their labor or attendance, and how much money they spend yearly, and for what purposes. The account would vary from touching instances of self-sacrificing frugality to monstrous cases of prodigality, fraud, and dissipation. How poor boys live, and how rich boys live, it would be well for us to know—well for us also to see that poor boys, or so regarded, mysteriously spend sometimes more money than the sons of our merchant princes. It would be important to ascertain whether it is not true that, as a general rule, the young men of our cities are very exacting in their expenses, and if the cost of keeping a

dashing youth in dress, amusements, etc., would not be amply sufficient to maintain an old-fashioned family in comfortable frugality. We have been told, on good authority, that our merchants object to taking the sons of their own associates in gentility into their counting-rooms, on account of their self-indulgence and prodigality; and that something of the same preference for foreign service is appearing in merchandise which is already an established fact in our housekeeping. Some leading firms give the preference decidedly to English, French, or German assistants in their counting-houses, and are weary of trying to teach dainty young gentlemen the importance of learning how to take care of themselves, as a more important accomplishment than to drive a fast horse or parade the newest fashions of a coat or hat. The whole field of dissipation here opens upon us, and grave questions arise as to the obvious disposition to provide pleasures beyond the domestic circle, especially to separate young men from their fitting feminine associates, and gather them together by themselves in clubs, where man only rules, or else drive them to dens of infamy, where woman is seen only in her degradation. The whole subject of club-life, in its various forms, needs to be studied seriously, and we shall probably be startled at the vastness of the arrangements for keeping young men by themselves, too often to their disadvantage. Not only the establishments known as clubs, and some of which are wholly reputable, but many establishments not thus known, and bearing very innocent names, would swell the list. The engine-houses sometimes fan worse fires than those which their brave champions extinguish; and we have heard of little coterie of youth in cities and villages hiring rooms (each coterie for its own uses) in order to have free access to the games and liquors that parental rule and feminine delicacy do not allow under the household roof. The examination of such errors would bring new blessings upon the Mercantile Library, and other like associations, that band young men together for their good, and call them from their homes for a season, only to send them back better sons, brothers, and lovers. We are in advance of our subject, we are aware, in these remarks, since we have been dealing more with the schooling and apprenticeship of our sons than with their direct business career.

At school, however, and often long before the youth enters his teens, the second crisis of his career casts its ominous shadow before, and the American boy is called to think, perhaps to decide, upon the business that he shall pursue. Here is a great and fearful question, and one that, in some respects, is becoming more embarrassing in the changes of fortune and the revolutions in social ideas. The old idea was that a boy should, if there were no reason for the contrary course, follow his father's calling, and be farmer, mechanic, merchant, lawyer, or what not, according to the paternal precedent. But now the tendency is quite otherwise, and it is the

general disposition of our young people to press *upward* (as they consider it) into the occupations that demand the least manual labor, and seem to offer the greatest prestige of what is called gentility. The consequence is, that farming and the mechanic arts have lost much of their old attractiveness to the sons of farmers and mechanics, and the ranks of trade and the professions are overstocked with aspirants. The number of youth in our cities who are seeking some kind of employment that allows them to have a delicate hand, and wear kid gloves and polished boots, is enormous, and furnishes a fearful number of recruits to the army of vice and crime. What the cause of the disinclination to the manual arts is, it is not always easy to say; and certainly, in the nature of things, there is far more demand for intellect, and far more exercise of manly power, in tilling the soil or building houses and ships than in selling silks or calicoes behind the counter. It would be a great gain if ten thousand clerks could at once go into the fields and work-shops, where they are wanted, and leave their places to ten thousand young women, who have nothing to do but to make their poor fingers the hopeless rivals of the sewing-machine, and to anticipate the uncertain time when some young man, not yet able to pay for his own board and clothes, shall venture upon the enterprise of taking a wife less thrifty than himself. It is partly from the false feminine notions of gentility that much of the rising aversion to manual labor springs, and much harm comes from the frequent preference of the dainty swain of the counter over the far abler worker at the plow or plane by sentimental maidens, who have studied out their ideas of the gentleman from trashy novels and not from the good old Bible and its noble standard of the gentle heart.

It would be very interesting and instructive if we could have a census of the boys who annually leave the public schools, with a full statement of their purposes for the future. It would be found, we think, far more illustrative of vain ambition than of republican industry and simplicity. It might appear that, with all our theoretic assertion of the dignity of labor, nowhere on earth are the sons of the laboring classes so desirous of escaping their fathers' lot as here, and nowhere are there so many aspirants for dainty gentility as here. Undoubtedly the changes that have lately taken place in the position of labor has had much to do with the tendency to overcrowd trade and the professions. Hosts of foreigners now throng our work-shops, and underbid natives in prices, and often scandalize them by profligacy. But the same inundation threatens many forms of trade. In many towns and cities the retail business is fast falling into the hands of foreigners, and the number of Irish and German grocers is becoming enormous, while many branches of dry-goods traffic are in the hands of Jews. We believe that any practical man who will compare the promise of trade now with its promise thirty or forty years ago,

can give a picture as startling as true of the present trials of all young aspirants to fortune as compared with the trials of the old times. There is always, of course, an opening for sagacity and energy, but with the increase of facilities the difficulties of success have also increased; and the young American who starts in the race of fortune with the fond dream of a golden goal, finds himself between two sets of rivals, one of whom snatch after the small prizes and the other after the high prizes. He finds the retail business crowded with a host of foreigners, who can live on next to nothing and undersell fair competitors; and, on the other hand, the strong-holds of wholesale traffic are held by mighty monopolists, who are as formidable from their marble or iron warehouses, to aspirants without friends or fortune, as the Malakoff, with its guns and soldiery, would be to a squad of assailants without guns or intrenchments to back them in their advance.

With the increase in the difficulties of doing a successful business there is no corresponding diminution in the demands of living—surely no corresponding increase in the social alleviations of ill success. Society is constantly becoming more exacting, and he is a bold man who dares to begin a moderate business with the habits of household simplicity that were thought fifty years ago not unworthy the family of a prosperous merchant and a distinguished lawyer. Here comes in a potent element in the welfare of our sons—the present condition of household life, and the standard of expectation among those who are to be their wives, if any wives they are to have. It is a very serious question whom our son shall marry, and it is a serious question to him even if he never marries at all; for, as our nature is constituted, a young man thinks much of pleasing his female friends, and his standard of manly conduct and independent position is largely decided by the reigning feminine code of expectation. Now there are certainly very grave difficulties in reconciling the average promise of any moderate business with the average standard of household expenditure; and the question which Mr. Punch jocularly discusses, “Can a man marry on three hundred pounds a year?” is with many of our young men far from a joking matter. Many families, indeed, do live on less than three hundred pounds a year in America, and many must live on three hundred dollars a year, if they live at all. But the cases of frugal living most frequently adduced among people of comfortable homes are from country life, where many articles that cost high in the city are regarded as costing no more than air and water, being treated almost as much like gifts of nature. Let a fair money price be set to the potatoes, corn, milk, eggs, apples, pork, etc., consumed by the plain farmer, and his outlay thus estimated rises into figures somewhat formidable. But take the most modest standard of city gentility as our guide, and Mr. Punch's three hundred pounds sink into insignificance. No man ought to pay more than one

quarter of his income for rent; and what kind of a house will one quarter of fifteen hundred dollars procure in a city like ours? Nay, how hard it is to procure, for thrice three hundred dollars, a house with what are called the modern conveniences! Then there is the matter of servants; and the most moderate standard of gentility in our towns insists upon having at least one servant, while our city habits prescribe from two to five or six servants, the standard number being three in well-to-do families. We are willing to astonish the more luxurious portion of our readers by confessing at once that we write more for the common lot than for the favored few, and that the boys for whose future we are most solicitous are those who are in our public schools, and who represent the average condition of the American people. Of our millions of school-boys, thousands are destined to fame or fortune; but such is not the general lot, and not only the largest but the most important class can not be expected to rise above the necessity of frugal living, while in the outset the greater proportion of the few who rise to wealth are obliged to practice great frugality. We may consider it, then, the almost universal condition of our sons that they ought to begin life in a very modest way, and if they marry as early as the best wisdom and morality dictate they must at once put down their foot against the prevalent social ostentation. The first years of married life do much to decide the whole future of the family; and if a man finds himself committed to a style of expenditure beyond his means he is embarrassed, and enfeebled, and dispirited at the very time when he ought to be gaining courage, health, and means for the sober years that are coming. Here, surely, is a most vital point in the welfare of our sons—the need of such an adjustment of our household habits as to bring a reasonably early marriage within the mark of moderate expenditure. The boarding-house and the hotel are the too ready resort in this need; but while their frugality to the purse is more than doubtful, their waste of heart and mind is beyond all question, and our American life is often wounded to the vitals by the consequent breaking down of domestic quietude, privacy, and industry. The true antidote must be found in simpler and more republican methods of housekeeping, that shall secure due comfort and refinement without wreck of health and competence. Neat homes for small families are the very first want in our towns and cities; and with their rise we need the growth, especially on the part of our young women, of more reasonable notions of social respectability. As society now is, our young women form their standard of expectation upon exceptional cases; and even if they do not expect to have decidedly rich husbands, they are not content to look forward to the moderate income that most kinds of regular industry bring. A little plain figuring might, perhaps, be of great use to the thousands of taper-fingered, narrow-chested, lily-cheeked girls who have selected their hus-

bands from the pages of trashy novels, and resigned—at least, in their dreams—their maiden liberty to some dashing Alphonso for a villa, a carriage, and all the attendant elegances. Perhaps those who are themselves penniless are sometimes most exacting of fortune, and least disposed to prolong the hard livelihood which they by experience know too well. Plain figures from the arithmetic might be more suggestive than the tropes of romance. The simplest statements of the average yield of industrious labor and enterprise would astonish many of our ambitious republican maidens, and their often more ambitious mammas, more than the trumpet of judgment, and it would be seen that the standard of dependence is generally based upon exceptional luck, and not upon regular industry. Begin with the returns of common labor, which gives the unit from which calculation should start. A hard-working man, not master of a regular trade, is highly favored, either in city or country, if he earns, on an average of working days, a dollar a day, or three hundred dollars a year; while an accomplished mechanic, not master of a shop, is favored if he gains half a dollar a day more, or four hundred and fifty dollars a year, throughout all times and all weather. A capable clerk can not expect during his first years of service much more; and probably an offer of five hundred dollars salary would bring at this time more candidates for a tolerable clerkship, demanding considerable gifts of address and penmanship, than the advertiser could examine in a week. The smaller kinds of retail business yield very scanty incomes—and these, too, are very precarious, especially in the dry-goods trade; so that while they tempt showy tastes they impose very close limitations of expense. The professions that require scholastic education offer a few pecuniary prizes, but present a very low average reward. A good teacher is highly favored who is sure of Mr. Punch's three hundred pounds a year; and in the country towns half that sum is often eagerly welcomed. Lawyers and doctors do not generally at first earn their bread and rent, and must trust to some collateral resources from parents or wives, or teaching or writing, to keep soul and body together. Our clergy in the country towns do not average more than six hundred dollars a year; and the few who, in cities, have salaries of four, five, or even six thousand dollars, are burdened by a rate of conventional expenditure that keeps them often without a dollar of surplus. Leaving out of account a very few lawyers, and still fewer physicians, the only class of men who can expect large incomes from their business are successful merchants; and it is to them that we may justly ascribe the origin of the prevalent standard of social ostentation. Our successful merchants are our millionaires, or else those who expend the income of millions of dollars without any corresponding capital. The latter, probably, have done more than any other class to corrupt our republican principles, and our most frequent and dangerous prodigal-

ity may be ascribed to the great number of merchants who are doing a large business mainly on credit, and who regulate their expenses upon the standard of their most lucrative years. They do not mean to be extravagant or dishonest—for we regard our merchants as generally quite honorable in their purposes—but they are too often under a fatal hallucination by mistaking the exception for the rule, and learning their sad error in the fatal years of revulsion and shipwreck. The great majority of businesses can claim but very moderate gains in the average balances of a twenty years' operation; and he may be set down as a very fortunate man, in any business, who for twenty years supports his family modestly, educates his children well, pays his debts, and lays up a thousand dollars yearly. Such a moderate accumulation may, to many, seem contemptible, but there are thousands who have called it contemptible who would think themselves vastly favored now if they could pay their debts and call a single thousand dollars their own.

The sober truth is that we are wrong in our whole standard of social expectation, and that we ought to open our eyes to the simple facts, and train our sons to adjust their methods by the rule and not by the exception. We are well aware that young blood does not relish restraint, and that it is far harder to stop a fast youth from running the wrong way than it is to push him forward in the right way. It is precisely for this very reason that we hope for a better day for our Young America, whether it walks in petticoats or pantaloons. We do not believe much in mere negations, and young people are not much bettered by being scolded and kept down. The way to improve them is to carry the war into the enemy's country, and enlist the warmth of young blood in the bold and aggressive affirmation of the true republican principles in their sober sense, honest frugality, stout industry, and manly independence. We hope to see the true Young America rising from our schools, homes, and churches, and supplanting the hideous caricatures that now so often pass for the real likeness. We hope to see hosts of young men among us who are more proud of frugal habits sustained by honest and intelligent labor, than of prodigality pampered by gambling, adventure, or enslaving debt. We hope to see hosts of young women who are more eager to be wives of worthy young fellows whom they can love and help on in the world by good economy and womanly affectionateness than to sell themselves to churlishness or decrepitude, and sacrifice heart and soul to luxury and pretension. The education that shall train such young men and young women will be quite startling to our regiments of street and parlor gentry who pride themselves on their elegance and uselessness; but it will be found in the end that the best refinement, as well as the best sense, is with the new movement, and true taste will rise as vulgar ostentation and laziness fall. We look anxiously for the coming of this

better time—and its coming will inaugurate a new day for our sons, by giving them the true motive for their work and the true companionship for their household. Our America has many questions to settle, but none is more important than this: When shall our sons seek the true honor in the best usefulness, and when shall the power of woman help them in the seeking? We might choose many samples of American skill and enterprise to prove our progress in civilization, but the best proof must be the best specimen of our standard American life. The fastest ship, the best reaping-machine, the most perfect photograph, the most deadly revolver, or the most voluble Congressman, would be poor trifles to send to some great World's Fair compared with the model republican home in which a worthy youth and maiden from our public schools have mated hearts and hands, and found all the substantial blessings of life, with Heaven's smile, in the reward of patient and honorable industry, whether more or less than three hundred pounds a year.

ESTHER BENNET'S LOVE AND HATE.

"MISS BENNET, allow me to introduce my nephew, Mr. Grant."

Esther Bennet and Philip Grant looked into each other's eyes.

She was very unlovely in looks. Her face was strikingly plain, without one ray of beauty to lighten it up. It was a pale, sallow face, thin, and with large, black eyes, fierce, burning, without the softness we like to see in a woman's eye. The forehead was low, the hair black and coarse, the mouth not small, the lips almost colorless. There was no tender light in the eyes, no winning smile about the mouth to make one forget she was not beautiful. But there was a painful expression about the compressed lips, a contraction of the brow, a restless impatience in the eyes, showing that she suffered, had suffered much, and yet was not softened and made better by the pain.

Philip Grant was a handsome man. I think any one would have called him so, even one who disliked the cold, hard look of the blue eye, and the sensual expression of the full, red lip. The hair, of a light chestnut shade, was wavy and luxuriant, clustering around a high, white brow; the eyes of a deep blue; and these, with his regular features, the dainty mustache upon his curling upper lip, a fine figure, small, well-shaped hand and foot, made him what the world calls a handsome man.

And so the two looked at each other for the first time. Esther Bennet, poor, unattractive in face and form, with no power to charm others to love her, and Philip Grant, the rich, handsome, graceful man, whose dark eyes were now searching her plain face.

For a moment they stood silent in those brightly-lighted, crowded rooms, where the gayest and merriest of Mrs. Leyton's friends were gathered at her invitation. Esther was looking, in her

quick, impatient way, at the one before her, as she thought, "Why is he here? I can not talk to him. I wish they had not brought him to me. I will talk to no one. I was only invited as a deed of charity." He was looking into her eyes very quietly, with a scarcely defined smile curling his lip, as he thought, "I am reading you, Miss Bennet. You will be a curious study, and I will while away my leisure hours in pursuing it."

At length Esther spoke, while her hands clasped each other nervously:

"I do not know why your aunt brought you to me, Mr. Grant. I am not well to-night, am very stupid, and can not talk."

"I asked her to bring me, Miss Bennet," he said, quietly.

Esther looked at him with a puzzled expression. He went on:

"I had grown so weary of listening to this insipid small talk, and I looked around for a face which promised me something better. Yours did so."

"You are mistaken," Esther said, quickly, and with an impatient wave of her hand. "I can not talk to you."

"Allow me to judge of that, Miss Bennet. And now let us talk of something else. Shall we walk to that window, where there is just enough moonlight stealing in to make us forget the gayety and gaslight, and have a quiet talk?"

She took his proffered arm, and their "quiet talk" grew eager and earnest as they stood together in the moonlight. And Esther Bennet left the room that night feeling that at length she had found a spirit in unison with her own; for Philip Grant, with his ready insight into character, had easily read thoughts she had never dared express, and led her on to speak of them, looking sympathy with his dark eyes as she talked, answering her in low, earnest tones, till her whole heart thanked him.

Day after day went by, and Esther met Philip Grant again and again, and her heart went, fragment by fragment, into his possession. She loved him—loved with all the passionate earnestness of her fierce, ungoverned nature. Weak and sickly from childhood, she had always been a sufferer. An orphan, with but a small amount of money left by her parents for her support; friendless and almost unknown, she had grown up neglected, misanthropical, and unhappy. Now a whole age of happiness seemed to lie glowing before her, as she listened to the low-breathed words of Philip Grant, and looked into his love-lit eyes. She lived but in the intense love which burned in her heart; it was her breath, her life. She worshiped, and would have no God save the one she now knelt to.

Philip came daily to see her, and she was always happy. So dark had been her life hitherto that this brightness almost dazzled her unaccustomed eyes. And one evening, as she sat by Philip's side, he took her willing hands in his, and, looking down into her face, said

"Esther, do you love me?"

She spoke no answer to that low, earnest voice, but her love, her passionate woman's love, shone in her eyes, lighted up her plain face till it was as the face of an angel, so radiant, glorified, and he drew her to his heart, and they were very still.

That night Esther stood alone in her little dreary room, and, with hands clasped tightly over her fast-beating heart to still its throbbing, she thought of the glorious future before her.

"He is mine, mine!" she said. "No power on earth can take him from me. His lips have pressed my forehead, his arms have clasped me to his heart. Philip, my noble, beautiful Philip! God bless him!" Yes, she said "God bless him!" but in her heart she acknowledged no other God than Philip Grant.

The bright summer days went by, the chilly autumn came on, but still it was mid-summer in Esther Bennet's heart.

"It seems strange, strange," she said to Philip, one day, "that I should be so very happy. I never thought to be."

"And are you so happy?" he asked.

She looked up into his face—her eyes were full of eager joy, her lips tremulous with exceeding happiness, as she said, "God keep you always as happy as I am now!"

He stooped and kissed her forehead, and, as he did so, she said, suddenly,

"Why do you love me, Philip? I can not understand it. I have no beauty, no grace, no winning ways. Why do you love me?"

"Not for your beauty, Esther," he said, with an amused smile which she did not see. "I think I love you because of your loving. There are few who can love as you do—with such passion and fervor. I like such worshiping, self-forgetting love;" and his eye flashed.

She cared not that he loved her only for her love of him, but said, eagerly, "You do not know all my love, Philip. You can never know it all."

And then she poured forth eager, burning words—her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving, her thin hands trembling, as she told her love.

But the winter came at last.

The snow was falling quietly one chilly evening, when Philip Grant came to Esther's home. She met him at the door, drew him in from the cold snow to a bright room filled with the ruddy glow of a cheerful fire, and drawing the largest, easiest chair near the hearth, she made him sit in it, while she stood by his side looking proudly down upon him.

The snow had silvered his hair, and she was brushing it away, her fingers nestling lovingly among his fair locks, when he said,

"Esther, I am going away to-morrow."

She started, and said, "Going away! When will you come back to me?"

For a minute he was silent, while their eyes rested on each other's; then he said, firmly, "Never."

She bent over him and looked into his face.

It was very calm. He looked into the fire, and played idly with his watch-chain. What did it mean? He told her.

"Esther," he said, in cold, measured tones, "you have been very happy with me. We have been happy together for many days. We must not expect too much happiness in this world. We must separate now, and you must look at it reasonably." And then he went on to say in substance, "You can not expect me to marry one as poor, as far below me in position, as yourself. Your good sense will tell you it is impossible. Of course you have never dreamed, when we have talked together of our love, that you could be my wife. That were absurd. I know that you are not the one to pain me by tears or idle entreaties. You will hate me as fiercely as you have loved; but, for the sake of that love, you will not harm me by word or act. No—don't interrupt me yet. I dislike scenes. I have just had one, and beg you not to force me into another. Yes, I will tell you what it was. It was with a little friend of mine, who has honored me with her love and does not fancy my throwing it away. She is very different from you. I loved her for her beauty, you for your love of me—your passion, your fervor. Here is a note she sent me but yesterday, which will show you that you do not suffer alone; for suffer I suppose you will, both of you. But it can not be otherwise, Esther. The whole story is summed up briefly. Tomorrow I leave this city, and in one week more I am to marry. Give me your good wishes, and remember the past few weeks only as a bright dream, and me as the one who made it so bright."

He paused, and looked up for a reply. Esther's face was as white as the snow which was falling out of doors, and her lips were pale and bloodless as they spoke the words,

"Yes, I will remember you, Philip Grant, and God will remember you too."

He cowered before the look in her flashing eye, before the solemn tones of her voice. There was no scene. He went silently away, without one more word. Thus they parted.

Esther Bennet was alone—alone with her great sorrow. For a minute she stood, pale and motionless as a statue; then her eye fell upon the vacant chair where he had just been sitting, and a low, wild wail burst from her white lips. But she hushed it back, and was silent again, as she took from a chain around her neck a small gold locket. She opened it, and Philip Grant's calm, cold face looked up at her, while a lock of his fair hair shone in the fire-light upon the other side. Not one look of sorrowful regret softened Esther's stern face as she gazed at these mementos of a dead hope. Not a sound escaped her compressed lips as she dropped the shining locket upon the glowing fire. Then her eye fell upon the note which Philip had left for her perusal, and she calmly took it up. It was written in a fair girlish hand, and ran thus:

"Why did you not come to me yesterday, Philip, darling? I watched all day for you, and was very lonely and sad without you. Then I thought you might be ill, and I grew so frightened and anxious. Oh, Philip, what should I do were any thing to take you away from me? I was all alone till I found you to love; but now I never remember that I am an orphan and poor, for you are more than all the world to me. Sometimes I am so happy in your love that I think I know just how the angels in heaven feel. Philip, Philip, I love to write or speak your name, and my heart says it all day long. Do come to me—I am so lonesome! I know I am not worthy of your love—I am such a child; but I love you, Philip. No one can love more than I do. It would kill another—so much love. Good-by, my Philip. Come very soon to your loving little
NINA."

Esther laid down the paper, and the tears which she would not shed for herself gathered in her eyes as she murmured, "Poor little one! Poor child!" Then suddenly starting up, she said, "I must go to her; I know where she lives; I have heard him speak of her. I must go to the child!"

Ten minutes more and her tall figure was gliding over the snow through the cold and darkness. Heedless of the wintry blast which rudely tossed the heavy masses of hair from her cold brow, heedless of the snow which fell fast over her face and form she hastened away. Like one in a dream she moved on, unmindful of all around her, and heeding not the tempest without, while the storm raged within. At length she paused at the door of a house and rang the bell.

"Is Miss Nina Evarts in?" she asked of the servant who opened the door. The aristocratic waiter gave a contemptuous glance at her shivering form, as he motioned her into the hall, and, leaving her standing there, disappeared.

There Esther stood, her head bowed, eyes bent on the floor with the same dreamy look which had been in them since she left her home. Many minutes passed away and she did not move till the waiter reappeared with the message, "Miss Evarts sees no one this evening."

"But I must see her," Esther cried, in her quick, impatient way. "Here, give her this," and hastily writing upon a card the words:

"I must speak to you of Philip Grant."

"ESTHER BENNET."

She gave it to the servant, who went away with it, leaving her again in the cold hall. He returned with a message from Miss Evarts, asking her to come to her room. She followed up three flights of stairs to the door of a small room. Tapping gently, a low voice said, "Come in," and Esther entered. On a bed lay Nina Evarts, a fair young girl, seemingly of some seventeen years. Her white face with its large blue eyes looked out from a mass of soft brown hair, with a wistful, sorrowing look, while around the small mouth trembled an eager, half hopeful expression as she lifted her head from the pillow and cried, "Quick, tell me, have you any message from Philip? Was he only in sport when he talked so cruelly? Will he come back to me?"

As she eagerly asked these questions, her

lips quivering, her blue eyes searching the dark face before her, Esther's eyes filled with tears. She came forward, and kneeling at the bedside, took the child's small, white hands in her own, and said, "God help you, my child! I have no message from Philip Grant."

The sad face hid itself upon the pillow again, and a low, moaning cry escaped from the lips. Esther gently put back the brown curls that fell around the young girl's face and said, "My poor child, will it help you to know that another is suffering as you are now; that Philip Grant has crushed another heart, that another woman has awakened from a bright dream to a dark, cold, bitter reality? Nina, I loved Philip Grant, and he has left me forever!"

Her head dropped upon the pillow by the side of the child's, and her dark hair mingled with Nina's soft brown curls. An arm stole around her neck, and a sad, sweet voice murmured, "I am very sorry, I am so miserable myself, but I can be sorry for you. I am glad you came to me. I was all, all alone, and I was praying to die. Was it wrong?"

"Don't ask me," Esther cried, quickly; "I am not the one to tell you of such things, but I wanted to comfort you, little one."

Then Nina, lying quietly in the clasping arms of one who but an hour ago was a stranger to her, told the sad, simple story of her wasted love.

She was an orphan, her parents had died one year before this time, and she who had always been petted and cared for tenderly was left poor and friendless in this pitiless world. What should she do? To whom go for shelter and aid?

Then she bethought herself of her musical talents and education, and sought a situation as teacher. She found one in the family of a wealthy gentleman whose little girls she was to instruct for a very small salary. Here she met Philip Grant. His tender, pitying glances, his kindly winning words, led the sad-hearted child to love him. He was her one friend, the only being in all the world who seemed to care for her, and she recklessly poured out her whole wealth of love at his feet.

"And now he has gone," she said, looking piteously up into Esther's face. "He will never come back to me. He came to-night and told me so, and spoke such cruel, cruel words. He told me that my pretty face would make men love me, and so I need not care for his going away. Then he kissed my forehead, lips, and eyes, again and again, and when I nestled closer to him, thinking he was yet mine, he said, 'Beauty to kiss, but wealth to wed!' and, laughing, went away. I feel his kisses now, his dear kisses. Oh, Esther, I love him!"

"Love him!" and Esther looked sternly at her. "Love the man who has cursed our lives!"

The frightened girl shrank away, murmuring, "I can not help it."

"You must," said Esther, "you must forget him. He is dead to us now. Put away every thought of him from your heart. Where are his letters, his gifts?"

Nina drew from her bosom a small package. "Here," she said, mournfully, "here against my heart they have been lying."

Esther opened the paper. A few brief notes in his well-known hand, and a lock of golden brown hair lay within.

"They must be burned," said Esther, firmly. "You do not care for them now."

"All, all?" sighed Nina, sadly; "must I never think of him?"

"Never," said the firm, solemn voice; "never till in your heart is left no trace of love for him."

"Burn them, I am willing," said the child.

Esther laid, one by one, the letters upon the glowing coals of the fire; but when she lifted the tress of hair, Nina sprang forward and caught it from her.

"No, no!" she sobbed out, pressing it to her lips; "not that—it is his own hair, I cut it myself from his head. Oh, Philip, Philip!"

Thus moaning out her grief she lay with the shining curl clasped tightly in her small fingers.

Esther looked at the child with a half contemptuous smile, which soon softened into a pitying one as she drew the weeping girl to her bosom, saying, gently,

"You may keep the hair, Nina, though I can not understand your cherishing the gifts of one who has wronged you so bitterly."

"You are different from me. I feel that you are," said Nina, looking timidly up at Esther. "I can not live without loving. I have always had some one to love."

"And I," said Esther, bitterly, "have loved but one in all my life; but not one has loved me. Has God been just in this?"

Nina nestled closer in the sheltering arms, and whispered, "Esther, Esther! love me. We are sisters now; this has made us so. Take me away with you; don't leave me. You are stronger than I."

"Yes," Esther said, "I am very strong now, very strong;" and she pressed Nina's little hand till the girl shrank from the pain. "Ah! did I hurt you, little one? Forgive me. Yes, you may come with me, child. Let us go away together, far away from this weary, weary city. And may God, if there is a God, lead us aright!"

* * * * *

The wind is howling wildly around a little cottage in the bleakest part of New England. It rattles the casements and moans mournfully at the doors and windows, wailing and groaning, laughing wildly, and shrieking madly in the ears of the inmates of the cottage. There are but two in the house, and these are sitting before a brightly burning fire, their fingers busied with sewing, while they talk quietly together.

They are very unlike, these two. One, a tall, gaunt woman, with threads of silver in her black hair, with lines of care upon her low forehead and around her mouth with its thin, pale lips. Her large, black eyes are fiery and restless, her face stern and gloomy. The other is scarcely more than a girl, whose bright beauty contrasts strangely with the one beside her. Her soft

brown hair, brushed plainly back from her high white forehead and blue-veined temples, her silken-lashed blue eyes with their tender dreaminess, her cheek with its faint rose-tint, and her small crimson-lipped mouth, all so different from the strange, dark, care-worn woman.

"How the wind blows!" said the younger, looking up from her work. "I do not like to hear it. It makes me remember all the sorrowful things in my past life, and the bright ones are forgotten."

"I like the wind," said the other; "it brings me no sorrowful memories, for they are always with me. God will not let me forget trouble; it is always around me. Ah! the *merciful* God they call him."

"Don't, don't, Esther," said the girl, laying her hand on the arm of her companion. "I'm sure it is not right to talk so. And you are not happy?" she said, inquiringly, stealing a pitying glance at the woman's dark, stern face.

"Happy! Oh child, do not talk to me of happiness; do not question me of myself. How can you, a baby, understand my heart?"

"But, Esther," pleaded the girl's low voice, "you never talked so before; you never told me you were so unhappy."

"Well, child, do not think of my words; they are idle ones. If you are happy, I am."

"Yes, I am happy, quite happy," said the girl, "and you have made me so, Esther; helped me to forget."

"Well, well, Nina! do not talk to me now, I am tired;" and Esther's head sank upon her hands.

For a long time they sat thus, Nina's busy little fingers flying nimbly as she bent over her work, Esther wrapped in gloomy silence.

Suddenly there rang out upon the air a shriek, a wild cry of anguish and terror. Even the wind hushed its tumult, held its breath to listen to that terrible cry. Nina started up, her face blanched by fear. Esther lifted her stony, unmoved face from her hands, and both said in low tones, "The bridge!"

Again came that shriek, and Esther cried, "Quick, child, we must go to the rescue! Unbar the door! run to Farmer Lee's for assistance while I go to the river."

One minute more, and her tall, dark figure was on the river's bank. Her fears were realized. The stream, swollen by recent rains, had carried away the bridge, and a rider attempting to cross it was precipitated into the dark waters with which he was now struggling.

"Courage!" rang out her loud, clear voice; "we will save you yet." But a wild gurgling cry was her only answer. The seconds seemed hours till Nina's slight figure came flying down the hill, followed by the strong men from Lee's. The drowning man was saved from the hungry waters and borne insensible up the bank. "To our house!" cried Esther, and there was something so strange in her hollow voice that Nina sprang to her side and asked, hurriedly, "What is it, Esther?"

The woman laid her hand heavily upon the girl's shoulder, and whispered, "We have saved *his* life, our curse!" Nina shrank back and looked fearfully at Esther. "You are ill," she said; "you know not what you say. How, in this storm and darkness, can you know this stranger for Philip Grant?"

"Ah, child, I loved him once," she said, and hurriedly went into the house.

The stranger was brought in and laid upon a bed, and then by the fire-light Nina Evarts knew the fair hair, the lofty brow of Philip Grant.

"Leave us!" Esther said to the men who stood awaiting her orders. "One of you go in haste for the doctor; we will take care of the man till he come."

And now, after five years of waiting, Philip and Esther, Philip and Nina, have met again.

The two women whom love of him had made wretched heeded not each other now, but each, claiming him she had loved for her own, gazed into that still, white face. The eyelids lay over the blue eyes which had once looked love into theirs; the brown hair with which their fingers had once toyed lay in wet masses over the brow, and blood oozed slowly from a wound upon his temple. It was Esther who, with face as white as that of the dying man, bent over him and bound up the ghastly wound, gently lifting the heavy curls from his forehead. But Nina knelt by his side, her small fingers clasping his cold hand, and her white lips pressed upon it as she murmured the word so loved of old, "Philip, Philip!" The physician arrived. He examined his patient, and shook his head gravely. "He can not live," he said; "this blow on the temple alone would have killed him."

Esther heard him calmly, quietly received directions as to what she should do, and ministered with untrembling hands to the sufferer's wants. Nina still crouched on the floor, unseen in the darkness, sobbing quietly.

The physician has gone, and quiet again reigns in the little cottage. On one side of the bed, with its pale, still occupant, sits Esther Bennet, quiet and statue-like, gazing unmoved on Philip Grant's face, no softened look yet in her fiery eye, no tenderness about the hard, stern mouth. On the other side kneels Nina, her fair face wet with tears, her blue eyes dimmed, her pale lips quivering and anon murmuring the old strain they knew so well, "Philip, my Philip!" Her whole aspect seems to say, "I forgive you, for I love you yet." But Esther's face only says, "You cursed my life, killed all the love and tenderness in my heart; I have none for you now."

But the man moves—his eyes open. Nina shrinks away, but Esther calmly bends over him. The white lips move. "Water!" they say. Esther holds it to them and he drinks eagerly.

"Thank you, mother!" he murmurs. "I was so thirsty, and longed for cool water from the old well. There's no water like that, is there?"

Esther had thought herself all strong. Had

he spoken of her old love for him, of his faithlessness, or even of the wife for whom he had left her, she would still have answered calmly; but he had gone back to his boyhood, to his mother and his home, and for an instant a dimness came into her dark eyes and subdued the fire in them, but it was gone as swiftly.

"I am very tired, mother," the faint voice said again. "Take me in your arms, sing to me."

"Sing to him, Nina," whispered Esther, her eyes dimming again. "Sing to him! I never sing; your voice is low and sweet. Sing."

And Nina sang, her voice trembling as the low music charmed the passing soul. Then the song died away into a moan. The man started. "Mother, are you crying? Ah! you've shed many tears for me. I've been a wayward boy; but kiss me, mother." Esther's lips approached the hot forehead, but her breath only touched it. Then he talked on as his mind wandered in his boyhood's home, and his mother's name was constantly on his lips. Silently the two women ministered to him, taking that mother's place. Suddenly his tone changed, and he cried hastily, "Esther!" She bent over him with the old fierce look in her eyes, now that he named her name. He did not know her, but talked on.

"Esther, leave me! mother, send her away! She is always at my side, looking into my face with those burning eyes and saying, 'God will remember you!' She said it when I left her, long ago. She is always saying it now. Send her away! Tell her that God can forgive even me."

Esther's firm, cold hand put back the hair from his hot brow, but she did not speak.

"And Nina, little Nina," the voice went on. She sprang to him. "Go away!" she cried to Esther; "he wants *me*, his little Nina. You were cruel to him, but I loved him always.

Philip, Philip, I am here!" He did not see her either, but he went on.

"Poor child! go to her, mother—she is all alone. Comfort her; take her in your arms; she has no mother. And Maud, her sad face is here, to-night, though long ago I saw her in her shroud. Those brown eyes were closed in death; why do they haunt me now? And Helen, my beautiful, proud wife, she is here with the baby, our baby, in her arms. I killed them—don't leave me, mother—I treated them cruelly, then left them to die alone, while I sought new beauties; left them dying, and came home to find them under the sod. Oh, mother, send them all away! their young, sad faces haunt me now. Take me in your arms, my mother. Tell me about the pitying God. Pray for me!" The two women gazed one instant into each other's eyes, and Nina cried, "Esther, Esther, help me to pray for him! He is dying, dying with all these terrible sins on his head! We must save him. Oh, Esther, help me pray!"

Nina fell upon her knees. Her lips poured out eager, earnest entreaties for the dying man. He lay still, seemingly listening. Then he clasped his hands, and looking upward with a holy, child-like smile upon his face, said,

"Mother, *I* will pray. Help me remember the words, 'Our Father.'" And the young girl's voice blended with his as he prayed that last prayer. But Esther stood cold and calm, with unmoved eyes fixed on the two. As the words died away she bent over him again. A bright smile was on his face, his lips moved, murmured again "Mother," and were still forever.

"God save him!" whispered Nina as she kissed the clay-cold lips—"God save him!"

And Esther, with the same cold look out of her dark eyes, said, "God has remembered him!"

A NIGHT SCENE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OH River, gentle River! gliding on,
 In silence, underneath this starless sky!
 Thine is a ministry that never rests,
 Even while the living slumber. For a time,
 The meddler, man, hath left the elements
 In peace; the plowman breaks the clods no more;
 The miner labors not, with steel and fire,
 To rend the rock; and he that hews the stone,
 And he that fells the forest; he that guides
 The loaded wain, and the poor animal

That drags it, have forgotten, for a while,
Their toils, and share the quiet of the earth.

Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,
Oh darkling River! through the night I hear
Thy wavelets rippling on the pebbly beach;
I hear thy current stir the rustling sedge
That skirts thy bed; thou intermittest not
Thine everlasting journey, drawing on
A silvery train from many a mountain brook
And woodland spring. The dweller by thy side,
Who moored his little boat upon thy beach,
Though all the waters that upbore it then
Have slid away o'er night, shall find, at morn,
Thy channel filled with waters freshly drawn
From distant cliffs, and hollows where the rill
Comes up amid the water-flags. All night
Thou givest moisture to the thirsty roots
Of the lithe willow and o'erhanging plane,
And cherishest the herbage on thy bank,
Speckled with little flowers; and sendest up,
Perpetually, the vapors from thy face
To steep the hills with dew, or darken heaven
With marching clouds that trail the abundant showers.

Oh River, darkling River! what a voice
Is that thou utterest while all else is still!
The ancient voice that, centuries ago,
Sounded between thy hills while Rome was yet
A weedy solitude by Tiber's stream!
How many, at this hour, along thy course,
Slumber to thine eternal murmurings,
That mingle with the utterance of their dreams!
At dead of night the child awakes and hears
Thy soft, familiar dashings, and is soothed,
And sleeps again. An airy multitude
Of little echoes, all unheard by day,
Faintly repeat, till morning, after thee,
The story of thine endless goings forth.

Yet there are those who lie beside thy bed,
For whom thou once didst rear the bowers that screen
Thy margin, and didst water the green fields,
And now there is no night so still that they
Can hear thy lapse; their slumbers, were thy voice
Louder than ocean's, it could never break.
For them the early violet, no more,
Opens upon thy bank, nor, for their eyes,
Glitter the crimson pictures of the clouds
Upon thy bosom, when the sun goes down.
Their memories are abroad—the memories

Of those who last were gathered to the earth—
Lingering within the homes in which they sat,
Hovering above the paths in which they trod,
Haunting them like a presence. Even now
They visit many a dreamer in the forms
They walked in, ere, at last, they wore the shroud;
And eyes there are that will not close to dream,
For weeping and for thinking of the grave,
The new-made grave, and the pale one within.
These memories and these sorrows all shall fade
And pass away, and fresher memories
And newer sorrows come and dwell a while
Beside thy border, and, in turn, depart.

On glide thy waters till at last they flow
Beneath the windows of the populous town,
And all night long give back the gleam of lamps,
And glimmer with the trains of light that stream
From halls where dancers whirl. A dimmer ray
Touches thy surface from the silent room
In which they tend the sick, or gather round
The dying; and a slender, steady beam
Comes from the little chamber in the roof,
Where, with a feverous crimson on her cheek,
The solitary damsel, dying too,
Plies the quick needle till the stars grow pale.
There, close beside the haunts of revel, stand
The blank, unlighted windows, where the poor,
In darkness and in hunger, wake till morn.
There, drowsily, on the half-conscious ear
Of the dull watchman, pacing on the wharf,
Falls the soft ripple of thy waves that strike
On the moored bark; but guiltier listeners
Are near, the prowlers of the night, who steal
From shadowy nook to shadowy nook, and start
If other sounds than thine are in the air.

Oh glide away from those abodes, that bring
Pollution to thy channel and make foul
Thy once clear current. Summon thy quick waves
And dimpling eddies; linger not, but haste,
With all thy waters, haste thee to the deep,
There to be tossed by shifting winds and rocked
By that mysterious force which lives within
The sea's immensity and wields the weight
Of its abysses, swaying, to and fro,
The billowy mess, until the stain, at length,
Shall wholly pass away, and thou regain
The crystal brightness of thy mountain springs.

A NEST OF CAVALIERS.

WITH OUTLINE SKETCHES OF ITS INMATES.

"Neither king nor prince am I—
I am the sire of Coucy."

I.—ONCE UPON A TIME.

"THE GLADES" is two hundred years old. Its gray walls proudly crown the lofty eminence, and look serenely on the noble river, as in the days of the royal governors. The materials were all brought over from England, and the first brick was passed through the baby hands of the eldest son. The young gentleman endeavored to make his tiny fingers meet around the object, but, failing in this praiseworthy attempt, struck it indignantly with his clenched fist, and exhibited no further interest in the ceremony.

Shall I say a few words of this worthy? He was afterward known as Colonel Tom, and came near being hanged by the old tyrant Sir William Berkeley, for siding with General Nathaniel Bacon in his famous rebellion, just one hundred years before the Revolution. His name was in the black list, embracing Hansford, his friend, and Giles, and Bland, and others; but the old despot thought better of it. Colonel Tom escaped with a heavy fine, which forced him to sell to a neighbor—with whom he was eternally at war—two thousand acres of his finest "James River lowgrounds." Colonel Tom was accustomed ever thereafter to use profane oaths in speaking of his Excellency, Sir William Berkeley; a habit which he continued religiously to preserve to the day of his death. He duly transferred to the governors succeeding Sir William his peculiar views. When Lord Culpepper debased by proclamation the coin known as the "piece of eight," he expressed his opinions of the measure with great frankness, and declared that before he would comply with the law he would cut the Governor's ears off. It is thought that his Lordship's invariable politeness to the Colonel preserved him from this awful mutilation.

Colonel Tom was one of the party, however, which marched under Governor Alexander Spotswood, to discover the source of the Mississippi River on the western slope of the Blue Ridge. They valiantly advanced as far as Rock Fish Gap, and then returned, in perfect order, under their experienced commander. The gentlemen of the expedition were created "Knights of the Horse Shoe"—an order of nobility invented for the nonce by his Excellency, and they still preserve at "The Glades" a small golden horse-shoe, set with garnets, the badge of knighthood. Colonel Tom never set much store, however, by this distinction. His family, he was accustomed to say, had always despised titles of nobility. They came originally from Herefordshire, in England, and were landholders there. There was some family connection with the Duke of Somerset—called "the proud duke." The Colonel was proud of the kinship, but this fact he was far from ever acknowledging. On

the contrary, he was much in the habit of making little of it. It was a much finer thing, he would say, to be a Virginia gentleman; and the impression derived from his conversation was, briefly, to the effect that the Duke of Somerset was decidedly unlucky in not possessing the privilege of living in Virginia; but rather fortunate in being kin to himself, Colonel Tom.

The worthy Colonel was of a spirited and combative character. In his heart he was firmly convinced that might was right, and that the "simple plan" afterward upheld by General Rob Roy was the essence of the best social organization. He believed in the "good old English rule" that the victor should dispose of the vanquished, together with his goods—or, in more vulgar parlance, that "the longest pole should rake the persimmons." In this conscientious conviction he remained firmly established to the end of his life.

Colonel Tom feared nothing and nobody, in the full meaning of the term. But there were two persons whose prowess and "pluck" he greatly respected. These were his wife and the parson of the parish.

His wife was a Griddle. At that time the Griddles were one of the first families of Virginia. The male line, unfortunately, became extinct early in the last century, through their great devotion to the inspiring bowl. Mrs. Tom was what is called in our own day a "tartar;" at the period I speak of, however, she was called a "vixen." She was fond of rule. She respected greatly her own opinions. What she wished was, by a singular combination of circumstances, invariably right. She might have been the mother or grandmother of the lady who innocently expressed her astonishment at the singular fact that those who differed with her were uniformly in the wrong. It is needless to say that when a gentleman of the character of Colonel Tom, and a lady like Colonel Tom's wife, come together there is almost always an explosion. The lady was accustomed to explode on numerous occasions; indeed, the fuse seemed always lighted and ready to be applied. Colonel Tom rarely winced, however; he remained in point-blank range, and defied the enemy. He would beg the lady not to injure herself, and go on reading his newspaper, affecting to care nothing for the connubial hurricane. Miserable man! and bad actor! The wit of his wife would sometimes, in the end, prove too cutting—her sarcasms would corruscate with a brilliancy too dazzling. He would hurl down his newspaper, swear that woman was made to be the thorn in man's side, and then would retreat to his library, discomfited and overwhelmed.

It was not long after their marriage that an incident similar to the well-known one in the life of John Parke Custis happened. Colonel Tom and his wife were riding out one day in a two-seated vehicle, when a quarrel commenced. They were near the banks of the river, and, in an evil moment, the exasperated Colonel threatened to drive in and drown himself and all.

Mrs. Tom uttered a mocking laugh, and dared him, declaring her ability to follow him. The enraged Colonel thereupon lashed his horses and plunged in, proceeding onward until the animals, wild with fright, began to swim. The lady, instead of being frightened, laughed louder than ever, and requested him to go on. The Colonel was beaten. With an oath, he turned his horses and drove home. He afterward declared that "pity for the weaker vessel restrained him;" but the victory remained with the vessel in question; and thenceforth it was observed that Mrs. Tom was more spirited and triumphant than ever. A few years ended these domestic jars, however. Mrs. Tom was conquered by an enemy too strong for her—and she had a "happy release." The Colonel was accustomed ever after to declare that she was the noblest and sweetest of women, in spite of her trifling faults. But I never heard that he contemplated a second trial of matrimonial felicity. He organized a jolly establishment, and so continued to live until the time of his death.

I have said that the second of the two persons whose prowess Colonel Tom respected was the parson of the parish. With a few words about this worthy I shall end my notice of the Colonel. Mr. Backrack had come from England to Virginia some years before. His antecedents were unknown; but his peculiarities of character became very soon sufficiently established. He was large of stature, fierce of mien, and assumed from the beginning a pleasing air of command. At the end of the first year the Rev. Mr. Backrack bullied his vestry, and from his lofty pulpit denounced, with great unction and agreeable particularity, the favorite vices of each and all of these gentlemen. He then turned his attention to the other officers of the church, and particularly to the clerk, whose duty it was to sit beneath the pulpit and make the responses. The clerk had opposed Mr. Backrack in some illegal claims—and there had been a clashing between the worthies on the subject of tithe-rates. The Rev. Mr. Backrack accordingly conceived the idea of demolishing the clerk, which design he proceeded on the next Sunday to carry into execution. He preached a brimstone sermon, in which he painted the sins of evil-doers, and the terrors which awaited them—winding up his discourse with a personal application to the clerk, whom he threatened, with violent gestures and savage scowls, to have degraded from his office and prosecuted in the courts of law. Having ended his terrific discourse, he was about to give out the concluding hymn, when the old clerk, with loud and triumphant intonation, and hand outstretched and keeping time, relieved the parson of that trouble. He read:

"Why doth the heathen rage,
And, like the wicked, storm,
And fondly boast to do the deeds
Which they can not perform?"

Having given out this hymn, the old clerk scowled at his enemy and sat down, amidst a

smothered titter. I never heard the end of the scene, but take it for granted that Mr. Backrack mildly expressed his disapprobation of the proceeding. It seems sufficiently established that he did not break a blood-vessel.

The little incident, however, which caused Colonel Tom to respect the "pluck" of the Rev. Mr. Backrack is still to be related. I shall speak of it very briefly. A new vestry was elected, with the Colonel at the head; and, as every body expected, these two worthies soon found themselves the victims of a "slight misunderstanding." At a full vestry meeting the Rev. Mr. Backrack charged Colonel Tom with illegal interference, and defied him, officially and personally. To this the Colonel replied, with great wrath, that nothing but his opponent's cloth protected him. This produced a declaration from the parson that he was above relying on any thing of the sort, and, like David, was ready to encounter even Goliath of Gath, much more an army of pigmies. This being an allusion to the assembled vestry in decided bad taste, Colonel Tom declared the parson a blackguard; whereupon the man of peace "closed in" with his opponent, and for some moments nothing was discerned but flying coat-tails, red faces, and wigs rolling about, leaving the combatants quite bald-pated. The other vestrymen came to their chief's assistance, but the Rev. Mr. Backrack courageously engaged them all; and when the conflict terminated, seemed as far from being conquered as ever. The dignitaries thereupon thought it in good taste to assume attitudes of stately hauteur and retire for consultation on this unheard-of indignity. The next day was Sunday, and they remained, one and all, at home with their families, taking it for granted that service would be omitted.

What was their horror, in a day or two, to hear that the Rev. Mr. Backrack had appeared in his pulpit with a patch on one eye, and preached from the text in Nehemiah:

"And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair!"

Indeed, this last boast was a literal fact. The parson had "plucked off the hair" of an ex-member of his majesty's council. This soothing recollection remained with him when, after a month or two, he was ejected from his pulpit. As to Colonel Tom, he ever afterward respected the parson, and was accustomed to say that this gentleman possessed the hardest fist he had ever encountered.*

After the death of his wife the Colonel lived with his son and daughter in great style and comfort. He added to the manor-house, from time to time, such wings and outhouses as he wished—in which he was imitated by his son and grandson. This latter was Captain Tom, of the Revolution, whose portrait hangs on the left of the door as you enter the hall. This gentleman kept up the old house in the family

* The anecdotes here related are literally true.

way, projected numerous additions and improvements; and it was not his fault that they burdened the estate hugely. He devoted his means to the War of Independence, achieved the greatest distinction, and left behind him a glorious memory, together with a mountain of debts.

II.—CAPTAIN TOM OF THE REVOLUTION.

Captain Tom was a great man in his day. It was he who imported the celebrated Bessarabian stock. For one of his racers, Sir Absalom, he paid two thousand pounds sterling. He was very fond of fox-hunting, and kept always a pack of at least twenty dogs, which he delighted to feed, morning and evening, with his own hands. With these he harried the surrounding country, up to the age of thirty-five, when he married his second wife. She was a Crab. The Crabs, of Crab Hall, are still well known. Her dowry was twenty thousand pounds sterling, derived from her mother, an English lady. This money the Captain devoted to the contest against England, with the full knowledge and consent of his wife, who was a woman of the ancient spirit, and hated tyrants.

The Captain early made the acquaintance of Mr. George Washington, of Mount Vernon, whose career was afterward so glorious. He was at the battle of "Great Meadow," and there received the sabre-slash which added so much to the martial expression of his jolly countenance. Returning home, he devoted himself, as above related, to fox-hunting, and became a justice of the peace. In religion he was, of course, an adherent of the Established Church, and cordially despised every other denomination. He was fond of reading romances, and admired the *Spectator* immensely. When he heard that his friend Lord Fairfax, of "Greenway Court," had written two or three numbers of this periodical, he conceived a great respect for that nobleman, and declared that if he would remove to the county he would vote for him for the House of Burgesses.

The Captain preserved the family dislike for English governors. He was accustomed to call Lord Dunmore a "buzzard;" and when that gentleman removed the powder from the magazine at Williamsburg, in 1775, Captain Tom aroused the entire southern bank of tide-water James River, riding day and night, and undergoing tremendous fatigues. His exertions were quickly crowned with success. The whole country flew to arms. A company was enrolled, at the head of which Captain Tom marched upon Williamsburg, and assisted in driving the last royal governor from Virginia soil. After fighting at "Great Bridge," and burying Fordyce with the honors of war ("A brave fellow, Sir! — as brave as Julius Cæsar!" the Captain was wont to say), he returned home—but only to go and join Washington, with whom he fought throughout the Revolution. He was a hardy old gentleman. When the news of the Boston Port Bill—all about the naughty behavior of the Massachusetts men—came to Virginia, he

ordered all the tea in the house to be emptied into the fire, and no more to be purchased, on pain of something dreadful. Miss Artemesia, his maiden sister, a lady of romantic disposition and uncertain age, endeavored to enjoy her inspiring cup in private—but in vain. The Captain descended on her maiden bower—used, I am informed, highly improper expressions—and ended by emptying Miss Artemesia's whole supply out of the window. Having performed this ceremony, he presented the vacant canister to the lady with a courteous smile and a ceremonious inclination of his powdered head, and so retired. When the 1st of June was appointed as a day of fasting and prayer for the Port Bill's repeal, the Captain habited his entire household in mourning, and went in his great chariot, with its six horses, all the way to Williamsburg, to attend church and hear the eloquent Mr. Price. Having listened to the sermon, he again entered his chariot, proceeded to the old Raleigh Tavern to procure dinner, and after expressing his views of the crisis at length to Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Pendleton, and Mr. Henry, returned to his home. A week afterward Miss Artemesia published, in the *Virginia Gazette*, her poetical effusion, entitled "A Farewell to my Tea-Table." On this occasion the Captain is said to have kissed the lady's cheek, presented her with a favorite riding-horse, and sworn that she was the greatest poet since Mr. Pope.

It was during the Captain's absence at headquarters that some of the traitor Arnold's soldiers made an attack on the mansion. They ransacked the cellar, guzzled the Captain's favorite wines, and made themselves quite at home. The fine volumes in the old library were piled up before the house and burned—coats-of-arms and all. One of the drunken soldiers, conceiving a personal spite toward the powdered portraits, ran his bayonet through the first Colonel Tom's nose, thereby causing that fierce old rebel and oath-swearer to present an appearance to the eyes of his descendants more ferocious than comely. Flushed with his success, the wretchedly inebriated trooper then looked around for further game. Unfortunately his eye fell upon the portrait of Mistress Barbara, of the days of Queen Anne—the beauty of the family, and a great favorite, when she visited London, with my Lord Bolingbroke and other noble wits and gallants. The style of dress in which Mistress Barbara was represented probably attracted the admiring attention of the trooper. Between the bare shoulders and the bare arms a strip of blue silk alone intervened; and, speaking in general terms, the costume of Mistress Barbara was designed and executed upon a somewhat scanty pattern. In consequence, the graceful bust was the object of the trooper's attention; at this he directed his bayonet. Mistress Barbara received a mortal wound, which has ever since made her the object of admiring attention and tender pity.

There were some more incidents of the inroad on the Captain's mansion at this time.

Even Miss Artemesia's maiden bower was invaded. The closet in which her great hooped dresses and farthingales were hung up was ransacked for concealed rebels, and more than one mysterious and far-too-delicate-to-be-mentioned article of female attire was pierced by the ruthless bayonet or sword's point. The avowed object of the enemy in this was to discover the hiding-place of traitorous rebels against his Majesty King George; but it would rather appear to have been a mirthful jest of the invaders; for Miss Artemesia was standing by, wringing her hands, and protesting, weeping, and scolding, to the entertaining character of which exhibition she was ignorant how much she had added by unconsciously losing her wig of sunny curls. It was finally stuck upon her head, hind side before, by one of the troopers, who laughed and cheered her, and then they made preparations to depart.

The only other white inhabitant of the household was little Kate, aged fifteen; and during the scene with Miss Artemesia up stairs Kate had been the object of the amused and admiring attention of the young lieutenant of the troop. All the blood and spirit of a long line of spirited men and women flushed into Kate's cheeks as the young officer jested with her, and she replied to him with a plainness which threw the soldier into ecstasies. A bowl of punch had been brewed in the great family punch-bowl, covered with enamel and blue figures, and, having secured as much of the silver-plate as he could lay his hands on, the trooper distributed the punch, and made ready to depart. Kate was looking indignantly at him, when he turned and approached her, his drawn sword in one hand, the goblet of punch in the other.

"Pretty little mistress! pretty little mouse!" he said, laughing, "drink this cup to the health of his Majesty King George—instantly, on pain of death!"

And he flashed his sword before the child's eyes.

"To your knees!" he added, presenting the cup. Kate's cheeks flushed up, she caught the cup firmly, and kneeling, drank, with the words, "Success to Washington!"

The trooper stared—was silent—then burst into laughter.

"Game, by George!" he cried, raising the child quickly; "you would make a soldier's wife, mistress; so I'll annoy you no more. I have the honor of bidding your ladyship good-morning!"

In half an hour they were all gone, having taken every thing they could lay their hands on. Among the rest was a favorite fox-hunter of the absent Captain's—Bogus by name—which the young officer had "borrowed." It proved a somewhat unlucky transaction. Two hundred yards from the mansion Bogus took the bit between his teeth, whirled round, and made for the stable, clearing in gallant style a five-barred gate which intervened. The officer was landed in a pile of stones—from which disagree-

able bed he rose, after some moments, shaking his fist and uttering wrathful expressions. Nothing more came of the incident, however; the trooper, doubtless, judged it best to pocket his ire, and, mounting his proper animal, both he and his myrmidons soon disappeared, to the intense satisfaction of Miss Artemesia. Kate was trying, with flushed cheeks and trembling fingers, to fit together the fragments of the punch-bowl, which had been thrown down and broken. That the young lady succeeded is proved by the fact that the bowl is still preserved, the pieces having been cemented together with a mixture, the receipt for making which is an heir-loom in the family.

When the "Captain of the Virginia company" heard of this outrage on his manor-house his feelings were, for a time, "too big for utterance." He finally found relief, however, by swearing such oaths as are dreadful to reflect upon. Thenceforth the sight of a red-coat would almost throw him into convulsions, and he never met any of the British officers after the Yorktown surrender without scowling at them—a proceeding which caused those innocent warriors to regard him as the most ferocious of all the victorious rebels. The conduct of his horse Bogus on the occasion was the sole event which cast a gleam of joy over the Captain's reflections, and ever afterward the patriotic animal occupied a separate stable, built for his sole accommodation, and was attended to by an African, who was commanded to concentrate his entire faculties upon Bogus and his wants. The officers jested with the Captain on his wrathful expressions; and even the great General-in-Chief, who had been his friend, as I have said, from boyhood, alluded to it. "I think, friend Tom," he said, "you are too much moved by this. 'Tis the fortune of war, and the noble conduct of your little dame in drinking to the success of our great cause should make you rejoice at the incident. It is my purpose to come and see you when my affairs permit, designing to return the brave young lady my thanks in person." Miss Artemesia had written her brother an account of Kate's bravery, and this had been communicated to his friend by the grim Captain. The General duly performed his promise of paying the visit, and Kate, who is now "grandma" at a great age, is fond of relating the circumstances which attended it, with various allusions to the visits which she paid in turn afterward to her friend at Mount Vernon. The General took her on his knee, protesting, indeed, that she was much too old to be treated so much like a child, but alleging his own gray hairs in excuse. He then solemnly and ceremoniously kissed her, gazed into her eyes with much sweetness and affection, and said that Virginia women had always been true to their soil. He then helped papa to empty the punch-bowl, and papa, who had drunk the greater part of the punch, so that his cheeks were red, laughed, and bade her kneel and drink "Success to Washington!"

She could not, though—it seemed so ridiculous in that way—and the General did not seem to wish it. He smiled, and said, “No, no!” and then we left the gentlemen to go into the drawing-room; but not before I heard the General say, as he looked at me, “She is very like one I saw in Williamsburg the other day, on our return from Yorktown.” He sighed somewhat, I thought; and now, children, do you know what he meant? Your old grandma knows all about it.

When the General was a very young man, and a younger brother, he fell very much in love with a young lady, Miss ———, who lived near Mount Vernon, his elder brother's place at that time. Her father was very wealthy—one of the gentlemen of the old school, when they dressed so grandly in powder and silk stockings, and embroidered coats—with sleeves so big—I could not tell you how big they were. Well, Mr. ——— was a great man in the country, and the General was only a younger son; but, for all that, he called on the old gentleman, and requested permission to pay his addresses to the young lady. Will you believe what followed? The old man answered, very indignantly, “If that is your errand here, Sir, I beg that you will leave my house, as my daughter has been accustomed to ride in her chariot.” The General said nothing in reply; he only bowed, and went away. Miss ——— married Mr. ———, and the General, a long time afterward, met Martha Custis, you know, and they made a match. Well, it was just before he came to our house that he saw his old flame again. He returned, after the surrender of Yorktown, to Williamsburg, at the head of his troops, and the people gave him a splendid reception. There were arches, and garlands, and music, and shouting; and I never saw any thing so wild as the multitude who pressed around his horse, trying to touch his hand. The windows of the houses were crammed with heads, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and almost cheered too, like the crowd below, who were rolling about like the sea. The General was mounted on a great-looking horse, and his uniform and laced cocked-hat shone in the sun. He bowed to every one, using his drawn sword to salute with, gazing with that calmness, unlike any body else's I ever saw, at the crowd and up to the windows full of heads. Among the faces in a window near the Governor's palace he saw all at once the lady's whose father had asked him out of his house. The General made a profound salute with his sword, lowered it, and, raising his hat, bowed low as he passed on. The lady could not return the salute; her agitation was too great; her cheeks grew pale, and she fainted. This was the “one he saw in Williamsburg the other day,” as he said to papa, and I think he always liked me because I chanced to resemble her. The young lady had committed no fault, and, doubtless, her father regretted his hasty words to the General as soon as they were uttered. But what a narrow escape she did make from being immortal!

“Well! well!” grandma goes on to say, busily knitting, after fixing her spectacles; “well! well! all that seems a long, long time ago! Just to think how young I was then and how old I am now! Things have changed a great deal, and men, too, my dear. The General has been dead more than half a century. Are there any more such men? I don't think I know any. Every thing is different, and the young men are not improving. They do not show that respect for age which I should like—except my son, who, I'm willing to allow, has much of the old régime about his manners. You should have seen the General on this visit I have been talking of. He held his head so proudly erect that the earth did not seem good enough for him to walk on. And yet, do you think he was really haughty or cold? Indeed, never! He loved children greatly, and would take off his hat to the simplest girl and make her a grand inclination. He always conversed very pleasantly and sweetly; and when he went away he made Aunt Artemesia and myself a low and profound salute, kissing both upon our cheeks, and begging us to come and see him. No no, my dear children, the times have changed; the old race is all gone, or disappearing very fast. I'm going soon, my children!”

And grandma shakes her head, and goes on knitting.

But the present household are waiting to be sketched. Enough of attention has been given to the elder days.

III.—“THE GLADES” TO-DAY.

“The Glades” is a curious old place. It is built upon no settled plan, and rambles about the sunny hill upon which it stands after a fashion very unlike our more modern mansions. There is a great “chase,” as they say in England, dotted with century oaks, many of them dead at the top, and two great trees of the same species overshadow the porch.

The great door is always open. Such is generally the case with houses in Virginia. In the present instance the heavy oak has furrowed a deep semicircle in the floor. Often the portal remains unlocked throughout the night. You enter a hall hung round with portraits in antique oaken frames. Among them you may discern at a glance that of the fierce old rebel, Colonel Tom, with his mutilated, or, rather, annihilated nose, and the fair Mistress Barbara, of Queen Anne's time, mortally wounded in the bosom. There are many more—pictures of cavaliers and dames, in lace and powder, and piles of curls, and hanging sleeves; the ladies in attitudes of smiling grace, the gentlemen with serious faces, looking out sedately from beneath their huge perukes. There are portraits of children, too, in colors once brilliant, but now faded from age—children who caress pet dogs, or play with dolls; and, if you take the trouble to count, you will find that the pictures embrace a dozen generations. Between them are hung up great “branches of the deer,” and fowl—

ing-pieces, game-bags, fishing-rods, and favorite specimens of the Major's wheat, or corn, or tobacco crops, exhibited thus as trophies of his skill.

The apartments of the old hall are of every imaginable size. It has a hundred passages, myriads of nooks and porticoes favorable for lovers, snug recesses, quiet retreats, and in the spacious garden, arbors covered with thick festoons of grape-vine and honey-suckle. In these localities many courtships have taken place, grandma relates. An old bench is pointed out as the scene of ———'s proposal to Miss Nelly early in the present century. Mr. ——— was one of the most famous of Virginia statesmen; but Nelly discarded him, and married a handsome black mustache—a circumstance which she had reason ever afterward to deplore.

Of course "The Glades" has its *haunted chamber*. Such an appendage to houses in our country is regarded as absolutely indispensable. Dr. Robert of old days "walks" there periodically, and it would be useless to tempt any of the servants to enter it without a light. Mammy Louisa saw the old doctor walking there, distinctly. You needn't tell *her* any thing about it.

The furniture of the mansion is old and dark. The chairs are of oak, carved in figures, like those upon the wainscoting around the rooms, and above the mantle-pieces, if the narrow ledge in reach of a tall man only may be called by the name. The mahogany tables are black with age. The sole exception to this antique character of the furniture is a splendid new piano, which Miss Carry has induced her father to substitute in place of the wheezy old harpsichord. The Major long held out against the feminine wiles of Miss Carry, backed by mamma; but was finally forced to yield. He takes his revenge by claiming from the young lady at least one sentimental Scottish ditty every evening—"Flowers of the Forest," or "Jock o' Hazeldean," or "Katherine Ogie"—songs which the old gentleman declares in every way superior to the trivial or mock sentimental airs of our own day. Miss Carry is of a wild and frolicsome disposition. She declares that the old songs are "dreadfully stiff," her preferences being for "Sebastopol is taken," and others similar; but she dutifully seats herself and sings what her father requests, executing the tender madrigals of other days indeed with a pathos which often makes the old man's spectacles grow moist. At such times he is thinking of one who used to sing them for him when he was a boy. He has never forgotten the sunny curls, the blue eyes, or the voice like the carol of a bird. The old familiar "Katherine Ogie," and "Flowers of the Forest," bring her to his memory as she was once—living, breathing, loving—as before that day when the violets bloomed in the grass above her grave.

The Major has but slender liking for any thing whatsoever that is modern. His opinions are not favorable to the rising generation. He

thinks that his ancestors were taller by half a head than himself. They lived in the good old times, Sir, and truckled to no one—not to the King himself. To-day, men truckle, Sir.

The Major is called by his neighbors a "gentleman of the old school." Less than twenty years back he continued to wear knee-breeches, lengthy waistcoats, and powder. It was a grand sight to see the worthy walking on the great piazza, his hands crossed behind him, his shoulders covered with powder, and his feet incased in good broad shoes with antique buckles. "The progress" penetrated even to "The Glades," however, and before this potent enemy the Major's old-time peculiarities of costume were forced, one by one, to retreat. First his powder disappeared, then his waistcoats were curtailed, lastly, his pantaloons descended to the ankle; and the triumph of the present over the past, in the person of the Major, was complete. Things went no farther, however. The worthy gentleman sets his face obdurately against the habitudes of the nineteenth century, declaring, with persistent solemnity, that the age is regularly deteriorating. His manners, as I have intimated, are still rigidly of the "old school" character. When he makes his great bow to a lady, nothing can be conceived of more profoundly respectful; when he touches his hat to the negro who bows to him, he resembles his Majesty Louis XIV. giving a salute to some rival potentate; when he smiles and welcomes you at his door, you imagine yourself the honored guest of some old nobleman of the ancient régime.

The Major has a fiery temper under perfect control. His sweetness of manner conceals a slumbering volcano which no one ever cares to arouse. The phenomenon has been observed but once within the last ten years. The occasion was Tom's return from college; and the explosion was caused by a Northern publication, violently abusive of the South, which that young gentleman brought with him to "The Glades." The Major chanced to glance his eye over it, and Tom was thoughtless enough to enter into an argument to show that some of the views were founded in truth. Upon this provocation the Major exploded. I forbear from relating the tragic particulars of the scene. It is enough to say that in ten minutes the periodical was hurled furiously behind the fire, where the Major stabbed it ruthlessly with the tongs until it was consumed; and Mr. Tom thought it advisable to vacate for a time the apartment; the fierce glaring eyes of the Major presenting a very disagreeable and displeasing appearance. The storm was not long in blowing over, however. The fiery old gentleman is not implacable. He could not harbor ill-feeling against his boy. In the evening father and son had a long interview in the library, and then with serene faces went out to ride. Their demeanor toward each other was very gentle and kind, and I am disposed to think that, at that moment, Tom would have taken the life of any man born

north of Mason and Dixon's line. The female members of the family understood every thing. They comprehended that there had been a domestic collision and reconciliation; and before the tragic ire of the lords of creation the fair ladies retreated, as beautiful ring-doves might from the arena where two hawks engaged in mortal combat; forgetting their little coaxing ways and feminine caprices. On that evening Carry went to the piano without being asked, and sang her entire *repertoire* of Scottish songs without pouting; and when she kissed her father and Tom, before retiring, the salute was very tender and expressive.

The Major is a justice of the peace, and knows "Hening's Statutes" and the "Revised Code" almost by heart. He is frequently appealed to as umpire in disputes, and probably settles as many differences as the Judge of the Circuit. His poorer neighbors regard him with mingled respect and awe, and no little affection. He has helped, at a pinch, every deserving poor man in a circuit of a dozen miles, and may go to the House whenever he wishes.

He is a rigid Episcopalian. The prejudices of his ancestors against other forms of worship have descended to him in their fullest strength. He never fails, on every occasion, to lament the death of Judge Pendleton, whose vote would have preserved the glebe lands. He says the Judge was of the old stock, Sir; and that few men like him are now left to us. He makes it a point to attend church regularly every Sunday, and to go through the service with rigid particularity—making all the responses, and kneeling when the prayers are read. He attends at all the baptisms, and stands godfather to half the children in the parish. To each he invariably presents a silver cup, with the baby's name upon it. He is a member of the vestry, and makes long speeches. The minister loves him, and laments that all his parishioners are not as liberal with their means.

In his youth the Major was a Federalist of the blackest dye. He saw General Washington very frequently, and admired that great man intensely. At William and Mary College he was notorious for the amount of strong liquors he could drink, and the inveteracy of his prejudices against the Jefferson party. But these opinions have changed, like his costume. With fair-topped boots and double waistcoats, hair-powder, silk stockings, and knee-breeches; with these antique adornments and vestments of his youth have disappeared his Federal sentiments.

The Major is now of the strict States Right school, and perhaps some of our Northern friends might call him a "fire-eater." If so, he is a "fire-eater" of a most resolute and deliberate description. He is a strong advocate of Southern rights, and on this issue shapes his political conduct. He has supported Whigs and Democrats; sometimes, I am informed, the same gentleman upon different platforms. As they approach or recede from his stand he supports or opposes them, whether Whig or Democrat.

Of all our great statesmen he admired Mr. Calhoun the most, and now reveres his "august memory." If you wish to see the cheeks of the old gentlemen flush you have only to hazard the remark that Mr. Calhoun's theories of government were "impracticable." On that issue the Major will fight *à l'outrance*. He and his neighbor, old Solomon Holt, have often split upon this rock. Mr. Holt is a "liberal constructionist," and does not admire the "august memory." When Mr. Calhoun's name is mentioned old Mr. Holt expresses himself with perfect plainness, and the Major has been known to slam his wine-glass on the table and scowl at his guest with a ferocity like that which characterized his father, Captain Tom. On these occasions he ejaculates, "God forgive me!" shakes hands with old Solomon, and goes over to see him next day, when he kisses Mrs. Solomon and all the children, exhibiting great interest in their health and happiness.

There never was a firmer advocate of an aristocracy than the Major—with the right description of hearers around him. Out of his own circle and class he preserves a rigid silence upon all such subjects. This springs from the Major's kindness of heart. Every man can not belong to the best families, Sir; it is the misfortune, not the fault, of these worthy people. He can not insult misfortune. He remains firm in the conviction that his own family is the best in the State. He believes and says that the doctrine of "blood" is incontrovertible. There are plow-horses and race-horses, Sir; war-horses and ladies' palfreys. I don't say that the race-horse is a better citizen than the plow-horse. I doubt if he is. But he is a race-horse, Sir, and his colt will be thorough-bred. That's the whole thing, Sir! He is skilled in pedigrees. He can tell you who married whom, and the origin of who and whom, for the last two hundred years. Did he understand you to say that old English Hunter married a Lamb? No, Sir, she was a Wolfe—daughter of old Dentatus Wolfe, of "Longbranch," in Buckingham. His wife was a Crawfish—heiress of Judge Crawfish, of Lancaster. His second daughter married young Billy Gote, of "Barnlands;" and the youngest a Hogge—of the Hogges of Hampshire. These facts should be preserved with care, my son. We do not use peerages, and our pedigrees in Virginia are intrusted to the pious recollection of each succeeding generation. Hereafter, when a more enlightened public sentiment calls for a true history of the Commonwealth, this knowledge will be of inestimable value; and it should be transmitted with accuracy.

The honest old gentleman is full of anecdote and personal narrative. In the garret he has half a dozen dilapidated trunks filled with letters from some of the most famous men of his own and the last generation—from General Washington, Patrick Henry, Edmund Pendleton, Benjamin Harrison, the Randolphs, and others. Of these great names he has a hundred

characteristic stories to tell. In his vivid and picturesque narratives the worthies of old days rise from their tombs—they stand before you in their old dresses—they laugh, and appear as they were when alive—they breathe and move as before. A thousand traits not delineated in any books are painted and dwelt upon—the Revolution and its colossal forms move before you as in a grand drama—you live in the iron days of old.

Coming down to his own time, the worthy discusser is rich in anecdote about the leading men of the first quarter of the century. They were all “colonels,” “majors,” “captains,” or “generals,” except when they were “Jack,” or “Tom,” or “Dick.” They seem, one and all, to have been jolly old bucks, with an uniformly glorious idea of themselves; or gay young fellows, living the merriest lives, and crying begone to dull care. The Major brings in his stories with much art—as he supposes; but in reality with most tyrannical carelessness of consistency. Did he understand you to say that the anecdote just related was a *bona fide* occurrence? He can easily believe it, and it reminds him of a little circumstance which he chanced to witness as far back as the year '19. No, it was in the year '18. Was it? Yes, in the year '18. In '18 he and Jack Tallboys ran against each other for the House—and so on through two bottles of the Major's best Madeira. The connection between the two incidents is mysterious, if not undiscoverable, but the story is capital.

During the summer, and at Christmas, the house is full of visitors—to the great satisfaction of the Major, who is never so happy as when there is not a spare bed to be found in the establishment. This event, however, has never been known to occur at “The Glades.” The visitors are nearly all relatives—sons and daughters, with their children, and cousins, of whom the Major has some threescore in the first degree. To calculate his second and third cousins would tax an improved method of arithmetic. No one is treated with any ceremony; there is hearty affection and perfect liberty; and the days glide by like dreams. At Christmas the good Major likes a great frolic. A countless number must sit down to the broad board; and in the evening Sandy is sent for from the quarters, with orders to bring his violin. The party then begin and dance until the next morning. The Major and his wife dance a minuet, to the great delight of the little folks; and then, with tumultuous kisses from dozens of little maidens, they retire, making place for cotillions and reels.

Thus, in the exercise of hearty hospitality—surrounded by children and children's children—does the honest old Major live his honest old country life. He rules his great household, his family, and servants with patriarchal affection, and has both their respect and their love. When he passes, in due time, to his long home, many tears will be shed by those whom he has bene-

fited; the neighbors will mourn for another type of the old Virginia gentleman passed from them, and the Land of the South will have lost one of her truest and most sturdy liegemen. May the day be far distant yet! We have not “lost the breed of noble minds,” but can not spare the master of “The Glades.”

The promise in the title to my sketch is kept. I have spoken of the good old mansion and the representatives of three generations. Here I might pause. But two or three figures more put in their claims to notice. Will you listen, good my reader, while I hold you by the button and add a few words more about these too?

“Grandmamma” sits by the fireside through the long summer days and the winter nights—a venerable landmark of the elder day. She wears a black silk gown, a snowy handkerchief secured by a pin across her breast, huge spectacles, silver-rimmed, and a great cap, set off with frills. She knits interminable stockings, and tells her old world tales. She is a living chronicle of the Virginia past. You have but to listen, and the former years will rise before you with their stately actors—the noble men of old, and the days that are dead. Once grandmamma was called “Little Katy,” and his Excellency General Washington took her on his knee and saluted her rosy cheek, thanking her for drinking the great toast to him in presence of the drunken troopers of Benedict Arnold. She will talk with you by the hour—garrulous, and running into endless particulars and details; for grandmamma's eyes have now looked upon the world for more than fourscore years. It is the past which she rules over in right of her venerable age—the land of recollections and of dreams—of traditional tales and forgotten histories. Soon she will pass from us, and a portion of the history of a vigorous race will disappear or live only as a myth.

All these old stories of dream-land you will hear from grandmamma; but if the present, with its “practical” affairs, attracts you, come to “Mamma's” chamber. Do not be afraid. In our country there is no ceremony. Mamma's chamber is as much the sitting-room of the mansion as the parlor—if you be a relative, or even a friend. You will find the good dame busy superintending the cutting out of the immense African army's full-cloth clothes—or rating soundly the idle young servant-girls—or teaching the little lump of charcoal on the cricket at her feet the art of handling the knitting-needle. To-morrow she will be busy in the spacious store-room—seeing to the manufacture of preserves, or cakes, or pickle, or going the round of the quarters, inquiring about and doctoring the sick. Mamma is a sensible woman in the main, but she is the victim of a deplorable hallucination upon certain subjects. She believes that the chief end of woman in this wicked world is, to read her Bible, go to church, love her husband and children, and see to the comfort and happiness of all around

her. What a low opinion she must have of the rights of women! She mends stockings, instead of seeking to amend the Constitution. She "communicates" recipes to her scrap-book instead of articles to the newspapers; she prefers the cradle to the rostrum; and would rather be esteemed a tender mother than a brilliant genius. This is the chief defect in mamma's character; otherwise she is regarded as an extremely sensible woman.

Shall we glance now, in conclusion, at those two youthful ornaments of "The Glades," Mr. Tom and pretty Miss Carry?

Tom is twenty-one, and has recently returned from his first year at the University. He is a handsome, dandified young fellow, with a mustache and English side-whiskers—as yet of modest development. He has graduated already, though not precisely after an examination by the Faculty. His tickets were supposed to be law, modern languages, and mathematics. In reality, however, he devoted his attention to the games of "seven up" and "euchre"—to "callythumps," and the art of compounding hot whisky punch. In all these branches of polite learning he has made a gratifying progress. But with the ardor of true genius he is not satisfied. His thirst for scientific acquisition is not quenched. He proposes to continue his arduous exploration into these mysteries for two years more. His friends already regard him with respect—his claims are not unrecognized. Some of them, however, have the bad taste to shake their heads, and ask what he will do if he is "thrown" on all his tickets? To this question Tom replies that his

"Faith is large in time,

And that which shapes it to some perfect end."

Tom is literary and critical. Violently Southern, he yet takes the Northern side of the argument for the sake of a good debate. This, as we have seen, occurred once too often. In reality, no stronger Southern man exists. Tom's literary partialities are modern. He admires Dumas, and Thackeray, and Dickens, and was delighted, for a limited time, with Mr. Alexander Smith's "Life Drama." He has spoken favorably of a Southern work, entitled "The Virginia Tragedians," or something of the sort—declaring that, with the benefit of a few hints from himself, a remoulding of the plot, an omission of all the dialogue, a change of time and place, and a different catastrophe, the book would be an admirable performance. The author is not aware of his views; if they were known to him he would, doubtless, write Mr. Tom a letter of thanks, and remodel the entire production.

Tom does not suffer acutely from a want of self-appreciation. He believes himself destined to direct the future destinies of this Republic. A year ago he hesitated between the United States Senate and a seat in the Cabinet. At present his thoughts are directed toward a foreign mission. He has expressed his sentiments at length to a cousin in the Senate on three sheets of gilt-edged note paper. . . . "Such,

my dear cousin, seems to me the present position of the Confederacy. You may feel surprise at this communication from a man of my age. But the world is invariably governed by young men. Alexander, Cæsar, Pascal, Abelard, Prince Eugene, Pitt, and Napoleon, were all young. The old fogies are doomed. America demands the services of the rising generation. I should like a foreign embassy—say the Court of St. James; if that is engaged, I should have no objection, under present circumstances, to Madrid. Let me hear from you very soon, as I shall have some arrangements to make. Your affectionate cousin."

I have not heard the issue of this correspondence. I presume the President is in consultation with his Cabinet. Meantime Tom has forgotten all about it. He has fallen in love. For a long series of years he remained rooted in the conviction that all the young ladies were in love with him. His favorite boast was that no girl could humbug *him*, my dear fellow—he wasn't green enough to get sentimental, and tie himself to a woman's apron-string. And as to their flirting with him—well, the idea was ridiculous, positively ridiculous. Love was a silly infatuation—the thing for sentimental boys—'hanged if he was a green-horn. But alas! and welladay! "who can control his fate?" Like some of those great conquerors of the world whom he referred to, Mr. Tom has fallen a victim. Cherry —, his cousin, has finished him. In Virginia you always fall in love with your cousin. There is an ancient statute against marrying any body but cousins. Cherry spent a month at "The Glades" this fall, and on the tenth day Tom succumbed to her dangerous eyes. He exhibits every symptom of a fatal attack. Carry has seen him walking by moonlight three times within the last week; and in his fire-place, the servant girl found half a dozen sheets of paper covered with poetry, in which "Cherry" rhymed to "merry," and "eyes" to "sighs." Carry fought for them, and the poet, very faint-hearted, was ingloriously defeated. Tom, however, could not "screw his courage to the sticking-place;" he confined his demonstrations to a few disconsolate looks, and never "spoke." The entire establishment enjoyed his state of mind, and even the Major found out how the land lay. The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and protested that the course of lovers at the present period filled him with astonishment. When he went courting in the good old times—and then came duly a long story. Yes, in his time, things were different. Tom did not profit even by this, and I have no doubt that he will soon recover from the disease, as Cherry is gone now; so I shall say no more about it. In due time Mr. Tom will doubtless succumb, finally; and then I predict that he will become a sober, serious, country gentleman; reigning at "The Glades," on his father's throne, and bragging about the good old times when James IV. was President.

The portrait of Young Graceless has left me

little space to delineate the manifold charms and attractions of the pretty Miss Carry. Still, an outline sketch is better than none at all.

Carry is eighteen. A pair of large hazel eyes look forth, with dangerous brilliancy, from a profusion of sunny curls; that is to say, when Miss Carry permits those natural ornaments to ripple at their "own wild will." They are generally carried back *Pompadour* fashion; and I assure you that the little romp of "The Glades," thus adorned, is dangerous to behold. When she tosses her handsome head she resembles a fallow-deer about to dart off like the wind. Carry is something of a flirt; she has been repeatedly detected "making eyes" at her cousins and their friends. She has a dangerous fashion of passing from mirth to seriousness; from merriment to sadness. She holds her little head as proudly as a young girl who has just discarded her first lover; but Carry has been fatal to *four* young gentlemen and a *half*. The half represents Charley —, who is trying to make up his mind. He daily repeats to himself, in an imbecile way, the fact, that

"Either he fears his fate,
Or his desert is small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

But this ceremony gives no relief. He is miserably afraid, too nervous to attempt his philosophy in practice, wants pluck, and meditates suicide. I predict, however, that Charley will die a natural death.

Charley may thus be represented as one half demolished. The four who preceded him were discarded definitely, but under "extenuating circumstances." The first addressed Carry, on an evening ride, when they contemplated the glories of sunset from a lofty hill. He adroitly referred to the Fairy Land beyond sundown, and said that if he possessed a palace there, "with one dear object by his side," he would ask no more. This remark naturally led to a difference of opinion upon the subject of the "object," Carry mischievously declaring that Mr. — was thinking of Nannie C—. Why will the more angelic half of humanity play with their adorers as a pretty tortoise-shell cat does with a mouse, enjoying keenly the agitation of the unfortunate captive? Carry knew that Alfred would address her on the slightest provocation, and she fearlessly brought on the *dénouement*, enjoying the excitement. Men drink. But let us not philosophize. The "one dear object" to make Cloudland happy, heard herself identified, and murmured with a blush that—that—something; but (recovering her voice), "would always love him as a brother." She gave him her soft little hand when they dismounted at the front door; there was a slight pressure, like a humming-bird's plumage on a flower; and on the same evening the unfortunate Alfred's disease became of a type still more alarming.

Carry's second victim addressed her on the great piazza by moonlight. He brought my

Lord Byron to his assistance. His melting glances indicated the fact that it was *Miss Carry* who walked in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies; all that was beautiful and bright met in *her* aspect and her eyes. A quarter of an hour after this declaration Jack — was surreptitiously overseen, by a curious young African, kneeling on the portico, at Miss Carry's feet, and pressing kisses upon her gloves. When the criminal eaves-dropper was questioned in relation to what followed, his reply was to the effect that they quarreled—then made up—and Miss Carry called Mas' Jack *her brother*. Jack, however, had received his dispatches, and departed on his mission up Salt River. Carry's third victim addressed her at a grand country frolic, in the midst of a crowd, while the "Splendid Voice" of the evening was banging the piano. He told her that he was a miserable old bachelor of twenty-one—that he wanted a dear little wife to take home—he loved her with his whole heart—wouldn't she marry him? Carry blushed more deeply than she had ever been known to blush before, and her voice trembled somewhat when she looked into honest Walter's eyes, and, in a whisper, discarded him. She almost forgot to tell him that she would "love him as a brother;" and his unhappy look made such an impression upon her that I should not be at all surprised if Carry thought better of it, and consented to be Mrs. Walter. The three "brothers" duly found their affairs public—though Carry declares upon her honor, and I believe her, that she never breathed a syllable to a soul—and the friends of these gentlemen are accustomed, from time to time, to tenderly inquire "if they have seen their *sister* lately?"

As to Carry's fourth admirer, the girls all agreed that he was sentimental and lackadaisical, and that they never could respect a man who accepted meekly every species of insult. He paid Miss Carry great attention, and finally addressed her in church. His tone and manner were meeker than usual. Of course the temptation could not be resisted. Carry tossed her head, gave the gentleman a withering look of outraged piety; and when he begged her, in an agonized whisper, to "make him happy or miserable forever," curtly replied that she "wanted to hear the sermon, Sir!" after which the triumphant little maiden took no further notice of him. The reply finished him. He issued forth from church in an exceedingly weak and imbecile state of mind, and was observed to hold a white handkerchief to his face. He had "a sty on his eye," he murmured—which observation caused Miss Carry to shake from head to foot with smothered entertainment. When she reached home Carry nearly died laughing at the occurrence; but I don't think that the expression of her pretty face on a fine morning some months afterward indicated much amusement. Her cheeks were flushed with indignation, her pretty lip elaborately pouted, and her bright eyes darted flashes of unmistakable anger. That morning she had received an invitation to the

imbecile gentleman's wedding, his bride being one of the wealthiest and most beautiful girls of the county. Such intelligence does not invariably please young ladies. But there was more. Charley —, who "dropped in" soon afterward, communicated the intelligence that Mr. Imbecile had said that he "courted Miss Carry only from a sense of propriety, after paying her so much attention;" and further, that when he issued from the church he held the white handkerchief to his face to conceal his satisfaction and smiles! Charley offered to put the intended bridegroom to death, but Carry dissuaded him from this rash measure. She was too much mortified even to be angry long, and soon changed the subject. When she met Mr. Imbecile, on the next Sunday, she passed grandly without bowing. Such is the history of Carry's fourth admirer.

I have sported with her little caprices and coquettish ways, and told of her love affairs—but Carry is an excellent girl. She will make an admirable wife. She loves her father and mother, and every one around her, with a depth and tenderness of affection, which indicates an earnest nature. She only takes her maiden holiday now—flaunting in ribbons and roses, and immense hoops, and all a young girl's personal adornments. One day she will dismiss these trifles from her thoughts and become a good wife. Now, she pouts and smiles with the prettiest little air, and tosses her head, and dances on the tiptoes of her little rosetted slippers, and says the sauciest things, and teases and worries, and snubs and soothes her admirers, and even her family. In due time she will meet with some honest gentleman whom she will love, and then I predict that our little beauty of "The Glades" will make as good a wife as ever lived upon Virginia soil. So may it be!

With this brief sketch of pretty Carry I end my talk about the old Virginia country-house. It is an honest old place, and deserved thus much mention at least. If you will leave your ledgers or your books, and, shaking off the dust of the city streets, come into the serene fields, by the great river, you will discern, from afar, the gray walls of "The Glades;" and, perhaps, may be tempted to approach the hill. Once within the grassy chase, beneath the century oaks, you may feel an inclination to see the inside of the old mansion. If so, you need use no ceremony. Approach and enter. The door is not closed; it stands always hospitably open. The Major will meet you on the threshold—he will press your hand, and in a quarter of an hour you will no longer feel like a stranger.

Would you listen to the honest, prejudiced, eloquent talk of a lingering type of the old Virginia gentleman? Ask the Major if he really thinks that Mr. Calhoun was a great statesman? or, whether "degrees in a state" are not objectionable? Upon these subjects you will receive an amount of information which many books would fail to supply.

Would you see a good representative of

"Young Virginia?" Do you like college jokes, and boundless conceit, and generous enthusiasm about Harry Clay, or some great name, no matter upon what political side? Take one of Tom's cigars, and go with him to the stables. He will show you all the horses, point out their various good points, and inform you of his views and opinions upon every imaginable subject.

Or, if you are young and fond of ladies' society, Miss Carry and mamma will talk with you in the drawing-room. Mamma will not sit long, however—she has many duties to perform. Her key-basket will rattle slightly, she will glide away with a smile, and you will be doomed to a *tête-à-tête* with Carry. The young lady will make you laugh with her mirth, or weep with her tender Scottish songs. Take care!

If, lastly, you care for none of these things—neither for politics, nor blooded horses, nor young ladies—if you are a student of the past, and like to linger amidst the sad or glorious scenes of other days—you have only to take your seat beside good grandmamma, and pay attention while she talks. Listen, and you will hear that singular age, dead now so long, speak to you in its eloquent and gracious voice—the elder day will live again for you in all its strength and splendor. You will be a spectator of, if not an actor in, the drama which was played by giants—those men of other days who tower above the present like so many Titans. Listen, and all those noble figures will defile before you in a long glittering line—you will see their lordly brows, and clear eyes with the eagle's glance, and firm lips full of iron resolution. The past will live again; the former day will lie before you like a stately landscape, brilliant in the sunshine; the stormy glories of the Revolution will burst into bloom, like bloody flowers, and you will clasp in your own—warm, throbbing, and impulsive—the ponderous hand which shaped our destiny—the hand of Washington.

All this, and more, will rise before you, and be your life for the time, as you listen to good grandmamma, reviving, with her poor cracked voice, the noble memories of other years.

AN INCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS.

BY MRS. GASKELL.

"YOU were in too much agitation this morning," said Madame Percival, "to take much interest in a scene that was present to my mind as we looked upon the rapids, but I think I must tell it you now. I said that I had often been at the Falls. It must be nine or ten years since what I am going to tell you about happened during one of my visits. You noticed the small rocks that come up to the surface in the current just above the rapids. Of course they form obstacles to the drift-wood and rubbish that is constantly being borne down the stream; and this accumulation of stray substances has, in time, formed some of these rocks into islands. There is one of the largest just in the middle of the rushing waters, where the

impetuous torrent is fullest and widest, not half a mile from the Falls. It is covered with brushwood, and even some trees of a tolerable growth. I was walking on the shore one day, and came to the road just opposite to this island. There I saw a hundred or so of people collected, now still and breathless, now moved about as by some common sympathy. What could be the matter? I walked hastily up, and then, looking by sympathy to the point on which all eyes seemed fixed, I saw two men on this island—two Irishmen, as they told me—who, ignorant of the force of the rapids, had undertaken to cross the river in a boat—going to their day's work, as I think they said—at a point too near the Falls for any one but a stranger to attempt. Their boat had long since been whirled away over the Falls. They were saved as by a miracle; they had been carried by the force of the stream, dashing against this piece of resistance—this little island, not two hundred yards off, and had sprung out on the safe ground, as it were, by instinct; but it seemed but like exchanging one kind of death for another. They were safe from the Falls; but no human being had ever set foot on that island, surrounded by the whirling floods; it seemed beyond the power of man to reach it—how much the more to escape from it! Any one who attempted it would be carried down a short two minutes' agony of swift, relentless torrent, and then—God pity the state of that creature dashed down the Falls! The thought of that ghastly sweep of waters made the little crowd silent and motionless, even while looking on at the passionate gestures (no doubt accompanied by many words and cries that were utterly lost in the roar of many waters) of the two men, who, now kneeling—now standing up and tossing their arms aloft in the air—now down again on their pleading knees, their heads buried in their hands, as if trying to drown the perpetual rush of the resounding torrent, and to speak their last earthly words to God with clear and steady minds. Oh, my God! what could we—helpless men—do for these, our brothers? Through the crowd came a cry; it cleft our murmured, whispered words like a sharp, flaming sword; it was the wife of one of the doomed men.

“‘Are you blind, lame, stocks and stones?’ she said, as she would have waded deep into the tossing waters if two or three strong men had not held her by main force. ‘He has seven children, the youngest a sucking babe. Harken to him!’ for she heard him, or thought she heard him. ‘For the love of God!’ he cries; ‘for the love of the Blessed Virgin, send help.’ ‘Patrick! Patrick!’ she screeched—as if he could hear—‘are ye thinking on the blessed Lady of many sorrows in the little church of Droughadmore at home?’ Oh,’ said she, dropping her voice, ‘that we had never left our home, and the our’ parents, who blessed us when we left, and are thinking on us now, little dreaming what a death lies before us; for if he dies, I will die, and God help the orphans!’

“Suddenly a man came up, stripped to his trowsers. I believe he had been in the crowd before, only I had not noticed him. He was a fine, stalwart young fellow, with a rope tied round his waist, and the end of the coil in the hands of another man. Two or three were following him, evidently dissuading him from undertaking such a tremendous risk, as I saw in his flaming eye and compressed lip he himself believed it to be. They were speaking low and earnestly. I only caught one piece of his answer. ‘Take care of my old mother, boys; but that I know you will. Yon man out there has wife and children. I have none.’ Then he came up to the passionate, woeful woman, and told her that, by God’s help, he would strive to save her husband, and bade her bless him before he went. She looked him steadily in the face for a moment, as if reading his soul, and then lifted up her arms and blessed him. ‘God be with thee in thy going out and in thy coming in; in the deep waters, as on the dry land; in the struggle of thy life, as in the deeper struggle of thy death! God be with thee evermore. His will be done!’

“And, as if the reference to God had calmed the tumult of her despair, or it might be from pure physical exhaustion, she sat down mutely and meekly, cowered down by the side of the terrible stream, and buried her head in her gown-tail, which she had worn, like many of her countrywomen, in lieu of a cloak or shawl.

“The young man and he who held the end of the coil of rope began to ascend the course of the torrent. We lost sight of them for a time. We held our breaths. The only sound that broke the dead silence that coexisted with the rush and crash of the torrent were the low, muttered prayers of the poor Irishwoman, as we heard her telling her beads. At length some one cried out, ‘There he is!’ and sure enough, high up at the bend of the river, we saw a little black scallop shell of a boat, steered or sculled (I don’t know which you call it) by one man; it was whirled, and tossed, and thrown hither and thither by the white, foaming rapids, not yet—where he was—at their full force, but gathering fury every yard that he neared the island, still two or three hundred yards away. All the steersman’s energy and power seemed reserved for the one action of tacking from rock to rock, so that at each obstacle he could take breath, and rearrange the boat. He was drifted swiftly from rock to rock. At times we feared his strength would not suffice to guide his little boat to the next point of land among the seething waters, and that we should see him borne past us like lightning, carried hopelessly to the Falls by the tremendous rapid. At times we lost him behind the scrubby brushwood that grew here and there on an islet larger than the others; but at length the last passage was made; he was there on the island. We saw him rousing and comforting the men, who by this time had sunk into the weakness and the stupor of despair. He cheered them up, he patted their

backs; he pointed to us, or rather to the poor shrouded wife, still praying with hidden eyes. Then at last we watched him cut down some tree-branches, and lay them in the bottom of the boat—we could not imagine why—and then there was some arrangement of the rope he had taken with him. I hardly know how—for by this time the poor wife had gone down to the ground with a heavy fall and a long sobbing groan in a dead faint, from which no efforts of mine could rouse her—nothing, in short, but her husband, as—saved and rescued by that brave young man—he stood by her, and took her in his arms, and cheered her and comforted her by the sound of that voice she thought never to hear more.”

“And the young man—what became of the young man?” asked I.

“Why” (and Madam Percival’s eyes were wet with tears, although her mouth was smiling), “we did not know how to make enough of him—some of us blessed him, and some of us shook him by the hand—he, all the time, trying to get rid of us, and making light of his daring, and at last escaping from us, under pretense of needing to change his clothes, which were indeed wet through with the spray and the dashing waters. When he was out of sight the oldest man among the crowd took off his hat, and just thanked God in as few and simple words as you can well imagine; and then held the hat to us all, without another word of explanation. We knew what it was for; for while the young man had been gone up the wooded shore, before he had embarked upon the roaring waters—we could not have spoken a word then—it had been bruited that he was a poor working lad, who maintained his old mother by daily labor—and we longed to make his life a bit easier to him henceforth. So one put in a watch

as pledge for something more, and many put in dollars, and some few put in cents (with tears that they had no more to give), and altogether there were from three to four hundred dollars either paid or promised, by the time he came out of the kind of public-house into which he had gone to change his clothes. Those who were on the watch for him brought him to us again—unwilling and sheep-faced, though he did not know why we wanted him. Then the old man (who would fain have made a speech, only words failed him) shoved the hat into his hand, and burst into tears.

“The young fellow looked at the money—looked round at us all—and then quietly placed the hat on the ground. ‘Thank you all, kindly,’ said he; ‘but I can’t take it.’ He gave no reason; only replied over and over again in the same words. ‘Thank you kindly; but I can’t take it.’ We could do nothing at the moment; but it was suggested (and the idea was followed out) that the house in which his mother lived, and the rent of which he had to pay, should be bought, and given to the old woman, before he knew any thing about it. Meanwhile, he said, in a simple and straightforward manner enough, ‘I cut a few stems and branches down from yon place. I thought as no man had ever been there before, to my knowledge, no one might happen to go there again; and they might be kind of curiosities in the way of walking-sticks. I reckon to make six or seven of ’em, and I hope they will not be thought too high-priced at half a dollar each.’

“You may be sure there was a rush for them; and many a one cried, ‘Let them be put up to auction!’ But no! the first bidders had them; and no begging or entreaty could make him take more than half a dollar for each.”

IN ARTICULO MORTIS.

THE turbulent soul was calm. The hour of rest—
 That evening hour of Life, when storms go down,
 And Man’s tumultuous bosom, like the sea
 Suddenly lulled at sinking of the sun,
 Placidly mirrors the white shapes of heaven—
 Had stolen upon the statesman. Silence filled
 The room, and from the lamp a tremulous ray
 Played on his furrowed cheeks and rugged brow,
 Like moonlight on some fortress laid in ruin.
 By his bedside the Nation’s Chieftain sate,
 With head low bent, and ear alert to catch
 The counsels of the dying. Silence filled
 The room; but yet invisibly and slow
 Innumerable angels, poised in air,

Drooped their white wings, like curtains, o'er the couch
Where dying Benton lay.

A silence filled
The room, and still the Nation's Chief bent low
His head to catch the sacred stream of speech
Which, in the Shadow of the Vale of Death,
Gathers mysterious virtues from the soil.

When the last milestone's past, and wearied out
With travel, and the thirst for eternal springs,
We stand exhausted on the verge of earth,
Gazing upon the Undiscovered Land
That lies beyond, with wonder and with awe,
Sometimes from out the formless mists that hang
Over the Frontier that we dread to pass,
There bursts a light, mystic, ineffable,
More than the glories of quintillion suns
Shining together. Then the fainting soul,
Bathed in this strange, invigorating light,
Leaps from the dust in which it lies, and flings
Abroad the fleshly rags that cover it,
And like an eagle rushing to the sun
Soars through the golden Aura, and is lost
In the effulgence, endless and eternal!

Now, when a breathless silence filled the room,
And the gray-headed Chieftain of the land
Hung o'er the lips of him, who, awe-struck stood,
Yet resolute, upon the edge of Earth,
A wondrous light, mystic, ineffable,
On dying Benton's pallid forehead played;
Filling his eyes with a serener fire,
Flushing his cheeks with a celestial youth,
Rippling adown his hair, until his face
Was all illumined like a Book of Prayer!

Then spake he in a whisper, distant, faint,
That fell upon the silence in the room
Like a voice calling from the eternal shore
To one on Earth.

"The page is almost turned,"
He said. "The Angel holds the fluttering leaf
On which is writ the story of my life.
A rustle, and a motion, and 'twill pass
Among the things that were. In this last hour
I seemed to hear, amid the Hills of Heaven,

Whose topmost pinnacles upon my sight
Rise as I float along the shores of Death,
A multitude of voices cry aloud,
‘The Nation is in peril! Call the Chief!’
I called you; but a higher voice than mine
Speaks in the summons, and a higher thought
Dictates my words. The tongues of dying men
Are God’s own telegraphs to human-kind!

“The man in power is ever sore beset;
He drives the chariot of the Commonwealth,
But busy hands keep meddling with the reins,
And lazy suppliants cling around the wheels,
And at the corners beggars bar his way
With outstretched hands and pertinacious eyes,
Pleading for place. Forever by his side
Stand evil counselors, who point and point,
And recommend this road, or that, or that.
There’s but one road for one like you to take,
And but one finger-post that shows it—God!

“Did but the mystic fingers touch your eyes
That now touch mine, and did you but behold
Th’ unrolling of the wondrous Avenue
Of Progress, opening to the stately march
Of this our nation, why your sight would fail
At the supernal splendor of the vision!
But how to reach it? Not by giving ear
To the false tongues of men; but when the hour
Of solitude and silence doth arrive;
When for a while the burden of the state
Drops from your shoulders, and you stand erect
And are yourself—then turn to Him whose hand
Gathers the countless golden reins that guide
Innumerable spheres, and ask of Him
The grace to govern, and the strength to rule.”

He ceased. Once more a silence filled the room,
And from the statesman’s tranquil countenance
Faded the mystic light by slow degrees,
Like the daylight fading o’er the sea.
Sudden the myriads of angelic wings
That canopied the bed were strangely struck
With a vibration, and together thrilled
In every plume, as through the breathless silence
That filled the room there rose a holy murmur
Of orisons—The two old men were praying!

A MOTHER'S CONFESSION.

I.

"AGNES?"

"Well, Norman?" I spoke sharply, turning my face away from my husband and snapping the emerald bracelet on my wrist with a quick, impatient motion. I knew well what he had come to ask of me, and I was willfully and angrily determined to refuse it.

"I wish you would not go out to-night," he said, earnestly, paying no heed to my ungracious manner. "I wish it very much, Agnes. Will you stay at home to please me?"

"It is like you to say *that*," I answered, irritably, "putting it on the ground of *pleasing you*, when your wish is nothing but an unreasonable exaction, a selfish demand."

"Agnes!"—the color flushed to his brow, and he pressed his lips tightly for a moment, but the words came out gentle and kind as ever—"I scarcely think I have deserved such a charge from you, when I have given up my own wishes—in this very thing—so many times for your pleasure."

"It is generous to tell me of it, now," I retorted. "Noble in you to boast how often you have sacrificed yourself to an ungrateful wife! You take your reward that way, however, and your self-approval must content you, for I can not consent to 'please' you to-night by giving up an engagement that I am expected to meet. I am already dressed, and Mrs. Bennett will call in a few minutes."

I settled a fold of the delicate lace that drooped from my shoulders, and rearranged the crimson fuschias in my hair; then without another word or glance for my husband, I swept past him into an inner room, and stooped over the cradle where my baby lay asleep, softly nestled among cambric ruffles and silken coverlets. It was a tiny, white little face that slept beneath my gaze, looking so wan and fragile that a more experienced or more loving mother would have hung over it, full of tender yearnings and anxieties, keeping watch upon its frail life night and day, instead of wasting precious hours away from it in ball-rooms and opera-houses.

But my heart was full of bitterness toward my own child. Its winsome helplessness stirred no tenderness in me, its fragile look woke no pity as I stood by the little cradle. "It is only this child that he cares for," I said, angrily, to myself; "I am nothing now but its mother. I must stay at home day and night to watch it, and nurse it, make myself its slave, have no thought in the world beyond it, and *him*! As if I married him only to be his housekeeper and a nurse for his children!"

And I turned away from the sleeping infant, leaving no mother's kiss behind, and went down stairs with the scornful flush on my cheek, and the resentful thought in my heart, to wait for my friend, Mrs. Bennett. Norman did not come near me again, and I sat alone beneath the lighted chandelier, my costly fan catching sparkles from its brightness, and my beautiful

dress lying on the floor in shining pearly folds, while I brooded in silence over my wicked and unreasonable anger.

It was the first time I had ever spoken in just such a way to my husband, or so openly and positively slighted his wishes; but it was the first time, also, that he had ever decidedly opposed any plan or purpose of mine in all the year since we were married.

I had been a spoiled child all my life—willful and proud, utterly impatient of any contradiction, and, under my guardian's easy sway, rarely meeting with it. Every one humored my caprices and submitted to my will, until I grew up haughty, exacting, and selfish—claiming homage and admiration as my lawful tribute—and altogether ignorant of that true womanly adorning—"the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Nevertheless more than one rich treasure of love had been spent upon me, unlovely as I was in too many respects, and Norman Granger's pure, manly devotion had constrained me to answer it with all my heart in return.

I loved him passionately and entirely, as it was my nature to love, and I knew myself honored and ennobled by his choice. Still, in my pride and selfishness, in my folly and ignorance, I would not submit to be governed even by him. My will must be law with him, as it had been with others—my preference decide every point at issue. I wanted devotion and admiration, not counsel or direction, or, more hateful still, disapproval of any of my acts. Of womanly humility and wifely submission I had no more knowledge than the veriest spoiled child in the universe, nor any more appreciation of Norman's magnanimity in bearing with me so patiently and tenderly.

I did not remember, as I sat in the soft light brooding over my fancied wrongs, how many times he had given up his own preference for a quiet evening at home to take me to some gay scene altogether uncongenial to him; how constantly he had indulged my lightest wishes; how nobly, forbearing reproach, he had borne with my selfishness and frequent ill-humor; how tenderly and unweariedly he had kept watch in my sick-room when the child was born. I only remembered some words of his, overheard once, not many months before the baby came. I was dressed, as now, for a party, and I heard them as I sat by the register in my dressing-room, warming my satin-slippered feet before going down. The library was just below, and Norman and my guardian were talking of me. Every word was borne to me on the rush of heated air as plainly as if I had stood in their presence, and every word kept its own bitter place in my memory still. It was in answer to something my guardian had said—I did not care to remember *his* speech—but this was Norman's:

"I sometimes think," he said, "that we made a mutual mistake in our marriage. Agnes only seems to be happy when she is in a

crowd. An evening at home, alone with me, makes her miserable, while the exact reverse is true of myself. I am tired and sick of this continual going out; but Agnes never seems to weary of it herself, or to understand what a weariness it is to me."

"She will have to give it up before long," said my guardian. "When the child comes it will keep her at home."

"Yes," Norman answered, "that is my great hope for the future. The child will surely make a change—she can not neglect *its* claims upon her. And then, perhaps, my dream of a home may be fulfilled. So far there has been little realization of it."

There was nothing more said; but what I had heard was enough to kindle a fire of indignation in my heart. Any true wife, any right-minded woman, hearing such a confession of disappointment and regret from the lips of her husband, would have been covered with shame and confusion of face; would have diligently examined herself to discover the root of evil that had borne the bitter fruit; and, having found it, would, in all humility and sorrow, have determined to make the future atone for the errors of the past. But I only felt indignant, outraged, insulted—the shadow of injustice in my husband's words was enough to make me overlook all their truth, and I could not forgive him for having found fault with me to another. I curled my lip in scorn at the thought of the child, and said to myself, "He may wait longer than that for the realization of his dream! I will not make myself a slave to it any more than I will to him. Am I to give up every pleasure in the world because I am a wife and going to be a mother? Better be a nun at once!"

So from that time I only thought of my baby with dislike, and the inward determination that it should never put any restraint upon me. I did not tell Norman that I had overheard his conversation with my guardian, and I would not explain to him the reason of my cold and altered manner. But I never forgot one word. I hardened my heart with them against all his loving tenderness during my illness: I thought of them when they brought my baby to me, and even that first irrepressible thrill of love and delight was embittered by the memory that this child was "*his only hope for the future!*"

It was a delicate little thing from the first, needing constant care and watchfulness; but I gave it little of either, partly because I was really ignorant and inexperienced, knowing nothing about a mother's duties, and partly, also, because I was wickedly determined to show my husband that the child should make no change in me. I was young and vigorous, and soon recovered my own strength; and as soon as possible I resumed all my former habits and engagements. Most of the day I spent in driving about, shopping, and returning calls. In the evenings there was the same old round of opera and theatre, invitations abroad, parties or visitors at home; and I gave myself up more

entirely than ever to them all, for the evil spirit grew upon me more and more. I was miserable, of course, but I knew that I made Norman so as well, and that revengeful satisfaction contented me. God forgive me! I did not know or care what bitter seed I was sowing for future blossoming.

The baby pined and dwindled daily for lack of proper nourishment. I nursed it when I was at home, and did not forget it, which I was apt enough to do; but half the time its cries of hunger were quieted with opiates. The nurse could not be expected to be more conscientious than the mother. Norman kept silence for a long time. I think he tried to believe that my conduct was only the result of thoughtlessness, and that I would come to a sense of what was right by-and-by. He would not acknowledge to himself that I acted with a special purpose to oppose and disappoint him, and yet he must have suspected it more than once.

At last he remonstrated. It was when I told him of my engagement to go with Mrs. Bennett to a public ball given for some charity or other—asking him carelessly if he chose to accompany us. Twice before in the same week I had been absent from the child till long past midnight, and he was not yet four months old. Norman reminded me of the fact, and asked me if it was possible I could be ignorant of the injury so young an infant must sustain by such neglect. I answered indifferently that he was not neglected, that he was accustomed to be fed, and did as well without me as with me. That I had never proposed to myself to become a nursery-maid as soon as I became a mother. The scornful words stung him as I meant that they should, and he replied indignantly, demanding the cause of the strange manner I had adopted toward him for so long, and insisting upon his right to an explanation. I returned with passion that I claimed an equal right to speak and act as I pleased, and that I did not choose to enter into any explanations. My reasons were sufficient for myself.

So I left him. I did not see him again until he came to my room in the evening, and how I received him then the reader knows. What remorse for myself, and misery for both of us, in the future, I might have avoided by listening to him then, I can hardly estimate now. I learned long afterward how much in his mind depended upon my answer to his request. He had conquered his own pride, of which he had fully as much as I, although it was of a nobler order—and asked that as a favor which he might have commanded as a right. If I had consented, it would have been the earnest of a new life to him. He would have told me all things that were on his mind—his sorrow and disappointment, his longing for perfect union and confidence between us—and by his love and his earnestness have constrained me to listen, until the barrier of my willful resentment was broken down, and a right understanding of the whole trouble established. I did not know all this, it

is true, nor that my husband had made this the test of my worthiness, the stake upon which our future happiness depended—that he had determined to leave me to my own ways, if he failed in this, as one unworthy of further hope or effort. But if I had, doubtless my reckless pride would have been stronger still than love or fear, and I should have gone on, braving all consequences.

II.

Mrs. Bennett's rustling flounces and laughing voice broke in upon my pleasant reverie. "What a charming tableau, and what a pity to spoil it!" was her exclamation as I rose to meet her. "It might have been 'maiden meditation fancy free,' if only one did not know of that dear, devoted husband, and the bewitching little encumbrance in the nursery. What have you been doing to yourself? You are more splendid than ever to-night."

"Am I?" I said, lightly. "Let us go at once, then, and do execution while the charm lasts."

"And Mr. Granger?"

"Oh, he declines the entertainment, and I shall survive without him."

"Good!" Mrs. Bennett clapped her kid gloves merrily. "You have been quarreling, I know. That's the secret of your bloom and your bright eyes. I am delighted!"

"It is refreshing occasionally; by way of variety, you know," I said, with a forced laugh.

"Refreshing? It's the only spice of married life!" she returned. "George and I quarrel awfully. I always begin it when I want to look my handsomest; you get up such a color, you know, when you are saying all sorts of outrageous things, and making a man furious. I always admire myself in a rage, and it's quite as becoming to you, judging from the effects."

"Don't take too much for granted," I said, carelessly, drawing my cloak around my shoulders as we went out. I have not confessed to a rage, remember. Take care of the wheel there, your dress is touching it."

The footman was holding open the carriage-door, and I started another topic as soon as it was closed upon us. I did not choose to talk of my husband to Mrs. Bennett, or any one else. My pride was of so much service at least that it prevented me from showing to strangers any of the unhappy secrets of our home. No one ever guessed from my manner that a single shadow had fallen upon my life, and Mrs. Bennett did not dream, when she saw me gayest and brightest of all the brilliant throng, that there was any reality in her playful accusation of a quarrel. It was quite beyond her capacity to comprehend such feelings as were rankling in my heart while lips and eyes smiled serene above.

Norman was up still when I returned home, very late. I saw the lights in his study, and his own figure at the window for a moment, as the carriage stopped. Mrs. Bennett was half asleep among her shawls, but she roused up to make a remark about "his devotion," in con-

trast to "George's" indifference, "who had been asleep at least three hours, she was sure!" I bade her a merry good-night, and ran up the steps of the portico, where a servant was already waiting at the open door. But Norman did not come to meet me, as he had always done before when I had been out without him. I went up stairs alone; and although his door was open as I passed, he did not come out to me, or even speak. In our chamber I waited long for him, but he never came, and I lay down to sleep at last, for the first time since our marriage, without him; wondering, bitterly, as I did so, what Mrs. Bennett would think of "his devotion" could she see us now!

The baby had never slept with me. I would not be troubled with him, and never gave myself any concern as to the nurse's management, although she occupied a room adjoining mine, ostensibly to be under my supervision. To-night I could not sleep. I lay awake, tossed with a tumult of angry thoughts, uppermost of which was the indignant one that Norman was trying by his absence to *punish* me into submission!—and so it happened that I heard the child when he wakened in the next room and began to cry. His feeble wail was little more than a moan, most pitiful to hear, but not loud enough to disturb the nurse it seemed, for it went on for some time unnoticed. At last, when I had just made up my mind to call her, I heard her rouse up and take the child, apparently, saying, in a sleepy, fretful way,

"Oh, baby, dear, do be quiet! Ye're wearin' the life out o' me with your frettin'! What ails ye that ye can't sleep?"

And then, when the child still moaned, I heard her moving about, and the rattle of a spoon and cup, as I thought; and by-and-by there was quiet again. "She has fed him," I said to myself. "That was all he wanted, and now he has gone to sleep." So I settled myself into an easier position among the pillows, and fell asleep at last, without another thought for my poor little baby. It was very late in the morning before I waked, and almost noon when, my toilet and breakfast accomplished, I asked for the child. Then I was told that he was asleep. I don't know what impulse prompted me, but, indolent and languid as I felt, I got up and went to look at him in his crib. He lay profoundly asleep, motionless and white, almost, as if he were dead. So white and death-like that, for the first time, a sense of fear shot through my heart, and involuntarily I laid my hand over his little, pale lips to feel his breath. He did breathe, faintly, indeed, but I was satisfied, and went back to my dressing-room to amuse myself with a new novel. Norman had not been near me all the day, but I had seen him from my window going out of the house.

An hour later, when I began to weary of the book, I called for the baby again; but he was still asleep. "Hasn't he been awake to-day?" I asked, beginning to feel uneasy, though I scarcely knew why.

"Oh yes, ma'am! to be sure he has!" was the nurse's hasty answer. "I had him up and dressed him this morning. He only dropped off again just a little while before you asked for him first, ma'am."

"Well, go and wake him up," I said; "I want him."

"It seems like a pity, ma'am—" she began, hesitatingly, but I checked her authoritatively:

"He has slept long enough. Do as I tell you, and bring him to me."

She went into the next room, and I saw her take the child out of the cradle, and begin to shake him and throw him up in her arms to waken him. His little head drooped heavily, and his tiny arms fell loosely by his side, but there was no voluntary motion. The drowsy lids did not uncloze, and no change passed over his face. She could not rouse him.

I grew frightened when I saw her ineffectual efforts, and starting up hastily I snatched him from her, tossed him up and down rapidly two or three times, then shook him violently and called aloud. But neither sound nor motion answered me. I might as well have tried to rouse the sleep of the dead. I turned fiercely to the nurse, who stood by pale with terror:

"You have been doing something to my child! Tell me at once what you have given him—this instant tell me!"

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am, I never gave him a thing," she protested, eagerly. "Never a drop of nothing, forbye the milk he takes every night. Sure an' I wouldn't be the one to do such a thing!"

"Go for Mr. Granger—ring the bell—send for a doctor!" I ordered, passionately, grasping the bell-handle myself as I spoke, and pulling it till the jangling echoes rang through the house.

"Walter! my baby! *darling*, wake up for mamma!" I screamed in the child's unconscious ear, growing wild with fear as I threw him to and fro, and flew about the room, now to the fire, now to the window, in vain efforts to shake off the horrible stupor which bound as with a spell every limb and feature. Nothing but the faint breathing gave any token of life, and to my excited terror even that seemed almost spent.

The nurse came back presently, faltering out that Mr. Granger was not at home; but the violent ringing had brought other servants to the room, and with as much self-possession as I could command, I ordered one to go for the nearest physician, and another to try to find my husband—though I remembered, with a sinking heart, that to-day was Saturday, and it was his usual custom to go out of town on that day; so it was more than likely that he was miles away from the city at this time. Still I sent the servant on the search, and seated myself then with the baby on my lap; giving over my vain attempts to rouse him, and waiting as calmly as I could for a doctor's arrival.

It seemed ages before he came, and my baby slumbered on in my arms, his little heart beat-

ing more and more feebly, the breath coming with still fainter inspirations, and the small, pallid face looking already as if it lay under the shadow of death. What agony of suspense and dread—what yearning, remorseful love—what pity and self-reproach tortured my soul during this terrible interval, let any mother imagine! Selfish, and willful, and blind to my own faults as I was, I could not but feel that I had wrought this evil, at least in part; and I bowed myself down to the dust in anguish and shame. If Norman—if my husband—had but come to me then, I would have knelt at his feet in my despair and misery; I would have clung to him for pardon and pity; I would have poured out all the sorrow and penitence of my heart in confession of my wrong-doing and imploring his forgiveness—and so I *might* have been saved from the worse wrong and deeper wretchedness which awaited me!

But he did not come; only the doctor, at last; and I saw, as he bent over the baby, the hopeless sentence written in his face before any word was spoken.

"How long has the child lain in this state?" he asked.

I answered mechanically, "About two hours. His nurse says that he was awake this morning."

"Who gave him the laudanum?"

"The nurse, I suppose," I replied, in the same way; "but she declares she has given him nothing."

He turned sharply to her as she crouched upon the floor, hiding her face—"Tell the truth at once, or I will have you arrested for poisoning. When did you give laudanum to this child; and how long has he been asleep? He was not awake two hours ago!"

A burst of sobs and incoherent assertions of innocence was her only answer at first, but a few energetic words from him brought out the truth presently. It was the old story, often told. My neglect and indifference had made her unscrupulous in the use of means to relieve herself from trouble. "She had often given him a drop or so," she said, "when he had colic, and it never did him any hurt. Last night he fretted, and she gave him some in his milk, and she didn't believe he had been awake since. She had dressed him in the morning, to try to wake him up, but he hardly roused a bit, only opened his eyes once, and dropped off again directly; and he had never stirred since."

This was the substance of her confession. I listened to it without a word, for I knew I had no right to reproach her. What the doctor thought of me I do not know. He was not our family physician, and I never saw him afterward; but he must have felt that I, after all, was more guilty than the ignorant nurse.

"Will he ever wake up?" I asked him, as he stooped down and put his ear to the breast of the child. My voice was subdued from the very depth of my misery, but I think he thought me callous. He raised his head and answered abruptly,

"Not in this world, madam. The child is dying."

"Is there no hope? Can you do nothing for him?"

"Nothing. He is beyond the reach of remedies," was the brief answer, and there was no more said. He stood before me, looking down in silence upon the infant in my lap. And I looked down, too, mute and motionless, with dry eyes and folded hands, but my heart seemed turning to stone.

It was soon over, for the little life was almost spent when the doctor arrived. A faint shiver trembled down the limbs, and stopped suddenly. A deathlier paleness settled upon the small face, and the tiny, fluttering breath ceased its play forever. My child lay dead upon my knees!

III.

The afternoon had waned, and a dreary twilight shadow was creeping through my husband's study, where I crouched by the neglected fire and waited for his return. Ever since I had left the little motionless figure up stairs I had been here, wandering vaguely about the room or drooping by the fire alone with my wretchedness, waiting and longing with wild impatience for Norman's return, and yet dreading it with terror unspeakable. "What will he say? oh, what will he say?" I caught myself repeating aloud, over and over again, unmeaningly and unconsciously. And then I hurried up and down the room and wrung my hands in despair, or went to the window and strained my eyes to catch his figure in the distance, or crept to the foot of the stair-case, perhaps, and listened idly for some sound or motion from the room above where the baby lay. Once I ran up again on some wild impulse to look at him and see if he were really dead; but the darkened chamber, and the shrouded crib, and, above all, the death-chill of the white cheek I stooped to touch, drove me back again, shivering with strange fear, to my post in the library.

And so the miserable hours wore on, until the room was filled with darkness, and still he did not come. At last the gloom and silence and solitude grew intolerable; I could not endure it any longer, and I got up to ring for some one; but before I had touched the bell I heard a sound which stayed my hand, and I stood still, faint, and breathless, quivering with a strange excitement of fear and expectation, for I knew it was my husband at last. It was only a moment before his step echoed along the hall, and his hand was on the lock of the door. He did not see me at first, but bent over the grate to get a light for the chandelier. The next instant the broad blaze revealed me standing in front of him, and he started back in astonishment.

"Agnes! what is the matter with you?" he exclaimed, hastily.

"Oh, Norman!"—I threw my arms out wildly to him—"have mercy upon me! The baby is dead—our little Walter!"

I clung to him in an agony of supplication, but he pushed me back with a look of horror and incredulity. "Say that again!" he demanded, almost fiercely, "my child is *dead*?"

"He is, indeed!" I cried, sharply. "Have pity upon me, Norman—*my* child is dead!"

"*Pity!*" he dashed away my clinging hands as if they had been vipers, and stamped his feet upon the floor in passionate despair. "*Pity you!* You are satisfied; you are contented now; you are freed from your encumbrance that hindered you so sorely. *Never* ask me to pity or forgive you!"

And he rushed away from me without another word. I heard his rapid feet springing up the stairs, and in the sudden silence that followed I knew he was standing beside his dead child. I stood still for a moment stunned and stupefied, as if I had received a blow; for with all my dread of the effect my tidings would produce I had not dreamed of this, and I could not realize just at first that such words had actually been spoken to me by my husband. They would have broken some weak woman's heart, maybe; they only hardened mine, and threw me back upon my stronghold of pride and resentment, from which the anguish of the last few hours had driven me. I waited only a moment to collect my thoughts, then I followed his footsteps swiftly up to the room where the child was laid out. It was my own dressing-room, and Norman was standing in the very spot where he had stood the night before when he asked me to stay at home from that ball. I could not help the keen pang of memory, the flash of sharp regret—"If I had only known *then* what a day would bring forth!"—as I glanced from the little waxen face lying under the folds of snowy drapery to the stern brow and gloomy eyes of the father bending over it. But I did not waver in my purpose. I went forward to his side, and said, steadily, without passion,

"Norman, I want to speak to you. You told me down stairs never to ask you for pity or forgiveness. I promise you I will not; and I tell *you* now never to ask *me* to forget or forgive the cruel words you have spoken to me. For, before this dead child, I never will!"

And I turned my back and went out again. He called my name before I reached the door. Looking back now, I can remember the strange blending of love, pity, remorse, unutterable grief which his voice expressed in that one word. But it did not move me then. I went on, and the door was shut between us.

IV.

I shrink from the retrospect of the miserable months that followed. The dreary days, the wretched, lonely nights, the constant haunting memories of my child, and the bitter self-accusations alternating with my burning resentment against my husband. He was very unhappy, too, perhaps more so than myself; for he had a tenderer nature, more loving, more dependent upon others for love and sympathy, and this horrible estrangement was an hourly torture to

him. He tried more than once to effect a reconciliation, entreating me to forget the words he had spoken in the first shock and horror of my intelligence—to let the past, with all its sins and sorrows, be buried in the child's grave, and begin anew a better and happier life of mutual trust and mutual forgiveness. My guardian likewise tried reproach, expostulation, entreaty. But I awed him into silence with a few imperious words, so that he never made a second attempt. And as for Norman, I turned from him with bitter, unforgiving determination, refusing to answer, even to listen to his pleadings.

Then he gave me up at last. He did not tell me so, but I knew he had resolved in his own mind never again to offer the request which had been so scornfully rejected. He was hopeless for the future, and I saw that he believed me unworthy of any further effort. It will be supposed the conviction did not tend to soften me. I carried myself more haughtily than ever toward him when I had read in his face that last determination, as if to prove to him the truth of his own thought. But in my heart the agony of humiliation was extreme; for do what I might, I could not crush my love and my yearning for him. All the "many waters" of my anger could not "quench love, neither could the floods" of my pride and passion "drown it."

I wonder that the dread of a final separation between us never crossed my mind. I have since learned that it was the principle of the marriage-vow, which, though it pressed so lightly upon me, neither time nor change could dissolve to him, that alone prevented it. "For better or worse, to love and to cherish"—my proving unworthy had not, to his conscience, released him from the duty of watching over and cherishing me, and averting the suspicion and foul slander that would, inevitably, have been fastened on me by my own recklessness had we separated. Even to spare himself useless regrets, and hopeless yearnings kept alive by my presence, he would not utterly forsake me. I did not appreciate his magnanimity, and he knew that I did not; but that made no change in his simple principle of right. I was saved by it, without knowing or thinking of the danger in which I stood, and which nothing else could have averted.

There came an unlooked-for diversion to my misery by-and-by; but I scarcely knew whether it was an increase or an alleviation. I grew conscious that I was to be a mother again. At first the knowledge filled me with impotent rage; afterward there came a tender, remorseful memory of my lost baby, and the thought sprang up that I might atone for my wrong there by acting a mother's part to this child. The two feelings struggled within me throughout the whole time. Sometimes I looked forward to the child's birth almost hopefully, with an undefined idea that it might bring me a measure of comfort and peace. But again all my evil passions rose up in rebellion at the thought that I should bear *him* another infant, and I almost hated the

innocent little creature that was so soon to see the light. What were Norman's feelings about it I did not know. No word was exchanged between us; for we never spoke to each other alone. We went out together, as we had done before, and, to public observers, there was no difference in our intercourse and conduct. Our mutual pride conspired to prevent strangers from seeing our domestic troubles; but every day the wall of separation grew higher and stronger between us. I bore my burden alone, through days of heaviness and nights of pain, uncheered by sympathy or companionship with him who should have been my stay and strength and most efficient comforter.

When the child was born he came to me, while I lay in the first great weakness and exhaustion, and stooped over the bed to kiss me. It was the first time his lips had touched my cheek in so many months, and the light pressure thrilled every nerve with an indescribable sensation of delight. For one moment the impulse was strong to throw my arms round his neck and hold him so close to me that we should never be parted again; but the next moment the perverse spirit was in the ascendant. I brushed the kiss away, with a look and gesture of repugnance, and drew the covers hastily over my face to avoid meeting his eyes. I thought he would go away, but he did not. The nurse and physician were in the next room, busied with the child, and, for the minute, Norman was alone with me. He bent down and whispered,

"Agnes!"

"Go away!" I answered under the covers. "I do not wish to hear a word you can say. Do not speak to me."

He answered by drawing the quilt from my face and taking hold of my hands. I could not resist him in my weakness, but I shut my eyes and steeled my heart resolutely against any appeal he might make.

"I determined once," he began, "never to say a word like this to you again. I did not know then that any such bond as this child existed between us; but now it is born, and I must speak to you. Agnes, for your infant's sake, if not for your own or mine, put an end to this state of things. Give me the power, as it is my right, to comfort and cherish you in your sickness—let this miserable separation cease now and forever. I have suffered enough, surely, to satisfy your resentment, and you can not be happy in it. Why will you make us both so wretched?"

"It was not I," I answered, coldly. "Ask yourself the question. You originated the whole trouble."

"Oh, Agnes!"—he made a gesture half in impatience, half despair—"can you never forgive those frantic words which were repented of as soon as spoken? Have I, too, nothing to forget and pass by?"

"Nothing like that!" I exclaimed, passionately. "I came to you in my agony, and you

repulsed me with scorn and loathing. You trampled upon my wretchedness without pity. I will never forget it. I will never forgive it!"

A feeble little wail from the next room reached our ears at that moment. Norman started, and his face flushed with a sudden hopefulness. "Do you hear that?" he said, eagerly. "It is *our child*! Oh, surely, you can not listen to its cry and keep your anger still? Agnes, let the child make peace with us, for little Walter's sake!"

He trembled with suppressed excitement as he made this last appeal. I *felt* it was the last, and all the strength of evil in me rose up to reject it. "Do not dare to say *for little Walter's sake*," I said, fiercely, "and never bring up this child as a plea again. It is the last thing that will make peace between us. I hate and detest the very thought of it. I wish I could never see its face. Now leave me, for I will not hear another word."

His face grew very pale as I spoke; but he heard me through, then answered, calmly, "Be it so, then. You shall never be vexed with another appeal from me—never while I live. If the time ever comes when you are sorry for this denial, and wish to come back to your true relationship with me, one word from you will be sufficient. I will never reject it—but you must be the one to speak it."

And I did not see him any more—that day, nor for many other days. At least, if I saw him I did not know it; for I was conscious of nothing for weeks afterward. The strong excitement caused by my husband's visit was too much for my feeble condition. When the attendants came back to me they found me rigid with convulsions, and afterward a fever came on which kept me delirious for many days. My life was barely saved, they told me. I wished, bitterly, when I heard it, that they had let me die. As if I had been fit, with such anger and wickedness burning in my heart, to stand before my God!

I was utterly prostrated when I waked up to a perception of outward things again—too weak to talk, or think much, even; but it struck me strangely, after a day or two, that I saw no signs of the baby's presence any where. The nurse rarely left my bedside. I never heard a cry of the child; and once, when the inner door that led from my room to the one which had been little Walter's nursery was opened, I caught a glimpse of the cradle, looking still as unused and desolate as it had done ever since he died. I said nothing at first, being too exhausted to think much about it; but the next day I was stronger, and, seeing still no token of the baby, I asked the nurse where it was.

She tried to put me off with a subterfuge. "Never mind the baby," she said; "you are too ill to think about it now. It does very well without you."

"But where is it? I want to see it," I persisted; for something in her manner excited suspicion.

"Oh, you are not nearly strong enough yet!" she exclaimed, hastily. "Dr. Gray would not think of allowing it."

"I do not care for Dr. Gray," I said, with a tone of my old imperiousness. "I know what I am strong enough for. Bring me my child!"

The woman hesitated for a moment, and I repeated my command; then she got up without speaking and left the room. A minute afterward she came back, and said, with an attempt at playfulness,

"The baby is asleep, Mrs. Granger; and that's just where you ought to be, too. So shut your eyes and try to take a nap. It will be time enough to see the child when you wake."

"I shall do no such thing," I exclaimed, impatiently. "You are keeping something back from me, I know. Tell me the truth at once. Is my baby dead?"

She made me no answer in words, but the look in her face told enough. I turned away from her and buried my head in the pillows, and wept silently. Why? was it simply physical weakness, or did I regret the child's death? I scarcely knew myself, then; but from that time, throughout all my slow and tedious recovery, a yearning for the little one whose face I had never seen possessed my soul. The nurse told me it was a little girl; I had wished sometimes before its birth—in those moods when I felt reconciled to its coming at all—that it might be; and I used to lie for hours together, when the nurse thought me asleep, dreaming about my little daughter, trying to picture her in my mind, and wondering how I should have felt for her had she lived. I remembered what I had said to Norman, that "I wished I could never see her face," and the recollection added many a pang to my hidden sorrow.

My husband came to see me constantly and kindly, passing several hours of each day in my sick-room, but we said very little to each other. He always asked me when he came in, "how I felt to-day?" with the same tenderness in look and voice; and I always answered with the same coldness, "Better, I thank you." And he usually took a book after that, and read while he sat beside me. Sometimes he offered to read aloud to me, but I always declined. The reading alone would have been an infinite relief to the weariness of my confinement, and the very sound of his voice, continuous and uninterrupted, would have been as music to my ears. But my willful pride would not suffer me to accept the pleasure. I was afraid of it too, perhaps; afraid lest in listening so long to the voice so loved, even though it spoke the words of another, my heart should be softened, and I should forget my resolution. So I resisted all the pleading impulses of my better nature, all the yearnings of my loneliness, and kept the same outward demeanor of coldness and reserve. "The fire burned" within often; passionate love and regret, unspeakable longing, mingled with a fierce vindictiveness and a sullen pride that still struggled for the mastery. I used to lie among the

pillows with my eyes half shut, pretending to sleep, yet secretly watching Norman's face as he read, unconscious of my scrutiny. I studied every feature, noted every fitting shade of expression—the calm, proud brow, and deep-set eyes, full of earnest purpose; the worn cheeks, paler and thinner than they had been when my lips touched them last; the grave, sad mouth; so sad, yet with such a lingering sweetness in the half smile that crossed it sometimes—a pale reflection of the pleasant thought in his book. There were times when, watching him thus, I could not check the tears that would gather in my eyes and dim my vision, and if he had spoken to me then—one word of appeal when my heart was so full—I think I must have yielded, at once and entirely. But he never did, and I knew he would not. I remembered what he had said, that I must be the one to speak that word, and I found myself once speculating with a sort of idle wonder, whether I ever would, ever *could*, humble myself to seek reconciliation—forgiveness—from him!

V.

Days, and weeks, and even months, crept by before I was well enough to leave my room, and in all this time there was no change in our relationship with each other. The house had settled down into a strange quietude. I had no near connections, neither had Norman; and though my tablets were filled with the names of those I called "my friends," their faces were very seldom seen within our doors. They had left their cards in due form during my illness, but I felt little inclination, even after my health was established again, to undertake a round of visits in return. I shrank with unaccountable repugnance from all my old pleasures and interests. I did not care to see any one, or go any where. Day after day I kept at home, wandering about the house in dreary idleness, or sitting alone in the deserted nursery, where I spent much of my time now. In its shady solitude I brooded over the short, unhappy years of my married life, and wept for my lost children—with more of yearning, strange as it may seem, for the little girl that I had never seen, than for the baby who had lain upon my bosom and died upon my knees.

Sometimes, when I knew Norman was at home, I would seat myself by the register in my dressing-room, solely for the sake of hearing some chance movement that he might make; perhaps the sound of his voice occasionally, the rustle of his paper as he wrote, or the tread of his feet as he walked up and down the room. I have sat for hours so, doing nothing, thinking nothing, only listening with an intense interest which would have seemed ridiculous to a looker-on, to these trivial sounds. I despised myself for it, but I could not help it. Day by day the conviction forced itself on me that my love, and my craving for companionship with him, for tenderness and affection from him, was overpowering my pride, drowning my anger. Recollections of old caresses, of looks and words

that made me tremble with delight in the days when there was no shadow over the brightness of our love, kept crowding up in my heart, until my very soul was sick with longings for them once more. It was torture to have to meet him with a calm and indifferent face, to accept his cold politenesses with the old proud look, and keep down the swelling tide that struggled continually to break through such barriers. But he never guessed the change in me—I gave him no sign—and he did not withdraw one moment from the reserve and distance which he had so steadily maintained. So I would go back to my loneliness, which each day grew more intolerable, and weep with a miserable sense of humiliation and disappointment, such as I had never dreamed I could feel.

One day he came up to my dressing-room. I heard his step in the hall, but I did not dream of his seeking *me*; and when it paused at my door, and his voice asked, "May I come in, Agnes?" I could scarcely speak for the sudden faintness of fear and expectation which came over me. But I managed to answer yes, and he came in with a hurried manner, which was not habitual to him, holding an open letter in his hand. I half rose up from the couch where I had been lying, but he exclaimed, hastily:

"Don't disturb yourself, I beg. I will not detain you long with what I have to say. It only relates to this letter which I have received this morning—an invitation to deliver a series of scientific lectures to a college society. The lectures are already prepared—they were gotten up for a similar purpose some years ago—and I have concluded to accept the invitation immediately. Of course I shall not inflict upon you the disagreeable necessity of accompanying me, and I only wish to know where you would choose to spend the time of my absence. You need not trouble yourself to answer me now. If you will tell me when you have decided upon any preference, your wishes shall be fulfilled in every particular. That is all."

As hastily as he had entered the room he went out again without another word; and I was left alone, utterly confounded and bewildered with this most unlooked-for intelligence. Such a possibility had never once entered my mind. I had no thought of leaving *him*, tantalizing and torturing as it was to live as we did, and I had not dreamed, strangely enough, that he would ever leave me. For the first time the terrible fear of a separation flashed over me, and like lightning came the thought that this departure for a time was only a ruse to cover an eternal leave-taking. If it were, who could blame him? He might justly determine upon it, and my own conscience would have to hold him guiltless!

The last barriers of pride and self-will melted down as this hopeless future opened up suddenly before me. I shrank back shuddering from a momentary glimpse of it, and out of my weakness a new and better strength was born. I sprang to my feet with a passionate resolve, and

I did not wait for the heat of my purpose to grow cool. One moment I stopped beside the empty cradle in the nursery, and I think the first *real* prayer I ever prayed in my life rose up there for help and courage. Then I ran down stairs and hurried into my husband's study without waiting to ask admission. He was writing, and looked up in wonder at my hasty entrance; but I did not let the look or any thing stop me. I shut the door behind me that none might see us, and I went to him and knelt down by his side, and, with my arms around him and my face hidden in his breast, I cried:

"Norman, forgive me! take me home to your heart again! Oh, Norman, Norman, do not leave me!"

One moment he held me off. "Is it true? Do you mean it? Are you really in earnest, Agnes?"—but the next his arms were clasping me, and I was lifted up from the floor to his knee: his kisses fell upon my hair, upon my brow, upon my cheeks, and found my lips at last, where, in one long, fervent caress, they set the seal to a forgiveness as loving and perfect as my repentance was sincere and without reserve.

"Oh, Norman! what I have made you suffer!" I said, by-and-by, when I could find words through my choking sobs. "How can you still love me, when I have been so heartless, so wicked? But, indeed, I have punished myself far more than you."

"I do not doubt that," he said, with a trembling in his own voice. "You have had the hardest part to bear, my poor Agnes: but I would not care to live over my own share of suffering, not even to renew the happiness of this moment. Oh, Agnes! you do not know what you have done for me—what you have given back to me by this act of yours. An hour ago I hardly had faith in man or God; but *now*—I could mount up with wings as eagles! My own, own wife! my darling!"

Tears were in his eyes, he could not speak further for them; but I needed no words for my heart's full assurance. There was perfect peace, perfect love, for the first time perfect *union* between us then. Never before, in the first flush of my girlish love, or in the joy and pride of my wifehood, had I known such tender happiness as now I knew, clinging to my husband in penitence, and submission, and tearful humiliation.

VI.

"Agnes," said my husband the next morning, "it is a long time since we have had a drive together, and this is too lovely a day to waste in the house. Get on your bonnet and come with me."

I assented joyfully, as I would have done to any other proposal from him, and we were soon seated in the little light Rockaway behind Norman's pretty "Sorrel," who had carried me so often in the days of our courtship. Since our marriage I had preferred a more ambitious equipage, but to-day I sprang into the little carriage with a step almost as light as in the old days, and a heart happier by far. It was early in

May; the sky was dappled with white clouds over the loveliest blue, the trees covered with a tender green foliage, and even the air in the city streets seemed pure and sweet with the freshness of the spring-time. But we did not stay in the city streets very long. The Rockaway rattled quickly over the paving stones, and we were soon out of sight and sound of the noisy thoroughfares, rolling swiftly along a smooth, level road, with groups of green trees here and there, and clusters of pretty cottages standing in gardens, whose hyacinths and crocuses lent fragrance to the cool spring breeze that blew in our faces. Every thing was delightful and full of enjoyment for me. It had been so long since I had known any thing like happiness that it came with a sort of intoxication to me now, and my spirits rose to almost childish mirthfulness under the combination of sweet influences around me.

"Look, Norman!" I exclaimed, gayly, as we passed under a fine old sycamore, "there is our own old tree. Don't you remember how you always would snatch a kiss when we reached it? The Tree of Paradise you used to call it, because it was just when we were passing under that I said 'yes'—one day. Let's forget that we are married, Norman, and 'play' that we are lovers again. Now, there's a challenge for you."

He smiled, drew my laughing face down to his, and accepted the challenge by kissing me two or three times, but he made no other answer to my playful words. In my own talkative humor I had not noticed that he had been growing silent and grave for some time; but it struck me now that his smile was an absent and pre-occupied one, that his kisses even were given almost unconsciously, as if he had scarcely heard what I said, and I exclaimed in some surprise,

"What is the matter with you, Norman? what are you thinking of?"

He started hastily, then said in a hesitating way, "There is something that I want to tell you. I am thinking about the best way to do it."

"What is it?" I asked, sobered at once, for his strange manner, with its mingled nervousness and gravity, touched a sudden chord of apprehension. He did not reply immediately, and I waited for his words with an anxious fear stealing into my heart. Presently he turned his face toward me with a searching look: "You have never spoken one word about your child," he said, abruptly. "You have not even asked me where it is buried?"

The suddenness of his speech startled and shocked me: for once the child was far from my thoughts, and this unlooked-for mention smote me with a keen pang. I could not say any thing, but Norman saw the look of pain in my face, and drew me toward him tenderly. "Forgive me, dear Agnes, I did not want to distress you. But I brought you out here to show you the place. Would you not like to see it?"

"Why did you not tell me sooner?" I asked, hurriedly. "I could not have talked and laughed as I have done, if I had known! Oh, Norman, why did you let me?"

"Because I was glad to see you happy, darling," he said, simply, and a kiss upon my lips hushed them into stillness for a time. We drove on in silence for some little distance. My face was hidden on Norman's shoulder, and I could not keep back the tears that sprang from many mingled feelings. The mirth and light-heartedness of the morning was gone. I felt no longer like a happy girl in the first flush of her betrothal, but was again a sorrowing woman, shamed and bowed down with the grief and wrong-doing of my married life. Presently Norman whispered, "Agnes, you are crying; what is the matter?" and tried to lift up my face, but I would not let it be seen.

"Is it for that little child?" he asked. "Would you have it back again if you could? You said once—"

"Don't, Norman!" I interrupted, imploringly, for I knew too well what I had said. "I know what you mean; but you can not know what I have suffered in the memory of those words, what I would give if I had never spoken them. I might have had my baby now but for them! It was a just punishment, but it has been very hard to bear. I have lain awake whole nights thinking about the child, longing for it so—and it was so hard to think I had never even seen its little face! You never can know how I have missed it, Norman."

I cried bitterly for a few minutes, unable to use any control over myself, and he soothed me with the tenderest caresses, although almost as much agitated as myself. If I had not been in such a state of distress, I must have suspected something from his nervous, excited manner and the incoherent words he said; but I only remembered them afterward without noticing them then. Sorrel had been going at a very leisurely pace for some time past, knowing that his master was not thinking of him, doubtless; but Norman now suddenly roused him and drove on rapidly for a few minutes, then as suddenly tightened the reins, and drew him up to a full stop. I looked out hastily, thinking of the little grave I was to see, and saw instead that we had stopped in front of a pretty little garden, full of spring flowers, with a brown cottage shaded by locust-trees, in the rear of it.

"I want to stop here one moment," said my husband, hurriedly, springing out as he spoke. "Hold the reins, will you? I sha'n't be long."

And before I had time to answer him, he had opened the little gate and was striding up the graveled walk to the cottage. I leaned out and watched him with eager curiosity. What could he want there just after all we had been saying, too? The door was open by the time he reached it, and a woman came to meet him. I was too far off to see if she was young or old, but I caught a glimpse of children playing in the hall before the door was shut, and for a moment I saw some

one at the window tossing up a baby in white clothes. Next moment the child disappeared, and the thought struck me suddenly that my husband had taken it in his arms—struck me with a sharp, jealous pang. What right had he to play with another woman's child when I had none? How could he look at that baby when he was taking me to mine in its grave? Hot tears sprang afresh, falling unheeded while I watched with trembling eagerness for his return—eagerness which grew into sickening suspense as the moments slipped by, and he lingered still. At last—it was but a fragment of time, but it seemed so long to me!—the door opened again and he appeared with the woman beside him and that child in his arms. He made a step forward, then a word or two seemed to pass between them, and she ran back into the house, but reappeared presently with a little red shawl which Norman threw hastily round the baby, and advanced again—hesitated—half-turned back—then ran quickly down the walk toward me. The gate was open—he came straight to my side, and without a word or gesture placed the child silently in my lap. The little creature turned its innocent face and bright, wondering eyes toward me, stretched out its little hands, and clung to my dress, beginning to coo and crow as if it knew me.

What intuition—what mother-instinct taught me the truth at that moment, I can not explain, but the lightning conviction flashed through all doubt and uncertainty. I snatched the baby to my heart, I strained it close with a cry of wild delight—

"My child—my child—my own precious baby! *it is mine, it is ours*, Norman! Oh, for God's sake, tell me so!"

He pressed close to me, pale and trembling with equal excitement. "I will—I do," he exclaimed, eagerly. "Be calm, Agnes, darling! It is true, indeed. The child is your own—ours—our own little girl."

His face quivered with strong emotion, tears sparkled in his eyes, and his lips trembled as he spoke, but such a brightness shone over his whole countenance that I needed no better assurance of the happy truth. I clung to him sobbing hysterically, dizzy and half-fainting with the excess of my great joy; he soothed, and comforted, and encouraged me; and the little one laughed and played bo-peep between us in her baby mirth and unconsciousness.

But all this is past description. What we said and did, how we acted altogether in this scene, I can not begin to recall now. The remembrance of it is like a delicious but bewildering dream. I cried, and laughed, and cried again, and covered the baby with such vehement kisses that she grew frightened at last, and stretched her arms out to her father for relief; at which he laughingly took her into his own arms, and bade me give the kisses to him instead. For he was in the carriage with us by this time, and Sorrel was trotting back to the city as unconcerned as if he were bearing the

most commonplace burden in the world, instead of the happiest trio to be found within the limits of New York.

It was not till after we were at home again, sitting together beside little Walter's cradle, where our baby-girl was lying now in sweet, profound sleep, that Norman told me all about it. How the thought had first risen in his mind to send the child away from me when I told him so bitterly that I hated it and wished never to see its face; and how afterward, when my illness made it necessary to send her out to nurse, the doctor had advised her being sent into the country, and he had determined then to keep her there until I should come to a right sense of my own duty as a wife and mother.

He told me all this with most loving tenderness and all possible avoidance of allusions which could give me pain—even asking my forgiveness (as if I had a right to forgive *him* any thing!) for what he chose to call his “unjustifiable” concealment of the child. Time was when the mere supposition of such an act on his part would have filled me with burning indignation; but I had been down in the valley of humiliation since those days of pride, and I had no room now for any thing but thankfulness.

But there is no need to dwell on that, and nothing more to be told. My confession is ended, and if it be “profitable for instruction” or warning to one reader, its purpose will be accomplished.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXV.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

COUSIN MARIA made her appearance, attended by a couple of gardener's boys bearing baskets of flowers, with which it was proposed to decorate Madame de Bernstein's drawing-room against the arrival of her ladyship's company. Three footmen in livery, gorgeously laced with worsted, set out twice as many card-tables. A major-domo in black and a bag, with fine laced ruffles, and looking as if he ought to have a sword by his side, followed the lackeys bearing fascies of wax candles which he placed, a pair on each card-table, and in the silver sconces on the wainscoted wall that was now gilt with the slanting rays of the sun, as was the prospect of the green common beyond, with its rocks and clumps of trees and houses twinkling in the sunshine. Groups of many-colored figures in hoops and powder and brocade sauntered over the green, and dappled the plain with their shadows. On the other side from the Baroness's windows you saw the Pantiles, where a perpetual fair was held, and heard the clatter and buzzing of the company. A band of music was here performing for the benefit of the visitors to the Wells. Madame Bernstein's chief sitting-room might not suit a recluse or a student, but for those



who liked bustle, gayety, a bright cross light, and a view of all that was going on in the cheery busy place, no lodging could be pleasanter. And when the windows were lighted up, the passengers walking below were aware that her ladyship was at home and holding a card assembly, to which an introduction was easy enough. By-the-way, in speaking of the past, I think the night-life of society a hundred years since was rather a *dark* life. There was not one wax candle for ten which we now see in a lady's drawing-room, let alone gas and the wondrous new illuminations of clubs. Horrible guttering tallow smoked and stunk in passages. The candle-snuffer was a notorious officer in the theatre. See Hogarth's pictures: how dark they are, and how his feasts are as it were begrimed with tallow! In *Marriage à la Mode*, in Lord Viscount Squanderfield's grand saloons, where he and his wife are sitting yawning before the horror-stricken steward when their party is over—there are but eight candles—one on each card-table, and half a dozen in a brass chandelier. If Jack Briefless convoked his friends to oysters and beer in his chambers, Pump Court, he would have twice as many. Let us comfort ourselves by thinking that Louis Quatorze in all his glory held his revels in the dark, and bless Mr. Price and other Luciferous benefactors of mankind for banishing the abominable mutton of our youth.

So Maria with her flowers (herself the fairest flower), popped her roses, sweet-williams, and so forth, in vases here and there, and adorned the apartment to the best of her art. She lingered fondly over this bowl and that dragon jar, casting but sly timid glances the while at young Cousin Harry, whose own blush would have become any young woman, and you might have

thought that she possibly intended to outstay her aunt; but that Baroness, seated in her arm-chair, her crooked tortoise-shell stick in her hand, pointed the servants imperiously to their duty; rated one and the other soundly; Tom for having a darn in his stocking; John for having greased his locks too profusely out of the candle-box; and so forth—keeping a stern domination over them. Another remark concerning poor Jeames of a hundred years ago: Jeames slept two in a bed, four in a room, and that room a cellar very likely, and he washed in a trough such as you would hardly see any where in London now out of the barracks of her Majesty's Foot Guards.

If Maria hoped a present interview, her fond heart was disappointed. "Where are you going to dine, Harry?" asks Madame de Bernstein. "My niece Maria and I shall have a chicken in the little parlor; I think you should go to the best ordinary. There is one at the White Horse at three, we shall hear his bell in a minute or two. And you will understand, Sir, that you ought not to spare expense, but behave like Princess Pocahontas's son. Your trunks have been taken over to the lodging I have engaged for you. It is not good for a lad to be always hanging about the aprons of two old women. Is it, Maria?"

"No," says her ladyship, dropping her meek eyes, while the other lady's glared in triumph. I think Andromeda had been a good deal exposed to the Dragon in the course of the last five or six days; and if Perseus had cut the latter's cruel head off he would have committed not unjustifiable monstrosities. But he did not bare sword or shield; he only looked mechanically at the lackeys in tawny and blue as they creaked about the room.

"And there are good mercers and tailors from London always here to wait on the company at the Wells. You had better see them, my dear, for your suit is not of the very last fashion—a little lace—"

"I can't go out of mourning, ma'am," said the young man, looking down at his sables.

"Ho, Sir," cried the lady, rustling up from her chair and rising on her cane, "wear black for your brother till you are as old as Methuselah, if you like. I am sure I don't want to prevent you. I only want you to dress and to do like other people, and make a figure worthy of your name."

"Madam," said Mr. Warrington, with great state, "I have not done any thing to disgrace it that I know."

Why did the old woman stop, and give a little start as if she had been struck? Let by-gones be by-gones. She and the boy had a score of little passages of this kind, in which swords were crossed and thrusts rapidly dealt or parried. She liked Harry none the worse for his courage in facing her. "Sure a little finer linen than that shirt you wear will not be a disgrace to you, Sir," she said, with rather a forced laugh.

Harry bowed and blushed. It was one of the homely gifts of his Oakhurst friends. He felt pleased somehow to think he wore it; thought of the new friends, so good, so pure, so simple, so kindly, with immense tenderness, and felt, while invested in this garment, as if evil could not touch him. He said he would go to his lodging, and make a point of returning arrayed in the best linen he had.

"Come back here, Sir," said Madame Bernstein, "and if our company has not arrived, Maria and I will find some ruffles for you!" And herewith, under a footman's guidance, the young fellow walked off to his new lodgings.

Harry found not only handsome and spacious apartments provided for him, but a groom in attendance waiting to be engaged by his Honor, and a second valet, if he was inclined to hire one to wait upon Mr. Gumbo. Ere he had been many minutes in his rooms emissaries from a London tailor and boot-maker waited him with the cards and compliments of their employers, Messrs. Regnier and Tull; the best articles in his modest wardrobe were laid out by Gumbo, and the finest linen with which his thrifty Virginian mother had provided him. Visions of the snow-surrounded home in his own country, of the crackling logs, and the trim, quiet ladies working by the fire, rose up before him. For the first time a little thought that the homely clothes were not quite smart enough, the home-worked linen not so fine as it might be, crossed the young man's mind. That he should be ashamed of any thing belonging to him or to Castlewood! That was strange. The simple folks there were only too well satisfied with all things that were done, or said, or produced at Castlewood; and Madam Esmond, when she sent her son forth on his travels, thought no young nobleman need be better provided. The clothes might have fitted better and been of a later fashion, to be sure—but still the young fellow presented a comely figure enough when he issued from his apartments, his toilet over; and Gumbo calling a chair, marched beside it, until they reached the ordinary where the young gentleman was to dine.

Here he expected to find the beau whose acquaintance he had made a few hours before at his Aunt's lodging, and who had indicated to Harry that the White Horse was the most modish place for dining at the Wells, and he mentioned his friend's name to the host; but the landlord and waiters leading him into the room with many smiles and bows, assured his Honor that his Honor did not need any other introduction than his own, helped him to hang up his coat and sword on a peg, asked him whether he would drink Burgundy, Pontac, or Champagne to his dinner, and led him to a table.

Though the most fashionable ordinary in the village, the White Horse did not happen to be crowded on this day. Monsieur Barbeau, the landlord, informed Harry that there was a great entertainment at Summer Hill, which had taken away most of the company; indeed, when Har-

ry entered the room there were but four other gentlemen in it. Two of these guests were drinking wine, and had finished their dinner; the other two were young men in the midst of their meal, to whom the landlord, as he passed, must have whispered the name of the new-comer, for they looked at him with some appearance of interest, and made him a slight bow across the table as the smiling host bustled away for Harry's dinner.

Mr. Warrington returned the salute of the two gentlemen, who bade him welcome to Tunbridge, and hoped he would like the place upon better acquaintance. Then they smiled and exchanged waggish looks with each other, of which Harry did not understand the meaning, nor why they cast knowing glances at the two other guests over their wine.

One of these persons was in a somewhat tarnished velvet coat with a huge queue and bag, and voluminous ruffles and embroidery. The other was a little beetle-browed, hook-nosed, high-shouldered gentleman, whom his opposite companion addressed as Milor, or my lord, in a very high voice. My lord, who was sipping the wine before him, barely glanced at the new-comer, and then addressed himself to his own companion.

"And so you know the nephew of the old woman—the Crœsus who comes to arrive?"

"You're thrown out there, Jack!" says one young gentleman to the other.

"Never could manage the lingo," said Jack. The two elders had begun to speak in the French language.

"But assuredly, my dear lord!" says the gentleman with the long queue.

"You have shown energy, my dear Baron! He has been here but two hours. My people told me of him only as I came to dinner."

"I knew him before!—I have met him often in London with the Baroness and my lord, his cousin," said the Baron.

A smoking soup for Harry here came in, borne by the smiling host. "Behold, Sir! behold a potage of my fashion!" says my landlord, laying down the dish and whispering to Harry the celebrated name of the nobleman opposite. Harry thanked Monsieur Barbeau in his own language, upon which the foreign gentleman, turning round, grinned most graciously at Harry, and said, "Fous bossédez notre langue barfairement, Monsieur." Mr. Warrington had never heard the French language pronounced in that manner in Canada. He bowed in return to the foreign gentleman.

"Tell me more about the Crœsus, my good Baron," continued his lordship, speaking rather superciliously to his companion, and taking no notice of Harry, which perhaps somewhat nettled the young man.

"What will you that I tell you, my dear lord? Crœsus is a youth like other youths; he is tall, like other youths; he is awkward, like other youths; he has black hair, as they all have who come from the Indies. Lodgings

have been taken for him at Mrs. Rose's toy-shop."

"I have lodgings there, too," thought Mr. Warrington. "Who is Crœsus they are talking of? How good the soup is!"

"He travels with a large retinue," the Baron continued, "four servants, two post-chaises, and a pair of outriders. His chief attendant is a black man who saved his life from the savages in America, and who will not hear, on any account, of being made free. He persists in wearing mourning for his elder brother from whom he inherits his principality."

"Could any thing console you for the death of yours? Chevalier!" cried out the elder gentleman.

"Milor! His property might," said the Chevalier, "which you know is not small."

"Your brother lives on his patrimony—which you have told me is immense—you by your industry, my dear Chevalier."

"Milor!" cries the individual addressed as Chevalier.

"By your industry or your esprit—how much more noble! Shall you be at the Baroness's to-night? She ought to be a little of your parents, Chevalier?"

"Again I fail to comprehend your lordship," said the other gentleman, rather sulkily.

"Why, she is a woman of great wit—she is of noble birth—she has undergone strange adventures—she has but little principle (there you happily have the advantage of her). But what care we men of the world? You intend to go and play with the young Creole, no doubt, and get as much money from him as you can. By-the-way, Baron, suppose he should be a *guet à pens*, that young Creole? Suppose our excellent friend has invented him up in London, and brings him down with his character for wealth to prey upon the innocent folks here?"

"J'y ai souvent pensé, my lor," says the little Baron, placing his finger to his nose very knowingly. "That Baroness is capable of any thing."

"A Baron—a Baroness, que voulez vous? my friend. I mean the late lamented husband. Do you know who he was?"

"Intimately. A more notorious villain never dealt a card. At Venice, at Brussels, at Spa, at Vienna—the jails of every one of which places he knew. I knew the man, my lord."

"I thought you would. I saw him at the Hague, where I first had the honor of meeting you, and a more disreputable rogue never entered my doors. A minister must open them to all sorts of people, Baron—spies, sharpers, ruffians of every sort."

"Parbleu, milor, how you treat them!" says my lord's companion.

"A man of my rank, my friend—of the rank I held then—of course, must see all sorts of people—entre autres your acquaintance. What his wife could want with such a name as his I can't conceive."

"Apparently it was better than the lady's own."

"Effectively! So I have heard of my friend Paddy changing clothes with the scarecrow. I don't know which name is the most distinguished, that of the English bishop or the German baron."

"My lord," cried the other gentleman, rising and laying his hand on a large star on his coat, "you forget that I, too, am a baron and a Chevalier of the Holy Roman—"

"—Order of the Spur!—not in the least, my dear knight and baron! You will have no more wine? We shall meet at Madame de Bernstein's to-night." The knight and baron quitted the table, felt in his embroidered pockets, as if for money to give the waiter, who brought him his great laced hat, and waving that menial off with a hand surrounded by large ruffles and blazing rings, he stalked away from the room.

It was only when the person addressed as my lord had begun to speak of the bishop's widow and the German baron's wife that Harry Warrington was aware how his Aunt and himself had been the subject of the two gentlemen's conversation. Ere the conviction had settled itself on his mind, one of the speakers had quitted the room, and the other turning to a table at which two gentlemen sate, said, "What a little sharper it is! Every thing I said about Bernstein relates *mutato nomine* to him. I knew the fellow to be a spy and a rogue. He has changed his religion, I don't know how many times. I had him turned out of the Hague myself when I was ambassador, and I know he was caned in Vienna."

"I wonder my Lord Chesterfield associates with such a villain!" called out Harry from his table. The other couple of diners looked at him. To his surprise the nobleman so addressed went on talking.

"There can not be a more *fieffé coquin* than this Poellnitz. Why, Heaven be thanked, he has actually left me my snuff-box! You laugh? the fellow is capable of taking it:" and my lord thought it was his own satire at which the young men were laughing.

"You are quite right, Sir," said one of the two diners, turning to Mr. Warrington, "though, saying your presence, I don't know what business it is of yours. My lord will play with any body who will set him. Don't be alarmed, he is as deaf as a post, and did not hear a word that you said; and that's why my lord will play with any body who will put a pack of cards before him, and that is the reason why he consorts with this rogue."

"Faith, I know other noblemen who are not particular as to their company," says Mr. Jack.

"Do you mean because I associate with you? I know my company, my good friend, and I defy most men to have the better of me."

Not having paid the least attention to Mr. Warrington's angry interruption, my lord opposite was talking in his favorite French with Monsieur Barbeau, the landlord, and graciously complimenting him on his dinner. The host bowed

again and again; was enchanted that his Excellency was satisfied; had not forgotten the art which he had learned when he was a young man in his Excellency's kingdom of Ireland. The salmi was to my lord's liking? He had just served a dish to the young American seigneur who sate opposite, the gentleman from Virginia.

"To *whom*?" My lord's pale face became red for a moment, as he asked this question, and looked toward Harry Warrington opposite to him.

"To the young gentleman from Virginia who has just arrived, and who perfectly possesses our beautiful language!" says Mr. Barbeau, thinking to kill two birds, as it were, with this one stone of a compliment.

"And to whom your lordship will be answerable for language reflecting upon my family, and uttered in the presence of these gentlemen," cried out Mr. Warrington, at the top of his voice, determined that his opponent should hear.

"You must go and call into his ear, and then he may perchance hear you," said one of the younger guests.

"I will take care that his lordship shall understand my meaning, one way or other," Mr. Warrington said, with much dignity; "and will not suffer calumnies regarding my relatives to be uttered by him or any other man!"

While Harry was speaking, the little nobleman opposite to him did not hear him, but had time sufficient to arrange his own reply. He had risen, passing his handkerchief once or twice across his mouth, and laying his slim fingers on the table. "Sir," said he, "you will believe, on the word of a gentleman, that I had no idea before whom I was speaking, and it seems that my acquaintance, Monsieur de Poellnitz, knew you no better than myself. Had I known you, believe me that I should have been the last man in the world to utter a syllable that should give you annoyance; and I tender you my regrets and apologies before my Lord March and Mr. Morris here present."

To these words Mr. Warrington could only make a bow, and mumble out a few words of acknowledgment: which speech having made believe to hear, my lord made Harry another very profound bow, and saying he should have the honor of waiting upon Mr. Warrington at his lodgings, saluted the company, and went away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH WE ARE AT A VERY GREAT DISTANCE FROM OAKHURST.

WITHIN the precinct of the White Horse Tavern, and coming up to the windows of the eating-room, was a bowling-green, with a table or two, where guests might sit and partake of punch or tea. The three gentlemen having come to an end of their dinner about the same time, Mr. Morris proposed that they should adjourn



to the Green, and there drink a cool bottle. "Jack Morris would adjourn to the Dust Hole, as a pretext for a fresh drink," said my lord. On which Jack said he supposed each gentleman had his own favorite way of going to the deuce. His weakness, he owned, was a bottle.

"My Lord Chesterfield's deuce is deuce-ace," says my Lord March. "His lordship can't keep away from the cards or dice."

"My Lord March has not one devil, but several devils. He loves gambling, he loves horse-racing, he loves betting, he loves drinking, he loves eating, he loves money, he loves women; and you have fallen into bad company, Mr. Warrington, when you lighted upon his lordship. He will play you for every acre you have in Virginia."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, Mr. Warrington!" interposes my lord.

"And for all your tobacco, and for all your spices, and for all your slaves, and for all your oxen and asses, and for every thing that is yours."

"Shall we begin now? Jack, you are never without a dice-box or a bottle-screw. I will set Mr. Warrington for what he likes."

"Unfortunately, my lord, the tobacco, and the slaves, and the asses, and the oxen, are not mine, as yet. I am just of age, and my mother, scarce twenty years older, has quite as good chance of long life as I have."

"I will bet you that you survive her. I will pay you a sum now against four times the sum to be paid at her death. I will set you a fair sum over this table against the reversion of your estate in Virginia at the old lady's departure. What do you call your place?"

"Castlewood."

"A principality, I hear it is. I will bet that its value has been exaggerated ten times at least among the quidnuncs here. How came

you by the name of Castlewood? you are related to my lord? Oh stay, I know—my lady, your mother, descends from the real head of the house. He took the losing side in 'fifteen. I have had the story a dozen times from my old Duchess. She knew your grandfather. He was friend of Addison and Steele, and Pope and Milton, I dare say, and the bigwigs. It is a pity he did not stay at home, and transport the other branch of the family to the plantations."

"I have just been staying at Castlewood with my cousin there," remarked Mr. Warrington.

"Hm! Did you play with him? He's fond of pasteboard and bones."

"Never, but for sixpences and a pool of commerce with the ladies."

"So much the better for both of you. But you played with Will Esmond if he was at home? I will lay ten to one you played with Will Esmond?"

Harry blushed, and owned that of an evening his cousin and he had had a few games at cards.

"And Tom Sampson, the chaplain," cried Jack Morris, "was he of the party? I wager that Tom made a third, and the Lord deliver you from Tom and Will Esmond together!"

"Nay; the truth is, I won of both of them," said Mr. Warrington.

"And they paid you? Well, miracles will never cease!"

"I did not say any thing about miracles," remarked Mr. Harry, smiling over his wine.

"And you don't tell tales out of school—the *volto sciolto*—hey, Mr. Warrington?" says my lord.

"I beg your pardon," said downright Harry, "French is the only language besides my own of which I know a little."

"My Lord March has learned Italian at the Opera, and a pretty penny his lessons have cost him," remarked Jack Morris. "We must show him the Opera—musn't we, March?"

"Must we, Morris?" said my lord, as if he only half liked the other's familiarity.

Both of the two gentlemen were dressed alike, in small scratch-wigs without powder, in blue frocks with plate buttons, in buckskins, and riding-boots, in little hats with a narrow cord of lace, and no outward mark of fashion.

"I don't care about the Opera much, my lord," says Harry, warming with his wine; "but I should like to go to Newmarket, and long to see a good English hunting-field."

"We will show you Newmarket and the hunting-field, Sir. Can you ride pretty well?"

"I think I can," Harry said; "and I can shoot pretty well, and jump some."

"What's your weight? I bet you we weigh even, or I weigh most. I bet you Jack Morris beats you at birds or a mark, at five-and-twenty paces. I bet you I jump farther than you on flat ground, here on this green."

"I don't know Mr. Morris's shooting—I never saw either gentleman before—but I take your

bets, my lord, at what you please," cries Harry, who by this time was more than warm with Burgundy.

"Ponies on each!" cries my lord.

"Done and done!" cried my lord and Harry together. The young man thought it was for the honor of his country not to be ashamed of any bet made to him.

"We can try the last bet now, if your feet are pretty steady," said my lord, springing up, stretching his arms and limbs, and looking at the crisp dry grass. He drew his boots off, then his coat and waistcoat, buckling his belt round his waist, and flinging his clothes down to the ground.

Harry had more respect for his garments. It was his best suit. He took off the velvet coat and waistcoat, folded them up daintily, and, as the two or three tables round were slopped with drink, went to place the clothes on a table in the eating-room, of which the windows were open.

Here a new guest had entered; and this was no other than Mr. Wolfe, who was soberly eating a chicken and salad, with a modest pint of wine. Harry was in high spirits. He told the Colonel he had a bet with my Lord March—would Colonel Wolfe stand him halves? The Colonel said he was too poor to bet. Would he come out and see fair play? That he would with all his heart. Colonel Wolfe set down his glass, and stalked through the open window after his young friend.

"Who is that tallow-faced Put with the carrot-hair?" says Jack Morris, on whom the Burgundy had had its due effect.

Mr. Warrington explained that this was Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe, of the 20th Regiment.

"Your humble servant, gentlemen!" says the Colonel, making the company a rigid military bow.

"Never saw such a figure in my life!" cries Jack Morris. "Did you—March?"

"I beg your pardon, I think you said March?" said the Colonel, looking very much surprised.

"I am the Earl of March, Sir, at Colonel Wolfe's service," said the nobleman, bowing. "My friend, Mr. Morris, is so intimate with me, that, after dinner, we are quite like brothers."

Why is not all Tunbridge Wells by to hear this? thought Morris. And he was so delighted that he shouted out, "Two to one on my lord!"

"Done!" calls out Mr. Warrington; and the enthusiastic Jack was obliged to cry "Done!" too.

"Take him, Colonel," Harry whispers to his friend.

But the Colonel said he could not afford to lose, and therefore could not hope to win.

"I see you have won one of our bets already, Mr. Warrington," my Lord March remarked. "I am taller than you by an inch or two, but you are broader round the shoulders."

"Pooh, my dear Will! I bet you you weigh twice as much as he does!" cries Jack Morris.

"Done, Jack!" says my lord, laughing. "The bets are all ponies. Will you take him, Mr. Warrington?"

"No, my dear fellow—one's enough," says Jack.

"Very good, my dear fellow," says my lord; "and now we will settle the other wager."

Having already arrayed himself in his best silk stockings, black sattin-net breeches, and neatest pumps, Harry did not care to take off his shoes as his antagonist had done, whose heavy riding-boots and spurs were, to be sure, little calculated for leaping. They had before them a fine even green turf of some thirty yards in length, enough for a run and enough for a jump. A gravel walk ran around this green, beyond which was a wall and gate-sign—a field azure, bearing the Hanoverian White Horse rampant between two skittles proper, and for motto the name of the landlord and of the animal depicted.

My lord's friend laid a handkerchief on the ground as the mark whence the leapers were to take their jump, and Mr. Wolfe stood at the other end of the grass-plat to note the spot where each came down. "My lord went first," writes Mr. Warrington, in a letter to Mrs. Mountain, at Castlewood, Virginia, still extant. "He was for having me take the lead; but, remembering the story about the *Battel of Fontenoy* which my dearest George used to tell, I says, 'Monseigneur le Comte tirez le premier, s'il vous play.' So he took his run in his *stock-en-feet*, and for the honor of Old Virginia, I had the *gratafucation* of beating his lordship by more than two feet—viz., two feet nine inches—me jumping twenty-one feet three inches, by the drawer's measured tape, and his lordship only eighteen six. I had won from him about my weight before (which I knew the moment I set my eye upon him). So he and Mr. Jack paid me these two *betts*. And with my best duty to my mother—she will not be displeased with me, for I bett for the *honor of the Old Dominion*, and my opponent was a nobleman of the first quality, himself holding *two Erldomes*, and heir to a Duke. Betting is all the *rage* here, and the bloods and young fellows of fashion are betting away from morning till night.

"I told them—and that was my mischief perhaps—that there was a gentleman at home who could beat me by a *good foot*; and when they asked who it was, and I said Col. G. Washington, of Mount Vernon—as you know he can, and he's the only man in his county or mine that can do it—Mr. Wolfe asked me ever so many questions about Col. G. W., and showed that he had heard of him, and talked over last year's *unhappy campaign* as if he knew every inch of the ground, and he knew the names of all our rivers, only he called the Potowmac Pottamac, at which we *had a good laugh at him*. My Lord of March and Ruglen was not in the least *ill-humour* about losing, and he and his friend handed me notes out of their pocket-books, which filled mine that was *getting very empty*, for the *vales* to the serv-

ants at my Cousin Castlewood's house and buying a horse at Oakhurst have very nearly put me on the necessity of making another draft upon my honored mother or her London or Bristol agent."

These feats of activity over, the four gentlemen now strolled out of the tavern-garden into the public walk, where, by this time, a great deal of company was assembled: upon whom Mr. Jack, who was of a frank and free nature, with a loud voice, chose to make remarks that were not always agreeable. And here, if my Lord March made a joke, of which his lordship was not sparing, Jack roared, "Oh, ho, ho! Oh, good Gad! Oh, my dear earl! Oh, my dear lord, you'll be the death of me!" "It seemed as if he wished every body to know," writes Harry, sagaciously, to Mrs. Mountain, "that his friend and companion was an *Erl*!"

There was, indeed, a great variety of characters who passed. M. Poellnitz, no finer dressed than he had been at dinner, grinned, and saluted with his great laced hat and tarnished feathers. Then came by my Lord Chesterfield, in a pearl-colored suit, with his blue ribbon and star, and saluted the young men in his turn.

"I will back the old boy for taking his hat off against the whole kingdom, and France, either," says my Lord March. "He has never changed the shape of that hat of his for twenty years. Look at it. There it goes again! Do you see that great, big, awkward, pock-marked, snuff-colored man, who hardly touches his clumsy beaver in reply. D— his confounded impudence—do you know who that is?"

"No, curse him! Who is it, March?" asks Jack, with an oath.

"It's one Johnson, a Dictionary-maker, about whom my Lord Chesterfield wrote some most capital papers, when his dixonary was coming out, to patronize the fellow. I know they were capital. I've heard Horry Walpole say so, and he knows all about that kind of thing. Confound the impudent schoolmaster!"

"Hang him, he ought to stand in the pillory!" roars Jack.

"That fat man he's walking with is another of your writing fellows—a printer—his name is Richardson; he wrote 'Clarissa,' you know."

"Great Heavens! my lord, is that the great Richardson? Is that the man who wrote 'Clarissa?'" called out Colonel Wolfe and Mr. Warrington, in a breath.

Harry ran forward to look at the old gentleman toddling along the walk with a train of admiring ladies surrounding him.

"Indeed, my very dear Sir," one was saying, "you are too great and good to live in such a world; but sure you were sent to teach it virtue!"

"Ah, my Miss Mulso! Who shall teach the teacher?" said the good, fat old man, raising a kind, round face, skyward. "Even he has his faults and errors! Even his age and experience does not prevent him from stumbling. Heaven bless my soul, Mr. Johnson! I ask your pardon if I have trodden on your corn."

"You have done both, Sir. You have trodden on the corn, and received the pardon," said Mr. Johnson, and went on mumbling some verses, swaying to and fro, his eyes turned toward the ground, his hands behind him, and occasionally endangering with his great stick the honest, meek eyes of his companion-author.

"They do not see very well, my dear Mulso," he says to the young lady, "but such as they are, I would keep my *lash* from Mr. Johnson's cudgel. Your servant, Sir." Here he made a low bow, and took off his hat to Mr. Warrington, who shrank back with many blushes, after saluting the great author. The great author was accustomed to be adored. A gentler wind never puffed mortal vanity. Enraptured spinsters flung tea-leaves round him, and incensed him with the coffee-pot. Matrons kissed the slippers they had worked for him. There was a halo of virtue round his nightcap. All Europe had thrilled, panted, admired, trembled, wept, over the pages of the immortal, little, kind, honest man with the round paunch. Harry came back quite glowing and proud at having a bow from him. "Ah!" says he, "my lord, I am glad to have seen him!"

"Seen him! why, dammy, you may see him any day in his shop, I suppose?" says Jack, with a laugh.

"My brother declared that he, and Mr. Fielding, I think, was the name, were the greatest geniuses in England; and often used to say, that when we came to Europe, his first pilgrimage would be to Mr. Richardson," cried Harry, always impetuous, honest, and tender, when he spoke of the dearest friend.

"Your brother spoke like a man," cried Mr. Wolfe, too, his pale face likewise flushing up. "I would rather be a man of genius than a peer of the realm."

"Every man to his taste, Colonel," says my lord, much amused. "Your enthusiasm—I don't mean any thing personal—refreshes me, on my honor it does."

"So it does me—by gad—perfectly refreshes me," cries Jack.

"So it does Jack—you see—it actually refreshes Jack! I say, Jack, which would you rather be?—a fat old printer, who has written a story about a confounded girl and a fellow that ruins her—or a peer of Parliament with ten thousand a year?"

"March—my Lord March, do you take me for a fool?" says Jack, with a tearful voice. "Have I done any thing to deserve this language from you?"

"I would rather win honor than honors: I would rather have genius than wealth. I would rather make my name than inherit it, though my father's, thank God, is an honest one," said the young Colonel. "But pardon me, gentlemen," and here making them a hasty salutation, he ran across the parade toward a young and elderly lady, and a gentleman, who were now advancing.

"It is the beautiful Miss Lowther. I remem-



THE DICTIONARY-MAKER.

ber now," says my lord. "See! he takes her arm! The report is, he's engaged to her."

"You don't mean to say such a fellow is engaged to any of the Lowthers of the North?" cries out Jack. "Curse me, what is the world come to, with your printers, and your half-pay ensigns, and your schoolmasters, and your infernal nonsense?"

The dictionary-maker, who had shown so little desire to bow to my Lord Chesterfield, when that famous nobleman courteously saluted him, was here seen to take off his beaver, and

bow almost to the ground, before a florid personage in a large round hat, with bands and a gown, who made his appearance in the Walk. This was my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, wearing complacently the blue ribbon and badge of the Garter, of which Noble Order his Lordship was prelate.

Mr. Johnson stood, hat in hand, during the whole time of his conversation with Dr. Gilbert; who made many flattering and benedictory remarks to Mr. Richardson, declaring that he was the supporter of virtue, the preacher of sound

morals, the mainstay of religion, of all which points the honest printer himself was perfectly convinced.

Do not let any young lady trip to her grand-papa's book-case in consequence of this eulogium, and rashly take down Clarissa from the shelf. She would not care to read the volumes, over which her pretty actresses wept and thrilled a hundred years ago; which were commended by divines from pulpits and belauded all Europe over. I wonder, are our women more virtuous than their grandmothers, or only more squeamish? If the former, then Miss Smith of New York is certainly more modest than Miss Smith of London, who still does not scruple to say that tables, pianos, and animals have legs. Oh, my faithful, good old Samuel Richardson! Hath the news yet reached thee in Hades, that thy sublime novels are huddled away in corners, and that our daughters may no more read Clarissa than Tom Jones? Go up, Samuel, and be reconciled with thy brother scribe, whom in life thou didst hate so. I wonder whether a century hence the novels of to-day will be hidden behind locks and wires, and make pretty little maidens blush.

"Who is yonder queer person in the high head-dress of my grandmother's time, who stops and speaks to Mr. Richardson?" asked Harry, as a fantastically-dressed lady came up, and performed a courtesy and a compliment to the bowing printer.

Jack Morris nervously struck Harry a blow in the side with the butt-end of his whip. Lord March laughed.

"Yonder queer person is my gracious kinswoman, Katharine, Duchess of Dover and Queensberry, at your service, Mr. Warrington. She was a beauty once! She is changed now, isn't she? What an old Gorgon it is! She is a great patroness of your book-men; and when that old frump was young, they actually made verses about her."

The Earl quitted his friends for a moment to make his bow to the old Duchess, Jack Morris explaining to Mr. Warrington how, at the Duke's death, my Lord of March and Ruglen would succeed to his cousin's dukedoms.

"I suppose," says Harry, simply, "his lordship is here in attendance upon the old lady?"

Jack burst into a loud laugh.

"Oh yes! very much! exactly!" says he. "Why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say you haven't heard about the little Opera-dancer?"

"I am but lately arrived in England, Mr. Morris," said Harry, with a smile, "and in Virginia, I own, we have not heard much about the little Opera-dancer."

Luckily for us, the secret about the little Opera-dancer never was revealed, for the young men's conversation was interrupted by a lady in a cardinal cape, and a hat by no means unlike those lovely head-pieces which have returned into vogue a hundred years after the date of our present history, who made a profound

courtesy to the two gentlemen, and received their salutation in return. She stopped opposite to Harry; she held out her hand, rather to his wonderment:

"Have you so soon forgotten me, Mr. Warrington?" she said.

Off went Harry's hat in an instant. He started, blushed, stammered, and called out Good Heavens! as if there had been any celestial wonder in the circumstance! It was Lady Maria come out for a walk. He had not been thinking about her. She was, to say truth, for the moment so utterly out of the young gentleman's mind, that her sudden re-entry there and appearance in the body startled Mr. Warrington's faculties, and caused those guilty blushes to crowd into his cheeks.

No. He was not even thinking of her! A week ago—a year, a hundred years ago it seemed—he would not have been surprised to meet her any where. Appearing from amidst darkling shrubberies, gliding over green garden terraces, loitering on stairs, or corridors, hovering even in his dreams, all day, or all night, bodily or spiritually, he had been accustomed to meet her. A week ago his heart used to beat. A week ago, and at the very instant when he jumped out of his sleep, there was her idea smiling on him. And it was only last Tuesday that his love was stabbed and slain, and he not only had left off mourning for her, but had forgotten her!

"You will come and walk with me a little?" she said. "Or would you like the music best? I dare say you will like the music best."

"You know," said Harry, "I don't care about any music much except"—he was thinking of the evening hymn—"except of your playing." He turned very red again as he spoke; he felt he was perjuring himself horribly.

The poor lady was agitated herself by the flutter and agitation which she saw in her young companion. Gracious Heaven! Could that tremor and excitement mean that she was mistaken, and that the lad was still faithful? "Give me your arm, and let us take a little walk," she said, waving round a courtesy to the other two gentlemen: "my Aunt is asleep after her dinner." Harry could not but offer the arm, and press the hand that lay against his heart. Maria made another fine courtesy to Harry's bowing companions, and walked off with her prize. In her griefs, in her rages, in the pains and anguish of wrong and desertion, how women remember to smile, courtesy, caress, dissemble! How resolutely they discharge the social proprieties! how they have a word, or a hand, or a kind little speech or reply for the passing acquaintance who crosses unknowing the path of the tragedy, drops a light airy remark or two (happy self-satisfied rogue!), and passes on. He passes on, and thinks that woman was rather pleased with what I said. "That joke I made was rather neat. I do really think Lady Maria looks rather favorably at me, and she's a devilish fine woman, begad she is!" Oh you wiseacre!

Such was Jack Morris's observation and case as he walked away, leaning on the arm of his noble friend, and thinking the whole Society of the Wells was looking at him. He had made some exquisite remarks about a particular run of cards at Lady Flushington's the night before, and Lady Maria had replied graciously and neatly, and so away went Jack perfectly happy.

The absurd creature! I declare we know nothing of any body (but *that*, for my part, I know better and better every day). You enter smiling to see your new acquaintance, Mrs. A. and her charming family. You make your bow in the elegant drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. B.? I tell you, that in your course through life you are forever putting your great clumsy foot upon the mute, invisible wounds of bleeding tragedies. Mrs. B.'s closets, for what you know, are stuffed with skeletons. Look there under the sofa-cushion. Is that merely Missy's doll, or is it the limb of a stifled Cupid peeping out? What do you suppose are those ashes smouldering in the grate?—Very likely a suttee has been offered up there just before you came in: a faithful heart has been burned out upon a callous corpse, and you are looking on the *cineri doloso*. You see B. and his wife receiving their company before dinner. Gracious powers! Do you know that that bouquet which she wears is a signal to Captain C., and that he will find a note under the little bronze Shakspeare on the mantle-piece in the study? And with all this you go up and say some uncommonly neat thing (as you fancy) to Mrs. B. about the weather (clever dog!), or about Lady E.'s last party (fashionable buck!), or about the dear children in the nursery (insinuating rogue!). Heaven and earth, my good Sir, how can you tell that B. is not going to pitch all the children out of the nursery window this very night, or that his lady has not made an arrangement for leaving them, and running off with the Captain? How do you know that those footmen are not disguised bailiffs? that yonder large-looking Butler (really a skeleton) is not the pawnbroker's man; and that there are not skeleton rotis and entrées under every one of the covers? Look at their feet peeping from under the table-cloth. Mind how you stretch out your own lovely little slippers, Madam, lest you knock over a rib or two. Remark the Death's-head moths fluttering among the flowers. See the pale winding-sheets gleaming in the wax-candles! I know it is an old story, and especially that this preacher has yelled *vanitas vanitatum* five hundred times before. I can't help always falling upon it, and cry out with particular loudness and wailing, and become especially melancholy, when I see a dead love tied to a live love. Ha! I look up from my desk, across the street; and there come in Mr. and Mrs. D. from their walk in Kensington Gardens. How she hangs on him! how jolly and happy he looks as the children frisk round! My poor, dear, benighted Mrs. D., there is a Regent's Park as well as a Kensington Gardens in the world. Go in, fond

wretch! Smilingly lay before him what you know he likes for dinner. Show him the children's copies and the reports of their masters. Go with Missy to the piano, and play your artless duet together; and fancy you are happy!

There go Harry and Maria taking their evening walk on the common, away from the village which is waking up from its after-dinner siesta, and where the people are beginning to stir and the music to play. With the music Maria knows Madame de Bernstein will waken: with the candles she must be back to the tea-table and the cards. Never mind. Here is a minute. It may be my love is dead, but here is a minute to kneel over the grave and pray by it. He certainly was not thinking about her: he was startled and did not even know her. He was laughing and talking with Jack Morris and my Lord March. He is twenty years younger than she. Never mind. To-day is to-day in which we are all equal. This moment is ours. Come, let us walk a little way over the heath, Harry. She will go, though she feels a deadly assurance that he will tell her all is over between them, and that he loves the dark-haired girl at Oakhurst.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PLENUM OPUS ALÆÆ.

"LET me hear about those children, child, whom I saw running about at the house where they took you in, poor dear boy, after your dreadful fall?" says Maria, as they paced the common. "Oh, that fall, Harry! I thought I should have died when I saw it! You needn't squeeze one's arm so. You know you don't care for me."

"The people are the very best, kindest, dearest people I have ever met in the world," cries Mr. Warrington. "Mrs. Lambert was a friend of my mother when she was in Europe for her education. Colonel Lambert is a most accomplished gentleman, and has seen service everywhere. He was in Scotland with his Royal Highness, in Flanders, at Minorca. No natural parents could be kinder than they were to me. How can I show my gratitude to them? I want to make them a present: I *must* make them a present," says Harry, clapping his hand into his pocket, which was filled with the crisp spoils of Morris and March.

"We can go to the toy-shop, my dear, and buy a couple of dolls for the children," says Lady Maria. "You would offend the parents by offering any thing like payment for their kindness."

"Dolls for Hester and Theo! Why, do you think a woman is not woman till she is forty, Maria?" (The arm under Harry's here gave a wince—perhaps ever so slight a wince.) "I can tell you Miss Hester by no means considers herself a child, and Miss Theo is older than her sister. They know ever so many languages. They have read books—oh! piles and piles of books! They play on the harpsichord and sing



together admirable; and Theo composes, and sings songs of her own."

"Indeed! I scarcely saw them. I thought they were children. They looked quite childish. I had no idea they had all these perfections, and were such wonders of the world."

"That's just the way with you women! At home, if me or George praised a woman, Mrs. Esmond and Mountain, too, would be sure to find fault with her!" cries Harry.

"I am sure I would find fault with no one who is kind to *you*, Mr. Warrington," sighed Maria, "though you are not angry with me for envying them because they had to take care of you when you were wounded and ill—while I—I had to leave you?"

"You dear, good Maria!"

"No, Harry! I am *not* dear and good. There, Sir, you needn't be so pressing in your attentions. Look! There is your black man walking with a score of other wretches in livery. The horrid creatures are going to fuddle at the tea-garden, and get tipsy like their masters. That dreadful Mr. Morris was perfectly tipsy when I came to you, and frightened you so."

"I had just won great bets from both of them. What shall I buy for you, my dear cousin?" And Harry narrated the triumphs which he had just achieved. He was in high spirits: he laughed, he bragged a little. "For the honor of Virginia I was determined to show them what jumping was," he said. "With a little practice, I think I could leap two foot further."

Maria was pleased with the victories of her young champion. "But you must beware about play, child," she said. "You know it hath been the ruin of our family. My brother Castlewood, Will, our poor father, our aunt Lady Castlewood herself, they have all been victims to it: as for my Lord March, he is the most dreadful gambler and the most successful of all the nobility."

"I don't intend to be afraid of him, nor of his friend Mr. Jack Morris neither," says Harry, again fingering the delightful notes. "What do you play at Aunt Bernstein's? Cribbage, all-fours, brag, whist, commerce, piquet, quadrille? I'm ready at any of 'em. What o'clock is that striking?—sure 'tis seven!"

"And you want to begin now," said the plaintive Maria. "You don't care about walking with your poor cousin. Not long ago you did."

"Hey! Youth is youth, cousin!" cried Mr. Harry, tossing up his head, "and a young fellow must have his fling!" and he strutted by his partner's side, confident, happy, and eager for pleasure. Not long ago, he did like to walk with her. Only yesterday, he liked to be with Theo and Hester, and good Mrs. Lam-

bert; but pleasure, life, gayety, the desire to shine and to conquer, had also their temptations for the lad, who seized the cup like other lads, and did not care to calculate on the headache in store for the morning. While he and his cousin were talking, the fiddles from the open orchestra on the Parade made a great tuning and squeaking, preparatory to their usual evening concert. Maria knew her aunt was awake again, and that she must go back to her slavery. Harry never asked about that slavery, though he must have known it, had he taken the trouble to think. He never pitied his cousin. He was not thinking about her at all. Yet when his mishap befell him, she had been wounded far more cruelly than he was. He had scarce ever been out of her thoughts, which of course she had had to bury under smiling hypocrisies, as is the way with her sex. I know, my dear Mrs. Grundy, you think she was an old fool? Ah! do you suppose fools' caps do not cover gray hair as well as jet or auburn? Bear gently with our elderly *frédaines*, oh you Minerva of a woman! Or perhaps you are so good and wise that you don't read novels at all. This I know, that there are late crops of wild oats, as well as early harvests of them; and (from observation of self and neighbor) I have an idea that the *avena fatua* grows up to the very last days of the year.

Like worldly parents anxious to get rid of a troublesome child, and go out to their evening party, Madame Bernstein and her attendants had put the sun to bed, while it was as yet light, and had drawn the curtains over it, and were busy about their cards and their candles, and their tea and negus, and other refreshments. One chair after another landed ladies at the Baroness's door, more or less painted, patched, brocaded. To these came gentlemen in gala raiment. Mr. Poellnitz's star was the largest, and his coat the most embroidered of all pres-

ent. My lord of March and Ruglen, when he made his appearance, was quite changed from the individual with whom Harry had made acquaintance at the White Horse. His tight brown scratch was exchanged for a neatly-curled feather-top, with a bag and gray powder, his jockey-dress and leather breeches replaced by a rich and elegant French suit. Mr. Jack Morris had just such another wig and a suit of stuff as closely as possible resembling his lordship's. Mr. Wolfe came in attendance upon his beautiful mistress, Miss Lowther, and her aunt, who loved cards, as all the world did. When my lady Maria Esmond made her appearance, 'tis certain that her looks belied Madame Bernstein's account of her. Her shape was very fine, and her dress showed a great deal of it. Her complexion was by nature exceeding fair, and a dark frilled ribbon, clasped by a jewel, round her neck, enhanced its snowy whiteness. Her cheeks were not redder than those of other ladies present, and the roses were pretty openly purchased by every body at the perfumery-shops. An artful patch or two, it was supposed, added to the lustre of her charms. Her hoop was not larger than the iron contrivances which ladies of the present day hang round their persons; and we may pronounce that the costume, if absurd in some points, was on the whole pleasing. Suppose our ladies took to wearing of bangles and nose-rings? I dare say we should laugh at the ornaments, and not dislike them, and lovers would make no difficulty about lifting up the ring to be able to approach the rosy lips underneath.

As for the Baroness de Bernstein, when that lady took the pains of making a grand toilet, she appeared as an object, handsome still, and magnificent, but melancholy, and even somewhat terrifying to behold. You read the past in some old faces, while some others lapse into mere meekness and content. The fires go quite out of some eyes, as the crow's feet pucker round them; they flash no longer with scorn, or with anger, or love; they gaze, and no one is melted by their sapphire glances; they look, and no one is dazzled. My fair young reader, if you are not so perfect a beauty as the peerless Lindamira, Queen of the Ball—if, at the end of it, as you retire to bed, you meekly own that you have had but two or three partners, while Lindamira has had a crowd round her all night—console yourself with thinking that, at fifty, you will look as kind and pleasant as you appear now at eighteen. You will not have to lay down your coach and six of beauty and see another step into it, and walk yourself through the rest of life. You will have to forego no longer accustomed homage; you will not witness and own the depreciation of your smiles. You will not see fashion forsake your quarter; and remain all dust, gloom, cobwebs within your once splendid saloons, and placards in your sad windows, gaunt, lonely, and to let! You may not have known any grandeur, but you won't feel any desertion. You will not have enjoyed mill-

ions, but you will have escaped bankruptcy. "Our hostess," said my Lord Chesterfield to his friend in a confidential whisper, of which the utterer did not in the least know the loudness, "puts me in mind of Covent Garden in my youth. Then it was the court end of the town, and inhabited by the highest fashion. Now, a nobleman's house is a gaming-house, or you may go in with a friend and call for a bottle."

"Hey! a bottle and a tavern are good things in their way," says my Lord March, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I was not born before the Georges came in, though I intend to live to a hundred. I never knew the Bernstein but as an old woman; and if she ever had beauty, hang me if I know how she spent it."

"No, hang me, how did she spend it?" laughs out Jack Morris.

"Here's a table! Shall we sit down and have a game? Don't let the Frenchman come in. He won't pay. Mr. Warrington, will you take a card?" Mr. Warrington and my Lord Chesterfield found themselves partners against Mr. Morris and the Earl of March. "You have come too late, Baron," says the elder nobleman to the elder nobleman who was advancing. "We have made our game. What, have you forgotten Mr. Warrington of Virginia—the young gentleman whom you met in London?"

"The young gentleman whom I met at Arthur's Chocolate House had black hair, a little cocked nose, and was by no means so fortunate in his personal appearance as Mr. Warrington," said the Baron, with much presence of mind. "Warrington, Dorrington, Harrington? We of the Continent can not retain your insular names. I certify that this gentleman is not the individual of whom I spoke at dinner." And, glancing kindly upon him, the old Beau sidled away to a farther end of the room, where Mr. Wolfe and Miss Lowther were engaged in deep conversation in the embrasure of a window. Here the Baron thought fit to engage the Lieutenant-Colonel upon the Prussian manual exercise, which had lately been introduced into King George II.'s army—a subject with which Mr. Wolfe was thoroughly familiar, and which, no doubt, would have interested him at any other moment but that. Nevertheless the old gentleman uttered his criticisms and opinions, and thought he perfectly charmed the two persons to whom he communicated them.

At the commencement of the evening the Baroness received her guests personally, and as they arrived engaged them in talk and introductory courtesies. But as the rooms and tables filled, and the parties were made up, Madame de Bernstein became more and more restless, and finally retreated with three friends to her own corner, where a table specially reserved for her was occupied by her major domo. And here the old lady sate down resolutely, never changing her place or quitting her game till cock-crow. The charge of receiving the company devolved now upon my Lady Maria, who



THE RULING PASSION.

did not care for cards, but dutifully did the honors of the house to her Aunt's guests, and often rustled by the table where her young cousin was engaged with his three friends.

"Come and cut the cards for us," said my Lord March to her Ladyship, as she passed on one of her wistful visits. "Cut the cards, and

bring us luck, Lady Maria! We have had none to-night, and Mr. Warrington is winning every thing."

"I hope you are not playing high, Harry?" said the lady, timidly.

"Oh, no, only sixpences," cried my lord, dealing.

"Only sixpences!" echoed Mr. Morris, who was Lord March's partner. But Mr. Morris must have been very keenly alive to the value of sixpence, if the loss of a few such coins could make his round face look so dismal. My Lord Chesterfield sate opposite Mr. Warrington, sorting his cards. No one could say, by inspecting that calm physiognomy whether good or ill fortune was attending his lordship.

Some word, not altogether indicative of delight, slipped out of Mr. Morris's lips, on which his partner cried out, "Hang it, Morris, play your cards, and hold your tongue!" Considering they were only playing for sixpences, his lordship, too, was strangely affected.

Maria, still fondly lingering by Harry's chair, with her hand at the back of it, could see his cards, and that a whole covey of trumps was ranged in one corner. She had not taken away his luck. She was pleased to think she had cut that pack which had dealt him all those pretty trumps. As Lord March was dealing, he had said, in a quiet voice, to Mr. Warrington, "The bet as before, Mr. Warrington, or shall we double it?"

"Any thing you like, my lord," said Mr. Warrington, very quietly.

"We will say, then, — shillings."

"Yes, shillings," says Mr. Warrington, and the game proceeded.

The end of the day's, and some succeeding days', sport may be gathered from the following letter, which was never delivered to the person to whom it was addressed, but found its way to America in the papers of Mr. Henry Warrington:

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, August 10, 1756.

DEAR GEORGE,—As, at White's, two bottles of Burgundy and a pack of cards constitute all the joys of your life, I take for granted that you are in London at this moment, preferring smoke and faro to fresh air and fresh haystacks. This will be delivered to you by a young gentleman with whom I have lately made acquaintance, and whom you will be charmed to know. He will play with you at any game for any stake, up to any hour of the night, and drink any reasonable number of bottles during the play. Mr. Warrington is no other than the fortunate youth about whom so many stories have been told in the *Public Advertiser* and other prints. He has an estate in Virginia as big as Yorkshire, with the encumbrance of a mother, the reigning Sovereign: but, as the country is unwholesome, and fevers plentiful, let us hope that Mrs. Esmond will die soon, and leave this virtuous lad in undisturbed possession. She is aunt of that *polisson* of a Castlewood, who never pays his play-debts, unless he is more honorable in his dealings with you than he has been with me. He is de bonne race. We must have him of our society, if it be only that I may win my money back from him.

He has had the devil's luck here, and has been winning every thing, while his old card-playing beldam of an aunt has been losing. A

few nights ago, when I first had the ill-luck to make his acquaintance, he beat me in jumping (having practiced the art among the savages, and running away from bears in his native woods); he won bets of me and Jack Morris about my weight; and at night, when we sat down to play, at old Bernstein's, he won from us all round. If you can settle our last Epsom account, please hand over to Mr. Warrington £350, which I still owe him, after pretty well emptying my pocket-book. Chesterfield has dropped six hundred to him, too; but his lordship does not wish to have it known, having sworn to give up play, and live cleanly. Jack Morris, who has not been hit as hard as either of us, and can afford it quite as well, for the fat chuff has no houses nor *train* to keep up, and all his misbegotten father's money in hand, roars like a bull of Bashan about his losses. We had a second night's play, en petit comité, and Barbeau served us a fair dinner in a private room. Mr. Warrington holds his tongue like a gentleman, and none of us have talked about our losses; but the whole place does, for us. Yesterday the Cattarina looked as sulky as thunder, because I would not give her a diamond necklace, and says I refuse her because I have lost five thousand to the Virginian. My old Duchess of Q., has the very same story, besides knowing to a fraction what Chesterfield and Jack have lost.

Warrington treated the company to breakfast and music at the rooms; and you should have seen how the women tore him to pieces. That fiend of a Cattarina ogled him out of my vis-à-vis, and under my very nose, yesterday, as we were driving to Penshurst, and I have no doubt has sent him a *billet-doux* ere this. He shot Jack Morris all to pieces at a mark: we shall try him with partridges when the season comes.

He is a fortunate fellow, certainly. He has youth (which is not deboshed by evil courses in Virginia, as ours is in England), he has good health, good looks, and good luck.

In a word, Mr. Warrington has won our money in a very gentleman-like manner; and, as I like him, and wish to win some of it back again, I put him under your worship's saintly guardianship. Adieu! I am going to the North, and shall be back for Doncaster.

Yours ever, dear George,

M. & R.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., at White's
Chocolate House, St. James's Street.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

OUR young Virginian found himself, after two or three days at Tunbridge Wells, by far the most important personage in that merry little watering-place. No nobleman in the place inspired so much curiosity. My lord Bishop of Salisbury himself was scarce treated with more respect. People turned round to look after Harry as he passed, and country folks stared at him as they came into market. At the rooms,



matrons encouraged him to come round to them, and found means to leave him alone with their daughters, most of whom smiled upon him. Every body knew, to an acre and a shilling, the extent of his Virginian property, and the amount of his income. At every tea-table in the Wells, his winnings at play were told and calculated. Wonderful is the knowledge which our neighbors have of our affairs! So great was the interest and curiosity which Harry inspired, that people even smiled upon his servant, and took Gumbo aside and treated him with ale and cold meat, in order to get news of the young Virginian. Mr. Gumbo fattened under the diet, became a leading member of the Society of Valets in the place, and lied more enormously than ever. No party was complete unless Mr. Warrington attended it. The lad was not a little amused and astonished by this prosperity, and bore his new honors pretty well. He had been bred at home to think too well of himself, and his present good fortune no doubt tended to confirm his self-satisfaction. But he was not too much elated. He did not brag about his victories or give himself any particular airs. In engaging in play with the gentlemen who challenged him, he had acted up to his queer code of honor. He felt as if he was bound to meet them when they summoned him, and that if they invited him to a horse-race, or a drinking-bout, or a match at cards, for the sake of Old Virginia he must not draw back. Mr. Harry found his new acquaintances ready to try him at all these sports and contests. He had a strong head, a skillful hand, a firm seat, an unflinching nerve. The representative of Old Virginia came off very well in his friendly rivalry with the mother country.

Madame de Bernstein, who got her fill of cards every night, and, no doubt, repaired the ill-fortune of which we heard in the last chapter, was delighted with her nephew's victories and reputation. He had shot with Jack Morris,

and beat him: he had ridden a match with Mr. Scamper, and won it. He played tennis with Colonel Batts, and, though the boy had never tried the game before, in a few days he held his own uncommonly well. He had engaged in play with those celebrated gamesters, my Lords of Chesterfield and March; and they both bore testimony to his coolness, gallantry, and good breeding. At his books Harry was not brilliant certainly: but he could write as well as a great number of men of fashion; and the *naïveté* of his ignorance amused the old lady. She had read books in her time, and could talk very well about them with bookish people: she had a relish for humor and delighted in Molière and Mr. Fielding, but she loved the world far better than the library, and was never so interested in any novel but that she would leave it for a game of cards. She superintended with fond pleasure the improvements of Harry's toilet: rummaged out fine laces for his ruffles and shirt, and found a pretty diamond brooch for his frill. He attained the post of prime favorite of all her nephews and kinsfolk. I fear Lady Maria was only too well pleased at the lad's successes: and did not grudge him his superiority over her brothers: but those gentlemen must have quaked with fear and envy when they heard of Mr. Warrington's prodigious successes, and the advance which he had made in their wealthy aunt's favor.

After a fortnight of Tunbridge, Mr. Harry had become quite a personage. He knew all the good company in the place. Was it his fault if he became acquainted with the bad likewise? Was he very wrong in taking the world as he found it, and drinking from that sweet sparkling pleasure-cup, which was filled for him to the brim? The old aunt enjoyed his triumphs, and for her part only bade him pursue his enjoyments. She was not a rigorous old old moralist, nor, perhaps, a very wholesome preceptress for youth. If the Catharina wrote him billets-doux, I fear Aunt Bernstein would have bid him accept the invitations: but the lad had brought with him from his colonial home a stock of modesty which he still wore along with the honest home-spun linen. Libertinism was rare in those thinly-peopled regions from which he came. The vices of great cities were scarce known or practiced in the rough towns of the American Continent. Harry Warrington blushed like a girl at the daring talk of his new European associates: even Aunt Bernstein's conversation and jokes astounded the young Virginian, so that the worldly old woman would call him Joseph—a simpleton.

But however innocent he was, the world gave him credit for being as bad as other folks. How was he to know that he was not to associate with that saucy Catharina? He had seen my Lord March driving her about in his Lordship's phaeton. Harry thought there was no harm in giving her his arm, and parading openly with her in the public walks. She took a fancy to a trinket at the toy-shop; and, as his

pockets were full of money, he was delighted to make her a present of the locket which she coveted. The next day it was a piece of lace: again Harry gratified her. The next day it was something else: there was no end to Madam Catharina's fancies; but here the young gentleman stopped, turning off her request with a joke and a laugh. He was shrewd enough, and not reckless or prodigal, though generous. He had no idea of purchasing diamond drops for the petulant little lady's pretty ears.

But who was to give him credit for his modesty? Old Bernstein insisted upon believing that her nephew was playing Don Juan's part, and supplanting my Lord March. She insisted the more when poor Maria was by: loving to stab the tender heart of that spinster, and enjoying her niece's piteous silence and discomfiture.

"Why, my dear," said the Baroness, "boys will be boys, and I don't want Harry to be the first milksop in his family!" The bread which Maria ate at her aunt's expense choked her sometimes. Oh me, how hard and indigestible some women know how to make it!

Mr. Wolfe was forever coming over from Westerham to pay court to the lady of his love; and, knowing that the Colonel was entirely engrossed in that pursuit, Mr. Warrington scarcely expected to see much of him, however much he liked that officer's conversation and society. It was different from the talk of the ribald people round about Harry. Mr. Wolfe never spoke of cards, or horses' pedigrees; or bragged of his performances in the hunting-field; or boasted of the favors of women; or retailed any of the innumerable scandals of the time. It was not a good time. That old world was more dissolute than ours. There was an old king with mistresses openly in his train, to whom the great folks of the land did honor. There was a nobility, many of whom were mad and reckless in the pursuit of pleasure; there was a looseness of words and acts which we must note, as faithful historians, without going into particulars, and needlessly shocking honest readers. Our young gentleman had lighted upon some of the wildest of these wild people, and had found an old relative who lived in the very midst of the rout.

Harry then did not remark how Colonel Wolfe avoided him, or, when they casually met, at first notice the Colonel's cold and altered demeanor. He did not know the stories that were told of him? Who does know the stories that are told of him? Who makes them? Who are the fathers of those wondrous lies? Poor Harry did not know the reputation he was getting; and that, while he was riding his horse and playing his game and taking his frolic, he was passing among many respectable persons for being the most abandoned and profligate and godless of young men.

Alas, and alas! to think that the lad whom we liked so, and who was so gentle and quiet when with us, so simple and so easily pleased,

should be a hardened profligate, a spendthrift, a confirmed gamester, a frequenter of abandoned women! These stories came to honest Colonel Lambert at Oakhurst: first one bad story, then another, then crowds of them, till the good man's kind heart was quite filled with grief and care, so that his family saw that something annoyed him. At first he would not speak on the matter at all, and put aside the wife's fond queries. Mrs. Lambert thought a great misfortune had happened; that her husband had been ruined; that he had been ordered on a dangerous service; that one of the boys was ill, disgraced, dead: who can resist an anxious woman, or escape the cross-examination of the conjugal pillow? Lambert was obliged to tell a part of what he knew about Harry Warrington. The wife was as much grieved and amazed as her husband had been. From papa's and mamma's bedroom the grief, after being stifled for a while under the bed-pillows there, came down stairs. Theo and Hester took the complaint after their parents, and had it very bad. Oh kind, little wounded hearts! At first Hester turned red, flew into a great passion, clenched her little fists, and vowed she would not believe a word of the wicked stories; but she ended by believing them. Scandal almost always does master people: especially good and innocent people. Oh, the serpent they had nursed by their fire! Oh, the wretched, wretched boy! To think of his walking about with that horrible painted Frenchwoman, and giving her diamond necklaces, and parading his shame before all the society at the Wells! The three ladies having cried over the story, and the father being deeply moved by it, took the parson into their confidence. In vain he preached at church next Sunday his favorite sermon about scandal, and inveighed against our propensity to think evil. We repent: we promise to do so no more; but when the next bad story comes about our neighbor we believe it. So did those kind, wretched Oakhurst folks believe what they heard about poor Harry Warrington.

Harry Warrington, meanwhile, was a great deal too well pleased with himself to know how ill his friends were thinking of him, and was pursuing a very idle and pleasant, if unprofitable, life, without having the least notion of the hubbub he was creating, and the dreadful repute in which he was held by many good men. Coming out from a match at tennis with Mr. Batts, and pleased with his play and all the world, Harry overtook Colonel Wolfe, who had been on one of his visits to the lady of his heart. Harry held out his hand, which the Colonel took; but the latter's salutation was so cold, that the young man could not help remarking it, and especially noting how Mr. Wolfe, in return for a fine bow from Mr. Batts's hat, scarcely touched his own with his fore-finger. The tennis captain walked away looking somewhat disconcerted, Harry remaining behind to talk with his friend of Westerham. Mr. Wolfe walked by him for a while, very erect, silent, and cold.

"I have not seen you these many days," says Harry.

"You have other companions," remarks Mr. Wolfe, curtly.

"But I had rather be with you than any of them!" cries the young man.

"Indeed I might be better company for you than some of them," says the other.

"Is it Captain Batts you mean?" asked Harry.

"He is no favorite of mine, I own; he bore a rascally reputation when he was in the army; and I doubt has not mended it since he was turned out. You certainly might find a better friend than Captain Batts. Pardon the freedom which I take in saying so," says Mr. Wolfe, grimly.

"Friend! He is no friend. He only teaches me to play tennis. He is hand-in-glove with my lord, and all the people of fashion here who play."

"I am not a man of fashion," says Mr. Wolfe.

"My dear Colonel! What is the matter? Have I angered you in any way? You speak almost as if I had, and I am not conscious of having done any thing to forfeit your regard!" exclaimed Mr. Warrington.

"I will be free with you, Mr. Warrington," said the Colonel, gravely, "and tell you, with frankness, that I don't like some of your friends."

"Why, sure they are of the first rank and fashion in England!" cries Harry, not choosing to be offended with his companion's bluntness.

"Exactly. They are men of too high rank and too great fashion for a hard-working, poor soldier like me; and if you continue to live with such, believe me, you will find numbers of us humdrum people can't afford to keep such company. I am here, Mr. Warrington, paying my addresses to an honorable lady. I met you yesterday openly walking with a French ballet-dancer, and you took off your hat. I must frankly tell you that I had rather you would not take off your hat when you go out in such company."

"Sir!" said Mr. Warrington, growing very red, "do you mean that I am to forego the honor of Colonel Wolfe's acquaintance altogether?"

"I certainly shall request you to do so when you are in company with that person!" said Colonel Wolfe, angrily. But he used a word not to be written at present, though Shakspeare puts it in the mouth of Othello.

"Great Heavens! What a shame it is to speak so of any woman!" cries Mr. Warrington. "How dare any man say that that poor creature is not honest?"

"You ought to know best, Sir!" says the other, looking at Harry with some surprise, "or the world belies you very much."

"What ought I to know best? I see a poor little French dancer, who is come hither with her mother, and is ordered by the doctors to drink the waters. I know that a person of my rank in life does not ordinarily keep company with people of hers; but really, Colonel Wolfe,

are you so squeamish? Have I not heard you say that you did not value birth, and that all honest people ought to be equal? Why should I not give the little unprotected woman my arm? There are scarce half a dozen people here who can speak a word of her language. I can talk a little French, and she is welcome to it; and if Colonel Wolfe does not choose to touch his hat to me when I am walking with her, by George he may leave it alone!" cried Harry, flushing up.

"You don't mean to say," says Mr. Wolfe, eying him, "that you don't know the woman's character?"

"Of course, Sir, she is a dancer, and, I suppose, no better nor worse than her neighbors. But I mean to say that had she been a duchess, or your grandmother, I could not have respected her more."

"You do not mean to say that you did not win her at dice from Lord March?"

"At what?"

"At dice, from Lord March. Every body knows the story. Not a person at the Wells is ignorant of it. I heard it but now, in the company of that good old Mr. Richardson; and the ladies were saying that you would be a character for a colonial Lovelace!"

"What on earth else have they said about me?" asked Harry Warrington. And such stories as he knew, the Colonel told; the most alarming accounts of his own wickedness and profligacy were laid before him. He was a corrupter of virtue, an habitual drunkard and gamester, a notorious blasphemer and free-thinker—a fitting companion for my Lord March, finally, and the company into whose society he had fallen. "I tell you these things," said Mr. Wolfe, "because it is fair you should know what is said of you, and because I do heartily believe, from your manner of meeting the last charge brought against you, that you are innocent on most of the other counts. I feel, Mr. Warrington, that I, for one, have been doing you a wrong, and sincerely ask you to pardon me."

Of course Harry was eager to accept his friend's apology, and they shook hands with sincere cordiality this time. In respect of most of the charges brought against him, Harry rebutted them easily enough: as for the play, he owned to it. He thought that a gentleman should not refuse a fair challenge from other gentlemen, if his means allowed him; and he never would play beyond his means. After winning considerably at first, he could afford to play large stakes, for he was playing with other people's money. Play, he thought, was fair; it certainly was pleasant. Why, did not all England, except the Methodists, play? Had he not seen the best company at the Wells over the cards—his aunt among them?

Mr. Wolfe made no immediate comment upon Harry's opinion as to the persons who formed "the best company" at the Wells; but he frankly talked with the young man, whose own frankness

had won him, and warned him that the life he was leading might be the pleasantest, but surely was not the most profitable, of lives. "It can't be, Sir," said the Colonel, "that a man is to pass all his days at horse-racing and tennis, and his nights carousing or at cards. Sure, every man was made to do some work; and a gentleman, if he has none, must make some. Do you know the laws of your country, Mr. Warrington? Being a great proprietor, you will doubtless one day be a magistrate at home. Have you traveled over the country, and made yourself acquainted with its trade and manufactures? These are fit things for a gentleman to study, and may occupy him as well as a cock-fight or a cricket-match. Do you know any thing of our profession? That, at least, you will allow is a noble one; and, believe me, there is plenty in it to learn, and suited, I should think, to you. I speak of it rather than of books and the learned professions, because, as far as I can judge, your genius does not lie that way. But honor is the aim of life," cried Mr. Wolfe, "and every

man can serve his country one way or the other. Be sure, Sir, that idle bread is the most dangerous of all that is eaten; that cards and pleasure may be taken by way of pastime after work—but not instead of work, and all day. And, do you know, Mr. Warrington, instead of being the Fortunate Youth, as all the world calls you, I think you are rather Warrington the Unlucky; for you are followed by daily idleness, daily flattery, daily temptation; and the Lord, I say, send you a good deliverance out of your good fortune!"

But Harry did not like to tell his aunt that afternoon why it was he looked so grave. He thought he would not drink; but there were some jolly fellows at the ordinary, who passed the bottle round; and he meant not to play in the evening, but a fourth was wanted at his aunt's table, and how could he resist? He was the old lady's partner several times during the night, and he had Somebody's own luck, to be sure; and once more he saw the dawn, and feasted on chickens and Champagne at sunrise.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

AS far as the direct action of Congress is concerned the Kansas question has been decided. As noted in our last Record, the Senate refused to accept the substitute passed by the House for the original Senate bill, and the House resolved to adhere to its substitute. On the 13th of April, on motion of Mr. Green, the Senate voted to ask a Committee of Conference. The House, upon the motion of Mr. English, acceded to this request, by a vote of 108 to 108, the Speaker giving the casting vote in its favor. The Committee consisted of Messrs. Green, Hunter, and Seward, for the Senate; and English, Stephens, and Howard, for the House. On the 23d the majority of the Committee (Messrs. Seward and Howard dissenting) presented, through Mr. English, their report, embodying a bill for the admission of Kansas, of which the following are the essential portions:

"Whereas, the people of the Territory of Kansas did, by a convention of delegates assembled at Lecompton, on the 7th day of November, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, for that purpose, form for themselves a Constitution and State government, which Constitution is republican; and whereas, at the same time and place, said convention did adopt an ordinance, which said ordinance asserts that Kansas, when admitted as a State, will have an undoubted right to tax the lands within her limits belonging to the United States, and proposes to relinquish said asserted right if certain conditions set forth in said ordinance be accepted and agreed to by the Congress of the United States; and whereas, the said Constitution and ordinance have been presented to the Congress of the United States by order of said convention, and admission of said Territory into the Union thereon as a State requested; and whereas, said ordinance is not acceptable to Congress, and it is desirable to ascertain whether the people of Kansas concur in the changes in said ordinance hereinafter stated, and desire admission into the Union as a State as herein proposed; therefore,

"Be it enacted, etc., That the State of Kansas be, and is hereby, admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever, but upon the fundamental condition precedent, namely: that the question of admission with the following proposition in lieu of the ordinance framed at Lecompton be submitted to a vote of the people of Kansas, and assented to by them or a majority of the voters voting at an election to be held for that purpose, namely: that the following propositions

be, and the same are hereby, offered to the people of Kansas for acceptance or rejection, which, if accepted, shall be obligatory on the United States and upon the said State of Kansas, to wit."

These propositions grant to Kansas two sections of land in every township for the use of schools; seventy-two sections for the support of a University; ten sections for the erection of public buildings; salt-springs, not exceeding twelve in number, with six sections of land contiguous to each; and five per centum of the net proceeds of the sales of all public lands within the State. These grants are made on condition that the State shall not interfere with the primary sales of public lands; shall in no case impose a higher tax upon non-resident than upon resident proprietors; and shall never tax the lands or property of the United States. It is then provided that

"At the said election the voting shall be by ballot, and by indorsing on his ballot, as each voter may please, 'proposition accepted' or 'proposition rejected.' Should a majority of the votes cast be for 'proposition accepted,' the President of the United States, as soon as the fact is duly made known to him, shall announce the same by proclamation; and thereafter, and without any further proceedings on the part of Congress, the admission of the State of Kansas into the Union upon an equal footing with the original States, in all respects whatever, shall be complete and absolute, and said State shall be entitled to one member in the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States until the next census be taken by the Federal Government; but should a majority of the votes cast be for 'proposition rejected,' it shall be deemed and held that the people of Kansas do not desire admission into the Union with said Constitution, under the conditions set forth in the said proposition, and in that event the people of said Territory are hereby authorized and empowered to form for themselves a Constitution and State Government, by the name of the State of Kansas, according to the Federal Constitution, and may elect delegates for that purpose whenever, and not before, it is ascertained by a census duly and legally taken that the population of said Territory equals or exceeds the ratio of representation required for a member of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States; and whenever thereafter such delegates shall assemble in convention, they shall first determine by a vote whether it is the wish of the people of the proposed State to be admitted into the Union at that time; and, if so, shall proceed to form a Constitution and take

all necessary steps for the establishment of a State Government in conformity with the Federal Constitution, subject to such limitations and restrictions as to the mode and manner of its approval or ratification by the people of the proposed State as they may have prescribed by law, and shall be entitled to admission into the Union as a State under such Constitution thus fairly and legally made, with or without slavery, as said Constitution may prescribe."

The election is to be conducted by a Board consisting of the Governor, Attorney-General, Territorial Secretary, President of the Council, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, any three of whom is to constitute a *quorum*, with power to direct the details of the election, which is to continue but one day. All white male inhabitants of the Territory over the age of twenty-one years, who possess the qualifications required by the laws of the Territory for a voter at the last general election for the members of the Territorial Legislature, are allowed to vote. Any person not so qualified who shall vote or offer to vote, or who shall vote more than once, or who shall make fraudulent returns, or shall change or alter any of the returns at this election, is to be punished by imprisonment at hard labor for not less than six months and not more than three years.

The vote on this bill was taken on the 30th of April. In the Senate it passed by 30 to 22, ten Senators being absent; the vote being essentially the same as that cast on the original Senate bill, with the exception of that of Mr. Pugh of Ohio, who then voted under special instructions from the State Legislature.—In the House there were 111 Ayes to 102 Nays; the Speaker not voting, and the absentees, 20 in number, being equally divided between the adherents and opponents of the bill. The votes in favor of the bill were, Democrats 103, Americans 8; against it were, Democrats 15, Americans 5, Republicans 82. Messrs. Cockerill, Cox, Groesbeck, Lawrence, and Pendleton of Ohio, English and Foley of Indiana, Democrats, and Mr. Gilmer of Maryland, American, who voted against the Administration upon the Montgomery substitute, voted for the bill of Mr. English, deciding the question in its favor. Of the Ayes, 75 are from the South, and 36 from the North; of the Nays, 94 are from the North, and 8 from the South. It will be noted that, by the provisions of this bill, if the Lecompton Constitution as passed "with Slavery" is rejected, the admission of Kansas, as a State, into the Union is postponed for an indefinite period.

The Deficiency Bill has passed both Houses. It provides for appropriations to the amount of nearly ten millions of Dollars, more than half of which is for army supplies and transportation.—In the Senate, the Memorial of the Legislature of Utah was presented and laid upon the table.—The Pacific Railroad Bill has been discussed in the Senate, and its further consideration postponed till December.—Mr. Mason introduced a resolution authorizing the President to take such measures as may be necessary to procure reparation from Paraguay for the outrage committed by firing upon the steamer *Water-Witch*.—In the House Mr. Quitman endeavored, unsuccessfully, to introduce a bill declaring that it is impolitic to prematurely admit new States into the Union, thereby unduly stimulating the occupation of distant Territories for sectional purposes; and providing that no new States shall be admitted until it is ascertained by census that the Territory asking admission contains a population sufficient to entitle it to a Representative in Congress, and until the people have been authorized by Congress

to frame a Constitution.—A Select Committee, appointed to investigate the sale of Fort Snelling, presented a majority report against the validity of the sale, on the ground that the requisite publicity was not given by the Secretary of War of the proposed sale. They also say that the property was sold at a price below its value. A minority report was presented, justifying the sale.

The voluminous correspondence between Mr. Cass and Lord Napier respecting the Slave-trade has been published by order of the Senate. Mr. Cass says that the United States have given proof that they are not less anxious than Great Britain for the extinction of this traffic; and regrets that the benefits arising from the system of joint blockade have borne no proportion to the expenditure of life and treasure which it has cost. A far more effective measure would be to close the slave marts of the world, or rather those of Cuba, which is now almost the only region where the slave-dealer can find a market. He also recommends the extension of free colonies of colored people along the coast of Africa, and discusses the system of forced labor adopted by the French and recognized by the English under the name of "apprenticeship" or "involuntary emigration." He concludes by stating that while the President is "determined to execute the treaty of 1842 with fidelity and efficiency, he is not prepared, under existing circumstances, to enter into any new stipulations on the subject of the African Slave-trade."

The instructions given to Mr. Reed, our Minister to China, have been published. He is informed by the Secretary of State that it is understood that the French and English seek to procure from the Chinese Government a recognition of the rights of other powers to have accredited ministers at the Court of Peking, to be received by the Emperor, and to be in communication with the authorities charged with the foreign affairs of the Empire; an enlargement of commercial intercourse; a reduction of imports on products brought from the interior; guarantees of religious freedom to foreign residents; and the suppression of piracy. These objects, our Minister is informed, are recognized by the President as just and expedient, and Mr. Reed is directed to aid in their accomplishment as far as can be done by peaceful co-operation; but these efforts must be confined to firm representations appealing to the justice and policy of the Chinese authorities, leaving to the Government of the United States to determine upon the course to be adopted should these representations be fruitless.

Messrs. McCullough and Powell have been appointed Peace Commissioners to proceed to Utah. They left Leavenworth on the 25th of April. It is said that orders have been forwarded to the army at Fort Bridger not to advance upon Salt Lake City until the arrival of the Commissioners. In the mean while reinforcements are being rapidly pushed forward. The number of troops under orders for Utah is 3611, which, added to the forces already in the Territory, makes a total of 5697 officers and soldiers.—The Legislative Assembly of Utah adjourned on the 24th of February. The *Deseret News* says, that during the whole session there was not a single negative vote on any question proposed to the assembly. Mass meetings have been held in various districts, at all of which the proceedings of Brigham Young and of the Assembly have been unanimously approved.

The yellow fever broke out on board the steam

frigate *Susquehanna* while lying at Greytown, Nicaragua. The vessel left for Pensacola, but being short of coals and medical stores, put in at Kingston, Jamaica. Before reaching this port 155 cases of fever occurred, of which 17 proved fatal. Six officers and 55 men were left in hospital at Kingston. She arrived at New York on the 12th of April, with many sick, of whom 21 were landed at the Naval Hospital, where a number of deaths occurred. This arrival re-awakened the excitement occasioned by the location of the proposed quarantine buildings at Seguine's Point, on Staten Island, and the buildings, which were unoccupied, were burned down by the residents of the neighborhood, under the apprehension that they would be used as a hospital for yellow fever patients.—The number of emigrants arriving in the United States during the year 1857 was 271,558. Of these, 204,787 landed at New York, 21,299 at New Orleans, 17,444 at Boston, 9079 at Baltimore, 6655 at San Francisco, 5660 at Philadelphia, 2362 at Portland. These are the only ports at which one thousand or more emigrants landed during the year. Nearly one-third of the whole number were natives of Germany.—Mr. John A. Washington, the proprietor of Mount Vernon, has negotiated with the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association for the sale of the residence of Washington. The terms are the payment of \$200,000 for two hundred acres of land, in which are included the mansion of Mount Vernon, the landing-place, and the tomb of Washington. Of this sum, \$18,000 was paid on the closing of the contract, the remainder to be paid in four yearly installments.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the position of the contending parties has undergone no important change, the successes of either in one quarter being counterbalanced by reverses in some other. Vera Cruz holds out for the Constitutional Government. Juarez and the members of his cabinet were taken up at Manzanillo by a California steamer, and conveyed to Panama, whence they crossed the Isthmus to Aspinwall, and took passage for New Orleans, with the intention of proceeding to Vera Cruz. In Sonora, the insurgent leader, Gandara, after gaining some advantages, was defeated by the Governor, Peschiera, on the 28th of February, Gandara himself, with a hundred of his men, being killed.

The Government of *Nicaragua* has ratified the treaty negotiated in November by Mr. Cass and Señor Yrissari. The important part of this treaty is that which relates to the transit across the Isthmus. The citizens and property of the United States are to be allowed the right of transit upon the same terms as enjoyed by those of Nicaragua. The United States to guarantee the neutrality of the routes, and to exert its influence for a similar guarantee by other powers. A free port is to be established at each terminus of the route; the United States to be allowed to transport troops, munitions, and mails over the Isthmus free of toll. Nicaragua is to furnish the necessary military force for the protection of the route; and in case of inability or failure to do so, the United States to be at liberty to employ the force necessary for this purpose, and no other—such force to be withdrawn when the necessity terminates. The United States may withdraw its guarantee of protection, upon giving six months' notice, in case the Company which conducts the transit enterprise adopts regulations contrary to the spirit of the treaty. After

the expiration of ten years from the completion of a railroad or other mode of communication, the Company shall fix their rate of tolls so that no more than fifteen per cent. per annum shall be divided among the stockholders. The treaty is to remain in absolute force for twenty years; and thereafter until twelve months' notice shall have been given by one party of its wish to alter or abrogate it. In ratifying this treaty the Assembly of Nicaragua adds, that "it is not entirely satisfied with it, but accepts it, without amendment, as an evidence of the justice which Nicaragua does to the friendly conduct of President Buchanan."

A treaty has been concluded between *Paraguay* and *Brazil*, by which the disputes between the two countries are settled. The rivers of Paraguay are to be thrown open to the commerce of all nations; but Brazil only is to be allowed the right of navigating these rivers by vessels of war.

In *Peru* a sanguinary battle has taken place, in which the forces of the revolutionists, under Vivanco, were completely annihilated. For some months this chief had occupied the strongly-fortified town of Arequipa, having at his disposal several war-steamer with which he menaced the sea-ports of the republic. He was attacked in his intrenchments, on the 7th and 8th of March, by the Government forces, under President Castilla. The city was taken by storm, after an obstinate resistance. The loss on both sides is stated at 4000 men, much the larger part belonging to the assailants. Vivanco fled to Bolivia.

In *Venezuela* the revolution against Monagas has been entirely successful. The ex-President and his family, who had taken refuge with the French Minister, were surrendered on the demand of the new Government, put under arrest, and are to be tried upon charges of peculation and other official misdemeanors. General Paez, formerly President, who has long resided as an exile in New York, has been formally invited to return to Venezuela.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has presented his financial statement, estimating the expenditures of the year at £63,600,000, which is about £4,000,000 above the estimated revenue; but taking into account the reduction in the Income Tax, and the fact that three and a half millions of the expenditure were extraordinary, Mr. Disraeli said that there was no diminution in the resources of the country. In order to meet the deficiency, he proposed a postponement of the payment of the Sinking Fund and Exchequer Bills, the imposition of a tax on Irish whisky, and a penny stamp upon Bankers' Checks.—The Duke of Malakoff, the new French Ambassador, has arrived in England, and has been received with marked distinction. In response to an address from the Corporation of Dover, he said that it would be his earnest desire to preserve the cordial relations which have hitherto existed between France and England.—There is manifestly an increasing distrust between the two countries, and the new English Ministry has announced its determination to keep up an efficient Channel fleet. A new source of irritation has arisen, growing out of the occupation by the English of Perim, a rocky islet commanding the entrance to the Red Sea. The unfriendly feeling has been strengthened by the result of a trial in London, in which Simon Bernard, a foreign refugee, was really indicted as an accomplice of Orsini and Pierri, in the attempt to assassinate the French Emperor, though the act-

ual crime charged was the murder of one of the victims of that attempt. The complicity of Bernard in the general revolutionary plans of Orsini, and his agency in furnishing the bombs which were used, was clearly made out, although it was urged that he was not aware of the specific use to which they were to be applied. The counsel of Bernard made a powerful speech in behalf of his client, in which he denounced Napoleon as a despot, and affirmed that the proceedings had been instituted to serve a political object, at the dictation of the abettors of foreign tyranny. The charge of the Judge bore decidedly against the prisoner, who was, however, acquitted by the jury.—It is said that subscriptions to the amount of a million of francs have been raised in England, France, and Italy for the family of Orsini.

FRANCE.

The news of the acquittal of Bernard occasioned much excitement in Paris. The French journals did not venture to publish a full report of the speech of the prisoner's counsel. The system of repression is carried out with great rigor, and numerous arrests continue to be made of those suspected of revolutionary projects.—The four republican deputies in the Legislative Assembly were invited to dine at the Tuileries; only one of them accepted the invitation.—The opening of the magnificent Boulevard of Sebastopol took place on the 5th of April.—Mazzini has written a letter to the London papers, in which he gives some instances of the practical working of the new Law of Public Safety. Prisoners, he says, continue to reach Marseilles every night from all the departments. Numerous names of those intended for deportation were chosen before the promulgation of the law, from old and recent lists, merely marked with the word "Republican." The Governor of Algeria writes, urging that other places of confinement may be chosen, as there are already in Algiers alone 700 prisoners.

It is, in the midst of apparent tranquillity, a second and enlarged edition of the *coup-d'état*.—The Government bill asking the sum of 180,000,000 francs for further improvements in Paris, meets with warm opposition in the Legislative Assembly.

Señor Lafragua, the Mexican Minister to Spain, having received an order from the new Government of Zuloaga to resign his post, refused to obey, on the ground that as there were two competitors claiming the Presidency, Zuloaga had, at present, no legal right to the title.

Christiana, the capital of Norway, was visited by a destructive fire on the 14th of April; three-fourths of the city were destroyed, the damage being estimated at two millions of dollars.

THE EAST.

Lucknow, the strong-hold of the Indian insurgents, fell into the hands of the English on the 19th of March. Several sanguinary actions took place between the rebels and the various bodies of the British troops, which were marching from different points upon the city, in all of which the insurgents were defeated. On the 8th of March the attack upon the outposts commenced. These were successively carried; and on the 15th the enemy commenced their flight from the city, pursued by the English cavalry. About 50,000 made their escape. The fighting was much less severe than had been anticipated. The loss of the insurgents in the entire series of actions is put down at 4000, while the English lost only a few hundreds. The inhabitants of the city fled in great numbers to the surrounding villages, but were returning to their homes on the assurance of protection and safety.

Nothing of special importance has occurred in China since our last. It is reported that the Chinese meditate an attempt to recover Canton, and the representatives of the allied powers will not at present attempt to proceed to Peking. Governor Yeh has been sent as a prisoner to Calcutta.

Literary Notices.

History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852, by SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The continuation of Alison's European history assumes a greater degree of interest, although less fruitful in political developments and military operations, as it approaches the limits of our own time. No one can pretend to claim for the author the character of a profound philosophic historian; nor does he exhibit either the vigor, the brilliancy, or the winning graces of style, which have given several contemporary productions such a high place as works of literary art; but he has merits of a different order which challenge the admiration of the reader, and which will insure these volumes an eminent rank in the modern historical library. His statements are derived from authentic, if not the most recondite, sources; he possesses the happy art of presenting them in an effective manner; and so long as he confines himself to the field of simple narrative, without indulging his taste for political generalizations and moral reflections, he is certainly an agreeable writer, having a singularly vivid impression of the events which have been set in order and illustrated by his exuberant pen. Even his strong Tory prejudices are not without their utility as an element in his composition. They give a certain earnestness and glow to his

style which often redeem it from a tendency to languor and commonplace. They sustain and quicken his own interest in the topic of discussion, and thus react favorably on the attention of the reader. Nor is it without a curious piquancy to follow the cool expression of opinions, which have such a decidedly old-fashioned stamp, and which come into such sharp collision with the sanguine democratic enthusiasm of the age. It is also not a little instructive to listen to comments on passages even in our own history which are regarded in such an opposite point of view to that taken by the majority of young American patriots. Not that Alison is a mere speculatist. He seldom, indeed, omits an opportunity to recommend his own political creed; he sometimes raises too great a cloud of dust by the trot and canter of his favorite hobbies; but he evidently aims at an impartial exhibition of facts, and is not ashamed to acknowledge his indebtedness to authorities whose conclusions are at the widest distance from his own. Thus he quotes Louis Blanc with a cordial recognition of his singular merit as a historian, and fortifies himself with passages from Macaulay, in spite of the Socialist philosophy of the one, and the liberal politics of the other. In the department of statistics Alison shows a wonderful assiduity. His pages bristle with tabular views, which, however formidable to the cursory

reader, are of prime importance to the historical student. This feature, combined with the fullness and precision of the narrative, make his work one of the best for practical reference which we possess in any portion of modern history. Nor is it to be regarded as a mere depository of facts. Sir Archibald has a taste for the legitimate ornaments of historical writing; and although we do not think him a master in that line, we can not deny him a gift of lively description which often approaches the borders of the picturesque. His battle-scenes, especially, have great vigor and vitality. He loves the sight of serried columns and the sound of martial music. He seems to have gained a clear conception of the operations of the field: often, doubtless, from personal observation of the locality; and succeeds, to a charm, in reproducing them before the mind's eye of the reader. His narrative is frequently varied, moreover, with graphic specimens of character-drawing and with literary criticisms. He is more felicitous, we think, in the former than in the latter. The sphere of action is more congenial to his turn of mind than that of literature. He looks with warmer sympathy on the great warrior or the great statesman than on the great author. This is natural enough, as most men are apt to magnify the pursuits which present the greatest contrast with their own. Hence his portraits of the leading characters in political or military life are usually effective, while his remarks on the productions of literature are characterized neither by aptness of expression nor justness of application. They are often drawn from secondary sources rather than from personal study. Indeed, it would be too much to expect from the industrious statistician and diligent student of events a delicate appreciation of German poetry or a profound comprehension of German philosophy. Yet he comments on both one and the other with the same ease and assurance with which he describes the position of a battalion in the field, or descants on the rise and fall of dynasties.

The period treated of in this volume extends from the close of the war of 1814 to the convulsions of 1848 in Germany; from the extinction of the peerage in 1831 to the treaty regarding the East in 1841 in France; and from the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 to the fall of the Whigs in 1842 in England; together with collateral views of the literature of Germany during the first half of the nineteenth century; the affairs of Turkey, Greece, and Egypt from 1828 to 1841; and of India from 1826 to 1848. Among the topics of special interest to readers in this country, are the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, the rebellion of 1837 in Canada, and the contest between President Jackson and the United States Bank. In the discussion of these subjects the author often falls into errors of detail, and always exhibits his inveterate Tory and Conservative predilections; but at the same time evinces a remarkable skill in winding through the mazes of such a complicated historical labyrinth, and presents a clew to the reader which he may follow with instruction and satisfaction.

The student of botany will bestow a warm greeting on the new editions of Professor A. GRAY's *Manual of Botany, and Structural and Systematic Botany*, recently issued by Ivison and Phinney, especially if he has already had occasion to become acquainted with the admirable expositions of the subject for which the author is distinguished. The two volumes present a comprehensive view of the

elementary principles of the science, and a description of the flora of a large portion of the United States. Professor Gray is equally remarkable for his profound attainments in this branch of natural history and for the simplicity and clearness of his methods in imparting his knowledge to his readers. His style is a model of scientific precision. His explanations of the technical terms of the science have never been surpassed for conciseness and point. The descriptive portions of his works are entirely free from repetition or any other form of verbiage, and possess the beauty of appropriateness and condensation. It is rarely, indeed, that the student is furnished with a text-book combining the popular elements with systematic exactness to the degree exhibited in these standard volumes.

Fred Markham in Russia, by W. H. G. KINGSTON, is a lively sketch of Russian life and manners, especially intended for young readers, in the form of the journal of a family party. It is written from personal observation during a recent visit to the land of the Czars, and, with its familiar style and apt illustrations, is equally rich in entertainment and instruction. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Wyoming; its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures, by GEORGE PECK, D.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The Valley of Wyoming, which is no less celebrated in English poetry than in American history, has been made the scene of terrible as well as romantic legends, which are now, for the first time, sifted in the light of critical research. For more than forty years the author has enjoyed special advantages for the study of its local traditions, and has assiduously devoted himself to the collection and exposition of facts. His work consists mainly of a succession of historic scenes, each narrative being complete in itself, and at the same time forming a portion of a general description on a larger scale. The name of Wyoming is a corruption of the old Indian title, Maughwauwami, signifying "The Large Plains," which was successively transformed by the early settlers into Wauwaumie, Wiawumie, Wiomic, and Wyoming. The first white man who ventured into the wild valley was Count Zinzendorf, who came with an interpreter in 1742, and erected his tent near the Indian village. The savages could not comprehend his benevolent design, and supposed that it was his object to gain possession of their lands, instead of bearing to them the message of divine mercy. They accordingly determined to put him to death, and stealthily approaching his tent for that purpose by night, saw a huge rattlesnake crawl over his feet as he sat writing on a bundle of weeds. They were struck with awe, like the barbarians who saw the Apostle Paul unharmed by the viper, and regarded the stranger as under the immediate protection of the Great Spirit. In 1750 several adventurers from New England were attracted by the beauty and fertility of the country, and soon after companies were formed for its permanent settlement. During the revolutionary war the peaceful valley was made the scene of bloody strife; but the cruelties of the Indians have been much exaggerated; and many legends of horror are here stripped of their fictitious garb, and reduced to the sober proportions of truth. The author has made the students of local history greatly his debtors, and thrown much light on an interesting portion of the American annals.

Editor's Table.

THE ETHICS OF POPULARITY.—The relation between the people and the amusers, teachers, and leaders of the people, is in continual danger of being withdrawn from the operation of those moral laws which govern the other relations of life, and perverted from being a source of mutual benefit into a source of mutual corruption. The idea is mischievously prevalent, that the true method of reaching the heart and brain of the people is ignobly to ignore the best sentiments of the heart and the best thoughts of the brain; that to hit hard it is necessary to strike low; and that all successful appeals to the masses suppose in the orator a previous elision of the first letter of the word. This language, in the mouth of the quack and the rogue, is so perfectly in character that it is needless to waste surprise on its utterance. *They* do after their kind. But there seems to be a growing disposition on the part of men reputed wise and honest to adopt this scoundrel ethics; to believe that the quack and rogue are right in their methods, and only wrong in their objects; and that the true way to do good to the people is to adapt every thing good to their supposed mental and moral condition. From the success of quacks and rogues it is hastily inferred that the people are rude, coarse, credulous, prejudiced, illiterate, and sensual; that they are strong in their appetites, weak in their minds, incompetent to feel grand sentiments or receive great ideas, but still capable of being pushed in the right direction, provided the appeal is made in words which they can understand, to motives which they can appreciate. This, being interpreted, means that to advance the noblest cause in popular estimation, it is necessary that a very little reason and conscience should be mixed with a great deal of nonsense, imposture, and slang.

Now we will not, just now, consider the question whether those who talk and think in this way are not impelled more by the desire of the people's applause than the desire of the people's good. We will not even pause to stigmatize the atheism in regard to the power of high principles, the disbelief equally in man and God, which is implied in a proposition to vulgarize and debase patriotism, art, science, letters, manners, morals, and religion, for the purpose of giving them a force and effectiveness which it seems they sadly lack in themselves. It is sufficient to say, at the outset, that the whole scheme proceeds on the principle of libeling the democracy it would lift. Contempt and insult are in the premises, even if such a *non sequitur* as philanthropy can be found in the conclusions. The theory degrades humanity; the practice degrades taste, intellect, and morals. Among the virtues that such a method of influence will develop in the people, is it not the very madness of impudence to suppose that gratitude will be one? And, to clench the argument, what right has any man who is systematically and on principle a trickster, a deceiver, or a buffoon—even if he is so for the glory of God and the good of mankind—what right has he to assume a complacent superiority over the common people in intellect and morals?

We are, therefore, opposed to the principle on which this mode of obtaining popular favor is based, and to all the applications of the principle to social life, politics, literature, morals, and religion—and we purpose, in some desultory remarks

on the Ethics of Popularity, to consider the tendencies, and show the impotence for good, of all influence exercised on low levels of feeling and character. One preliminary observation, which must occur to every mind that reflects on the subject, will make our path clear and easy to tread. It is this: that while every body affects to see the necessity of "popularizing" truth for somebody, nobody seems to admit its necessity for himself. Go into a political meeting in any part of the United States, and each man, if questioned, will be likely to tell you that the slang and bombast of the orator he cheers are necessary as a means of influencing the unintelligent and uneducated portion of the audience, though he disregards and perhaps despises them himself. Each person is troubled at the fat-wittedness of his neighbor, and the danger to the country if the other party gets his vote; but he is serenely conscious of his own intelligence. Mutual distrust thus begets mutual deception. It is the old farce over again of Bulwer's ragged corporal, who, as he chuckles over his own personal skepticism, still condescendingly admits that "religion is a very good thing for the poor!"

We, of course, concede that this refusal of every person, who feels within him the impatient stir of the least feeling of manliness, to be plunged into the "lower classes," does not prove that he is not really influenced. Pride, vanity, the sense of shame, the sense of his own importance, a certain inward shrinking at hearing in public, or seeing in print, what he might utter himself among coarse companions—all these prevent him from confessing that he approves what may secretly give him pleasure and satisfaction. But the fact of his denying that he is moved shows that there is no need of striking so low in order to hit his taste; that he has in him something which would thrill at a nobler appeal, and take in a more connected logic; that, in short, he is being corrupted in the very process by which his teacher aims to meet the demands of his presumed corruption. This last is the point we desire especially to emphasize. The question relates to the vehicle which should be employed in conveying thoughts, principles, and purposes, mental and moral life, from a superior into an inferior mind. The vehicle should be homely even to vulgarity, is the opinion of many men of not dishonest intentions. But if the things to be conveyed are vulgarized in the process, do they not part with their nature, and become something else? Even admitting that the end sanctifies the means, the question still comes up, Do the means really lead to the end that is proposed in the means? Now, by the law of association, the feelings and thoughts which are called up are those suggested by the words, and not those which were contemplated by the speaker. The result is that the person influenced is injuriously influenced. Morals and intelligence are in his mind lowered to the plane, and mixed with the baser matter, of sensations and appetites. But the man of superior mind is also insensibly corrupted, for in materializing his conceptions and sensualizing his sentiments, in order to make them coarsely obvious, he gradually becomes possessed by the imp he only intended to use; and he is in danger of descending by degrees to the level of those shallow, conceited, desperately "knowing" pretenders to practical wisdom, who, on the strength of a little education and a not disreputa-

ble social position, think themselves the natural managers and leaders of "the populace;" who wheedle and flatter the multitude they despise; who are sycophants, with the hope that servility will enable them to feed fat their vanity and greed; who mistake the superficial passions which occasionally agitate the public mind for the great elements of popular power; and who, profoundly ignorant of the real character of the people, believe them to be as stupid as they know themselves to be knavish.

Disbelieving, therefore, equally in the policy and honesty of the falsehood that tricks for benevolence and the falsehood that tricks for gain, we think that all men are entitled to the best that any men have to give; and we fear, in the last analysis, it will generally be found that those who have faith in falsehood come, in the end, to look upon the commonalty more as weak brethren to be preyed upon than as weak brethren to be lifted up. Sanctity itself is to be suspected when it winks. With one hand in the people's pockets, and the other lifted to heaven to attest the purity of its purpose—that is the attitude in which the imagination delights to contemplate the tricky friend of man.

And this last image naturally brings us to that portion of the subject which treats of the equivocal methods of obtaining popularity in politics. The most obvious example here is the demagogue; horror and hatred of him have been stereotyped in the commonplaces of fifty generations; so that, at last, he has himself been compelled to join in the general cry of disgust, and is commonly recognized from his giving the loudest hiss when his craft is named. But political writers continue to make the mistake of classing him among democrats. Never was classification more absurd and inaccurate. It is true that, as a monarchy implies not merely the loyalist but the courtier, so a democracy implies not merely the citizen but the demagogue. The demagogue is the courtier, accommodating himself to a change of position.

He is not a democrat who goes too far, but he is a democrat emancipated from democracy. He is not a democrat perverted but a democrat inverted. He has a profound distrust of the people bred from his success in deluding the people; and is at heart and from reflection a believer in despotism. In the company of select friends, over the nuts and wine, he does not hesitate to complain of the injustice he receives from the pens of conservative writers on the science of government; and as John Wilkes privately vindicated himself from the disgrace of being a Wilkesite, so he scorns in his confidential hours the imputation of being a democrat. It is bad enough, he says, for a reduced gentleman to be compelled to get his living by such a trade as his; why insult his intelligence by imputing fanaticism to his motives? He is willing to be Captain Rook; but why discredit his firmness of mind by insinuating that he has any feelings of tenderness for the pigeon he plucks?

But the significant fact in the biography of the demagogue is, that he commonly commences public life as a simpleton, and the process by which he is developed into the rogue is one which will well repay investigation. In his youth, his pinched brain and shallow sensibilities are filled with the notion that he must "popularize" political knowledge in order that he may reach "the great heart of the people." He begins with bombast if he ends with blarney. Sense, information, logic, he is

early taught to believe that the people can not understand; he is by no means certain that he could use them if they did; but he feels swelling within him an eloquence of the soul which he thinks must do the business if he obtains an occasion for its utterance. As his speech is a caricature of eloquence, nothing but caricature can suggest a notion of its power. The popular imagination, supposed to be gravely influenced by his rhodomontade has, on the contrary, been singularly fertile in inventions which hold it up to mirthful contempt. Two examples will suffice. Sometimes it is a great idea which, like Irving's Dutch burgomaster, the orator has caught by the tail. His mind is filled with its sound, and he aims to sound it into the mental ear of the audience with a most sonorous indifference to the sense. "There is not," he shouts, "a man, woman, or child, in this house, of fifty years old or upward, through whose brains this idea has not been thundering for centuries!" Sometimes it is a great principle which, though on the occasion of his pressing it into service applies merely to the election of town-clerk, he labors to trace historically and geographically from "the fall of Adam to that of Niagara." Kindling as he rushes on, he informs his auditors, "that by this principle the pyramids of Egypt were builded; and it was this principle which enabled Washington with his whole army to march through a life devoted to the best interests of his country!" By degrees he finds that this naïve and innocent nonsense fails of its purpose. His shallow enthusiasm oozes out. He slips gradually into the clutches of thorough-paced politicians, who teach him mischief and the use of "the wires." The confused resources of his little brain are imperceptibly harmonized and condensed into low cunning and brazen effrontery; and before many years he can congratulate himself on his shrewd escape from all illusions, and on his success in reaching that perfect profligacy of mind and character which marks the finished demagogue.

But there are many persons who would be shocked if they were called demagogues, who yet in politics pursue a line of conduct which they admit would prove them to be rogues if followed out in any other part of the business of life. There are men, irreproachable as merchants and lawyers, and whose word in all ordinary matters is as good as their bond, who have convinced themselves that public lying is very different from private lying; that the domain of politics is a neutral ground into which ethics only penetrate to intrude; that nothing there is properly moral or immoral, but simply *un-moral*; that expediency and management are there the proper substitutes for principle; that to act on rigid notions in partisan disputes would be simply to deliver over the country into the hands of political hacks and knaves; and that, provided the object to be gained is just and patriotic, it is little matter how base may be the means. In their complacent consciousness of superior wisdom they seem to look upon the people as they would look upon a wild beast, who must be coaxed because too strong to be caged or chained. They are false, hypocritical, constrained by no scruples, because, if they may be believed, they are compelled to submit to the necessities which give popularity, and the power and influence which accompany popularity, to loud professions which pander to popular prejudice. They despise what they profess; they despise those who believe their

professions; and yet they escape despising themselves for making such professions. They elude self-contempt by self-deception, for they flatter themselves it is not interest or ambition but patriotism which makes them deceivers; and they never dream of supposing that interest and ambition may obscure their perceptions of the public good, as much as an assumed passion, prejudice, and ignorance may obscure the perceptions of the people.

The conceit of these earthly providences would doubtless be mortified, if the fact could be insinuated into their dull perceptions that they are rather below than above the great majority of the people, of whom they assume the contemptuous guardianship. Their notion of the common mind and heart is the result of no exercise of wide sympathies or sagacious insight, but is the product of pharisaic superciliousness acting on mental isolation. By adopting, to some degree, the arts of the demagogue, they acquire a certain kind of popularity; but this popularity rather disgraces them than the people; for the people, when undeceived, can justly say that they had no reason to suppose that respectable men, conventionally honest and religious, would stoop in their public capacity to act the part of cheats and liars. And we really believe if these politicians had the courage and the faith to be more candid they would be more popular. If they really knew those they address, they would discover that their influence was as superficial as their management was mean and their eloquence was ridiculous. There are doubtless knaves and fools among the people, and such politicians as we are considering are doing all they can to add to the number; but the knaves and fools are still in a minority so lean that no politician who aims at high positions can be shrewdly advised who builds his hopes on them. In spite of the clash and conflict of interests and passions in politics, there is still enough clear perception left in the most excited masses to recognize and respect great qualities of mind and character; and these would bear more sway than they do if demagogues scampish, and demagogues conceited, were not so incessantly engaged in perverting the people they pretend to teach, and in turning, as far as they are able, the noblest and most important branch of public education, the education of a democracy in the art and science of government, into a school of vulgarity, falsehood, scurrility, and faction—a school in which government is taught as a trick. That the people desire something better is proved by the success of those who give them something better; and were it not for the trickery used in primary meetings, the men who seek to deprave them would rarely represent them. Tell the truth to the people; give them fair statements, consecutive reasoning, honest advice, give them wit that is not personality, humor that is not buffoonery, eloquence that is not rhodomontade, before you assert that they can appreciate nothing in logic but fallacies, and nothing in language but balderdash. It can hardly be said that our people disregard refinement, when the most popular orator of the country, the man who draws the greatest crowds, is Mr. Everett, who is almost prudish in his elaborated elegance and studied grace. It can hardly be said that any people lack the instincts of conscience and the intuitions of reason, while history proves that, in every controversy with their oppressors, they have had

the right of conscience and the right of reason on their side.

If we pass from politics to literature, we find that it, too, has its professors of popularity, who aim to acquire influence on low levels, from the same seeming mistrust that the masses who read are gifted with brains to understand and taste to discriminate. Literature, with most of these writers, is not so much an art or a profession as it is a mechanical employment. They are artisans engaged in the manufacture of books, not artists engaged in the creation of works. They are anxious to supply the market with whatever it needs, and especially with the latest styles of "gent's clothing" for the mind. Some, like Dumas in France, are master-manufacturers, who put their own names to the productions of many hands. A few of these writers have genius, a considerable number have talent, and a larger number still have an effrontery of mediocrity which more than compensates for the lack of either. All aim to exercise the privileges of popularity but are indifferent to its responsibilities. They vex themselves little with curious speculations in regard to the kind of effect they produce on the minds of their readers, provided the effect is such as to elicit money from their pockets. If any critical exceptions are taken either to the form or substance of their productions, they excuse themselves with the plea that they do not write to exhibit their talents, or to add to the classics of literature, but to hit the public taste; that the public taste is coarse and uncultivated, and demands the flaring, stunning, thunder-and-lightning patterns in books as in gowns and pantaloons. It never seems to have occurred to these modest penmen that, like great poets, they have "created the taste by which they are enjoyed."

The usual appellation given to this kind of job-writing is "popular literature." As for the popularity we will not now dispute it, but we contend that it is no literature at all. The real literature of a people is the best and highest literature they have produced as a race or a nation. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, and Byron; Hooker, Bacon, Taylor, South, Barrow, Johnson, and Warburton; Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Fanny Burney, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, and Kingsley—not to mention scores of others in all departments of English letters—are as much the product of the English people, as much form a portion of their common inheritance of glory, as their laws, institutions, manners, or any other organic outgrowth of their national mind and character. It was wittily said of Voltaire, that if France had not existed he would have created it. In fact France created him, and without France there could have been no such combination of talents and dispositions as made up the individuality we call Voltaire. Especially is this principle true of our Saxon or semi-Saxon race. Its literature contains the finest spirit and essence of its character; is something to which all the people have contributed; and is the mode by which the real history of the people's life, the history which no annals *can* recount, is mentally transmitted from age to age. If we could conceive of England as sunk beneath the sea she has ruled, and that no vestige or record of her was left except passages of her literature, embodying her reason, imagination, and the true English personality of her various authors, we could still infer from these the existence of a mighty and peculiar people, whose genius

had culminated in such marvels of beauty and power. The thing we call the "genius of the people" is expressed in every individual genius born of that people; and every one of the people has latent in him the subtle freemasonry by which he can detect the common genius as condensed in its special embodiment, be the embodiment Sophocles, or Dante, or Calderon, or Shakspeare, or Goethe. To give all honor to the individual, and none to the people from whom he draws his vitality, acquires his experience, and assimilates his faculties, is to fall into that atheism which disregards the cause in admiration of the effect.

Now the literature which thus holds up to a people a glass wherein they see a magic reflection of themselves—of themselves as they appear lifted into the world of art—is the true popular literature. Every man of English blood and English speech, whether he live in England or the United States, has vested rights in the literature of England. It was created for him, and his nature suffers a loss if it be not enjoyed by him. Every American also has a special interest in the literature which smacks of the soil, impersonates the genius, embodies the ideas, and gives form to the aspirations of his native land. These two literatures, English and American, are the proper mental food, not merely of scholars and men of literary taste, but of the whole reading public of the country. For every purpose of knowledge, of excitement, of amusement, for wit, humor, passion, understanding, reason, imagination, for all that calls into exercise the deepest powers of thought, and for all that gives exquisite entertainment to minds jaded by labor, the good books in the English language will be found amply sufficient, and will meet every variety of culture and please every variety of taste.

But between these good books and a portion of the reading public are interposed books which have no roots in the national heart and brain, and which have little merit even as literary manufactures, but which still claim to be better adapted to the public wants than more artistic compositions. Such are a crowd of so-called romances and novels, whose professed object is to stimulate and amuse the popular mind. The first question to be considered is, are they calculated to serve their purpose as well as better books of the same class?

Fortunately the two most popular novelists of the world, Scott and Dickens, have saved us the trouble of debating this question. They have penetrated into the lowest strata of readers, and their success proves that the people err, in respect to other great novelists, more from ignorance of the existence of their works than from incapacity to appreciate genius. A large portion of the people read at hap-hazard what is nearest at hand, or what is thrust in their faces. They crave fiction, and snatch at the coarse fare which, if it does not please the palate, at least allays the pangs of hunger; but they still recognize the gulf which separates "Ivanhoe" and "David Copperfield" from "The Murderer's Doom" and "The Pirate's Leman." They have no familiarity with literary history and the sliding-scale of reputations, or they would know and eagerly read all those novelists who have best succeeded in imparting power and conveying a knowledge of human nature and human life through a process of delicious mental entertainment. It is therefore an insult to the people to declare that bad novelists produce monstrosities under necessities imposed by low popular tastes, rather than under

necessities imposed by their own mediocrity of mind.

It is true that, as far as these writers exercise any influence, their influence is mischievous. No-body can read their books without having his taste, and all those fine moralities which depend on taste, insensibly corrupted. But in what we have said we desired to distinguish between a necessity which exists of itself, and a necessity which is created in order to be met. Novels have become so important a branch of literature—so much mental and moral power is engaged in the production of good ones, and so great is their value as representations of human life—that it is provoking to think that so large a portion of the public, with the best and the most entertaining novels at their command, should be deluded into reading the worst and the most tiresome—novels which have no charm of style, no felicity in the invention and conduct of a story, no vivid painting of scenery or manners, no power of conceiving and consistently developing character, no insight into the affections, sentiments, passions, and thoughts of human nature, and especially no effect in peopling the mind with new friends and acquaintances, ideal in their mode of existence, but intensely real to the heart and imagination whose wants and aspirations they impersonate, and whose sentiments they both purify and please. A person whose brain is filled with these "beings of the mind" is attended by a crowd of inspirers and comforters, who cling to him when other friends desert him—who soothe, cheer, animate, and enrich his existence—and from whose joyous and invigorating company all mean and base feelings slink ashamed away. But there is nothing genial and satisfying in the society with which bad novelists would fill the imagination. Burglars, highwaymen, murderers, pirates, and assassins are their heroes. Their poverty of mind is such that they can produce no effects, no "thrilling" incidents, but by a continual use of the coarsest stimulants of romance. They bear about the same relation to novelists of genius which the mob of mouths brought by Rachel to this country bore to herself. One glance of her eye, one movement of her finger, even her simple presence on the stage, was more eloquent of power than the loudest declamation and most frantic gestures of the actors around her. In her absence many simple people might have supposed that the latter were good performers; they doubtless screamed and gesticulated for the purpose of hitting the public taste; but the moment she appeared the presence of genius was universally felt, her slightest motion was watched with eager interest, and the least-educated observer appreciated the art by which passion was shown as it cumulated as well as when it culminated. There is a story of a simple countryman who went for the first time in his life to the theatre, and who happened to go the night that Macready played Othello. After the performance was over, he was asked how he liked the actors. He was, of course, delighted with them all; "but," he added, hesitatingly, as if he were exhibiting his ignorance in the remark, "it seems to me that the nigger there played better than any of 'em!"

But the obnoxious methods of acquiring popularity and wielding influence which we have stigmatized in their application to politics and literature become doubly offensive when applied to morals and religion. The history of the Christian religion presents but too many examples of this rage

for adapting spiritual truth to unspiritual perceptions, and thus turning the truth into a lie. Early in its history it had numerous shrewd and politic disciples, wiser than their Master, who had more faith in themselves than in Him, or in the simple power of His doctrines. They conceived that principles must be depraved in order to be effective against depravity; that the devil must be fought with the devil's own weapons; and that as paganism could not be at once overcome it must be compromised with. The Romish Church has always been singularly fertile in these "popularizers" of theology. The result was seen at the time of the Reformation. The abstract doctrines of that Church and the concrete religion of the people were essentially different. The doctrines had been so accommodated in practice to ignorance and brutality that Christianity had been at last accommodated into a kind of fetichism. Read some great Catholic doctor on the theory of indulgences, and you are struck with the sublimity of the conception and the marvelous reach and subtlety of thought with which it is developed. A sincerely religious mind might be attracted by it. But follow Tetzels as he traverses Germany and "popularizes" the theory, and a spectacle is presented which Barnum himself, in his palmiest days of humbug, would shrink from with disgust and horror. Yet Tetzels is but the type of many a loud-mouthed, foul-mouthed combination of fanatic and charlatan, who, in Protestant countries, thinks that the New Testament is too superfine in its language for the multitude, and must be translated into the vernacular of the pot-house in order to do its perfect work.

Again: it would be unjust to the large minds of the early Puritans to suppose that they broke off from the Church of England for the mere ceremonial trifles which are usually set down in histories as the cause of the great English schism. They were practical men, who looked at the practical effect among the people of ceremonies in themselves harmless. They saw, or thought they saw, that the religion of the people was fast being popularized by the underlings of that Church into a worldly religion of "cakes and ale." If we read Hooker, it is difficult to resist a feeling of contempt for the narrowness of heart and understanding of the Puritans; for in Hooker we see sweetness, dignity, and sanctity exquisitely blended with vast erudition and comprehensive intelligence. But if, in imagination, we call up an English rural district of the time of Elizabeth, we can detect in the concrete religion of its humbler classes what it really was which roused the Puritan wrath against the Church. The popularized theology was not the theology which is set down in the works of the great English divines. The Puritan clearly discerned that the theory of the Church of Rome and the Church of England was to spiritualize the senses. He would deserve the gravest condemnation had he objected to the theory, or the discipline which really effected it. But he believed that instead of spiritualizing the senses, the practical operation of their systems was to sensualize the soul; and therefore he fought against them with all his heart and strength. He may have been mistaken, but this does not affect the motive of his opposition.

The Puritan Churches, again, have also suffered much by having their austere spirituality mimicked by impudent pretenders to sanctity, who, while they hardly seem to belong to the same species as Watts and Doddridge, still profess to hold the same

doctrines, and to be redeemed by the same grace; men who carnalize every spiritual truth they touch, and call their profane quackery by the name of divine influence. They are tolerated because they are supposed capable of benefiting minds which better men can not reach. Ah! this complicity of well-meaning piety with pious frauds—this half faith that men of coarse appetites, whose talk is of the Spirit, but whose influence is of the flesh, can save souls—this is the curse of all Churches! And what is the result? The result is that multitudes connected with Christian Churches understand Christianity, and mentally and morally live it, in a sense which would shock pastors if they subjected the minds of their flock to searching psychological tests. The whole mischief comes from an attempt to adapt the doctrine to the comprehension of the people instead of lifting the people to the comprehension of the doctrine. We unhappily have in this country two glaring examples of the thorough application of the general principle of adaptation. There were a large number of persons who professed to disbelieve in spiritual existence. This excited other persons, who had a peculiar flexibility of the toes, to convert them into Spiritualists, by making spirits palpably knock and rap. Such evidence could not be resisted; it was palpable to the coarsest common sense; and Spiritualism accordingly became a religion. But does any man, not of the faith, believe that the converts are any the less materialists than they were before? Spirituality has been "popularized," but materialists have not been spiritualized. Again: there were quite a considerable number of persons who disliked Christianity because it restrained their appetites. A religion was accordingly extemporized, pretending to be of divine origin, allowing these gentlemen as many wives as they desired. They eagerly professed it; and now, in their conceit of superior piety, they thunder Billingsgate at the immorality and irreligion of the Christian world. But Spiritualism and Mormonism are only logical results of the principle that men are, in matters of religion, to be addressed on the low level of their characters; in other words, that religion, to be efficient, must be popularized. We are told by missionaries of a savage tribe, every word of whose language is associated with some obscene idea. Is it proper to adapt Christianity to their language?

The fallacy, however, in all those theories of influence, which are the delight of self-styled practical men, has its root in a radical misconception of the philosophy of influence. It is character that influences, and the influence, in quality and force, corresponds to the man who exercises it. A person of strong animal nature who foams out religious phrases in a seeming ecstasy of inspiration, radiates an animal electricity into his audience—and nothing else—for the good reason that nothing else is in him. On the contrary, a man of high spiritual character, like Barrow or Jonathan Edwards, by his presence, as well as by his utterance, makes himself felt as a spiritual force and fountain of spiritual influence. He may not be speaking of religion, and yet his simplest conversation produces a religious impression. His words feel their way surely along those mysterious avenues which lead to the inmost recesses of the soul. The listener feels that he is face to face with spiritual qualities which shine by their own light and warm by their own heat. A man must thus "put on the Lord Jesus Christ" before he can preach Him. No mere

religious feelings, much less no mere religious sensations, will suffice. The grace of God must be organized in sentiment, in principle, in faculty, in will, in the man. Give this reality of religious life, and there is no need of trick or spasm to make it understood and to make it efficient. It transfigures the homeliest diction of Bunyan into more than poetic beauty, and streams through the roughest denunciations of Luther the spirit of tenderness and love. All clumsy external imitations of the power fail to produce any good influence; for they are not *it*, and by it alone can men be raised and purified.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is no sweeter word than *June*. It is the type of ripe youth, of bloom, and beauty. June is full of roses, and the mention of its name throws roses into the conversation. June makes good all the poets' promises and praises of the spring; for spring with us never comes. Spring is a Southern luxury. But all we were told of its warmth and brightness, of its glow and grace, is fulfilled in June. June, too, is perfect summer. In July the dog days have bitten the trees and left them dry and sere. The freshness as of early morning, as of a washing in sweet dew, disappears when June goes; and the woods in sultry August foreshow their own doom and rehearse their decay. But a June morning is the most beautiful moment of the year to the eye, and the most exquisite image of life to the mind. The Madonna in Raphael's *San Sisto* is the human portrait of June. How erect, how dewy, how clear! How the young maternity in her eyes and heart is simply the fulfilling of her maidenly purity, and affection, and aspiration! How she stands supreme upon the world in royal robes of loveliness! Neither age, nor care, nor coldness are in her mien and movement. Every eye looks at her and loves her. Roses and diamonds and summer mornings are but vain mementos of her beauty. Incarnate June, she stands the calm image of youth fulfilling all its destiny!

This famous picture hangs in Dresden; in the gallery with Coreggio's *La Notte*, and Titian's *Tribute Money*, and the *Io*. In these very June days how many strangers are strolling through the cool, still rooms, and gazing in silent delight upon those pictures. So in the house and out of doors, in our country and in all others, even in those in which life seems to stand still, what endless resources of beauty, what boundless illustrations of human power and achievement, are spread for our admiration! The kindly remembrance belongs to June. The gracious season reminds us how many roses still bloom in the garden of life and the world, what a soft summer yet blows out of the South, and how tenderly Beauty and Hope still hold us in their arms, as the mild Madonna of *San Sisto* holds her heaven-born son upon her bosom.

THE season of the great annual exodus from the city has arrived again, and the sea-side and the mountains are awaiting their usual inundation. There are plenty of people who are going over the sea for the summer, and longer; and plenty more who wish they were going and sigh to remain. They do not wish to hear of any place at home. If they can't go to Switzerland; if they can't float about those mountain lakes, and climb into the Alpine pastures, and cross glaciers, with fear and

trembling; if they can not pass the night upon the Faulhorn, or hear, upon the great Sheideck, the awful avalanches cleaving with thunder the abysses of the Jungfrau; if they can not quote Byron upon Lake Geneva,

"Fair, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing,"

etc., etc., and trundle in a *char-à-banc* along the very roots and feet of Mont Blanc; if they can not see the vineyarded Rhine, which,

"As is well known,

Doth wash the city of Cologne:
But tell me then, O maid divine,
What power shall wash the River Rhine;"

if they can not descend one of the many passes in the Alps, and leaving snow, and mountain, and Switzerland, emerge upon blossoming chestnuts, orange-trees, and oleanders, in the land

"that hath

The fatal gift of beauty for its dower;"

if they can not, in short, see all the lovely foreign places, and experience new emotions, and make Childe Harold their own history, why, that is the end of it; they will mope, and growl, and grumble.

"No, thank you, don't trouble yourself. If I can't have the moon, I will take nothing, thank you. Newport? Do you really suggest Newport? or are you only making sport of me? A few miles of sand, a white wooden barn, very dirty, full of nothing to eat, and acres of tawdry dressed dowdies and tailors'-blocks? No, I thank you, I prefer Dieppe, or Castellamare, or the Isle of Wight. SARATOGA? A caravanserai crowded with rich people, and drinkers, and dancers; belles bowling in muslin and flirting in a public parlor; very young men gambling and getting drunk, and sick with tobacco; an army of black waiters manœuvring in the dining-hall; people polking themselves into perspirations; a scraggy green square patch with starved Germans tooting on wind-instruments after dinner; and people full of ditto languidly toddling round; NO, thank you; I remember *Pau* and the *Bagno di Lucca*.—The *White Mountains*? Yes, yes; sombre, green hills, with a snow streak somewhere under a cool rock in August, by way of glacier, and a trout-brook tumbling over Deacon Talman's stone wall by way of Terni and Staubach; no, I thank you, if I can't have salmon, I don't care about smelts. No, no; I wanted to go to Europe with the Bluffs and the Badgers. But I can't; so I'll just stay at home, and smell the gutters in the city."

A pleasing, but not a profitable, frame of mind. Good grumbler, half of the world is yours, at least. Within a few hundred miles of you are endless pleasures and delights. The Hudson, with all its historic shores; the Connecticut, with its lovely banks; the Delaware, the Susquehanna. There are the lakes Champlain and George, and little Mahopac, with the great seas of the North, and the lesser lakes of central New York. There are the White Hills and the Adirondac; the Blue Ridge and the Valley of the Shenandoah; Harper's Ferry, the Natural Bridge, the Delaware Water-Gap, the exquisite Valley of Wyoming; there are the heights and passes of the Alleghany, the Vale of the Juniata, the Ohio with its nightly fringe of fire, and by day the purple shores of vine; sea coasts, islands, every where; and over all a sky which the sky of no land surpasses in brilliancy and depth, and an air soft, clear, and salubrious.

With these at hand, or some of them, do not let

your contentment sail out of the bay with your friends. Follow them closely, and you will find that they suffer delays, extortions, inconveniences, dirt, vermin, chagrin, of which you can have but a poor image at home. At the mercy of couriers, custom-houses, and foreign languages; importuned by beggars, by shopkeepers, and by all who prey upon strangers; hot, furious, and confused, they wend their wretched way, and sigh for a calm cobbler at home. Pity them, therefore, who announce that they are going abroad for the summer. Sympathize with them to the last; support them even to the moment of departure; smooth their path as far as you can; it will not be very far; their troubles will begin at Sandy Hook. But conceal your exultation; repress your triumph; and, on some happy day, when you are picking raspberries in the White Mountain Notch, or dreaming dreams in the Valley of Wyoming, or sketching among the Catskill or the Berkshire hills, pity, pity the friend of your youth, and pour out warm tears for him who is caught in a Swiss chalet by the "dropping weather," from whom Mont Blanc was veiled in a huge leaden cloud, and to whom the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, of fountains only, was an impenetrable mountain of mist.

THE discussion of the treatment of Washington in "The Virginians" has by no means died away. The Easy Chair constantly sees fresh attacks and defenses—a perpetual skirmishing all along the line. Of the general fidelity of the sketch—for it is nothing more—the Easy Chair is satisfied. A warm, impassioned, honorable, high-minded youth, with a habit of supreme self-restraint forming, but not yet formed, and therefore at times, and under peculiar pressure, yielding to natural impetuosity, is a very simple and truthful conception of Washington at twenty-two—and that is the image presented in "The Virginians."

Afterward, when the self-constraint was the rule of life, the conduct described in the interview with the young English officers would be improbable. When Washington was just twice as old, and Commander-in-Chief of the American army, he bore every personal slight with a dignity which was sublime. His nearest friend, Reed, was unfaithful, if he was not treacherous, in his correspondence with Lee. Washington felt it, we may be sure, to the bottom of his heart; but not a word of reproach followed; only a necessarily changed and cooler manner. But in the heat and crisis of the Battle of Monmouth, when it seemed as if General Lee's foolish and culpable conduct had lost the day, Washington rode up to him and demanded, in the most indignant manner, what his conduct meant. This incident, which is no stain upon the history of Washington, is a well-known illustration of that fiery energy of will and character which was almost uniformly repressed into the most absolute calmness. Is there the slightest incompatibility with this spirit in the scene related by Thackeray?

The novel of "The Virginians" introduces several of our old friends, whom we all knew in "Henry Esmond." Especially the Lady Beatrix, who is now ripened into a rich, fat, shrewd, and card-playing German baroness, and who is drawn with consummate skill. The dramatic propriety of the story is admirable. The tone of the times and the characters—the little side-touches of life and manners—restore the days and the people of a century ago precisely as the lectures on the Humorists did.

We turn back with the story-teller into those houses and among that society. We recognize, under the masks of another century, the same old human nature which is playing about ourselves to-day. The perfect repose of the style, the total absence of any appeal to effect, and the profound reliance upon the dramatic development of the characters, are especially characteristic of Thackeray, and show the master.

The interest of the work is not the interest of a plot. Both Dickens and Thackeray use the novel as a panoramic view of the world. Their object is always character rather than story. As in ordinary life, the interest is in the play of character upon unimportant details. Dickens has often some kind of melodramatic plot, but Thackeray never. And so it is in all the greatest novels of society. In Fielding and Smollett, it is the picture of life and the development of character that interests us, and not the fate of the people. In a love story, or a proper romance, the point is the concurrence of every circumstance to the union or separation of the lovers. They may be, in themselves, but names and shades, but the descriptions of where they were and what they did must be very absolute and distinct.

If Thackeray means to bring his "Virginians" into our Revolutionary War, they will be men of full years of discretion when they reach it. If he does so he will give us an intelligent English view of the struggle—not necessarily British, but not altogether our own. But if he, being a Briton, undertakes to say that we didn't lick the red-coats wherever they showed themselves—if he dares to pretend that they were any thing but miserable cowards and abominable tyrants—if he ventures to insinuate that we were, under any circumstances or any where, any thing but great, glorious, and noble—on the whole, if, being an Englishman, he says any thing at all about the Revolution, which is our peculiar property, then let us lift up our voices to denounce this traducing intermeddler—this bloated hireling and pernicious pimp of royalty and aristocracy—this swaggering blackguard and wholesale defamer of humanity, who chooses to read history for himself, and to describe men and women as they seem to him.

In the person of Benton a great political gladiator has fallen. He was in the fight and loved it; his days were all passed in the arena, and the end found him there—not, indeed, in technical public life, but in Washington, amidst the scenes of his great struggles, surrounded by the survivors and the memories of the old days, and busy in preparing for posterity the records of the theatre upon which his own fame was won.

Throughout his career there was a mixture of what was burly and melodramatic, so that the impression left upon the mind is that of a chapter or canto of Ossian. His very figure, striking and towering, with the heavy cluster of fair hair, and the aspect of indomitable resolution, familiar for thirty years in the Senate of the United States, all favored this idea. His self-esteem was large, as it must be in every doughty combatant.

It is not yet a year since Marcy died, who, although younger than Benton, belonged to the same generation of political actors. Cass, and Crittenden, and Buchanan, are almost the only survivors of the same period and company. First, Adams, then Calhoun, then Clay, then Webster, Marcy

next, now Benton, have all reached the inevitable bourne. They followed Madison, the elder Adams, Jefferson, Jay, Hamilton, and Washington. Yet Washington, who died first of all, is not yet sixty years in his grave. So short is our history, and so illustrious!

Great men seem thus to stand in groups in history; and the question continually forces itself upon the mind, as each successive member of a striking group disappears—not only who is left of that company, but what other groups are gathering to fill their places.

This, of course, is a question that will not bear to be pushed too far. Who are our great men, or what relation certain individuals bear to the history of our own times, are questions only to be answered when our times have become historical. The people of any period are by no means sure to know the most important event or influence of that period. The great inventions—of printing, of gunpowder, of the mariner's needle, of the power of steam—are not immediately recognized in all their scope. Nor can they be so; for time only slowly develops the bearing of men and things upon the purposes of God in the world. The course of events in the world is often as in a battle, where, with heroic fury, a pass is maintained by some Leonidas and his three hundred; and when the last man falls, gallantly fighting, thinking he holds the foe at bay, the main body of the army has crossed the mountain above the pass, and is even now pressing down upon Attica. Yet Leonidas, remember, is not less a hero, and his three hundred are worthily canonized.

The men among us who fill to-day the places filled by the public men who are so rapidly passing away, and of whom so few remain, are, surely, not less worthy our regard because they can still appreciate it. There were heroes before Agamemnon, but there are certainly heroes after him. Time, the subtlest of poets, adds greatness to the great, and makes the little smaller, and, after a course of centuries, a man's fame becomes as fixed and immovable as a mountain. What possible chance, for instance, can disturb the fame of Homer, and Plato, and Phidias? Few people read the poet or the philosopher, or can even name, much less have seen, any work of the great sculptor. But their names have become parts of history itself as much as Greece, or Egypt, or Rome. Yet the Athenians did not think so well of Socrates but they made him drink poison. Sir Thomas More and Walter Raleigh lost their heads for no crime, and Lord Bacon, whom modern history deifies, lacked common honesty.

If we come nearer home, we can find enough mud clinging to the garments of our heroes. How Lee and Reed and Gates, and the *Aurora*, slandered Washington! They were exceptions, but they did it. What stories are told in public history and in private conversation of Franklin and Jefferson! What said the Hartford Convention of Madison? How John Quincy Adams was hated, and Henry Clay denounced for making a bargain! How Andrew Jackson was deified and something-else, that begins and ends with *d!* And Nicholas Biddle—echo answers, where? How Calhoun rode straight on, with his theory in rest, like a lance, and how half the people laughed at him as a Don Quixote! How Webster was called, and by many seriously believed to be, the feed counsel and advocate of Boston merchants! And Marcy, who died last

year amidst general regret, how bitterly he was reviled as the very regent of the regency, and taunted with the State patch upon his breeches.

But Time is rapidly smoothing all the lineaments of these famous departed. It is hiding the hatreds and jealousies and rivalries. It is winnowing and cleansing. Hamilton shall hang in our national gallery, not as an ardent politician but as our father of finance. Madison shall not be the President of a party, but the interpreter of our Constitution. Jefferson shall cease to be an intriguer and practical French philosopher, and stand panoplied in all the dignity of the statesman who first most profoundly appreciated the political genius of a new people and a new time. Henry Clay shall be the Achilles of one American policy, Andrew Jackson the Hector of another. Calhoun, incorruptible and Roman-like in life, shall be touched by Time with the soft Oriental hue of a political dreamer. Webster, while he points the moral, must yet, with his massive ability, adorn the tale of our politics; while Marcy, no longer a local and scheming politician, shall go down in honor as the strong hand and the clear head upon an unsteady ship.

The moral of all this is evident. The men whom we now so respectfully regret, the men whom the orators mean when they foolishly say that the days of patriotic statesmanship are over, were not universally idolized nor conceded to be so great in their own times and by their own contemporaries. Therefore let us not lose heart, nor disbelieve in our own. Perhaps "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," but it may be very sure that it has great men somewhere, that every age is about equally prolific, and that the tradition of kings who never die is true of genius.

A few years hence our days will be the good old times. The events that seem poor enough to us will have a poetic glow. The men whom we so sharply criticise will be commended as heroes and revered as patriots; and the world which seems to us so worn and weary, will look to our descendants as if it stood in vernal prime. Let us, then, learn a little charity from experience, and not believe that all the great and good have left the world in the lurch. The natural world is but the splendid symbol of the spiritual world, and as that carries on the mission of the year in sweet succession from seed in April to harvest in September, from blossom in May to fruit in October, and every year renews and renews the work; so Providence works with an unending series of ministers, and the men of this year are the fellow-workers and equals of those of all years, as much as this rosy June is as beautiful as any June in Arcadia before Rome was built.

THE Easy Chair is sorry to have omitted for so long a time any notice of the following letter, which has been mislaid for several months. It hopes that its correspondent has given it the benefit of all the possible chances, in her wonder at the long delay. Of course an Easy Chair receives many letters which it can merely mention without printing. But this is not of them.

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I want some information, and I write to you for it, because your articles make me think you will not grudge a little time given to help a woman through this world.

"I am a poor widow, and I am the mother of a

son on whose fatherless head the hand of God lies heavily, for he is deaf—entirely so in one ear, and very much so in the other. This infirmity, as you can easily conceive, renders it doubly difficult to start him on a path through life which shall lead him to the end by pleasanter ways than those of starvation. I have thought that if I could make a printer of him he might come in time to be an editor, or publisher, perhaps (who knows?) a small Easy Chair, and that his want of hearing would not disqualify him for such occupation. I desire, therefore, to know what is the first step to be taken to make a printer of my boy—to have some idea given me what would be the daily routine of his life in the event of that first step succeeding—how soon he could hope in that vocation to earn his bread, and whether he might probably therein rise to moderate fortune and respectability.”

The obvious objection to the trade of printing—if you have the choice—is the confinement in a warm room, and the late hours. On the other hand, it is a singularly quiet, independent employment, and peculiarly well suited to any one who is unfortunately deaf. The “first step” for the mother to take is to make sure that her boy is intelligent and industrious and faithful, with a hearty resolution to learn his trade. She will then not find it very difficult to get him some kind of situation where he can learn. The old apprentice system is now very much disused. Some skillful and docile boys are paid some little wages at once; and when they are fairly embarked in the trade their future depends entirely upon themselves. In three years a clever boy will have mastered every detail of the profession, and ought to be able to command good wages.

But the editorial profession will require other qualifications than those of a good printer. Some of the best editors in the country have indeed been printers’ boys, but there is no necessary connection between the two pursuits, except a mechanical one. It is undoubtedly true that a boy of literary tastes will, if he learns a trade, naturally turn to that of types; and the knowledge of a practical printer is invaluable to an editor or a publisher. To the latter, in fact, it is quite essential. But whoever is master of a useful trade has a capital that nothing can take away. Let the Easy Chair’s correspondent secure a trade to her boy, and all the rest will follow according to talent and opportunity.

THAT the Easy Chair is the friend of the fair, needs no proof to any one who is in the habit of hearing it talk. Indeed the suspicion has been sometimes breathed—very diffidently and remotely, however—that it was too much devoted to the sex, and was to be regarded not only as an Easy, but as a Soft, Chair.

To this insinuation the Easy Chair has never paid the least attention. To be slandered is not a new fate; and often in the invective launched at it for being so mild and complaisant, and “carrying the women,” the Easy Chair has heard beneath the complaint the under-tone of a profound regret and disappointment at *not* being able “to carry the women.”

But it will not boast nor criminate. An Easy Chair which has gone so long upon four legs, which has seen the world and men, and now in its late autumn plants itself under the shadow of the Shot Tower, and within sound of the rushing waters of

the East River, and chats with the city and the country of all the great and little things that happen, is not of a humor to quarrel or fret, but feels rather like a pacificator, and would willingly take all differing parties in its arms, and set them on their four legs—if they have them—like itself.

Why, then, should it assert how gladly its arms would also embrace the fair; and how eagerly it toddled up town to hear what sundry gentlemen had to say upon the old questions of the sex’s rights and powers, its disabilities and industry, and a general fair play to its talents? The gallant gentlemen, and lady—for in this land of talent of the tongue it would be hard if a word should be said for the sex without the sex saying a word for itself—had a new, pretty, and pleasant hall to speak in, and it was full of an intelligent and generous audience, who listened attentively, and applauded warmly, and manifested a real interest in the subject of the discussion.

Of course both the speakers and the hearers held different opinions. There were a great many things said to which the listeners could by no means respond, and which they did not believe. But here is the great fact upon which they were all agreed—that there is an immense amount of suffering among women—that it is not altogether their own fault—and that they can not help themselves, even if it came to the worst.

It is remarkable how little importance is usually given, in the consideration of this subject, to mere physical strength; and yet, if women were really as strong as men, how long would they probably consent to receive half wages, or suffer men to take their wages away and appropriate them? The great movements of races in methodizing and organizing themselves have always come, at last, to the strong hand. It is what we call brute physical force which has finally knocked over the idols and leveled the temples. Of course, it is the soul in the body—the spirit which inspires the force—that directs it and gives it value. When a man teaches bayonets to think, as Kossuth says, he has already conquered the enemy. God and one more, as a negro orator truly said, are a majority. But the right hand is the most potent ally of the right heart; and when a body of men have made up their minds that certain things ought to be, they will urge and argue until urging and argument are proved to be of no avail, and then they will load their muskets, and cry “God for the right!” That was the way farmers, and bookbinders, and blacksmiths, and lawyers, and ministers did in the days of the American Revolution. And yet, such is the power of the strong hand, although their cause seemed right enough, and they stood upon their own soil, fighting for their own homes, yet it cost them seven long years of doubtful combat with foreign soldiers and hirelings.

Now, suppose our revolutionary fathers had been mothers, would not their revolution have been very apt to be a tempest in a tea-pot? The Easy Chair speaks only with reverence of the women of the Revolution, but could they have carried it at last? They could do nobly and well all that nature empowered them to do; but battles depend a great deal upon brawn.

Now, how much this universal consciousness of physical weakness necessarily acts upon the relations of the sexes! How careless it makes the one—for strength is always careless—and how dependent and resigned the other! And can we men say

that we never abuse that strength—that we never put that abuse into forms of law and industrial policy? The greatest Law-lords in England, Lord Brougham, Lord Cranworth, and the rest, called the divorce-law of England “barbarous” and unworthy a civilized country.

No, no: it seems as if we were resolved to revenge ourselves for the apple in the garden, and to make all the daughters of Eve atone for her ill-regulated appetite. And since, at the best, all our human arrangements are poor enough and imperfect enough, since we are not very swift to love mercy and do justly, but love every man his own pocket, his own prejudices, and his own ease, let us be glad that some are found to turn the light occasionally upon uncertain objects, that we, sitting at our comfort, may discern whether they are statues of beauty or only grotesque monsters.

THERE is always something interesting in the first appearances of great men. When an author or a general is crowned with laurel, when a statesman falls in doing his duty, or a great inventor dies haloed with glory, it is curious to turn back to the early mention, to the first swelling of the bud of reputation which has flowered out into fame.

But greatness is very likely to rise as silently as a planet into the sky. It comes up and we are walking by its light before we turn to see it, or recognize the new luminary. A few men are seized by the magnetism of an original mind. They adopt its processes, they reach its conclusions, they even tinge their style with the new style, and, by-and-by, when the course of affairs is modified, when the color of current thought is changed, we look curiously back to see where and when and how the difference began, as the traveler down the Mississippi may be floating far below the junction of the Missouri before he discovers that the clear water of the stream has changed under him.

All the time, of course, there are a great many people about us whose greatness is simply not developed. A man is the same man the month after his book has made him famous—has made every body nudge his neighbor and look at him—has made all the collectors send for his autograph, and photographers to request his likeness—that he was a month before. But what a change! He went and came precisely as he does now; he not only had the wonderful book all written, but it was in type, and he had the proof-sheets in his pocket; he had entirely completed it and was busy upon something else, and yet we saw him without emotion; he was Mr. Jones, a very quiet gentleman, or a very noisy gentleman; or he had that everlasting green coat, or he had holes in his boots, or he was merely “Jones, Jones! why I don’t recall him. That man, you say, with sandy hair? Has been seen about town these ten years? Really it’s very strange, but I don’t remember him.”

Now, you will never forget him. Last month it was “I think it is a Mr. Jones.” This month it is a hurried tap, a wink, a whisper, “JONES!”

The last Jones of this kind is Henry Thomas Buckle, who has published within a year or two in England the first volume of a History of Civilization—an enormous installment only of an enormous work. His undertaking is nothing less than an inquiry into the theory of human development as traced in universal history. It implies a profound acquaintance with every language, and with all literature in every department. In fact, the con-

dition of his work is such that it might almost be considered an impossible undertaking for any man. But he has made such a beginning that, if he be still a young man, with twenty-five years of work in him, he may cover his canvas; whether he can complete his picture is quite another question. It appears that Mr. Buckle is a young man of some thirty-four years of age—the son of wealthy parents—who has suffered much from ill health. He is not a university graduate, but has pursued his studies privately.

What he has done, however, shows what a great and thoughtful scholar he is, and how well entitled to that general recognition called reputation, which is so often allowed to men who have really done very little. Whether the name of Buckle is to become a really great name, or remain only as a memento of a scholarly visionary and enthusiast, we are yet to see. But already it is a name which commands the respect and attention of thoughtful men, of the scholars and students and thinkers, here and there, who are the incarnation of that Public to which every author always appeals, and who are so because they pass upon and perpetuate the great fames of the world.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHY not have our Maying like the rest? Shall we be cooped through all these spring-lighted days in our Hotel of the Quai Voltaire? Can we not find something more rural than the chestnut avenues of the Tuileries garden (all flossy now with white tufts of blossoms); or than the tame parterres and the idle water of the Wood of Boulogne? Shall a saunter at St. Cloud be our only sniff of country? Is there more than a day between us and the *bosques* of Brittany, where the maidens wear high muslin caps, and the boys are barelegged, and the trout-streams babbling and populous? More than a day to the green orchards of Normandy, and the swelling grain-fields, undulous under May winds? More than a day thence to Anglo-Norman Jersey, where dun-colored cows, with noses and eyes like fawns, watch you from over blooming hedges of hawthorn, and crop lazily at the luscious lucerne?

Let us whisk away, then, upon a May bout, while the echoes of the last carriages, trundling from the last balls, blend with the din of Paris, and are lost, high up, where the spires of the fading city shine.

Caen is on our way. The rivers Orne and Odon run through it; the latter only a branch, but feeding mill-wheels which groan all day under the burden of Norman harvests. From the river banks a stone spire rises light and delicate and high as a fairy tower. Under its shadow (if so frail a thing may cast a shadow), and under the arches of the Church of St. Pierre, whose prayers it points, you may lose yourself in a thousand frolicsome revels of old sculptors’ hands—Aristotle bridled and ridden by the mistress of Alexander, Lancelot crossing the sea upon his sword, hunters slaying wild boars, figs bearing thistles, horned satyrs grinning at you, and dragons vomiting water from the leads.

In other quarters, and in another church (that of the *Abbaye aux Hommes*), you may tread over the spot where the bones of William the Conqueror were laid. The church is one that he founded; but private charity buried him there, and he slept quietly until the Huguenots hustled off his remains (1562). Good Catholics could find only a thigh-bone to restore, and the Revolutionists of 1793 vented their

democratic rage upon the thigh-bone. For all that, the old verger tells you it is the grave of the Conqueror, and, with sanctimonious air, pockets his fee.

There are broad streets, and fine quays, and pleasant avenues of trees, and peaked gables, and tall, fair-faced women, and a comfortable Hotel (de France), where, if the day be rainy, you may read Froissart upon his own ground, and trace the outlines of his battle-pieces from your window.

From Caen to Avranches—where is such a view of field and river and mountain as few travelers in France carry away in their memory. You catch it from the sides and top of the hill, upon which the old town sits like a queen. You see a river shining like silver, twining through far-away meadows, on which light-green grain and dark-green masses of wood lie checkered. You see it shining nearer and nearer, and broader and broader, until under your eye it is a lake-like estuary that blends with the ripple of the sea, and bathes the borders of a score of rocky islets (tufted with timber-trees) which dot the edge of the ocean.

The other way is Mont St. Michel, and the twin hillocks of Tomblaine, which (if you linger there till toward sunset) throw gaunt shadows to the shore. After which, you may take your ease in a good inn, with fried sole (if you choose it) to your supper, and Medos that has come straight coastwise from Bordeaux.

They will give you the *Times* newspaper to read (not over three days old); and you may learn how the China battles are going forward, and how Sir Colin is bristling about Lucknow. You will observe with what defiant tone the Thunderer talks of the occupation of Perim, and of British supremacy over all the countries of the East. Hear him:

"Ever since the French press has been forbidden to discuss domestic subjects it has always been searching for some paltry matter of this kind, and seeking to elevate it into a great political question. The Continental journalists have also thought fit to insinuate a proposition *which we may as well repudiate at once—namely, that the policy of this country in Asia is to be subordinated to some general Council of European Powers*, and we consequently hear of the occupation of Perim being brought before the Parisian Conference, and of collective notes being meditated on the subject. There is probably no truth in all this; but still, the existence of the report is evidence of notions which we may as well dissipate at once. As for Egypt and the Red Sea, the intentions of this country are soon stated. We have no wish to acquire territorial possessions in those parts, but we will not for a moment tolerate any scheme for interfering with the great system of intercommunication which we are now building up. *As for any nation pretending to a superior, or even an equal position with England in Egypt, it is out of the question.* We have not labored so much to give up now the fruits of our labor. Twice within the last sixty years have British arms preserved Egypt to the Porte. In the first of these conflicts, a great French army and fleet, led by the first of modern Generals, was utterly defeated and destroyed. Forty years afterward, when an ambitious Viceroy made war against his sovereign, it was again a British force that crushed his pretensions. The policy and spirit of England are what they were in 1798 and 1840. Our own rights and the rights of the Sultan we will support, as we have done before, against either European or Egyp-

tian ambition. So we would advise those journalists who are busying themselves about English proceedings in the Red Sea to attend to matters which more nearly concern themselves. Perim can only possibly belong to the Sultan of Turkey or the Imaum of Muscat. If either of these potentates choose to make a reclamation, we shall know how to deal with it; but any other State will only lose its time and temper by interfering with the question. Probably all that has been said on the matter proceeds only from the ill-humor of the Continental Press; but should any Government be so ill-advised as to give effect to these suggestions, we trust Lord Malmesbury *will simply decline to listen to any such meddling with our national affairs.*"

And the English people of Avranches (for there are many here whom cheap meats and bracing air have seduced from Albion) will walk upon the hill-top all the more proudly to-morrow for this ungracious talk of the *Times*. But with the pleasant bourgeois of Avranches (our host among them) the largest types and loudest taunts of the Thunderer are as innocent as the screaming gulls which skim the waters of their bay.

Reading farther, we find a sad note of the end of a famous *undertaker* of England: Henderson, of the great firm of Fox and Henderson, has died, latterly miserably poor: violent contrasts of fortune do not belong, then, to America alone. All the world remembers him as one of the contractors for the Crystal Palace of the Hyde Park exhibition: how many poor mechanics gloated at the periods which told of his success! how many envied him that splendor of fortune! And now, a few friends are making up a subscription for the support of his family!

Here and there, too, in our *Times'* file, we find hints of a new Exhibition for the year 1861. Let us hope that the hints may ripen into fulfillment, and that civilization may demonstrate its progress in such grand way as shall throw into the shade the successes of Eastern armies and stories of wars.

Yet again, we note that a Scottish gentleman, of rare attainments, has turned religious preacher, without surplice or license; not invading churches, indeed, but talking to such crowds as will listen, in all unconsecrated places, of death, the grave, and the Judgment.

And why not? What have Hebrew and exegetical nicety to boast of, that they, and they only, must assume teachership in all that concerns your relations and ours with the Infinite? Is not the day of Theologic Sciolism passing? Is it not time for it to pass? Have we not starved a long time on the dry bones which the metaphysicians give us? Is not the mood and essence of effective religious teaching tending toward a plain, out-spoken, hearty vitality, which ignores old formulas and conventionalisms (whether Calvinistic or other), and strikes sharp to its aim—Duty of man to God?

The lights are growing dim in the little hostelry, where we sojourn at Avranches. We draw the curtain, and look out where light-houses shine among the islands: a red spot, as of a ship's lantern, glimmers in the offing; but the red light of the ship's lantern, and the white light of the island beacons, are less, a thousand-fold, than the light of the stars whose pale reflections rock upon the waters.

If we sleep at Avranches, let us wake at St. Malo. Our inn is the first home of Chateaubriand, that elegant, old-time master in French letters,

who reaped a harvest of fame and of success, as diplomat, poet, statesman, almost Christian; who lived in a proud enjoyment of it all; who was almost a coxcomb in his conceit; who lingered too late to have hearty mourners; who ignored the people in his statesmanship, and knew them only in his poems; who was French and elegant to the last—even to his embroidered dressing-gown and his gold-plated spoons; who was startled out of life by the Republic of '48; who sneered at the blouses, and stuffed his ears with cotton to shut out the din of their *Ca Ira*, and sighed over his old loyal memories, and so—died. He lies now, or his bones, under a cross by the sea-side, near to St. Malo.

Any one of the townspeople will show you the way there, and go with you—if you pay them.

The town is on a peninsula, connected with the main land by a long causeway; the houses are high, and pile up quaintly round and round the islet, which is girt almost with battlemented walls, flanked by machicolated towers.

No traveler who loves his ease lingers there: in the harbor, which is walled in from the deep swell of the tides, you will see a trim steamer, that sails thence twice in the week for the Norman Isle of Jersey. If you love rich verdure, and quiet, and scenes where you will not be jostled by sight-seeing travelers—go there.

St. Hiliers is the name of the city of the island, a trim little sea-port, with wide reaches of sandy beach, with a castle upon a rocky islet, with a grim fortress frowning from the bluff that rises northward of the town.

Cicerones, who speak a mongrel dialect, will meet you on the quay, and show you where the Royal Hotel invites you, with its bay windows and British Coffee-Room. And with a British coffee-room come British steaks, British muffins (most indigestible of cakes), British chops, and British roast joints. You will hear your host talking what might be French, if it were not an older Norman tongue; you will see the landlady in unmistakable French caps; and yet neither one nor the other can give you a *ragoût* that will serve even as a reminder of the Brothers *Provençaux*—no *fricandeau*, no *poulet aux cressons*. It is odd enough, to be sure, how all table-habit seems to have changed (if one may judge by our Coffee-Room) since we have passed over the few leagues of rocking water which sway between us and the tomb of Chateaubriand. But, aside from the French *patois* you hear, these British islanders are more thoroughly and more bigotedly British in habit, in loyalty, in obstinacy, than the people of any shire from Cornwall to Inverness.

All along the shores (it is no great walk to compass them in a two-days' tramp) you will see outlying martello towers upon the sands, which, in troubled times, flame with beacon fires, and tell quick stories of any adventurous cruiser from the coast of France. Napoleon said once (or is reported to have said) that these Channel islands should be the stepping-stones by which he would stride across to the shores of England. And the loyal islanders grew ten-fold more loyal by the boast; they organized patrols by day and by night; watch-fires shone along the whole circuit of shore; and almost within cannon-shot of France, this little relic of the ancient Norman people—clinging to the Norman tongue and to Norman caps—bade defiance to the navies of France.

They have tasted the freedom of English consti-

tutional rule; and they love it. The town's papers (St. Hiliers), whether French or English, talk with untrammelled tongues; the Lieutenant-Governor, appointed by the Queen, sways a mild sceptre; a pretty salary, a fine stud, the band from the fortress to cheer his summer nights, and to make music for his winter balls—what more should he want?

You may wander the length and the breadth of the little island and find never a beggar; you may look right or left, over all the hedge-rows, and see never a weedy fallow; you may drive in ponyphaeton over all the island, and find never a pebble to interrupt the charming smoothness of the road-way.

But we began with talking of May, and of May-ing. Shall we forget the Jersey flowers; the ripe, deep green of the Jersey fields; the vines, the trees, the embowered cottages; the ancient feudal houses, where feudal rights survive, like decayed household pets, and feudal ivy clings to the walls, with the habit of centuries?

What nodding wealth of lucerne! What white sheets of blossoming hawthorn! What red promise on the orchards!

Again, there are wild dells upon the island, splitting high bluffs of headland, and musical with dancing water; hoary oaks shading velvety parklands; and here and there silent reaches of moor, purple, in their time of bloom, with the downy bells of heather.

It is no hard place of exile; though Victor Hugo carried with him there the sympathies of Paris. But who, having lived and grown in Paris, is not exiled—away from Paris? The poet of Ernani and of Esmeralda hankers after the flesh-pots of Egypt. Victor Hugo is essentially a city poet; what French poet, if we except Alphonse Karr (who lives among his garlies), is not? Victor Hugo hopes religiously to make his last odes and to die under the shadow of Notre Dame. May he have his wish!

St. Hiliers, and its inn of the Royal Hotel, are not so far away from the world but the Paris journals are fresh there. They come over our own road of Caen and St. Malo; but they travel by night, and we slept and dreamed.

So when we go back from our ramble on the heights by St. Saviour's low-towered church, and have seen the sun dip in the water, and the red beacon-fire of Grosner lighted, we find the Paris news of yesterday upon our table.

At length the great Boulevard of Sebastopol is opened—opened with splendid ceremonial; Napoleon appearing again *à cheval* at the head of a brilliant cortège, so shortly after the heads of Pierri and Orsini have fallen. But let us forget the guilotine, and think only of the broad day which this wide and royal street has brought into the dark corners of the city. We remember well, ten years gone, on the day succeeding the bloody battles of June, tracking our way through the narrow and foul pent-ways, which stretched from the *Boulevard du Temple* to the quai of the Seine near to the bridge of St. Michel. What threatening, fierce faces looked down from the windows! What débris of barricades! What fearful tell-tales in bloody rags, and in pools at which the street curs sniffed and where the June flies brooded!

We clambered over piles of paving-stones; we saw bandaged heads, and broken windows, and women weeping; and all the narrow street-ways were damp and dark with the shadows of the

houses. Full two hours we were making our way from the neighborhood of the Temple to the nearest point upon the river, keeping our eye (when we could see it) upon the dome of the Pantheon. And now—full flush of daylight streams straight through; yellow stone palaces, with sculptured cornucopias, have begun to deck the avenue; and the poor blouses who lived thereabout, and who fought blindly and madly for nothing, have slunk away to the *banlieus*—to cheaper garrets, where they are ripening a new war.

Shall we stay to pity them, or hurry with the festive crowd which follows in the wake of the monarch? Clean, broad streets are grand things; they make paths for progress; they civilize and they Christianize; but so do love, and charity, and forbearance, and liberty.

Poor Victor Hugo! two squares away, is perhaps reading now of the gay processional—of the garlands Paris girls are hanging on the houses; perhaps gathering from his ripened brain new *Feuilles d'Automne*, that shall have the red lustre of fire!

Passons.

The papers tell us that M. Veron has just now made sale of his cabinet of rare things. The price has risen of his old apartments upon the corner of the Rivoli and the Castiglione, and he has determined to seek others. It gives excuse for sale. This is a pretty speculative fancy of actresses and authors in the gay capital. It insures them a benefit, and gives them the amusement of a new collection. Rachel more than once doubled her income by this device. Stranger collectors were, of course, eager to carry away a *fauteuil* of the rare tragedienne; her counterpane caught new graces from its office, and every trifling, forgotten gift of friends or courts became an object of *vertu*.

The Doctor Veron has been successful. Chiefest among the objects of art were two busts by Houdon, one of Madame Victoire, a daughter of Louis XV., the other Sophie Arnould.

Do you know who Sophie Arnould was? A rare singer and a beautiful girl of the last century; well brought up by a careful, painstaking bourgeoisie, who kept a hotel in the old mansion where the Admiral Coligny was assassinated. Her mother took her to sing at the Chapel of Val de Grace. The Princess of Modena heard her, and insisted upon seeing her—upon hearing her in her own *salon*. Her voice was a nightingale's, and her beauty equal to her voice. News of her came to the court. The great Pompadour admired and patronized her. Still the bourgeois mamma guarded her, and thought no evil. But from the court singing to the royal opera was but a step. The mother sighed and hesitated, but the beautiful daughter accepted the sacrifice without a murmur. Princes courted her—vainly, until a rare deceit defeated the suspicions of both mother and child. While all Paris admired and applauded, a certain Count de Lauregais, playing the part of a poor provincial poet, who had just come up to Paris, established himself in their hotel, won the heart of Sophie, and completed her ruin. The world pitied the poor Countess de Lauregais, but admired none the less the dashing, witty Sophie, who now had her coach and a host of servants.

By-and-by she tired of her Magdalen life and of the applause of the stage. She went to the country, where she bought a charming retreat, sang songs under the trees, and studied flowers. But

the Revolution came; her beauty faded; her fortune wasted; she came to Paris almost a beggar; lived with her old hair-dresser, until Fouché, who had been her lover, gave her a government pension. With this, and with her *salons* aglow, and noisy with the flatterers whom her reviving fortunes brought back, she suddenly died.

For once, at least, she told the truth. It was to her confessor upon her death-bed. "I have lived a most miserable life."

At M. Veron's sale her bust was offered. It was wrought by Houdon, and in the character of *Iphigénie*. It had fallen into the possession of a daughter of Sophie, who had married a druggist of Paris. The good druggist was not proud of the statue; from him it passed to the hands of his son, who in time (not long gone) came to be a general in the French army. The general died, and his widow made sale of his effects. Long before the statue had passed into the kitchen M. Veron knew it to be in the possession of the family. He attended the sale; for the first two days no statue appeared. At length, when the sale had reached the humbler articles of the household, offer was made of a browned and smoked bit of sculpture—subject unknown—but believed to be *Iphigénie*.

M. Veron was the successful bidder at three hundred francs. At his present sale we observe it brought in the neighborhood of 14,000 francs!

Fortunate Veron! Poor Sophie!

Another bit of gossip the day's journals give us, in which Rachel figures incidentally.

Was she a pretty woman? It would seem that she was never fairly satisfied on that point; nor her strongest admirers; but if pretty any where, or at any time, it was in the *Moineau de Lesbie*. She knew this, and loved the little *Moineau*.

And who wrote the *Moineau de Lesbie*? Thereto hangs the gossip we put down.

In the year 1844, when Paris was all new to us, there lived beyond the Seine a young student at law, who attended the balls of the Chaumiere, and thought himself a poet. He wrote sonnets, madrigals, epics maybe; and having finished, upon a time, a drama, he went with it to the Theatre Français.

Such hardihood was unheard of. He was rebuffed by the door-keeper even. What should a student want with the grand Société Dramatique? At the Porte St. Martin and at the Odeon he fared no better. Armand Barthet (that was the student's name) sighed, threw his manuscript in a drawer, and thought no more of conquering a place upon the boards of Paris.

In due season he took his degree, lived modestly, and in the autumn seasons was wont to relieve his vacation with shooting bouts near to his old town of Besançon.

He had not, however, forgotten his pen, and delighted the provincials with an unctuous romance, which appeared from time to time in the columns of the great journal of Besançon, the *Impartial*. Now, upon a certain week, it happened that his humor for romance failed him; and with his apologies for the omission, he sent to the provincial editor a little drama which he had written long ago, and which he trusted was not wholly without merit.

This little drama was the rejected one of *Le Moineau de Lesbie*. But what should the fat provincials of Besançon know of dramatic art?

It seemed to its author, however, richer in print

than in manuscript; so he carried with him an *Impartial* copy of the play up to Paris. He boldly ventured to inclose it, with "the hope it might have perusal," to the veteran feuilletoniste Jules Janin.

For weeks he heard nothing of it; but one day the *Journal des Débats* and Jules Janin made him famous.

The critic congratulated him upon his success: he urged him personally to present it to the director of the French Theatre.

Barthet was doubtful: he had already made the attempt.

"Bah!" says Janin, "we are your sponsors." It was presented, received unanimously; and Rachel played *Lesbie*. Never had she been so enchanting to the eye; she knew it, as we said, and therefore loved it.

How oddly reputation will sometimes grow out of accident! Nobody reads *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, but every body (in France) knows it and its author.

Shall we follow the journals still farther in their dramatic gossip? Shall we say how Scott's French story of Quentin Durward has at length found French voice or utterance in the pleasant music of M. Gevaert, and draws pleasant crowds nightly to the Opera Comique? Or how Scribe (when shall we cease to hear of him?) has come with a new play of "Fairy Fingers" (*Doigts de Fée*) to the boards of the Theatre Français? How an old count has two nieces, one rich and one poor; how he has a son, who obstinately loves the poor one; and how, etc., etc., etc.? Do you not know where Scribe ends, when you know where he begins? And are we not growing sleepy, in this balmy evening of early May, within breathing of the sea-wind, that touches daintily the waves, and springing thence, curls up the odors of a thousand shore flowers, growing in shore gardens, and whips them in at our window?

But our Maying shall not end in Jersey. We will take steamer for Southampton; passing on our right, as we cleave the waters of the Solent, the green, gray ruin of Netley. From Southampton it is but a bound over to the Isle of Wight—twin sister to Jersey in verdure, in gorges, in embowered cottages, in fragments of ruin, and in ever-recurring glimpses of ocean.

We will rest at Ventnor; going there by Ryde (which is too much a suburb of London), and by Brading, which is but a dreamy hamlet; but at Ventnor, looking east and south, what sunshine! What sea to reflect it! What velvety lands to drink it!

And if we would relieve this mellow surface and these soft undulations of green (which step down by chalky cliffs to the sea yonder) with quick contrast—it is but a fair spring-day walk to the ruggedness of Shanklin Chine, and on the way we may see the fair outline of Sussex.

Amidst this rural quietude a Sunday overtakes us (and how unlike it is to the seventh-day Rest of Paris!). The waves, whose break, under a soft south wind, just comes through the green hangings of an arbor porch, make a solemn, unceasing chant. The bells of Bonchurch and of Ventnor, mingling chimes, are resonant with praise; white dresses, blue dresses, black dresses go gliding under the shadow of hedgerows, upon the chalky roads, or mottle the lawns, and flutter in the south wind, and vanish round stately coppices of pine. Easter

flowers are in the fonts of parish churches. High-backed pews and knights' tablets on the walls waken strange, dream-like memories; and when the clerk, with nasal twang but most hearty unction, prays—"Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and so replenish her with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that she may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way"—you respond with a fervent "Amen."

Sunday on the Isle of Wight brings to mind Legh Richmond, who lived hereabout, and who told that bethumbed story of the Dairyman's Daughter.

Suppose we were to look up the locality?

It is over behind Arreton, they tell us, and the morning coach will take us within a few miles of the spot.

And the morning is fresh and dewy. There are miles—we can not tell how many—of embowered road, flanked by hedges, flanked by cottages; there are gray hamlets, with thatched houses, before whose doors we dash on at a gallop; there are glimpses of wood skirting swamy stretches of lawn; there are sudden-bursting views of far-away water; there are flashes of white sails which are ships at sea; there are green downs dotted with feeding sheep.

It is at the top of a steep hill that the coachman draws up his horses, and points out to us the battlemented top of the Arreton church-tower, just rising over a wood. We take a footpath leading through a farmery, and plunge at once into the solitude of the fields. Did we say solitude? Listen to that lark! Did we say solitude? Stay a moment and you hear the distant gallop of the coach-horses, or the clink of the rifles from a meadow below, where the laborers are whetting their scythes for the first cutting of lucerne?

A man does not know England, or English landscape, or English country feeling, until he has broken away from railways, from cities, from towns, and clambered over stiles, and lost himself in the fields.

Talk of Chatsworth, and Blenheim, and Eaton Hall! Does a man know the pleasure of healthy digestion by eating whip-syllabub? Did Turner go to Belvoir Castle park for the landscapes which link us to God's earth?

What a joy and a delight in those field footpaths of England! Not the paths of owners only; not cautiously graveled walks; but all men's paths, where any wayfarer may go; worn smooth by poor feet and rich feet, idle feet and working feet; open across the fields from time immemorial; God's paths for his people which no man may shut; winding, coiling over stiles, leaping on stepping-stones through brooks, with curves more graceful than Hogarth's—hieroglyphics of the Great Master written on the land, which, being interpreted, say, Love one another!

We call ours a country of privilege, yet what rich man gives right of way over his grounds? What footpath or stile to cheat the laborer of his fatigue?

But we are going to the cottage of the Dairyman's Daughter. The oats are in bloom, white and feathery. The winter wheat just giving glimpse of bud from its green sheath of leaves. We stop at a stile to chat with a plowman; he points out to us the cottage we are seeking. He knew the "old folks" well. People come often to

see the cottage; yet it is but a plain cottage; roses and vines (we see them even now); but have we seen Appulder-Comb House? It's a jaunty place, is Appulder-Comb House.

We saunter on toward the cottage; find our way, before we know it, into another country road, where a donkey-cart is passing toward Newport market, and presently come upon the Dairyman's house and yard. It is but a miniature home, a low, brown-thatched house, whose walls are quite covered with blossoming and climbing things; whose windows are broad and catch the full force of the south sun.

A young, neatly-dressed woman receives us, and invites us in; she is the niece of the Dairyman's Daughter. She shows us the old Bible; we have heard of it "without a doubt?" She shows us the book for visitors' names. And here is a surprise for us; we had counted upon finding a few such names as that of Lord Shaftesbury, and perhaps of a Lord Bishop or two; but that we should find how Princes of the Imperial house of Russia and of Prussia had made their way hither, amazed us.

How very strange! Here lived a poor woman, in a poor cottage, with scarce any education (her name in her own hand, upon the first Bible page, is indifferently written), with no beauty, with nothing about her to be envied but her hope; and yet the story of that hope, and its reason, and its strength—not eloquently, but simply, told—has drawn hundreds of every rank and degree to look at the familiar things of her life, to turn the leaves of her Bible, to see where she sat, where she sickened, where she died.

Does it not speak poorly for the prevalence of a real, invigorating Christian hope, when a single, well-authenticated instance, in one far away from the temptations of the world, becomes the world's wonder? But again, are not these recorded names, with titles, with far-away places of nativity, so many testimonials to the worthiness of that simple faith, which trusts and which hopes all?

There are names here of those who have worn crowns; but in the light of that trust which illumed the life and the death of the Dairyman's Daughter, what is a crown more than the rosebud we pluck from the cottage wall? Do we preach without license? Do we leave the Quai Voltaire, and the Paris theatres, to write sermons? And yet are not sermons (a poet said so long ago) every where?

When shall we learn to blend duly and justly the realities and the superficialities of life? When shall we learn that the solemnest things and the most wide-reaching thoughts are not to be hedged with a theologic formalism, but will gain in force and efficacy just so far as they take hold on our every-day life, and become parcel of our working and hoping manhood?

Well, we pluck a rosebud from the wall of the Dairyman's cottage; we drink a bowl of milk from the cottager's dairy; and say adieu, and stroll away.

We seem to have listened to a sermon; but we have heard a great many in our lives. We seem to have said Amen to something. Have we not said Amen, over and over, to the best of prayers?

Is it any recollection of what Legh Richmond may have written, that traverses our thoughts with the unction of a sermon? Not at all. We can not recall a syllable of what he may have told; we know only that he was a painstaking country cler-

gyman, of very moderate abilities, who told stories of the poor.

Where lies the sermon, then?

Partly in the Sabbath atmosphere (yet it is no Sabbath), in the hum of bees, in the odor of flowers, in the long reach of sunny landscape; but most of all in the tradition hanging there of a simple, earnest faith, which sublimed ignorance and poverty to an abounding and sufficient joy!

Up in London (the papers tell us) there are many well-meaning men who are just now doing their utmost to hallow the Sabbath, by putting the constraints of the old Levitical law in the keeping of the magistrates. They would do away with Sunday rambles in the parks, with Sunday visitings, with other reading than such as theology commends.

But are they not straining a point? Must the doctor's Sunday be the measure of the poor man's Sunday? Shall those to whom reading is a toil, and doctrine a vexation, catch their only glimpses of heaven thereby? Shall Sabbath rest and Sabbath joy (for rest is joy) be bounded always by the limitations that human teachers set up? Shall not God's sun, and air, and trees, and brooks, wherever and whenever they can be reached, invite a rejoicing spirit, and the grateful sense of a Great Master, and unspoken thanksgiving?

Listen, while we interpolate a little sermon from a lay preacher:

"Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable Love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle! Sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!"

This is not Byron, but Wordsworth.

And did Wordsworth shun churches? By no means. Only the year before he died we chanced to see him in the chapel at Rydal Mount; his thin hair silvered; his bearing stately, but with the tremor of age upon him; his responses firm and full, and to all the Ten Commandments answering with the rest, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

And what if the old poet rambled toward nightfall upon the hills above Ambleside, to see the clouds purpling in the west, and to watch the placid surface of Rydal Water and of Windermere, as they changed, hour by hour, from glassy pools into sheets of silver—into blazing miracles of gold; and then—black mirrors, that caught and repeated the stars?

Did he break the commandment?

Shall any Rev. Regulum teach us by just what thoughts, what movements, what desires, what longings, we shall keep our Sabbath Day holy? Does not Nature teach us, when, by every flower,

by every singing bird, by every murmuring brook, she proclaims—God is love!

"Keep the Sabbath holy," says Luther, "for its use' sake to body and soul. But if any where the day is made holy for the mere day's sake—if any where any one sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation—then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do any thing which shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty."

But how is this? We began with gossip, and have come to Luther! The sunny downs, the sea, and these May-days at Ventnor are chargeable with our waywardness. But we have no apologies to make; we follow our own will in this Easy Chair of ours; to-day gazing listlessly upon the quais of Paris, and to-morrow sauntering in the gardens of St. Cloud; to-day closing our May bout on the sands of Under-Cliff, and to-morrow we shall be steaming to Boulogne, and thence go rolling on through Abbeville and Amiens, to our old quarters upon the Quai Voltaire.

Ecce signum!

The French papers are at our elbow. Let us see how they discuss the Perim affair.

First, the *Presse*:

"Let England examine her position in the world. She has offended France, her best and most sincere ally. She can not be ignorant of the inveterate hatred toward her which animates Russia. Democracy, which she had flattered and unchained at her will, has learned the value of her professions. The insurrection in India swallows her soldiers and her money. The United States awaits the moment for replacing her maritime supremacy. Prussia alone experiences certain religious and political sympathies for her. With respect to Austria, liberal England is perfectly aware of the value of the friendship of the most reactionary and backward power of the Continent. Is it a sensible policy to stand alone, and to defend a bad cause against the entire world? England would act unwisely in despising the universal hostility inspired by her egotistical and haughty policy. No nation seeks to humble her, nor to weaken the practice of those noble qualities which have created her political and commercial greatness; but she will not be permitted to treat the world like a conquered province, nor to sacrifice the universal interests of humanity to her narrow-minded prejudices, nor to render the commerce of the world tributary to the artillery which she is now planting on an island seized in time of peace from an allied power."

Next, the *Patrie*:

"Our dignity, not less than the dignity of other nations, is at stake; it is time that the habit of England to indulge in her traditional encroachments should be broken by Europe. It is certain that the question of Perim can not long remain undecided, and must either become the object of diplomatic negotiations or be discussed in the approaching Congress of Paris. If the European nations do not wish to place the navigation of the Red Sea in the hands of England; if in their eyes the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is not a fiction, they must without delay place the question of the occupation of Perim by the English among the highest political considerations."

Last, the *Constitutionnel*:

"The *Times* indulges in some singular remarks on the attitude of the French press toward England, and offers us some strange advice. According to

the London journal, we address compliments to our English neighbors when, at the bottom of our hearts, we should like to insult them; and these compliments are pronounced with a voice 'tremulous with anger.' According to the *Times*, we do wrong to restrain ourselves; it says: 'There is nothing more desirable than that those who are hostile should have full liberty of invective. Truth would prevail, and the necessary results of truth and mutual knowledge are harmony and good-will.' In other words, the *Times* begs us to admire its style, and to imitate it. But no, we wish to remain French in every sense; that is, we wish to remain frank and courteous. Our politeness does not detract from our frankness, and we will not consent to forfeit our nationality by replying with an insolence which is repugnant to our tongue and to our customs to the British insolence of the *Times*. But where has the *Times* discovered that a 'constrained politeness' toward England is forced on the French press? It strikes us that we never abstain from recording our real opinions and impressions on subjects connected with that country. The *Times* has had opportunities of observing the frankness of our language on questions affecting the relations of the two countries. Only, what that journal has not, thank Heaven! discovered in our columns, is the imitation of its style, its ridiculous boasting, its vulgar tone, its brutal provocations, and its calumnies."

Putting these in our pipe, we smoke, and think, and wait for the month to come.

Editor's Drawer.

A FRIEND in Egypt has made, in the course of his travels, a collection of curious autographs, one or two of which he sends to the Drawer, with the promise of more. Let them come. These are very well worthy of being embalmed among the "Curiosities of Literature:"

PARIS, 20 March, 1833.

"You ask me for a specimen of my handwriting, but in giving me ruled paper to write upon it will, of course, be more formal than my habitual hand. I will give you some lines I wrote on the inside of the door of the room I was confined in, in the Tower of the Temple at Paris, in 1796-'7-'8, the same in which Louis XVI. was imprisoned in 1793; and which I left as a consolation to my successors when I escaped from thence:

"Qui a peur du mal,
A déjà le mal de la peur;
Qui espere le bien a déjà,
A déjà le bien de l'espérance."

W. SIDNEY SMITH."

"JE place mon nomme sous la puissant protection de mon illustre ami, l'Amiral Sidney Smith.

CLOT-BEG."

Clot-Beg was a famous French surgeon in the service of the Sultan.

A PENNSYLVANIA lawyer must be responsible for a budget of stories of the bench and bar. Here are some of them:

"Judge Burnside was presiding in one of the courts of Pennsylvania when the memorable case of Parsons *versus* Parsons was on trial. James Petrikin, Esq., was one of the counsel, assisted by James T. Hale, Esq. Hale was speaking, and having made a strong point, which the Court challenged, he said that he could sustain it by citation

of cases from the books, but he had left them at his office, close by.

"Why did you not bring your books here?" asked the Judge.

"Because I considered the point so plain as not to need the support of other cases; but I will step over and get the books."

"As Mr. Hale left the house the Judge, in a pet, said, 'That man reminds me of a carpenter who came to work for me, and left all his tools at home. The Court has forgotten more law than that young man knows.'

"That," said Mr. Petrikin, 'is just what we complain of—that your Honor *has forgotten too much.*'

"And so it proved; for the books came with Mr. Hale, and they revealed the fact that the memory of the Court had been too short on this point, if on no other."

"THIS case of *Parsons versus Parsons* was brought by one brother against another, for the purpose of breaking the will of their father, which cut off Abraham, the older brother, without a cent, giving all the property to Samuel, the younger. This Samuel was a stout, broad-shouldered Pennsylvania farmer, well-dressed and portly, showing himself to be somebody; while Abraham was a lank, lean, ill-favored man, with thin and thread-bare clothes, in bad weather. Mr. Petrikin, counsel for poor Abraham, asked a witness, 'What is the relative wealth of the two brothers?'

"The opposing lawyer jumped up and objected to the question. 'It was of no consequence who was richer or who was poorer; it was a question of law.'

"Petrikin saw that the question would not be allowed, and calling out to his client, said, 'Abraham, stand up by the side of Samuel!'

"Abraham planted his thin figure, in shabby clothes, by the side of his corpulent, well-dressed brother; and Petrikin cried out to the jury, '*Now, compare the parties!*' The effect was instantaneous and complete, and far better for Abraham than any evidence of witnesses as to the amount of his property. The jury gave him a verdict; and, law or no law, he got half of his father's property."

WIT AND FOLLY.

ONCE Folly tried to cheat the world,
Assuming Wit's demeanor;
And thought (poor fool!) the darts she hurl'd,
Than Wit's own darts were keener.
While those of Wit were used in sport,
And dipp'd in pleasure's chalice;
Young Folly used another sort,
Whose only *point* was malice.

A sly and secret aim she took,
But ere one heart was wounded,
Upon *herself*, by some ill luck,
Each venom'd shaft rebounded!
So Wisdom ventured to express
This gentle hint to guide her—
When *Wit* takes aim with most success,
Good-nature stands beside her."

May 7, 1832.

THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY.

THE College boys—the *men*, rather—will relish this. It was a Fresh in one of the Down-East Universities, who was out in the middle of the green one night, making that same night very hideous with a "horse rattle" which he was whirling round and round to the disturbance of the town.

Intent on his mischief, he did not see the venerable President till he was close upon him, and cried, "Stop that!" Round went the rattle, and again the President cried, "Stop that, I say!" But the thing would not stop. On, and still onward whirled the rattle, and when the good man cried the third time "Stop that!" the saucy Fresh looked over his shoulder and replied, "Wait till it runs down, can't you!"

This was more than the amiable President could resist, and he waited.

AN inveterate stammerer one day, upon a journey, stopped to dine at a hotel. On attempting to help himself to pepper at the dinner he found, after a violent shaking, that there was no pepper to be had. He turned round, and, beckoning to the waiter, commenced: "Wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-wa! this pep-pep-pep-p-p-pepper-box is som-som-som-something like me." "Why so, Sir?" said the waiter. "Po-po-po-po-p-p-p-poor delivery!" That pepper-box was soon filled.

THE southern part of Illinois has long been called "Egypt," and some have supposed it was so called as being a "land of darkness"—one of the benighted parts of the earth. A very intelligent correspondent of ours, who lives there, writes that the name had a very different origin; and he is desirous that it should be given in the *Drawer*, and then every body will know it. He says: "This portion of the State was first settled, and afterward the northern counties. The new settlements of the north had to depend on the south for their *corn* until they could raise it for themselves, and hence they were in the habit of saying 'they must go down into Egypt to buy corn.' This is the *real* source of the name; and as to the darkness, that is all in your eye."

He denies decidedly that they keep on voting two weeks after an election is fairly over, so as to make it all come right. We presume it is a slander; and it shows the evil of having a bad name.

EPITAPHIS.

THIS curious department of literature is becoming more and more curious as the tombstones render their records. The following is on a stone in Pittstown, Rensselaer County, New York:

RUTH SPRAGUE,

daughter of Gibson and Elizabeth Sprague, died Jan. 11th, 1846, aged 9 years 4 months and 5 days. She was stolen from the grave by Thomas L. Shaw, and dissected by Dr. Roger B. Wilson, in Hoosic, New York, from which her mutilated remains were obtained and deposited here.

Her body dissected by fiendish men;
Her bones anatomized;
Her soul, we trust, has risen to God,
Where few physicians rise.

The names of the *accused* we have changed, but the record is a true bill. Here is another, from Boston:

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD,

CAUSED BY FALLING INTO A TUB OF WATER.

A TUB of water she fell in,
Not knowing it would take her breath;
But oh, alas! the fatal step
Which proved to her a sudden death.

"WE have a little three-year-old, and a littler two-year-old. While the mother was out of the room, and the door open, No. 2 had climbed up to

the table on which the sugar-bowl was standing, and helped herself to a lump. No. 3 saw her, and said, 'Oh, Kitty, you mustn't *steal*! God doesn't like *steals*.' Kitty answered, 'I didn't *steal*; I only *took* it.' 'Well,' said Ned, 'God doesn't like *took*s neither.'

It would be very well for Ned and Kitty to remember this when they get to be twenty or thirty years old. Ned may be a clerk, or a bank-teller, or President, and his remark to Kitty will save him from falling, if he will keep it in mind when he is tempted to take what is not his own.

"A RETIRED PHYSICIAN" sends us a certificate that he was rapidly sinking into a decline, and was given up by himself and his friends, when he began to take *Harper* for the sake of the Drawer. His weight was then only 102 pounds; but under the rule "Laugh and grow fat," he has been constantly improving, until now he weighs 184 pounds, and is constantly gaining. The April Number added five pounds. He wishes us to publish his certificate; but we decline doing so, having a deep conviction that it is not necessary for the public to have any assurances of the good effects of so well-known a medicine, and it is not strictly professional for a physician to be lending his name to such prescriptions.

THE PALMER.

BY JOHN S. BEERS.

I BEHELD as I walked abroad one day

An aged palmer passing along;

And ever, as he wended his way,

Sadly he sung this singular song:

"Life is short, but Eternity shorter;

Man is like earth, but woman like water;

Woman is sand, but man is like mortar;

Woman is half, but man is a quarter!"

Struck by his words, I hastened to say,

"Friend, pray explain thy singular song;

Counsel is ancient, wisdom is gray—

An old man's sayings seldom are wrong."

"My song is all true," the palmer replied;

"Eternity rolleth, a single tide—

Life into seventy parts doth divide;

It followeth, then, that Life is most wide!"

"Pilgrim, thou speakest well, but I pray

Tell me more as we journey along;

Answer my question—if ask I may—

Show me the three parts more of thy song!"

"Man is like earth, that must labor and toil,

While the laughing river blesses the soil;

No sand in mortar the builder would foil—

The cheer earns half—a quarter the moil!"

"Sage, it is truth!" was all I could say,

As the ancient palmer passed along,

Ceaselessly wending his toilsome way,

Singing sadly his singular song—

"Life is short, but Eternity shorter;

Man is like earth, but woman like water;

Woman is sand, but man is like mortar;

Woman is half, but man is a quarter!"

January, 1858.

THE lively contributor of the following says there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and he has been hooking a few.

"The Rev. J. S. has achieved a high distinction, not only in our State but in yours, as a very forcible, though somewhat eccentric, preacher. He was at one time preaching in the city where he still labors, and had in his congregation a rough but kind-hearted butcher, who was a little given to dividing the sermon audibly among the

congregation—fearing, perhaps, that some of the hearers might not understand that the preacher meant them. On this occasion Mr. S. had undertaken to point out some of the faults of his people in relation to the observance of the Sabbath; and proceeded something after this fashion:

"'Even when you come to the House of God, my brethren, your thoughts are not on His word, or on heavenly and divine things. One of you, for instance, will be thinking of your whale-ships (the town was a whaling port), and reckoning how much oil they will bring in, and how much money you will make out of it.'

"'That's you, Deacon W.,' interposed the butcher, in a voice audible all over the house.

"'Another,' pursued the minister, 'will be thinking of the houses he is building, and contriving how he can slight his work, so as to make it more profitable.'

"'That's you, Deacon L.,' again broke in the butcher.

"'Another,' continued Mr. S., 'will be occupied with the thought of his goods, and with planning how he can sell more of them, and at a better profit.'

"'That's you, Brother B.,' said the butcher.

"'Another will be counting his gains from his fisheries, and wishing that he could catch larger quantities or sell them faster.'

"'That's you, Brother H.,' interrupted the butcher.

"'Another,' said the pastor, 'and he the worst of all, because he breaks the Sabbath worse than the rest, will rise early on Sabbath morning, and kill a beef and dress it, so as to have it ready for market on Monday morning.'

"'AND THAT'S ME!' roared the butcher, and ever after held his peace."

"AMONG the most eminent, and by no means the least witty, of the Congregational clergymen of the last generation in this vicinity was the Rev. Calvin Chapin, D.D. The following anecdote of him has been in print before, but I believe not in the Magazine:

"Many years ago, before Albany was linked to Boston by iron bands, a meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held at Albany, and Dr. Chapin, with a number of other clergymen from this region, attended, performing the journey by stage. At the close of the meeting they returned by the same conveyance. The stage started at four o'clock in the morning, which, at that season of the year, was before daylight. All the passengers in the stage but one were Congregational clergymen; that one was a young Episcopal minister. At first starting the passengers were all silent, till, after some time, our young Episcopal friend, with somewhat more of courage than discretion, proceeded to deliver himself substantially as follows:

"'I have been examining those portions of the Scriptures, lately, in which prayer is spoken of, and have satisfied myself that prayer is never spoken of in the Bible where the circumstances do not make it probable—yes, I may say certain—that the prayer must have been *read*.'

"To this somewhat startling proposition no one made any reply, but our young friend, nothing daunted, went on: 'I will defy any gentleman present to bring forward an instance where this is not the case.'

"There was again a short silence, which was broken by Dr. Chapin, who said, in his blandest and most deferential tones,

"I do not mean to deny your position, Sir; but there is a question I should like to ask, if you will be so kind as to answer it."

"Oh, ask as many questions as you please—I will answer them," was the reply of the young man.

"The question I wished to ask was," said Dr. Chapin, very deliberately, "who held the candle for Jonah when he read prayers in the whale's belly?"

"It is said that the juvenile divine maintained a dignified silence during the rest of that journey."

DURING General Jackson's second Presidential campaign there flourished at the Quarantine Ground, Staten Island, an honest old fellow, a baker by trade, and a stanch Democrat withal. One evening a political meeting was held at a small tavern which then stood on the shore road, a short distance east of the present Pavilion at New Brighton. Our good friend, and several other residents at the Quarantine, attended the meeting. Among them was old Dr. H., who was a noted wag, and it occurred to him that if a speech could be got out of the old baker it would be exceedingly amusing. Accordingly he called on him for an address.

"No, no," said the baker; "I can make bread, but I can't make speeches."

The suggestion, however, had excited the audience, and the old man was at length compelled to make the effort. So, rising in his seat, he said:

"Feller citizens, it is well known to you all that when John Quincy Adams was President the Emperor of Brazil seized several of our ships, and wouldn't let 'em come home. So President Adams wrote him a letter, and a very *purty* letter it was, too—for to give him his due, he knew how to write, if he didn't know any thing else. So the Emperor he got the letter, and, after he had read it, he asked who this Adams was? and his headmen told him he was President of the United States. 'Well, well,' says the Emperor, 'he wants me to send them ships home, but I won't do it; for it is quite plain to me that a man who can write so beautiful, don't know any thing about fighting; so the ships must stay where they are.' Well," continued the baker, "by-and-by Ginral Jackson got to be President, and he wrote a letter to the Emperor, and it was something like this:

"You Emperor, send them ships home right away.

ANDREW JACKSON."

Well, the Emperor got that letter too, and after he had read it, he laughed, and said, 'This is a mighty queer letter! Who is this Jackson? 'Pears to me I've heerd of him before.' 'We'll tell you,' said his headmen, 'who he is. He is the New Orleans Jackson.' 'What!' said the Emperor, 'the New Orleans Jackson! That's quite another matter. If this man don't write so beautiful he knows how to fight; so send them ships home right away.' And it was done."

It is scarcely worth while to say that this was regarded as a very effective political speech, and was received with thunders of applause.

THE Drawer is indebted to a Pittsburg correspondent for the following capital anecdote of Father Moody, who was born at Newbury, 1675, graduated at Harvard College in 1698, settled at York, Maine, in 1700, and died, at seventy-two years of age, in 1747:

"Come, Charles, my son," said Deacon Allsworth, "take one of these turkeys and carry it up to Minister Moody, for Thanksgiving."

"No, father, I don't do that again, I tell you!"

"What do I hear now, Charles? These five-and-twenty years I have sent the minister a turkey, and Joe has carried them, and Tom, and Jerry, and you—without ever refusing before. What's the matter now?"

"Why, father, he never thanks me for bringing it to him. Besides, he took me to task, a while ago, because I started out of meeting too soon."

"Well, son, you know it is the custom for the minister to go out before any of the congregation starts; this is done as a mark of respect."

"Respect or not, he's nothing but a man; and as for creeping for him, I won't do it."

"Well, let it all pass, and carry him the turkey; and if he don't thank you for it, I will."

Charles shouldered the fowl, and in a short time was at the minister's house. The minister was seated in the parlor, surrounded by a number of his friends, who had come to spend Thanksgiving with him.

"The lad entered without knocking, and bringing the turkey from his shoulders heavily upon the table, said,

"Mr. Moody, there's a turkey for you. If you want it, you may have it; if you don't, I'll carry it back again."

"I shall be very glad of it," said the minister; "but I think you might learn a little manners, Charles. Can't you do an errand better?"

"How would you have me to do it?" said Charles.

"Sit down in my chair," said the clergyman, "and I will show you how."

Charles took the chair, while the divine took the turkey and left the room. He soon returned, took off his hat, made a very low bow, and said,

"Mr. Moody, here is a turkey which my father sends to you, and wishes you to accept as a present."

Charles rose from his seat and took the fowl, and said to the minister,

"It is a very fine one, and I feel very grateful to your father for it. In this and many other instances he has contributed to my happiness. If you just carry it into the kitchen and return again I will send for Mrs. Moody to give you half a dollar."

"The good old clergyman walked out of the room; his friends laughed at the joke, and made up a purse for the lad, who ever afterward received a reward for his services."

SOME fifty or sixty years ago Samuel Johnson flourished as a lawyer in Stratford County. He had smartness as well as his namesake over the water. A young lawyer had opened an office in that town, and a friend of his had a suit in anticipation in which he wished to employ his young friend; but as he thought much of Johnson's opinion, he concluded he would first consult him. He went and stated his case fully to him, and asked his advice. Johnson told him from his statement he considered he had a good case, and most likely would recover. He then went to his young friend and had a suit commenced. The other party applied to Johnson to defend him, which he did, and gained the suit. After judgment the plaintiff said, indignantly, "Mr. Johnson, did you not tell me I

had a good case, and should gain it?" "Let us see," said Johnson, "what did you give me for my advice?" "Nothing," said the man. "Very well," said Johnson, "that was just what it was worth."

SOMEWHERE about 1780 Tolland County, in Connecticut, was set off from Hartford County, and Tolland was made the county town. Lawyers from other counties attended the courts there, and, among others, Mr. Huntington, from *Norwich*. In those days the court and bar ate by themselves almost exclusively. One day, in term time, Mr. West, a farmer, from the western part of the town, came into the hotel where they were dining and called for dinner. The landlord told him he could not well accommodate him, unless the gentlemen of the court and bar would allow him to dine with them; he would go and see. He went, and said to them that Mr. West, a very respectable farmer of that town, wanted dinner, and, if they had no objection, he would like him to dine with them. "Certainly, certainly," said several voices; "let him come in." He took a seat at the table. Mr. Huntington commenced speaking ironically of Tolland—what a smart place it had become since it was made a county town—he presumed it would soon be a sea-port, and Skungermug Pond (about half a mile south of the village) would be the port of entry. Mr. West said, for himself he had no doubt of the fact at all. "Indeed," said he, "the *small craft* begin to come up from *Norwich* already."

"THE statute laws of our State (Tennessee) were compiled by Messrs. Nicholson and Carothers, and the volume is universally termed, in law parlance, *Nicholson and Carothers*. During the last term of our Quarterly Court at Fayetteville, Judge Marchbanks, who presided, wished to examine some portion of the law, and called upon the officer waiting upon the court to bring him *Nicholson and Carothers*. Whereupon the constable—a newly-elected ruralist—left the house, and began parading up and down the streets, until at length he met with a grave old farmer from the country whom he chanced to know, by the name of Carothers, who is a very strict member of the Seceder Church, and who never had a lawsuit in all his humble and unobtrusive life. Hastily approaching the old man, Mr. Constable informed him that the Judge was in need of his presence immediately. But the old gentleman demurred to the summons with much earnestness—didn't know what the Judge could want with him—supposed that it was impossible for him to be the man—tried to reason the case with the officer—but all to no purpose. Nothing daunted, Mr. Constable could not be put off. He had been sent especially for Mr. Carothers, and no mistake. He knew his duty; and Mr. Carothers was obliged to go, under the penalties of the law made and provided in such cases. Finding expostulation of no avail, and not knowing what penalties might be attached to his refusal, he consented to go; so off they started, the constable much elated at the idea of his good fortune in finding his man in town, and feeling something of importance from his power to force men to do his bidding. Upon arriving inside the court-house door, the constable bawled out at the top of his voice, 'May it please the Court, *here is Mr. Carothers*; Mr. Nicholson not to be found in the county!' Whereupon the gravity of the court was most completely and entirely upset, and a scene of

the most uproarious laughter succeeded, in which judge, jury, and spectators all heartily joined, much to the confusion and chagrin of the constable."

"I HAVE a little sister, who is 'only about two years and eleven months old,' but who has said some good things, as what child has not?"

"Her brother happening to use the remark, 'I smell a rat!' she, animated by a spirit of rivalry, replied, 'I smell two rats!'"

"One day she said to her grandma, 'Do you want some candy?' 'Yes,' said grandma. 'Well,' she rejoined, 'go to the store and buy me some, and I will give you part!'"

THERE lives in Chautauque County a very respectable gentleman by the name of Muzzy, who, many years ago, was Deputy Sheriff under William Sexton. Mr. Muzzy was, and is, celebrated for excessive politeness and the use of the largest words that the "Unabridged" can produce. One day during his deputyship he called at Mr. Sexton's house, where he was a stranger to all but the Sheriff. Mr. Sexton was absent, and Muzzy exerted himself to the utmost to do the agreeable to the ladies, and finally left without giving his name. On the Sheriff's return, he was informed by the family that a gentleman had called in his absence to see him. To the inquiry who he was, the daughter of the Sheriff replied that "she did not know, but the smallest word he spoke was *Ompompanoosook*." "Oh," said the Sheriff, "that is Muzzy, my deputy!"

A GENTLEMAN in Liverpool, sending some beautiful child words, says: "We live in the 'old country,' but a friend who comes frequently over the Atlantic brings us a fresh *Harper* every few weeks, and with what pleasure to us I will not attempt to say. It is no reflection on the other pages to say that the Drawer is the first thing to be read. Even Thackeray has to stand aside till its contents have been explored."

So it goes, over the sea, and into the farthest lands. Wherever the English language has readers and hearers the Drawer has friends, who open it for the pleasure it never fails to give, and bless it for the smiles it brings. A lady writes from the far Southwest that she buys the Magazine each month for the sake of the Drawer, that it may help her to drive away the *blues*, and it never fails.

PETER CARTWRIGHT, the famous Western preacher, whose name is associated with that of General Jackson, and is familiar to thousands of our readers, has been in the city making us a visit. Right well have we and many more enjoyed the old man's flow of soul, his genial humor, and his fund of backwoods life and adventure. He tells a capital story of his trouble in getting a room to suit him when he reached the — Hotel, on Broadway, where he proposed to spend a few days while he finished the business that brought him to the city.

Delivering his saddle-bags, with which he always travels, to the clerk, he entered his name. Being taken for a rough customer from the country, he was put down, or up, in the book for 797, somewhere near the sky, and up six or eight pairs of stairs. Out of breath long before he got there, following his Irish guide around one turn and then another—here, there, and every where—till he was

more bewildered than if he had been lost in the woods in a starless night, he was at last shown into a seven-by-nine chamber, as his destined abode. Always ready, and never losing his presence of mind, he turned upon the servant-pioneer, and said,

"How am I to find my way back without a guide?"

Pat smiled kindly, and said, "There's the bell, Sir; yer honor has only to ring, and a waiter will come and show you the way down, Sir."

"Git out with your bells! I've tried them before, and the more I ring the more nobody comes. Go tell the landlord to send me a hatchet."

"A hatchet, Sir! what does yez mane by that?"

"A hand-axe; I want to blaze my way out of this tavern. Go and get one—go!"

The old lion was roused in Peter, and the waiter rushed out of the room, and down stairs, to the landlord, who was seated among a number of friends in the office. Pat made his report, and the company agreed that the guest must be a character. The landlord was urged to make an expedition into the upper regions of his own house—an unexplored country to him. He could kill two birds with one stone—see the stranger and the upper stories of the hotel. He mounted the stairs, and in due time knocked at 797. Said Peter, as he entered:

"Are you the landlord of this tavern?"

"I am, Sir, at your service."

"Well, I have sent the servant for a hatchet, that I may blaze my way out of the house, so as to find my way back and forth. I might as well be in a labyrinth, or the streets of Boston."

The landlord said he did not know what he meant by blazing his way out.

"Why," said Mr. Cartwright, "when we go into the woods where there is no path, we cut a notch in a tree at every turn we make, so that we can find our way back; and I want a hatchet to mark the way through these everlasting halls, and up and down the stairs."

"But that will ruin the house, and can't be done, Sir."

"I can't help that. Suppose the house gets a-fire, am I to be roasted up here for fear of hurting your house?"

The landlord understood the man at once. His clerks had mistaken him. He invited him to walk with him below. On the second floor, just in front of the parlor door, was a handsome, quiet room, reserved for rare and distinguished guests. Into this the preacher was conducted. His saddle-bags were brought, and the tired stranger refreshed himself with a snooze, and readily found his way into the street. He had gained his point, and was quite at home while he staid.

"MA!" says ten-year-old Charley, "if we were up in a balloon, and the world was on fire, and should burn up, where would we go to when we came down?"

His little sister took up the question, and answered, "Why, we should go to ashes!"

The answer could hardly have been bettered.

A WESTERN correspondent writes: "We have no railroad running into our village, but our people were last year moving in the matter. As our town is not yet two years old, we have no grave-yard yet laid out. A project for a branch road having been

started, a public meeting of citizens was called to promote the object. It was thought it would save time to have the other matter attended to at the same time; and the notice was posted calling the citizens together 'to secure a branch railroad to the village, and also to take measures to promote the decent burial of the dead!' Some of our folks thought the latter to be a very natural result of the former, and both projects are now pressed with zeal."

A VERY far Southwestern friend writes:

"Judge Willis, who for many years presided over the Probate Court of Ashley County, Arkansas, was noted for his conscientious adherence to the right, and his determination to have equity administered. At one of his courts Lawyer Jones was arguing a case before him with great earnestness, and launching out into a broad assertion, which, if true, would have great effect upon the mind of the Judge. Suddenly the Judge interrupted him by inquiring, 'Squire Jones, will you be qualified as to that?' The lawyer replied that he was arguing the case, and did not appear as a witness to be examined. 'That may be,' said his Honor, 'but it will be more satisfactory to the Court if you will make oath as to the truth of it.' The lawyer declined to indorse his argument with the formality of an oath, and lost his case."

THE same correspondent sends another incident in the legal career of the same Judge Willis:

"In the year 1848, while away from home, one Teddy O'Brien heard the wonderful stories of gold mines just discovered in California. Seized with the yellow fever, and mad as the rest, he resolved to make haste to the land of gold and better his fortune. Away he went, without bidding good-by or sending a word of farewell to his family or friends. One year, and two years, rolled by, and no tidings of Teddy came to his widow and children. He had left them with a snug little property, and now that they had given him up for dead and lost, the case was taken into the Probate Court, that an administrator might be appointed. By a strange coincidence Teddy came back as the Judge was hearing the case; and, having refreshed himself with a drink of whisky, he strolled into court as Judge Willis was pronouncing his final decree in the settlement of the estate. 'Stop, yer Honor!' says Teddy; 'wud ye be dividin' a *dead man's* plunder before his own eyes? I'm Teddy O'Brien myself, as yer Honor well knows, come back to claim my own.' The Judge looked at him but a moment, and replied, with decision, 'The Court knows nothing *ex officio*; if you are Mr. O'Brien, you must prove it!'"

COLONEL M'CLUNG was the most notorious duelist of the Southwest. A correspondent sends us an anecdote of him that brings out very neatly the fact that some men know when it is safe to be brave; and, after all, courage depends very much upon circumstances:

"M'Clung had a dispute with a rowdy in the office of the Prentiss House, at Vicksburg, when, becoming exasperated, and wishing to end the affair at once, he caught the rowdy by the nape of the neck, drew him to the door, and summarily kicked him into the street. The fellow, knowing M'Clung's savagism when roused, coolly picked himself up, and walked off without resenting the

indignity. Here the matter ended. But some time afterward, Colonel M'Clung being in New Orleans, and walking up St. Charles Street one day, saw the same fellow actually kicking another man out of the door of a drinking saloon. The kicked had become a kicker. M'Clung could scarcely believe his own eyes. Walking up to him, he exclaimed:

"Look here, my fine fellow! are not you the man I kicked out of the Prentiss House, the other day, at Vicksburg?"

"Softly, softly, Colonel!" replied the fellow, looking archly at M'Clung; "don't mention the circumstance. I'm the man; but—but *you and I know who to kick!*"

ANOTHER story of the same duelist is vouched for by the same correspondent:

"Colonel M'Clung was spending part of the summer at Cooper's Wells, a noted watering-place in Mississippi. Being at the public dinner-table one day, the Colonel and his friends had, somehow or other, become more than usually excited over the generous liquor, and he was boasting of his exploits, to which they listened with unbounded admiration, and testified their pleasure by applause. On this occasion he would frequently wind up his yarns by declaring, '*I'm a whale, Sir! I'm a whale!*' Just opposite to the Colonel sat a plucky but very small man, the sheriff of one of the river counties, who had recently arrived, and was personally unknown to M'Clung, though the little sheriff knew the Colonel, as did almost every man in the State. It so happened that every time the excited duelist exclaimed '*I'm a whale,*' he fixed his eye on the sheriff, who soon determined to stand it no longer; but, seizing a carving-knife, he jumped up into his chair, and cried out, '*I'll have you to know, Colonel M'Clung, that if you are a whale, I'm no sardine!*' This was a declaration of war, and the Colonel's friends looked to see him seize the sheriff, without waiting for legal process, and throw him out of the window. Not he. Deliberately setting down his glass, and throwing his arms around the fighting sheriff, he expressed his admiration of his courage, and his desire to make his acquaintance. They were afterward great cronies and fast friends till the death of M'Clung.

"It was very plain that the duelist read the sheriff, and knew at a glance he was a better man for a friend than a foe."

PETER CARTWRIGHT once ran for the Legislature. There were nine candidates besides himself. For some time after he was nominated he refused to take any part in the campaign, but as the contest waxed warm he took the stump, worked hard, and got badly beaten. After the election was over, he was met by the Hon. Ebenezer Brigham, who asked him what was the result of the election.

"Well," said Peter, "I've had a whipping race; I led four behind me, and drove five before me."

He came in number six in that race; but he afterward went thoroughly into politics, and was elected to the Legislature.

THE Rev. Dr. Cobert, of Cynthiana, Kentucky, in showing the fallibility of human judgment, said, in one of his sermons:

"At the intersections of two streets, making four corners, stood a square post, painted black on

one side, white on another, blue on the third, and red on the other side. Four travelers were coming down the several roads; when one of them exclaimed:

"Oh, see that black post!"

"It's a white post!" said another.

"You are both mistaken," said the third; "it's blue!"

"You are all blind, or crazy," said the fourth; "I know it's red!"

"But when they all came to the post, and looked on all sides of it, they found that all had been mistaken. So, my brethren," Dr. Cobert would say, "it always is that those who look only at one side of a thing are wrong; and they who go around it, and study it on all sides, get at the truth."

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, North Carolina, contributes a good story of a man with a very bad habit. As it is all about lying, the reader will believe it or not as he likes:

"In the old North State lives a certain John Long, who draws a long bow whenever he has any thing to tell, and his character for truth and veracity has been below zero for many years. Captain Johnson had been so taken in by one of John's outrageous stories, that he said to him, in a pet:

"If you make me believe one of your lies again in a month, I'll give you fifty dollars!"

John pretended to be quite hurt by the offer, and went off. A few days afterward he was riding by the Captain's, post-haste, on horseback, when the Captain called out to him:

"I say! hello, Johnny! stop and tell us a lie or two this morning!"

John rode on, but cried out most dolefully: "No time for lying now; brother Jimmy has just been killed in the machine, and I'm going for the old folks." On he went.

Captain Johnson ordered his horse, and rode over to see the dead man and offer his services, but found him alive and well, ginning cotton, and in no danger of the machine. Just then John rode up and demanded the fifty dollars. The Captain declared it was a rascally trick, but he would have had to pay the money if John had not let him off."

It is a very easy matter to knock a crotchet out of a crazy man's head, if you hit him right. And some men, in a melancholy state of mind, are as truly beside themselves as others in the Asylum, and are quite as much in need of care. There was old Father Murchison, a good man, but in his old age he became impatient of the world and anxious to be at rest. He was often tempted to drown himself. One morning, about two o'clock, his son was awakened by the old gentleman's calling out,

"Abel! Abel! Satan has been tempting me all night to go and drown myself in the horse-trough."

"Well, he must be a great fool," cried out Abel, in reply, "for there hasn't been a drop of water in it for six weeks!"

The old gentleman turned over, went to sleep, and never woke till the sun was two hours high.

THE intelligent correspondent in Kentucky who writes the following sends us several more that will keep. All who know the distinguished men who are mentioned in the incident below will receive the facts with implicit confidence:

"Tom Marshall and Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, old school-mates and cousins, and nearly of the

same age, are accustomed to call one another by their first names, Tom and Bob. Last summer Dr. Breckinridge was on at New York, superintending the publication of a work on theology which has since made a great noise in the religious world. It was announced in the Lexington papers with its full title, 'The Knowledge of God *objectively considered.*' A few days after Dr. B.'s return, Marshall met him in the street, and said to him, in his usual off-hand way,

"Well, Dr. Bob, I understand you have published a book of objections to God. Now I want you to understand that, sinner as I am, I have *no* objections to God."

"Well, Tom," replied the divine, "I am glad to hear you say so; but I am very sorry that, as God's ambassador, I can not return the compliment."

"In a small town in Indiana," writes an ardent admirer of the Drawer, "an itinerant preacher was holding forth to an attentive audience. He was one of the boisterous kind of speakers, tearing the book in his fury, and making up in violence what he lacked in the substance of his discourse."

"A little dog had followed his mistress to church, and, wandering about the house, had become excited by the tones of the preacher, and commenced barking in response. The preacher took no notice of him, but raised his voice still higher, and delivered himself with greater energy. One of the brethren tried to put the dog out, but the dog wouldn't go: the more they chased him the more he barked; and when the confusion was at its height the minister cried out,

"Never mind, never mind, brother; I can out-preach a dog!"

"And so he did. The dog soon got tired of the strife, and gave in to the pulpit."

THE progress of letters is to be marked by the capacity of the "common people" to read and write. The Drawer has given curious specimens from time to time—not to ridicule ignorance, but to show the want of education still existing in a land that boasts the widest diffusion of knowledge of any land under the sun. A gentleman in Texas writes to us, and says:

"Below you will find an exact copy of a letter and advertisement sent to the county clerk of Leon County, Texas:

"Mr. Johnson, C. C. Sir you will please Tack this upon the Court House dor for me it will do me an honor, and the same to your honor, if any person should clame this ox, come to Natt Smiths on Buffalo, there inquire for F M. Eldrige, than for the Widow Green, there the ox can be found.

D. L. B. GREEN."

"(ADVERTISEMENT)

"Taken up at my residans on the 10th day Jan 1857, a very large muly ox, with small nubs hang down by his ears, he is done from his sholders forward and done whit spottedd backward, his mark crop of the write and an under slope of left. Branded on the rite hip thus, P. Jay heels upwards Suppose to be 14. or 12 year of age, he can be found 5 miles North of Buffalo Bridge & 6 miles west of A. H. Reids on aligator."

PETE COON, Professor of Dust and Ashes in Williams College, has been in the Drawer already. He was a great Millennarian, and insisted on the *literal* interpretation of the Scriptures. One day he called to see Professor Tatlock, and had to go out into the back yard, where the Professor was seeing to his cow. Pete Coon began at once upon his favor-

ite theme, and had hardly got into the midst of his usual argument, when Professor Tatlock exclaimed,

"Look out, Mr. Coon, look out; the cow will bite you!"

"Bite me! Why so, Sir?"

"Why, the Bible says 'All flesh is grass;' and, on your own principle, she will make a meal of you!"

Pete felt the hit, but had not wit enough to be convinced.

IN the office of the Cincinnati House, Lawrence, in Kansas, a party of Free State boys were poking their fun at a Westport stage-driver, who, in turn, was boasting loudly of what he and his friends had done, could, and would do. On being asked, "Why did you run and leave Fort Swansea on the approach of the Kansas Militia?" he was posed for a moment; but putting the best face on the matter, replied, with the usual border oath, "*We couldn't take it along with us!*" Hibernian, all but the brogue.

THE panic leaves its traces still in the curious correspondence which now and then turns up. Here is a letter received in November last by a firm in this city from a house that stood A No. 1 in Wisconsin. The knowledge of business exhibited by the writers ought to qualify them for a Bank Presidency at least. We copy verbally:

"Gentlemens—We have \$200 of money ready for you but drafts are so hig that we hardly can efort to pay it—they charge us ten per cent. Perhaps they are cheaper in N. Y.—if so we wish you send us drafts for the above sum and then we will pay you."

MISTAKES are made by the best of men. Mr. Jones was running for Congress in the Western district of —, many years ago, and while filling his round of appointments, made a speech, at the close of which, by way of commending himself to the "bone and sinew," the regular "sovereigns" of the country, he told the people that he was a self-made man of "obscure birth and humble origin;" that, in fact, he was sprung from the "very dregs of the people."

"Why, fellow-citizens," said he, warming up, and elevating his voice, "my parents were so poor that when I was *eighteen years old* my mother used to have to tie me to the bed-post, to keep me from falling into the fire, whenever she went to the spring for a pail of water!"

Of course he intended to say *eighteen months*. The Hon. —, now in the United States Senate, and at that time running for the Legislature, was present, and cried out,

"Ah! Jones, Jones, what a thumping baby you must have been!"

It is said that the unfortunate speaker broke down at once, amidst the jeers of the crowd.

FROM Sandy Hill, Washington County, New York, a fair friend writes:

"Some years ago a distinguished clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Walker—came to our quiet little town for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures on 'The Age of the World;' his theory being that, in all human probability, this 'mundane sphere' is more than millions of years old; that ages on ages were required to bring our earth to its present state of perfection from a shapeless heap of matter. By a very eloquent process of reasoning he would quite

convince you almost against your will. Squire Wiggins, a prominent citizen, was quite of Mr. W.'s way of thinking, and interested himself to obtain a room for the delivery of the lectures. Being a member and trustee of the Methodist Church, he called a meeting for the purpose of stating his object and gaining consent to use the house. The people were all much opposed to it, but were finally overruled. Brother Downs, as every body called him, a very *set*, decided sort of a man, who believed every word of the Bible according to his own construction, had remained quiet all through the discussion, but evidently thinking deeply, very intent on the destination of the clouds of smoke that issued from his short clay-pipe. The conference being over, the Squire turned to leave, when Brother Downs slowly removed the pipe from his mouth, and said,

"'Brother Wiggins, just you hold on a minute. I s'pose you'll have to have the house; but it's my opinion that the Lord and Moses knows just as much as you and Brother Walker!'"

CHILDREN, come in!

"Our little Willy," writes a gentleman in Michigan, "is three years old. The other day,

"'The maid was in the garden,
A-hanging out the clothes,'"

and Willy was looking on as she pursued her work. As he looked up he saw the sky covered with white, fleecy clouds; and in great earnestness, but with real child simplicity, he exclaimed, 'Nettie, look, look! the angels have hung out their clothes to dry, too!'"

And when the story was told in the hearing of a little five-year old, she said, "Well, I should think he was a little goose."

CHARLIE, a four-year old, rambling in the woods with "Pa," saw a tree torn up by the roots, and asked, "Who cut it down?" He was told, "God did it." Presently they came to one recently felled by the woodman's axe, when the little fellow exclaimed,

"God did not cut that tree down!"

"How do you know?"

"*He don't make chips,*" was the naïve reply.

"I HAVE often laughed at a simple incident which occurred some years ago in my father's family. A little sister, four or five years of age (though now the 'eternal years of God are hers'), was amusing herself by overseeing her brother, who was digging worms for bait. After some time he exposed to view a reptile of such unusual size as to call forth the exclamation,

"'Hallo! that's a whopper!'"

"'Why, William,' said Lizzie, 'is that a whopper? I thought it was a worm.'"

"My son Larrie, when he was a wee boy—a three-year old—had, as most boys of his then age have, an exalted idea of manhood, and a great desire to be a man, or at least a big boy. One evening, just after sunset, when his mother had put him to bed, I retired to his bedroom to enjoy a new book with greater quietness than I could obtain elsewhere in the house. After lying quite still for the space of ten minutes, he suddenly exclaimed,

"'Pa, don't you think I'm growing bigger?'"

"'Certainly, my son.'"

"'Do you think I'll grow more if I stretch my-

self out on my back, so, Pa?' suiting the action to the words.

"'Try it, Larrie, and see.'"

"So Larrie stretched himself out to his greatest length, occasionally raising his head and looking at his toes, and exclaiming,

"'Ony jist see how long I'm getting!'"

"After making several such remarks about his increasing longitude, he exclaimed, suddenly,

"'Oh Pa, do jist come 'ere a minit.'"

"Running to the bed, I inquired what was the matter.

"'Ony feel here,' he said, rubbing his tiny fingers over his cheek and chin, 'how rough it's a-gettin' here!'"

A CLERGYMAN, an able pastor, sends us these capital things:

"A relative of mine has a bright little boy who has seen some six or seven summers. He has been religiously instructed by his faithful parents, and has for himself gathered up a good many things from their speech and conduct. One day his uncle was playing with him, and Johnny accidentally struck him a severe blow in his eye. The uncle pretended intense pain, protesting that his eye was put out, and dancing around the room in well-feigned agony. Johnny was filled with consternation, and began to pray. He declared his sorrow that he had put his Uncle Willy's eye out—would never do so again—and concluded by imploring its immediate restoration.

"'Uncle Willy' could stand this no longer. He took his hand away from his eye, and said,

"'There, Johnny, see, it's all well again!'"

"Johnny inspected it a moment, and, with great satisfaction at the result of his prayer, exclaimed,

"'Well, I *thought I would fetch him!*'"

"Doubtless Johnny had picked up the phrase from his father, who is a lawyer."

"THERE is a little black-haired, black-eyed fellow, of some five or six years of age, in the Sabbath-school at F—. On one occasion Miss Mary K—, his teacher, reproved him for bad behavior in church on the Sabbath morning in question. He denied being in church, and insisted on it that it was another little boy who had black hair and black eyes, and who dressed just like him, who had behaved so badly. Miss Mary smiled significantly, but said nothing. The next Sabbath morning he was in church, and tried his best to catch Miss Mary's eye, and let her see how well he was conducting himself. In the afternoon they met in the Sabbath-school, and the following conversation ensued:

"'Well, Miss Mary, I was in church this morning, and behaved first-rate!'"

"'Oh no, you were not.'"

"'Why, yes, I was!'"

"'Oh no, it couldn't be that you were in church.'"

"'But, Miss Mary, 'pon my word I *was* in church, and behaved real good.'"

"'No, it wasn't you. It was another little boy with black hair and black eyes, and who was dressed like you. *He* was there, and was a very good boy.'"

"The little fellow, after thinking whether he should lose the credit of his good behavior or acknowledge the fib, finally chose the latter, with the penitent remark,

"'Miss Mary, I won't do so again!'"

Mr. Flasher's Love at First Sight.



Mr. F. sees his enslaver, for the first time, at the Opera.



Thinks she is observing him. Strikes a Bewitching Attitude.



Sees her looking at handsome Tenor. Grows jealous.



Becomes jealous of every Man in the House.



Resolves to find out who she is. Takes measures accordingly.



Returns Home. Determines upon Romantic Introduction.



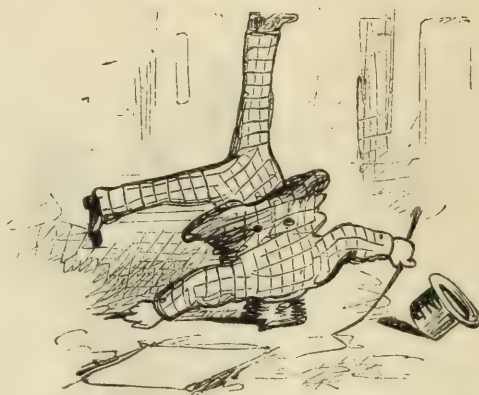
Prepares himself—several times.



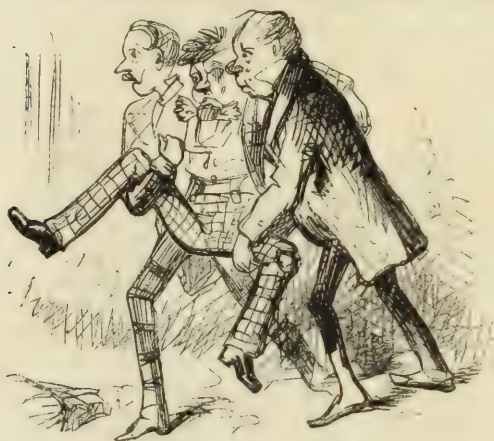
Hires a Horse, and a Man to frighten him.



Imagines that he will be thrown off before her door :



Will fall on his head, and be terribly injured :



Will be carried into the House by her Father and Brother.



When she will recognize him, and immediately faint away.



She will nurse him tenderly, and read to him :



Convalescence—Declaration of Love—Acceptance.



Reality: Young Lady left Town—Nobody at Home—Flasher carried into a Grocery.



Finale: Scene in the Grocery. Flasher's Dream of Love ended.

Fashions for June.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—PROMENADE COSTUME AND BOY'S DRESS.

THE PARDESSUS illustrated in Fig. 1, is novel and beautiful. It is half-circular, with a *berthe* of tulle, fitting to the figure. A skirt of taffeta and tulle, in about equal widths, drooping considerably at the back, trimmed with *passementerie* and fringed lace, constitutes the garment. It will be observed that it has wings which drape gracefully over the arm, the seams being marked with a cord and *brandebourgs*. The front is surplice-shaped, and may have strings inside to adjust it more closely to the waist. This is made in black only.

The BOY'S DRESS is of pea-green merino, with a trimming of a darker green, almost black. The sleeves and pants are of nansouk. The hat is of straw, with a ball trimming.

The LACE BERTHE is composed of illusion net, with pale blue ribbons drawn through the *bouillonnées*, and bows of the same. It has falls of lace, with a simple cross spray of myrtle leaves and blossoms.

The UNDER-SLEEVES are so clearly represented in the engraving as to need no description.

A BATHING DRESS may at first sight appear to lie beyond the domain of fashion. Still there is no



FIGURE 3.—LACE BERTHE.

reason why this should not be pretty as well as appropriate. The one which we illustrate may be made of delaine flannel, or any similar material, edged with a darker shade of the same; or of bombazet, with a fringe of buckshot, covered with the material of the dress, with pellets of lead in the lower skirt. This latter material will be found quite available.



FIGURE 4.—BATHING DRESS.

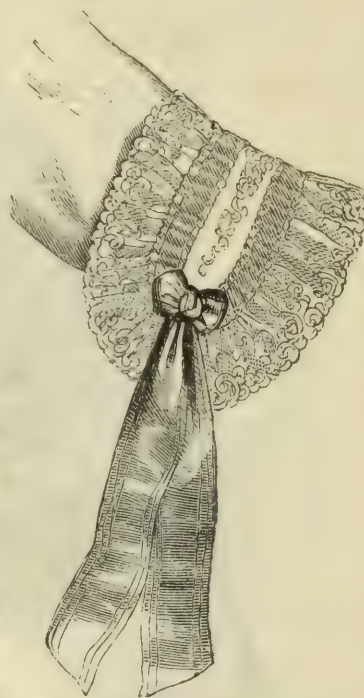
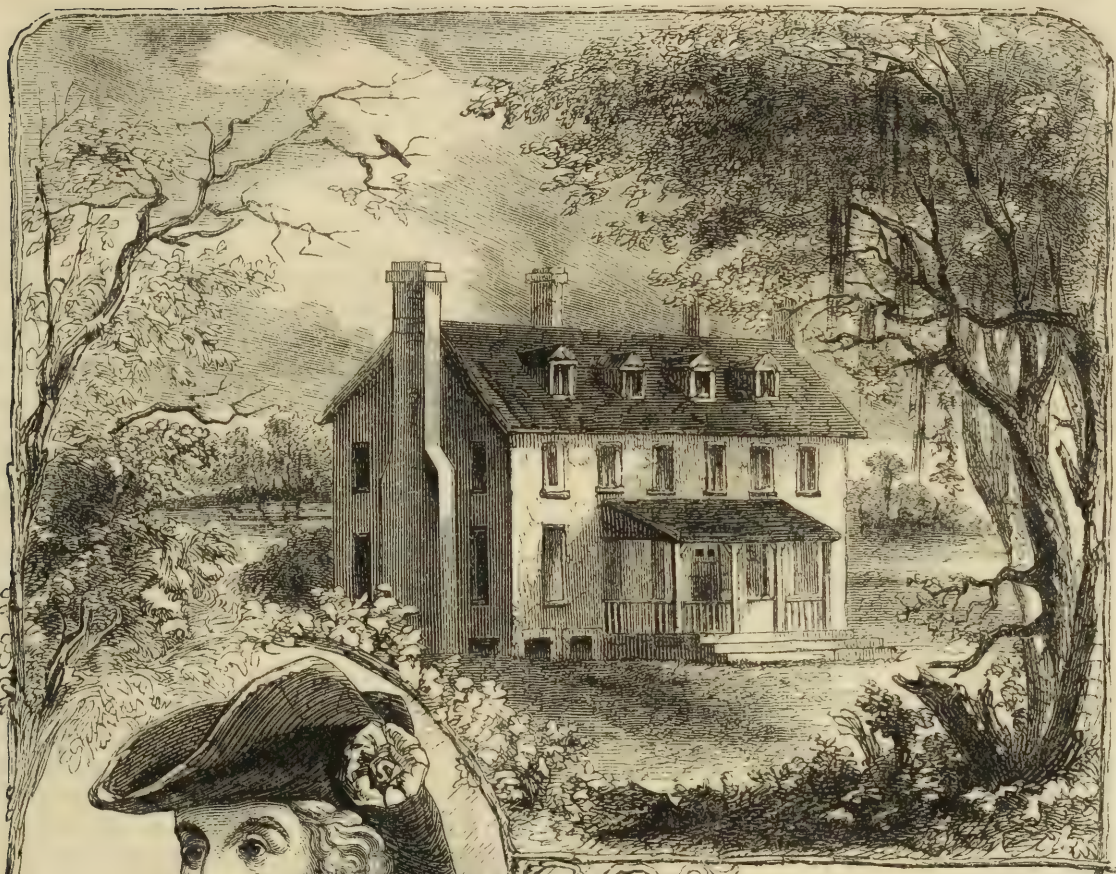


FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XCVIII.—JULY, 1858.—VOL. XVII.



MARION'S RESIDENCE.



PORTRAIT OF MARION.

FRANCIS MARION.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

BRYANT, in one of his noblest poems, has chanted the "Song of Marion's Men." Who is he of whom Poesie thus delights to war-

ble, and History to make her startling records, and Art to delineate her glorious images? Who is he whose part in the great drama of America's heroic age assumes a nobler character as each cycle of years carries the generations forward and more remote from the time of the first curtain-rising of that theatre whereon Washington and his compatriot soldiers and sages won the world's applause? He was the sixth child of a Huguenot; and, giantly as he looms up in our country's Valhalla, he was "no larger than a New England lobster, and might easily enough have been put in a quart pot," at his birth.

Child of a Huguenot! And who were they with that strange name? They were fruitful seeds of free institutions, wafted to the generous soil of the New World upon the fierce gales of religious persecution. They were the consanguine and religious descendants of some of the seventy thousand Protestants whose slaughter commenced on the night of St. Bartholomew's festival, almost three hundred years ago, to

satiate the cruel bigotry of the Queen-mother of a weak and profligate French King. That terrible massacre did not extirpate the Huguenots, as the French Protestants were called. "The blood of the martyrs" speedily became "the seed of the Church" of the Living God. That event was the darkness just before the dawn. For a long time a dreary, evil-boding night had brooded over the French Reformers. Coligny, High Admiral of France, had been their chief pilot amidst the storm; and when the tempest beat hardest, he had endeavored to land many of them in a peaceful haven in the bosom of our own beautiful Florida. There they set up an altar which Spanish cruelty speedily overturned and sprinkled with their blood. The tempest roared on, and all hearts trembled with fear, when suddenly the hypocritical smiles of royal favor shed a blessed sunlight over the future. Even Coligny was warmed into trustfulness by its bland radiance, and the festival of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, was a day of joy in the reformed churches. The destruction on that dreadful night fell like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, and hope disappeared in funereal gloom, as if the sun had suddenly gone down at mid-day. But a glorious morning was near. Although the royal fool declared on medals that "Piety gave the sword to Justice," and the besotted atheist who then sat in the Papal chair at Rome heard with joy that "the Seine flowed on more majestically after receiving the dead bodies of the heretics" of Paris, and caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of that horrid "triumph of the Church," there was a God in heaven to defend the right. Death gave the bad woman and her weak son to the worms, and the Protestant Bourbon King of Navarre became Henry the Fourth of France. He was a wise man for his age and station, and in 1598 he affixed his signature, and the perpetual, irrevocable great seal of green wax, to a solemn edict which proclaimed toleration to all the Huguenots of his kingdom. For almost ninety years that solemn promise was kept by Henry and his successors. Then King Louis the Fourteenth, at whose ear the minions of the Pope had long sat, as the tempter in Paradise,

"Squat like a toad, close by the ear of Eve,"

and counseled persecution, revoked the solemn edict of Henry, and broke the great green seal. It was in the autumn of 1685 when the priest-ridden Louis sent forth his decree to suppress the worship of the Protestants, demolish their churches, exile their ministers, and demand absolute renunciation of their heretical tenets under menaces of death. In the great Protestant exodus that ensued the strongest foundations of the French state were sapped. Eight hundred thousand of her best citizens—skillful agriculturists and artisans, and virtuous families—fled from her borders, and carried the secret arts of France into other countries. Fifty thousand cunning workmen took refuge in England, and gave that realm the benefits of their skill; while large numbers of tillers crossed the Atlantic and

sought quiet homes in the wildernesses of America. The sentiment of religious freedom was a controlling power among them; and wherever the Huguenots planted a hearth-stone toleration and independence were taught by hourly example.

Of such as these were the ancestors of Francis Marion, the great Revolutionary partisan of South Carolina. They fled from the persecutions which commenced soon after the re-admission of the Jesuits into France; and in 1690 they landed at the little village of Charleston, which the English had founded a few years before. About seventy families penetrated the wilderness of South Carolina, and on the banks of the Santee, some forty miles from Charleston, they planted a settlement, and by thrift and industry soon outstripped their English neighbors on the coast in prosperity and happiness. Benjamin Marion, the grandfather of Francis, was one of the first settlers in that pleasant region.

A son of Benjamin, the immigrant, married the sweet little Esther Cordes, a vine-dresser's daughter from Bordeaux, and they filled a cottage with six children, on the oozy banks of Winaw Bay, near modern Georgetown. There, in 1732, Francis, their last child, was born. For more than a year the flickering flame of his life was a daily wonder to his parents and neighbors, and no one predicted manhood, much less heroism and world-wide fame, for the tiny creature. A dozen years rolled on, and he was still a tiny creature, borne like a waif upon the flood of time. Then health gave increased strength to the pulses of life, his little frame became vigorous, and a restless, adventurous spirit was manifested. He had heard of the excitements of the far-off sea, and, heedless of the earnest dissuasions of his mother, he went to Charleston and embarked for the West Indies when only about sixteen years of age. He was too young to weigh well the chances of losing life and liberty in such a perilous voyage, and he went out upon the broad Atlantic where the privateers of France and Spain were prowling for English plunder, not only without fear, but with an actual intense desire to assist in capturing some richly-laden Spanish galleon; how, he knew not. He was not blessed with a sight of either pirates or prizes, but a thornback whale gave him enough of sea-adventure to last him for life. The monster opened the planks of the frail vessel in which he sailed, by a single blow, and as she went to the bottom, her crew escaped to the jolly-boat without food and with little raiment. Their meat and drink for six days was the flesh and blood of the captain's dog. Then succor came, but not until the insanity of hunger had made the master and mate leap into the sea and drown. The puny Marion was among the survivors picked up by a friendly vessel; and when again he felt his mother's kiss upon his brow and her tears of joy upon his cheeks, the young adventurer resolved to become a planter, and not a sailor.

For ten years after his sea-voyage Francis

Marion was a plodding farmer, and nowise distinguished as superior to the young men of his neighborhood, except for his extreme love and respect for his mother, and exemplary honor and truthfulness. In these qualities he was eminent from early childhood, and they marked his character through life. While quietly pursuing his vocation, a call to arms against hostile Indians on the Carolina frontier awakened his love of adventure, which had only slumbered during a decade. His mother had become a widow, and young Marion was then seated at Pond Bluff, on the Santee, within bugle-call of the celebrated Eutaw Springs. It was early in 1759 when his country summoned him to the field. Four years a storm of war had been raging in the Far North, near the waters of Erie, Ontario, and the St. Lawrence, where the English settlers were fighting with their French rivals and their Indian allies. Now a portentous cloud gathered along the southern horizon. Among the mountains beyond the Broad and Savannah rivers dwelt the Cherokees, a powerful aboriginal nation, who, for scores of years, had battled manfully against the fiercer Shawnees of the Ohio region. They were allies of the English, and in the autumn of 1758 had assisted them in expelling the French from Fort du Quesne, and the country south of Lake Erie. Having accomplished the business of the campaign and received ample remuneration for their services, they marched homeward. While passing along the frontier settlements of Virginia some thieving braves stole horses from the white people. The latter seized their arms, slew a dozen Indians, and made an equal number prisoners. The ire of the Cherokees was fiercely kindled by this sanguinary punishment, and they slew every white man in their path. The hatchet and knife were active all along the frontier, from the borders of the great Kanawha to the Savannah, and a general Indian war was apprehended. It was this danger that called the young men of Carolina to the field; and at the first summons of Governor Lyttleton, Francis Marion was found among a volunteer troop of mounted men, commanded by his brother Isaac.

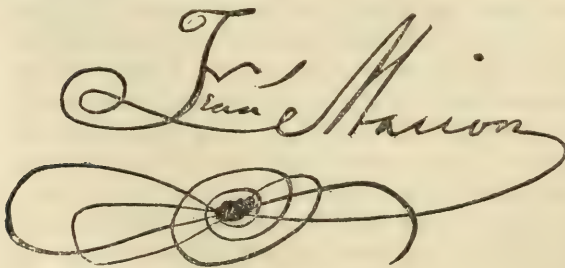
When the Cherokees perceived the gathering of the Carolinians on the borders of their own country they became alarmed, and the counsels of a large peace-party of the nation prevailed. They sent a deputation to Charleston to treat for peace, but Lyttleton, having no faith in their words, refused to listen. He sent fifteen hundred men into the Cherokee country, who conducted the deputation thither as hostages rather than as ambassadors. The Carolinians extorted a pledge of peace from the Cherokee chiefs; and after placing twenty-two of the leading men of the nation in Fort George, at the head of the Savannah, for safe keeping, as hostages, they returned to Charleston. As soon as they had departed, the resentment of the Cherokees because of the treatment of their commissioners broke out into active hostility, and fourteen white people were slain in the vicinity of Fort George.

The Cherokees also endeavored to capture the Fort, when the garrison proceeded to put the hostages in irons. They resisted, and all were slain. The event maddened the whole nation, and, with gleaming hatchets, they swept along the frontier like the scythe of Death. Whole families were butchered without mercy, and the war-belt was sent to the Catawbias and other nations, inviting them to confederate for the purpose of exterminating the English. The danger was imminent, and the Carolinians were little prepared to meet it. The small-pox was raging in Charleston, and a sufficient armed force to confront the Indians could not be raised. An appeal for aid was sent to Amherst, then commanding on the Canada frontier. It was responded to by sending Colonel Montgomery with some regiments of British regulars. These were joined by companies of Rangers, raised in Virginia and North Carolina; and in April, 1760, they marched into the Indian country. Marion had served during the whole of the former campaign, and he now followed Montgomery to the same field of duty and adventure. Concerning his personal achievements in these campaigns history and tradition are silent.

Montgomery led two thousand men. He moved cautiously in that dark and far-off region, for the Cherokees could summon six thousand warriors to the field. They were expert in ambush, and the English knew very little of the country. After several skirmishes, a severe battle was fought near the large Indian village of Etchoee. The Cherokees were defeated and dispersed, and Montgomery went back to Charleston and sailed for New York. The Cherokee chiefs desired peace, but French emissaries stirred up the nation to war, and supplied them with arms. Montgomery had scarcely left Charleston before hostilities were commenced with great violence. Again the Carolinians were called to the field, to place a barrier between the Indians and their homes. Twelve hundred brave men followed Colonel Middleton up the Santee, and among them were Marion, Moultrie, Laurens, Huger, and Pickens, whose names sparkle brightly in the constellation of the Southern patriots of the War for Independence. These were joined by British regulars under Colonel Grant, and a body of Catawba and Chickasaw Indians; and an army of twenty-six hundred men reached Fort George at the close of May, 1761. A week later and they all followed Montgomery's path toward the heart of the Indian country. The Cherokees gathered in great numbers upon the battle-ground of the previous year, near Etchoee, and from a wooded hill poured a deadly fire upon the invaders. Marion appears to have been already distinguished for skill and bravery, for he was chosen to lead a company—a "forlorn hope"—up a dark ravine to dislodge the Indian warriors. He was a lieutenant in Moultrie's company, and was followed by thirty resolute men. A deadly volley from concealed savages followed a wild war-whoop, and twenty-one of Marion's com-

panions fell dead around him. The main body of the invaders pressed forward, saved the gallant lieutenant and surviving comrades, and, after great carnage on both sides, the Cherokees were defeated. The battle lasted six hours, and the terrible British bayonet alone secured the victory. The Indians fled in all directions, hotly pursued by the English. Then the torch took the place of bullet and bayonet, and that beautiful country, smiling with cultivation and enlivened by sixty-four towns and villages, was thoroughly desolated. The spirit of the Cherokee nation was broken, and through the wise Atakullakulla, the firm friend of the English, peace was obtained.

However earnestly and bravely young Marion fought to conquer the Indians and compel them to bury the hatchet, his sense of justice and tenderness of heart could not excuse the cruelties which followed the victory. While others enjoyed the destruction of the rude huts, his heart melted with pity; and when, according to orders, the corn-fields were cut down, tears filled his eyes. "I saw every where around," he said, in a letter to a friend, "the footsteps of the little Indian children, where they had lately played under the shelter of the rustling corn. No doubt they had often looked up with joy to the swelling ears, and gladdened when they thought of their abundant cakes for the coming winter. When we are gone, thought I, they will return, and, peeping through the weeds with tearful eyes, will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes, and the happy fields where they had so often played! 'Who did this?' they will ask their mothers. 'The white people—the Christians did it,' will be the reply." These expressions were beautiful manifestations of that kindness of nature for which Marion was always remarkable, even when dealing with his bitterest foes. They indicate that generous nobility of character which formed the basis of his personal popularity.



MARION'S SIGNATURE.

For more than fourteen years after the Cherokee war neither public danger nor private ambition enticed Marion from his quiet agricultural pursuits, and sports with gun and angle at Pond Bluff. Yet he was not buried in obscurity, for he was widely known as one of the worthiest men in South Carolina. Purity of heart, uprightness of conduct, strong common sense, and firmness of purpose, constituted him a leader in the social affairs of his section of the province; and when the discontents of the people under the lashings of governmental oppression made

them rise in open rebellion, expel royal rulers, and organize popular sovereignty by the method of a Provincial Congress of Republicans, in 1775, Marion was chosen to represent the parish of St. John, Berkeley, in that body.

Already overt acts of rebellion had been committed in Charleston, and these had been sanctioned by the acclamations of the people. Yet they were acts of individuals, and needed the solemn approval of legislative power to give them importance. That power was vested in the Provincial Congress, and it eagerly encouraged open resistance to tyranny. It adopted the American Bill of Rights put forth by the Continental Congress, commended the Non-Importation League, and exerted active power in securing the arms and ammunition of the province and of individuals in and about Charleston, to be used for the public good. In all these matters Francis Marion was an active worker. He possessed no Mercurius's tongue, and his voice was never heard in debate. He achieved nothing by words, but every thing by muscle. He made no speeches by day, but he led resolute bands at night, in ransacking the arsenals and shutting the mouths of Tories by strategic achievements.

Marion's brother, Isaac, lived near the northern border of the province, and on the 9th of May, 1775, he received an express from Colonel Robert Howe, of Brunswick, North Carolina, bearing the news of the skirmish at Lexington, twenty days before. He caused the intelligence to be forwarded immediately to the Committee of Safety at Charleston; and the Provincial Congress, which had been adjourned to the 20th of June, was summoned to meet on the 1st of that month. Marion was promptly at his post, and sustained every republican measure by his influence and vote. The proceedings of that session were of great importance, and decidedly rebellious; for they justly considered that "all statutes of allegiance were repealed on the plains of Lexington, and the laws of self-preservation left to operate in full force." They appointed a permanent Committee of Safety, agreed to a political league prepared by Henry Laurens, authorized the issue of six hundred thousand dollars in paper money, and the raising of a military force for the defense of the province. To the Committee or Council of Safety the power of the Provincial Congress was delegated during the recess of that body, and upon this basis civil government was organized to operate in the place of royal authority, which was expelled, within two months afterward, in the person of Lord William Campbell, the Governor, who was forced to fly on board an English vessel for safety.

Among the latest acts of the Provincial Congress (which adjourned on the 22d of June) was the appointment of Marion to a captaincy in the second regiment of infantry authorized to be raised, of which William Moultrie was colonel. With his friend, Peter Horry, another Huguenot scion, Marion proceeded immediately upon

the business of recruiting. They felt proud in their gay uniforms, and on their helmet-shaped leather caps they wore a silver crescent, bearing the living words of Patrick Henry, "LIBERTY OR DEATH!" They sounded their bugles along the borders of the Black and Pedee rivers, and the enthusiasm of the people was every where excited. Brave young patriots flocked to their standards; and, with fifty men each, they hastened to Charleston to begin the work of armed resistance to the power of Great Britain. It was at the middle of a starry September night that Marion first unsheathed his blade against the government under whose flag he had fought the Cherokees bravely years before. At the head of his company he followed Colonel Moultrie to James Island, below Charleston, and at sunrise the next morning he was a participant in the pleasure and honor of a bloodless victory in the capture of Fort Johnson. The garrison, aware of their approach, had spiked the guns, dismantled the fort, and fled to a ship-of-war in the harbor. Heavy guns were brought from Charleston and placed on the fort; and in the course of the autumn another fortification was commenced on James Island, a heavy battery was erected on Haddrell's Point, and on Sullivan's Island a fortress was commenced under the directions of Colonel Moultrie. A military post was also established at Dorchester, twenty miles up the Ashley River, and placed under the command of Marion. Thither the public stores and records were taken for safe keeping.

Marion did not remain long at Dorchester. There was too little action there for one of his temperament, and he was transferred to Fort Johnson, where he prepared both the fortress and his men for the stirring events of the following year. Weems tells an anecdote of Marion, at this time, which illustrates one of the many ways employed by him in maintaining discipline. Just before the Christmas holidays, a young officer asked permission to visit a dying father at Dorchester. That pretense was a lie. The love of cock-fighting, which prevailed at that time, had induced the subaltern to make this excuse to obtain leave of absence, and indulge in that ignoble sport. He was gone a fortnight, and during that time Marion learned the truth of the matter. On his return the youth commenced a long apology for his absence. All the other officers were present, and Marion gently interrupted the culprit by saying, with a smile, "Never mind it, Lieutenant; there's no harm done, we never missed you." That sarcasm was a whip of scorpions to the offender, and he was never known to be remiss in duty afterward.

Early in 1776 Marion received the commission of Major, and with it an opportunity for enlarging his sphere of duties. His drills were conducted with all the rigid discipline of a camp before an enemy, and the regiment of Moultrie soon became a model one. Already rumors of military and naval preparations in

England for the subjugation of the revolted colonies had come over the ocean, and the defenses of Charleston were forwarded with the utmost energy. The fort on Sullivan Island, built chiefly of palmetto logs, was a special object of solicitude to the patriots, for it was at the entrance to Charleston harbor. But with all their diligence it was not completed in June, when the fleet of Sir Peter Parker appeared off Dewees Island. The defense of the unfinished fortress was intrusted to Colonel Moultrie, and there Major Marion received his first practical lessons in regular warfare. The whole number of the garrison was four hundred and thirty-five men; and thirty-one cannons were mounted upon the parapet.

The British fleet appeared off Charleston bar on the 4th of June, and on the same day General Charles Lee arrived from the North to take the chief command of the Southern army of patriots. Several hundred British troops landed on Long Island, eastward of Sullivan's, with the design of attacking Fort Sullivan simultaneously with that of the fleet. In the meantime the militia flocked into Charleston, and every available point around the harbor was fortified. Three weeks wore away, and then the royal fleet crossed the bar, anchored in the channel, and opened a terrible fire upon the palmetto fort. The roar of three hundred cannons shook the city, and terrible was the iron hail that fell upon that little fortification. The soft palmetto logs received the balls without injury, while the incessant fire from Moultrie's heavy guns greatly damaged the ships. At length the crescent flag of the second regiment, that had floated untouched above one of the bastions of the fort, fell upon the sand outside the walls. Its staff had been cut by a ball. A shout of triumph went up from the Admiral's flag-ship when the ensign disappeared, for it was thought to be a signal of submission. The next moment a young soldier, one of Marion's recruits from the Pedee, leaped from the parapet, walked deliberately upon the beach the whole length of the fort, picked up the flag, mounted the bastion, affixed the banner to a sponge-staff, and driving that in a secure place, left the blue standard floating defiantly over the place from which it had just fallen. The shield of God's providence was surely around that brave Sergeant Jasper, for the iron balls were falling thick and fast upon every square yard of the beleaguered fortress. When the battle was over, and Governor Rutledge and other distinguished citizens visited the garrison, that unsullied patriot thanked Jasper in the name of their common country, presented him with his own beautiful small sword which hung by his side, and offered him a lieutenant's commission. The young hero, who could neither read nor write, modestly refused it, saying, "I am not fit to keep officers' company; I am but a sergeant."

For two long hours that battle raged furiously, and England's stout vessels were dreadfully



SERGEANT JASPER.

shattered; and many of England's brave sons were killed, although two thousand heavy balls had been hurled upon the fort, and fifty bombshells had been cast within its ramparts, only ten of the garrison were killed, and twenty-two wounded. When the sun went down the roar of artillery began to abate, and before midnight the shattered vessels slipped their cables, withdrew beyond long cannon shot, and soon left the harbor. The victory for the Americans was complete. The palmetto fort was named MOULTRIE in honor of its gallant defender, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier, and the ladies of Charleston presented his regiment with a pair of elegant colors. These were unfurled in triumph over the ramparts of Savannah three years afterward, when the French and Americans besieged the British there. There, again, the brave Jasper reappeared. The bearer of one of the flags was killed, and it fell to the ground. Jasper was fighting gallantly near by, and springing forward, he fastened the flag to the parapet, waved his cap in triumph, and then fell, pierced by a rifle-ball. His last words, an hour afterward, were, "Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she presented to our regiment." Jasper Square, in Savannah, commemorates the hero and his gallant deed. The colors were captured seven months afterward, when Charleston fell, and they are now among British trophies in the Tower of London.

From the attack on Charleston until the capture of Savannah by the British at the close of 1778, the war of the Revolution was carried on chiefly at the North. Yet the people and the soldiers of the South were continually vigilant and active, and none more so than Major Marion. His name does not appear conspicuous in the public records of the time, but the

narratives of contemporary writers show that he was continually and efficiently employed in the public service. We find him in February, 1777, in command of six hundred men and several vessels, approaching Savannah, by the inland passage, with supplies and reinforcements for General Robert Howe, in his contemplated invasion of Florida. Soon after this he was placed in command of Fort Moultrie, then considered a post of highest honor and danger; and he was with Lincoln on the Savannah early in 1779. In October following he was second in command of Moultrie's South Carolina regiment, when Lincoln and D'Estaing besieged Savannah, and he saw his brave Jasper fall when bearing aloft one of the colors of his battalion. And when, through the folly and obstinacy of the French commander, the Americans were repulsed, and Lincoln retired to Charleston, Marion was left in command of the broken army on the borders of the Savannah River.

The year 1780 opened with gloomy forebodings for the republicans of the South. Lincoln's army had dwindled to about fourteen hundred troops, and the term of service of a large portion of those had almost expired. Sir Henry Clinton, at the head of five thousand land troops, was approaching the southern coast, borne by a powerful fleet under Admiral Arbuthnot, and the defeat at Savannah had utterly dispirited the militia. But when danger drew near, and ships of war were actually hovering along Edisto Inlet, the people took up arms, and General Moultrie established a camp at Bacon's Bridge, on the Ashley, for their reception and discipline. The drilling of these recruits was intrusted to Marion; and like the Baron Steuben with the regulars at the North, he made each citizen soldier thus trained equal in efficiency to two



CHARLESTON IN 1780.

undisciplined ones. In this service he continued until Clinton was reinforced by Cornwallis, and beleaguering forces, by land and water, approached the doomed city. Then he retired within the American lines on Charleston Neck, and twenty days afterward the city passed into the power of the invaders.

Soon after the close investment of the city had commenced Marion was disabled by an accident, and his valuable services were lost to his country during the remainder of the siege. While dining with some friends an attempt was made to compel him to drink wine to excess. Marion was a strictly temperate man, and refused obedience to the mandates of mistaken hospitality. Unwilling to disturb the harmony of the company by forcible resistance, he raised a window and leaped to the street. The distance was greater than he supposed, and his ankle was broken. A way to the interior of the country was yet open, in the direction of the Santee, and as food was scarce in the city, and he was unfit for duty, Marion was carried on a litter to his home at Pond Bluff, and he remained a helpless cripple for several weeks. This seeming misfortune was a mercy in disguise, for when Charleston fell, and the American soldiers and citizens were all made prisoners on parole, Marion was yet at liberty, and having no promise to violate he was free to arouse his disheartened countrymen when opportunity should offer.

With the fall of Charleston the hopes of the Southern patriots disappeared. The entire States of South Carolina and Georgia lay prostrate at the feet of British power, and through-

out the whole country, from the Savannah to the Pedee, there appeared no arm sufficiently strong or fearless to lift the standard of opposition. There was terror in the cruel order of Cornwallis to the commanders of British posts to punish with the utmost rigor all who had taken part in the revolt and had not accepted British protection by signing a parole; and hundreds of true republicans were compelled to succumb and wait for a more propitious season. Marion resolved not to submit to such humiliation, and he was a man too well known and feared to be overlooked by the minions of royalty; so, while yet unable to walk, he fled on horseback from his home and took refuge in the swamps upon the Black River, between the Santee and Pedee.

The lull in the storm of war did not last long. A month before the fall of Charleston the Baron de Kalb, a brave German officer in the Continental service, was sent to the aid of Lincoln, with Maryland and Delaware recruits. When the Continental Congress was informed of the loss of Lincoln's troops, it was thought proper to send an officer of renown to collect and command another Southern army. General Gates was yet wearing the laurels of Saratoga untouched by misfortune or fault, and he was sent to call the Southern patriots to the field. When the trumpet-blasts of the conqueror of Burgoyne were heard upon the Roanoke, and the brave sons of Virginia and North Carolina were gathering around his standard, the republicans of the South lifted up their heads in hope, and many of them, like Samsons rising in strength, broke the feeble cords of protection and paroles, and smote the Phil-



MARION APPROACHING GATES'S CAMP.

istines of the crown, with mighty energy. Sumter sounded the bugle among the hills on the Catawba and Broad rivers; Marion's shrill whistle rang amidst the swamps of the Pedee; and Pickens and Clarke called forth the brave sons of liberty upon the banks of the Saluda, the Savannah, the Ogeechee, and the Alatomaha. The cloud of despair seemed suddenly lifted, and the sunlight of hope suffused the whole Southern horizon with a glow that warmed all hearts and nerved all hands.

Attended by his friends Peter and Hugh Horry, and a few others, Marion hastened to join the approaching Continental troops. His ankle was yet in such a bad condition that two men were required to lift him on his horse, and yet, for more than a fortnight, he had been annoying the Tories in the vicinity of the Pedee.

His followers were well mounted, yet in persons and costume they presented a most ludicrous appearance. "Their number," said Colonel Williams, when describing their arrival in Gates's Camp, "did not exceed twenty men and boys, some white, some black, and all mounted, but most of them miserably equipped. Their appearance was in fact so burlesque that it was with much difficulty the diversion of the regular soldiery was restrained by the officers; and the General himself was glad of an opportunity of detaching Colonel Marion, at his own instance, toward the interior of South Carolina, with orders to watch the motions of the enemy and furnish intelligence." The peacock General, whose vanity always led his judgment, was disposed to sneer at the partisan, but, fortunately for the country, Governor Rutledge was

in Gates's Camp, and assured that officer of Marion's worth. Yet the Commander-in-chief would hardly listen to Marion's wise suggestions, for he already saw, through the medium of his own conceit, the army of Cornwallis in his power. So he marched on, and ten days afterward himself and his army were flying fugitives before that same Cornwallis. As Lee had predicted, Gates's Northern laurels were exchanged for Southern willows.

While in Gates's Camp, Marion received an earnest call from the Whigs of Williamsburg district (who had risen in arms) to be their leader. Governor Rutledge gave him the commission of a brigadier, and he hastened to the Black River region, to organize that BRIGADE which speedily became a terror to British regulars and prowling Tories. His courage and ubiquity soon became proverbial. At midnight and at noon there would be a tramp of horses, a sudden blow, and horses and assailants would as suddenly disappear :

"A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day."

Who were the men that composed Marion's famous Brigade? They were inhabitants of an isolated district in the interior of South Carolina, where British soldiery had not yet trodden. They were willing to be loyal, while loyalty was consistent with honor and justice. They had not taken up arms, and were willing to remain quiet. But when the British commanders, faithless to the terms of the capitulation at Charleston, seized many of the best citizens there, and without provocation sent them to the loathsome prisons of St. Augustine, and then called upon the inhabitants to take up arms for the King, the people of Williamsburg district were among the first to resent the insult. Their character may be well understood by an event related by Simms, in which their chosen representative was chief actor. Major John James had been sent by them to the Provincial Congress, and when the proclamation calling upon the people to arms for the crown appeared, he was in command of them as State Militia. In this double capacity he visited Georgetown for information concerning the requirements of the proclamation. That post was then in possession of the British, and was commanded by Ardesoif, captain of a vessel which lay at anchor in the river near by. James was attired as a plain backwoodsman, and Ardesoif was disposed to treat him with disdain. The patriot pressed his questions earnestly; and when he peremptorily demanded of the official what were the terms of submission, the haughty Briton replied, "Unconditional. His Majesty offers you a free pardon, of which you are undeserving, for you all ought to be hanged; but it is only on condition that you take up arms in his cause." "The people whom I come to represent will scarcely submit on such conditions," James re-

plied. "*Represent!*" exclaimed Ardesoif, in a rage; "you accursed rebel, if you dare speak in such language I will have you hung up at the yard-arm!" Ardesoif was armed; James had no weapon; but before the insolent official could draw his sword the patriot seized the chair on which he had been sitting and with one blow felled him. In a moment afterward James was in his saddle, and before pursuit could be attempted had escaped to the woods. The people of his district gathered around him, and his story kindled a deeper hatred of British rule. They formed themselves into military companies under tried commanders, and then invited Marion to become their chief. As we have seen, he was then in the camp of Gates, on the borders of North Carolina. They did not await his arrival to commence active operations, for rumor reported that the fiery Tarleton, who had heard of the rebellious gatherings in the Williamsburg district, was already rapidly approaching their domain. Tarleton's cruelties elsewhere had aroused the fiercest indignation throughout the Black River region, and under the general command of Captain M'Cottry, a large number of the Williamsburg people gathered on the banks of Lynch's Creek to repel invasion. There, four days before the signal defeat of Gates, near Camden, occurred, Marion took formal command of his Brigade, and among the interminable swamps of Snow's Island, near the junction of Lynch's Creek with the Great Pedee, he made his chief rendezvous during a greater portion of his independent partisan warfare.

Marion was now in the prime of life, having seen eight-and-forty summers. He was lean and swarthy, rather below the middle height of men, with a body well set upon awkward limbs. His countenance was pleasing, and was lighted up by piercing black eyes, over which arched a high, intellectual forehead. He wore a close "roundabout" jacket of coarse crimson cloth, and upon his head was the same cap, and silver crescent, and stirring words which marked him as the recruiting officer in that region five years before. He was a stranger, personally, to most of those who then greeted him as their commander, but an invisible link of sympathy united the chief and his men at once. His greater deeds were yet to be performed, but in all hearts there was a sure prophecy of his achievements.

Marion's first expedition, after taking command, was against a large body of Tories under Major Gainey, an active British officer, who were encamped on Britton's Neck, between the Great and Little Pedee. Unsuspicious of danger, the usually vigilant Gainey was not prepared for a sudden attack. Marion fell upon his camp just at dawn. A captain and several privates were killed, and Gainey mounted his horse and fled, closely pursued by Major James, the assailant of Captain Ardesoif. Intent upon his game, James did not see the gathering Tories ahead until he was too near to retreat with safety. His rare presence of mind saved him.

Waving his sword aloft, he shouted, as if to a host of men, "Come on, boys; here they are!" and dashing forward he so frightened the Tories that they fled and sought safety in the dark swamps on the Pedee. In this attack Marion did not lose a comrade, and had only two slightly wounded.

The followers of Marion were greatly elated by this success. He did not allow their enthusiasm to abate by inaction, and within twenty-four hours afterward he was making a wide circuit to fall upon a Tory camp, under Captain Barfield, a few miles distant. That officer was on the alert, and Marion resorted to stratagem. He ambushed some picked men, and then, after showing himself to Barfield, feigned a retreat, and drew his antagonist into pursuit. The Tories fell into the snare, and were scattered to the winds by the men in ambush. This victory was more complete than the one over Gainey; and these successes, so sudden and thorough, inspired Marion's followers with the greatest confidence in their commander and reliance upon themselves. This was a great point gained at the outset for the partisan, and in that confidence and self-reliance was one of the chief elements of his success.

When Marion left the camp of Gates that general commissioned him to destroy the boats on the rivers of the lower country, so as to impede the progress of the British toward the interior, and to "annoy the enemy." Marion was doing more, far more; yet he was not neglectful of his superior's orders. Notwithstanding the heats of August were intense, and the cool shades of the cypress swamps were grateful, he did not relax his activity; and on the day succeeding Gates's defeat he divided his brigade for wider service. Intelligence of that disaster had not yet reached him, and with the smaller portion of his force he marched toward the Upper Santee, while four companies, under Colonel Peter Horry, were dispatched to the performance of the special service ordered by Gates, and to procure powder and balls, if possible. These supplies were greatly needed. So scarce was ammunition within the field of Marion's control that his men frequently went into action with only three or four cartridges apiece.

On the evening after leaving Horry, Marion approached Nelson's Ferry, a short distance from Eutaw Springs, and the principal crossing-place of the Santee for travelers and troops passing between Charleston and Camden. While on the march he was informed of the defeat of Gates, but he withheld the sad intelligence from his men, fearing it might depress their spirits. The concealment was brief, for that night his scouts brought word of the approach of a strong British guard, with a large body of prisoners from Gates's army. Marion instantly resolved upon a daring enterprise, unmindful of the weakness of his force; and a little past midnight Colonel Hugh Horry was sent, with sixteen men, to take possession of the only road through the swamp to the Santee. Then, at

the head of the main body, Marion stealthily crept toward the camp of the British escort, and just at dawn he suddenly appeared in their midst. The surprise and victory were instant and complete. Not one of Marion's men was lost, while twenty-four of the regulars and Tories were killed or made prisoners, and one hundred and fifty captives of the Maryland Continental Line were released. Their liberator offered to incorporate them into his brigade, but only *three* accepted his invitation! The disasters of the 16th of August had utterly crushed their spirits, and they saw no political future for the colonies, as independent States. The cause of the patriots did, indeed, seem hopeless. Two armies, under commanders of acknowledged skill, had been annihilated within the space of three months; Tarleton had struck Buford and Sumter almost exterminating blows near the banks of the Catawba, and the small corps of Marion was the only organized body of Republicans in open hostility to the crown below the Roanoke. Had the British commanders been wise enough then to have discovered the expediency of a gentle, conciliating policy, the spirit of rebellion might have been soothed into inaction, and the subjugation of the South become a permanent result. But the sentiment of military tyranny of an earlier and ruder age prevailed. Multiplied cruelties and oppressions goaded the people to madness and resistance, and the arm of Marion was every where strengthened by their encouragement. The British feared and hated him; and Tarleton and Wemyss, two of the most active cavalry officers of the Southern British army, were specially instructed by Cornwallis to catch the "Swamp Fox," if possible. And now, for the first time, the Williamsburg district suffered invasion. Wemyss took the lead in pursuing Marion; and from the Upper Santee to the Black River, and beyond, even to the banks of the Great Pedee, he followed the partisan with hound-like pertinacity, while a band of Tories, ever intent upon plunder, hung upon his rear to get the jackall's share of the carcass of Whig possessions.

Never was a military service so peculiar as that in Marion's Brigade. His force was continually fluctuating, for all were volunteers on call. Some with him to-day would be far away to-morrow, hurrying their families to places of safety, or moving their property from the invader's track. There was a necessity for this, for plunder and conflagration marked the progress of Wemyss and his Tory associates. Marion always yielded to the earnest wishes of his men, when they asked for a day or week to look after family or property. This indulgence made them prompt in duty and faithful in the fulfillment of promises. A desertion was rare; and a soldier seldom remained away longer than his specified furlough. It was this peculiarity of the service that caused the invasion of Wemyss to make a great draft upon the strength of Marion's Brigade, for all homes were endangered, either by the march of the invader or the



NIGHT ATTACK ON THE TORIES

rapacity of resident Tories, made bold by the presence of British power. In his retreat the partisan seldom had more than eighty followers at a time; and when at Drowning Creek, on the last day of August, he made his first halt, and sent back scouts to obtain intelligence, he had only sixty men to follow him into North Carolina. Saddened, but not disheartened, he pressed onward, and sat down at White Marsh, not far from the beautiful banks of Lake Waccamaw, to await the return of scouts sent back from time to time during his flight.

Marion had rested but a day when intelligence came that Wemyss had relinquished pursuit, and had retired to Georgetown. The partisan leaped into his saddle, and twenty hours afterward he and his followers had retraced their steps sixty miles through the Tory settlements on the Little Pedee, and halted on South Carolina soil. He found the people anxiously awaiting his return to lead them to avenge their wrongs. The path of Wemyss, seventy miles in length and fifteen in breadth, was a track of desolation. Sword, bayonet, and torch

had been terribly active. Plantations had been desolated by fire; cattle and sheep had been wantonly bayoneted in the fields; and scores of families were sheltered in the swamps. The men gathered eagerly to the standard of their leader. Cruel wrongs gave strength to their arms, fleetness to their feet, power to their wills; and with the joy of desperate men intent on vengeance they followed Marion toward the Black Mingo Creek, fifteen miles distant, where a body of the hated Tories were encamped. Stealthily as a tiger in the jungle Marion approached his foe. A mile above the Tory camp was a plank bridge across the deep stream, and over it he was obliged to pass. The clatter of the horses' hoofs startled the enemy, and an alarm-gun was fired. Speed rather than caution was now necessary, and the partisan and his men pushed forward, at full gallop, to gunshot distance from the vigilant pickets. There some dismounted, and at midnight Marion's whole force fell upon the Tories at different points. The battle was brief and bloody. Marion lost but one man, while the Tories were almost annihilated. The few survivors fled to the Black Mingo Swamp for refuge; and Toryism in that region dwindled from its late giant proportions into the insignificance of a dwarf. Wavering men came to a decision in the presence of the conqueror, and, with avowed Tories hitherto, joined his ranks. He began to be called the *Invincible*; for he had never struck a blow without success, and throughout the whole low country his name was a terror to Tory and Regular.

There was now a brief lull in the storm of

war, and Marion's Brigade was disbanded for rest, except his officers and a few young men who had no family cares to call them from duty. Marion himself rested near his loved Santee, and thither came Tarleton, toward the close of September, to entrap him. Like Wemyss, Tarleton spread desolation in his path; and, hearing of the dispersion of Marion's Brigade, he felt sure of his prey. He scoured the country between Camden and Williamsburg district, and swept down the Santee far below Mount Hope, but he could never get sight of the partisan. Sometimes he would be within a few miles of him, and feel sure of securing him before the morrow's sun; at the same moment Marion would be watching the movements of the Briton from some dark nook of a morass, and at midnight would strike his rear or flank with a keen and terrible blow.

Early in October, Harrison, a lieutenant of Wemyss's, collected a large body of Tories upon Lynch's Creek, and Marion summoned his Brigade to duty. They were scattered over a large extent of country, among shattered homes which demanded their presence, and the call was tardily responded to. For the first time the partisan began to despond. But the cloud soon passed, and before the close of the month he was again at the head of a gallant band, on his way to measure strength with the enemy in Harrison's camp. After a day's march his scouts discovered foes much nearer than was anticipated. At Tarcote Swamp, in the forks of the Black River, Colonel Tynes was collecting the Tories of that region, and lay encamped there in fancied security. He had no idea that



A SOUTH CAROLINA SWAMP.



MARION PURSUING AN ENEMY.

Marion was again upon the war-path, and neglected common vigilance. Tynes's error was more reprehensible, because he was intrusted with arms, ammunition, clothing, and stores for those who should join his ranks. This wealth of comforts and necessities had been discovered by the patriot scouts, and to Marion's half-clad and badly-armed men that Tory camp appeared a glorious prize. They approached it cautiously at midnight. The camp-fires were burning; some young men were singing boisterously; others were playing at cards; half a dozen were feasting upon stolen poultry; many were sleeping; but none were watching. Marion dashed among them with a shout, and victory followed the first blow. A few Tories were slain, three-and-twenty were made prisoners, and the remainder fled to the swamp, from which they reappeared soon afterward, and joined the victor's ranks upon the High Hills of Santee. Marion did not lose a man! The prisoners were paroled, and, with the spoils of the Tory camp, the patriots pressed forward toward Lynch's Creek.

Tarleton now made another attempt to capture Marion. His Legion was at Camden, and with a small troop of horse he set out from Charleston to meet them on the Congaree. Marion was informed of this movement, and he resolved to attempt the capture of Tarleton before he could effect a junction with his corps. He failed, and the brave Colonel, with his whole force, was soon in swift pursuit of the partisan. Through deep morasses and across miry streams they followed, until they reached the verge of the vast and gloomy Ox Swamp, when, tired of the chase, Tarleton exclaimed, "Come, my

boys; let us go back! We will soon find the Game-cock of the Catawba [Sumter], but as for this cursed Swamp Fox, the devil himself could not catch him." The pursuit was abandoned; and from the gates of Charleston to the High Hills of Santee Marion remained sole master.

Harrison retreated toward Camden, when the partisan approached and the Tories on the Pedee were awed into inactivity. Confident in the strength of his daily-augmenting Brigade, Marion now resolved to achieve greater deeds than hitherto, and he turned toward Georgetown to attempt its capture. It was a strong post, and well garrisoned. Surprise would be difficult; open assault dangerous; a siege foolish. The partisan chose the former course, and toward midnight, on the 9th of November, 1780, his gallant band lay concealed within three miles of the British stockade. The commander of the post was vigilant, and was prepared for an attack at any moment. Severe skirmishes ensued early in the morning, and Marion, discomfited for the first time, retired to Snow's Island, and there established a permanent camp amidst the dark recesses of its swamps. He carried thither a sad heart, for a misfortune greater than discomfiture had fallen upon him. His nephew, Gabriel Marion, a fine, manly youth, was made a prisoner by the Tories on that fatal morning. His very name was a capital crime in the estimation of the blood-hounds, and after brief consultation they murdered him. The act was so atrocious that even the humane nature of Marion yielded to the importunities of retributive justice. His Brigade vowed vengeance, and from that time "No quarter for Tories!" was the battle-cry of his men. From



MARION AND THE BRITISH OFFICER AT DINNER.

the close of 1780 until the end of the contest, the partisan warfare in South Carolina was terrible in the extreme.

Surrounded by deep morasses, and reached by causeways known only to the friends of the partisan, Marion's camp on Snow's Island was almost as impregnable as the moated castles of the Norman barons; and, under the authority of his commission from Governor Rutledge, he exercised the autocratic power of a czar over a large district of country. He proclaimed martial law at the beginning of 1781, and was exceedingly efficient in aiding General Greene, who, having taken command of the gathering Southern army, marched toward the Pedee and established a camp upon the Cheraw Hills. From his marshy fastnesses Marion sent out

detachments to scatter Tory recruits, destroy bridges in the line of march of British troops, strike camps at midnight, and cut off convoys of provisions and arms by day. He never followed beaten tracks, and his foes knew not from what direction to expect his blade. He never deviated in his marches to cross bridges, but made his horse swim the broadest and deepest streams that flowed across his path. The others followed as the flock imitates the bell-wether, and victories were never lost by delays. His movements were as secret as they were fleet and efficient, and those not actually in his train were often ignorant of his position. He was abroad when the brave Lieutenant Colonel Lee (whose legion was the right arm of the Southern army under Greene) sought to join him, in the win-

ter of 1781. Lee searched for days without success, for Marion was making rapid and erratic marches in the midst of vast swamps. He was seldom at his island camp; for he never intrusted the secret of his schemes, even to his best officers, until the moment for action, and therefore it was necessary that he should lead and direct the blows. His camp was only a permanent rendezvous; yet he always left a sufficient garrison there to watch and defend it.

It was while in his camp on Snow's Island that an interesting scene occurred between Marion and a young British officer, who had been sent up from Georgetown to negotiate with the partisan for an exchange of prisoners. The Briton was met by some of Marion's scouts. When his errand was made known his captors blindfolded him, and led him by circuitous and intricate pathways to the presence of their chief. A strange vision met the trembling young man when the muffle was removed from his eyes. Like stately columns in some old cathedral stood the towering cypresses, and from their branches hung clustered moss, like trophy-banners in the baronial halls of olden time. There, too, stood gigantic pines; and up almost every trunk crept the muscadine, or clinging parasite, while the ever-green water-oak, and greener laurel, and still greener wild olive, gave beauty to the grandeur. Stranger than these were the men and their condition, of whom history was daily making its wonderful records. They were a motley multitude in mien and manners. Some were sleeping; some were engaged in quoits and other sports; others were cleaning their arms; and here and there were groups of horses of almost every size and color. And to the eyes of the young Briton the chief was the greatest wonder of all. Instead of a man in stature mighty as his deeds, he beheld a diminutive person, with apparently too little dignity to command the respect of a corporal's guard. Yet it *was* General Marion, and his brave deeds were undoubted. Their conference was long and pleasant, and when the young officer prepared to depart Marion politely invited him to tarry and dine with him. The invitation was accepted, and dinner, consisting entirely of roasted potatoes, was soon afterward served upon a huge log, by the side of which the partisan seated himself, and invited his guest to join him.

"Surely, General," exclaimed the astonished officer, "this can not be your ordinary fare!"

"It certainly is," Marion replied; "and it is fortunate that we have a sufficient supply to-day to entertain company." This was no foolish display to make an impression upon the mind of the young man; for it was, indeed, sumptuous fare when compared with many dinners the partisan and his followers had eaten. Yet it *did* make a powerful impression upon the young officer. Tradition avers that he immediately resigned his commission on reaching Georgetown, declaring that such men could not be, and ought not to be, subdued.

Soon after General Greene took position upon Cheraw Hill he sent Lieutenant Colonel Lee to assist Marion, who was then dealing heavy blows here and there against the Tories. He held the whole region of the Pedee in awe, for he had plucked victories almost within cannon-shot of the pickets at Georgetown. He had even menaced the British post there; and when Lee joined him a plan for its capture was immediately arranged. Although the British works were strong, and our partisans had no cannons, they felt confident of success. They proceeded to the attack in two divisions. The assault was made at midnight, but little was effected. Yet the enterprise was not fruitless of good to the patriot cause. The audacity of the attempt had a powerful effect upon the minds of the British officers at the South; and the contemplated movement of a large portion of their forces from the sea-board to the interior was abandoned. Thus was begun a series of movements in which Marion was one of the most important participators, designed to keep Cornwallis from Virginia until a sufficient force to oppose him might be collected there.

The ill success at Georgetown did not cool the ardor of Marion and Lee. After resting a few hours they hastened across the country, and moved rapidly up the north bank of the Santee toward Nelson's Ferry, to surprise Colonel Watson, an active British officer, who had taken post there. Watson was apprised of their approach, and placing a garrison of eighty men in a stockade named in his honor, situated five miles above the ferry, he hastened on toward Camden with the remainder of his troops. Greene was now about to commence his famous retreat toward Virginia, closely pursued by Cornwallis; and just as Marion and Lee were moving to the attack of Fort Watson, an order arrived summoning the latter with his whole legion to join Greene at Guilford Court House.

The departure of Lee greatly weakened Marion's force, yet he was not less active than before, and his enterprises were generally more important and successful. He sent out from his island-fortress small detachments to beat up Tory camps and recruiting stations wherever they might be found. His subordinates caught his spirit, imitated his example, and were generally successful. Like him, they never lingered upon the arena of victory, to be surprised, but, when a blow was struck, they hastened away to other fields of conflict. The Horrys, the Postelles, the Jameses, and others less conspicuous, emulated their commander, and as leaders of small bands they made Marion multipotent.

Toward the last of January powder and balls became scarce, and many rifles were useless. Marion at once formed four companies of cavalry, and the blacksmiths of Kingstree were made busy in forging saws into rude broadswords for the new corps. These were placed under the command of Colonel Peter Horry, and in February he was eastward of the Pedee battling with Tories and British regulars. Soon after-

ward we find him skirmishing with the enemy near Georgetown, and then he cast up intrenchments and sat down at Sand Hill among rich and friendly Whigs. It was a pleasant place for Horry; but Marion soon called him to the more appropriate theatre of action, the open field.

In the spring of 1781 Colonel Watson was sent, with a select corps, to attempt the destruction of Marion's Brigade. He moved cautiously, for the bold partisan was abroad, striking successful blows at all points, and possessed apparently of ubiquitous powers. Colonel Tynes, whose corps was dispersed by Marion at Tarcote Swamp, was again in the field. This was a common event. Marion never encumbered himself with prisoners. He paroled them all, and soon again he would find himself contending against those his clemency had saved. Tynes had a large force in the forests on the Black River, and approached the camp of the partisan. Marion made a swift circuit, fell upon Tynes, made him and the greater portion of his Tories prisoners, and sent them to North Carolina. Tynes soon escaped and came back, gathered more Tories, and was a third time defeated by Marion.

A few days afterward, Marion met Major M'Iraith, one of the most honorable of the Tory leaders, in a swamp near Nelson's Ferry. Each prepared for battle, when the humane M'Iraith proposed to have twenty picked men from each little army, in imitation of a Roman precedent, fight the battle and decide the contest. The forty men were drawn up and confronted, just as the sun went down. The Tory party fell back; and at midnight, while Marion's men were anxiously awaiting the advance of their foes, M'Iraith and his whole force fled, leaving their heavy baggage behind. Marion was careful not to let his enemy escape thereafter in the same way.

About the first of March, Watson left his fort on the Santee, with a large body of regulars and loyalists, to pursue Marion with energy. At the same time Colonel Doyle, with another strong force of the same material, marched for Marion's camp on Snow's Island. The partisan was fully informed of these movements. His Brigade now consisted of about three hundred men. They were "few," indeed, "but true and tried," and Watson soon found to his cost that the Swamp Fox was more cunning than he. While he supposed the partisan to be fleeing before him, and he was hastening down the Santee to fall upon his rear, Marion made one of his rapid and eccentric marches, and on the verge of Wyboo Swamp, suddenly appeared in battle order in the path of the pursuer. The meeting was unexpected to both parties, and a severe skirmish ensued between Horry and Richboo, the leaders of the respective advanced guards. Watson had field-pieces, Marion had none, and he was obliged to yield to cannon-balls and fall back. Watson encamped on the battle-field that night, and re-

newed the pursuit in the morning. Several slight skirmishes ensued; and at a bridge that spanned the Black River, a few miles below Kingstree, Marion checked the progress of his pursuer by burning that structure, and pouring a deadly shower of rifle-balls upon Watson's column from the other side of the stream. Down the river, upon opposite sides, the belligerents marched about ten miles, skirmishing all the way, with the sluggish stream between them. Darkness terminated the conflict, and both parties arranged their flying camps for needful rest. Watson took post at Blakeley's plantation, where he remained stationary for ten days, continually annoyed by Marion. He was soon compelled to choose between certain destruction in detail there, or attempt boldly to fight his way to Georgetown. He decided upon the latter course, and during an intensely dark night he fled. Marion pursued, fell upon him at Sampit bridge, near Georgetown, and smote down many of the wearied soldiers of the crown. Watson escaped to Georgetown with the remnant of his army, bitterly complaining that Marion would not "fight like a gentleman or a Christian!"

While Watson was at Blakeley's plantation, an event occurred which illustrates the true bravery and nobility of many of the women of the Revolution. It is only one of a thousand such illustrations which the records of that struggle reveal. Among the bravest leaders in Marion's Brigade was Captain Conyers, a young gentleman of good family, handsome in person, and a superior horseman. He was betrothed to Mary, the beautiful daughter of John Wither-spoon, and sister to two of his noble companions in arms. The young lady was residing at Blakeley's when Watson encamped there. Conyers was aware of it, and almost daily he would ride within rifle-shot of the British pickets, challenge them to fight, and often skirmished in the very presence of the girl he loved. She was proud of her gallant knight, and her heart beat with delight when she heard the low voice of some sentinel give the warning, "Take care! there comes Conyers." The British officers were exceedingly annoyed by his defiant taunts. One day, when Conyers was repeating his challenge, and the maiden stood listening with joyous pride to his words, an officer approached her, and spoke sneeringly of the young champion. Her eyes flashed with indignation, and drawing her heavy-heeled walking shoe from her foot, she flung it in the face of the insulter, exclaiming, "Coward! go and meet him!"

The Tory Colonel, Doyle, penetrated to Marion's camp on Snow's Island while the partisan and Watson were making their way across the country, and with his superior force dispersed the little garrison, destroyed the provisions and stores, and then marched up Lynch's Creek. Marion pursued the marauder until informed that Doyle had destroyed all his own heavy baggage, and was retreating rapidly, a day in advance, toward Camden. He then wheeled

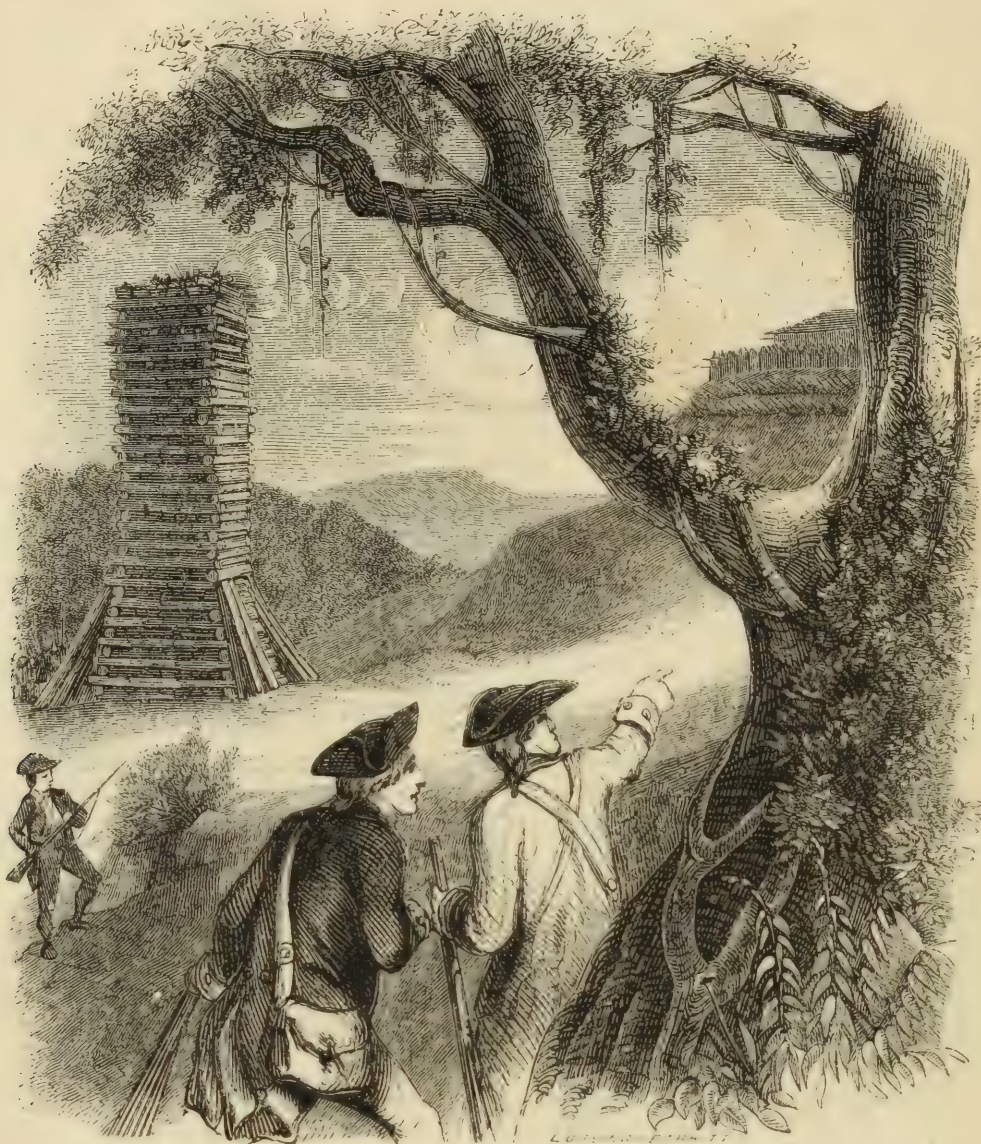


THE INSULTED MAIDEN.

and hastened through the overflowed swamps to confront Watson, who was again in motion, with fresh troops, and had encamped upon Cat-fish Creek, near the present Marion Court House. The partisan halted within five miles of him, and there, on the 14th of April, he was again joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, with a part of his legion. This junction alarmed Watson. He burned his heavy baggage, wheeled his field-pieces into Cat-fish Creek, and fled precipitately by a circuitous route back to Georgetown.

Marion was anxious to pursue Watson, but Lee dissuaded him, and the next morning they were marching toward the Santee. Marion left Captain Gavin Witherspoon on Watson's trail, and on the evening of the 15th he and Lee sat down before Fort Watson. It was a small stockade upon the top of one of the ancient tumuli supposed to have been made by an early aboriginal race, upheaved near the border of Scott's Lake, an expansion of the Santee. It was garrisoned by eighty men, under Lieutenant M'Kay. Marion immediately demanded an unconditional surrender. M'Kay promptly refused, for the besiegers were without cannon, and he vainly hoped for the approach of

Watson. The assailants were conscious of the dangers of delay. What could they do? Their rifle-balls were powerless upon the pickets, and the garrison could not be reached. Marion's Brigade never lacked expedients in emergencies, and at the suggestion of Maham, one of his lieutenants, a plan was readily executed by which the fort was taken. There was a wood near by. The trees were felled, carried on men's shoulders to rifle-shot distance from the fort, and piled up so as to form a quadrangular tower sufficiently high to overlook the pickets. Upon the top of this a parapet was made of sapplings for the defense of persons mounted there. This work was accomplished during the darkness of night, intensified by a clouded sky; and at dawn the next morning, the unsuspecting garrison were awakened by a deadly shower of balls from a company of sure marksmen upon the top of the tower. Detachments assailed the fort at different points at the same time. Resistance was vain, and M'Kay surrendered the fort and garrison by capitulation. Marion, with the prisoners and booty, pushed forward to the High Hills of Santee, and there, with his Brigade reduced to less than eighty men, he



THE MAHAM TOWER AT FORT WATSON.

watched the movements of Watson and awaited orders from Greene.

Marion was as impatient as a hound in the leash upon the Santee Hills. He heard the cannons boom at Camden when Greene and Rawdon fought on the 24th of April, and his scouts told him of the march of Watson up the Congaree, while he was too weak in numbers to oppose him. Lee and his legion had been withdrawn by Greene; four-score men of the Brigade, under Colonel Irvine, were harassing convoys of provisions for Rawdon's camp; a smaller party were watching the rising Tories on the Pedee, and the brave Colonel Harden, of Beaufort, with another detachment, was spreading terror among the British and Tories from Monk's Corner on the head-waters of the Cooper to the far-off banks of the Savannah.

To enable Marion to confront Watson, Greene had sent Major Eaton, with some Continentals, to join him. They did not reach the Santee Hills until the 2d of May, and then it was too late, for Watson had arrived safely at Camden, and was preparing to cross the Wateree with Rawdon, to drive Greene beyond the Broad River. But Marion did not remain idle because

Watson had escaped. Harden had captured Fort Balfour, at old Pocotaligo, with a hundred prisoners. His corps of seventy men had swollen to two hundred, and he had opened a communication with Pickens, Clarke, and Twiggs, then menacing the British posts at Augusta and Ninety-Six. Sumter was keeping watch and ward between the Edisto and Santee; and on the 8th of May, being again joined by Lee, Marion crossed the Congaree at Wright's Bluff, and proceeded to invest Fort Motte, one of three of the chain of British posts between Nelson's Ferry and the upper country.

Fort Motte was the principal dépôt between Charleston, Camden, and Ninety-Six. It was the fine mansion of Rebecca Motte, the widow of a wealthy planter, and herself a sterling patriot. The British had driven her from her dwelling to the farm-house upon a hill, fortified it, and garrisoned it with one hundred and fifty men, under Captain M'Pherson. Marion and Lee took position near the farm-house, and planted a six-pounder upon a mound, in a position to rake the most important part of the British works. M'Pherson had no artillery, and his safety depended upon expected aid from



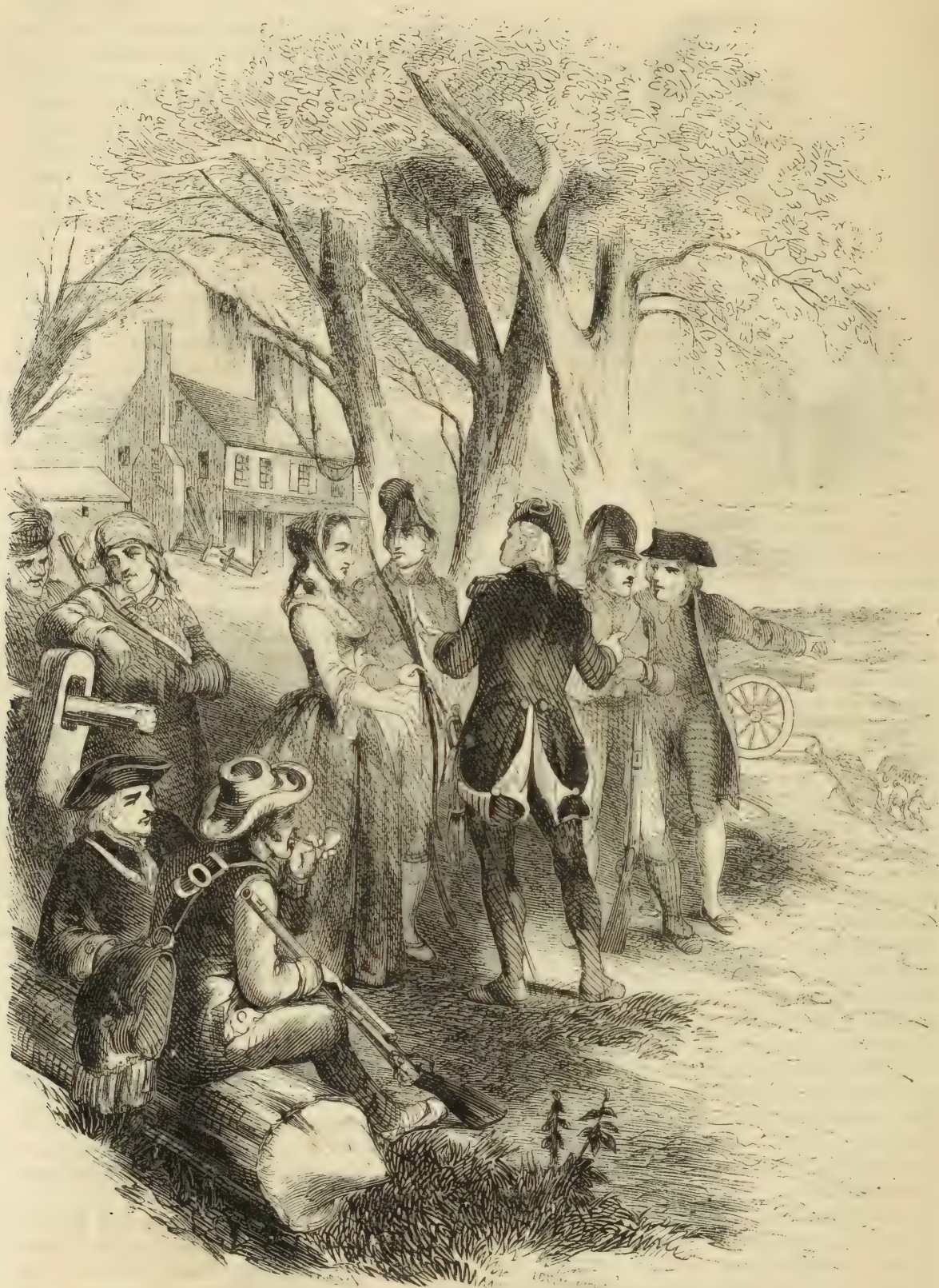
REBECCA MOTTE.

Ninety-Six or Camden. The besiegers commenced regular approaches by a trench; but when intelligence reached them that Rawdon was on his march from Camden to Nelson's Ferry, and would probably fall upon their rear within forty hours, it was resolved to abandon the too slow advance to certain victory. Lee delicately suggested to Mrs. Motte the necessity of burning her mansion in order to dislodge the British. Her assent was not only promptly but cheerfully given, and when several attempts to hurl ignited combustibles upon the roof by means of inferior bows and arrows had failed, the patriotic lady brought out some superior ones, which an English gentleman from the East Indies had presented to her. These carried their fatal burdens with unerring precision, and soon the dry shingles, upon which the rays of the sun had been pouring for twelve consecutive days, were all in a blaze. British soldiers ran up from within to quench the flames, when two shots from Marion's field-piece raked the loft, and they retreated below. M'Pherson hung out a white flag, the firing ceased, the flames were extinguished, the garrison was surrendered, and two hours afterward the American and British officers were entertained together with a sumptuous dinner at the table of Mrs. Motte. Colonel Horry, who was present on that occasion, relates an amusing anecdote. The bland courtesy of Mrs. Motte, and the kind deportment of the American officers, gave even the tone of hilarity to the company. Among the prisoners was Captain Ferguson, an officer of considerable reputation. He introduced himself to Colonel Horry, and said, "I was with Colonel Watson when he fought your General Marion on Sampit. I think I saw you there with a party of horse; and also at Nelson's Ferry, when Marion surprised our party at the house. But," he continued, "I was hid in high grass and escaped. You were fortunate in your escape at Sampit, for Watson and Small

had twelve hundred men." "If so," replied Horry, "I certainly was fortunate, for I did not suppose they had half that number." "I consider myself," added the Captain, "equally fortunate in escaping at Nelson's Old Field." "Truly you were," answered Horry, dryly; "for Marion had but thirty militiamen on that occasion!" The officers present laughed heartily. When Greene (who arrived just after dinner) asked Horry how he came to affront Captain Ferguson, the partisan replied, "He affronted himself, by telling his own story."

A cloud of ill-feeling hung momentarily between Greene and Marion at about this time. Greene wanted cavalry horses, and because Marion was unwilling to dismount his Brigade to furnish them, the commanding general was vexed, and spoke harshly. He would have withheld his words of censure had he understood Marion's necessities. They were keen stings to the sensitive spirit of the partisan, and, conscious of their injustice, he tendered his resignation. Greene soon learned his mistake, generously admitted his error, and apologetically urged Marion to continue in the field. The patriot's indignation was allayed by his general's justice, and the cloud passed away. The great evil of his loss to the service was avoided, yet a lesser evil accrued. Marion's men heard of the requisition for their horses, and, fearing the loss of them, many fled upon the deserter's path, with the plausible plea that planting-time required them at home. Yet Marion was not disheartened. He confided in all his men, and turning from Fort Motte with the remnant of his corps, he hastened after Lord Rawdon, then retreating rapidly toward Charleston, and smote his laggards with terrible effect. At the same time Sumter was successfully besieging the British fort at Orangeburg, and Lee and Finley were wresting Fort Granby, near modern Columbia, from a garrison of loyalists under Major Maxwell, a refugee from the eastern shore of Maryland. One after another the British posts on the Santee and Congaree fell into the hands of the republicans. Early in June the forts at Augusta and Ninety-Six were the only foot-holds of the enemy in the interior, and the latter was then closely besieged by General Greene.

Marion and Sumter were charged with the duty of keeping Lord Rawdon in check, while Greene prosecuted the siege of Ninety-Six. They also watched with keen vigilance the British posts at Dorchester and Monk's Corner, and the more remote garrison at Georgetown. The latter, much weakened by drafts for Rawdon's army, was a tempting bait for Marion's ambition; and while Sumter kept an eagle eye upon the country between the Santee and Edisto, up which Rawdon would march to the relief of Ninety-Six, the bold Brigadier, accompanied by a troop of cavalry under Maham (now promoted to Colonel), hastened toward the Win-yaw region. The people of Williamsburg District flocked to his standard as he passed through,



MRS. MOTTE PRESENTS BOW AND ARROWS.

and on the 6th of June he suddenly appeared before Georgetown. The affrighted garrison made but slight resistance, fled to vessels in the harbor, and escaped down the bay, leaving Marion master of that important post. He could not spare men enough to garrison it, so he moved every thing of value to the service up to his old camp on Snow's Island, demolished the military works, and abandoned the place.

A cry for help now came from the country beyond the Lower Santee. The loyalists of

Charleston had organized under the command of Colonel Ball, and had commenced laying waste the plantations in the Whig parishes of St. John and St. Stephen, and were carrying off provisions and live cattle. Marion hurried to the relief of the people, and played the same game so successfully that he completely checkmated the enemy. He drove the cattle, and removed provisions and other valuables to a place of safety beyond the Santee, and then so ravaged the whole country in front of the ma-

raiders that they found nothing but a barren waste. The loyalists were appalled by his wonderful achievements, and shrunk back toward the capital, while the British detachments on the head-waters of the Cooper and Ashley rivers cautiously remained within their fortified camps when Marion was near.

Lord Rawdon, in the meantime, made his way toward Ninety-Six, and by his superior force compelled Greene to abandon the siege, and retreat toward the Saluda. Rawdon pursued him a short distance, and then turned to the right, and took post at Orangeburg, near the banks of the North Edisto. Greene wheeled and followed him, but Rawdon's strength and the increasing heats of summer caused the American general to cross the Congaree, and encamp upon the salubrious High Hills of Santee. From thence he detached Sumter, Marion, Lee, Hampton, and other brave partisan leaders to beat up the British posts in the direction of Charleston, and cause Rawdon to leave Orangeburg and move down the country toward the sea-board. Sumter was placed in general command, and, with Marion and Lee for his shield and buckler, he soon carried victories almost to the gates of Charleston. Lee captured the garrison at Dorchester; Hampton pushed forward and captured a patrol within five miles of the city gates, swept over the country to Strawberry Ferry, where he surrounded and seized fifty well-mounted refugees, and burned several vessels laden with stores for the British army; while Marion, with wonderful celerity, scattered Tory gatherings in every direction. Then the partisans with united forces proceeded to attack a large garrison near Monk's Corner. They sat down within a mile of the British works at sunset, with the intention of making an assault in the morning. At midnight the frightened enemy decamped, after setting fire to a church in which they had valuable stores, and by the light of the burning fane Sumter and his army pursued them. Marion and Lee overtook the rear-guard of the fugitives at Quimby's Bridge, after a chase of eighteen miles. They cast down their arms and begged for quarter, while the main body gained the opposite side of the stream and attempted to destroy the bridge. The fiery partisans, one after another, dashed over the half-loosened planks, and drove the British for shelter to a strong farmhouse a little distance up the stream, and there Sumter and Marion waged a bloody warfare upon them for three hours. Darkness, and a failure of powder in the American ranks, caused the firing to cease; and the approach of Rawdon down the Santee made it necessary for the Americans to withdraw the following morning. It was the most disastrous battle in which Marion had been engaged. Almost its entire weight fell upon his Brigade, and fifty of his brave followers were killed or disabled. Sumter retired to the Hills of Santee; and

Marion with his shattered troops went lower down that river to watch the movements of the enemy.

Marion now suddenly disappeared from the Santee, and as suddenly was seen sweeping across the country, in the direction of the Edisto, to relieve Colonel Harden, who was closely pressed by a superior force under Major Fraser, at Parker's Ferry, a few miles above Jacksonborough. That officer's camp was at the Ferry. Marion prepared an ambuscade, and then sent some of his fleetest horses, with experienced riders, to decoy Fraser into the snare by a pursuit. The stratagem was successful, and the British were terribly handled. The sure rifles of Marion's men thinned Fraser's ranks at every volley; but when victory was almost within their grasp their ammunition failed, and the commander, with the remainder of his cavalry, escaped. Marion, however, did not lose a man, and effected the rescue of Harden. He slept upon his arms that night, and early in the morning he was on his way toward Eutaw, obedient to the call of Greene.

When Rawdon left Orangeburg and went down to Charleston, he left the British troops in command of Lieutenant Stewart. These were joined by the garrison at Ninety-Six, because Augusta had fallen; and that remote post, unsupported by those on the Congaree, could not be long maintained. Greene left the Santee Hills toward the close of August; and Stewart, fearing the Americans would cross the Congaree, and get between himself and the sea-board, left Orangeburg, and commenced a rapid retreat toward Charleston. Greene overtook him at Eutaw Springs, and on the 8th of September they fought a sanguinary battle there. Victory, at first with the Americans, appeared to remain with the British at last; yet so doubtful was Stewart of success that he resumed his retreat toward Charleston the next day, leaving Greene master of the field. Marion and Lee pursued him some distance; and the Brigade being join-



EUTAW SPRING

ed by corps of mountain-men, under Colonels Shelby and Sevier, prepared for bolder enterprises. Marion attacked a strong British outpost at Fairlawn, and captured the garrison and three hundred stand of arms, with provisions and stores, while Stewart and his main army were encamped behind redoubts at Wappetaw and Wantoot, not far distant. Confident that the partisan with his reinforcements could keep Stewart in check, Greene moved forward with his whole army to the banks of the Edisto, less than fifty miles from Charleston. But just as Marion was preparing to strike the British heavier blows than he had yet given, the mountain-men, disliking the cautious warfare of the low country, suddenly left him, and he was compelled to linger around the head-waters of the Cooper, as a vigilant watcher of the thoroughly alarmed enemy. During the ensuing hundred days he was the inexorable jailer of the British army, whose limit of patrol was circumscribed to the peninsula within Charleston Neck.

Hope now dawned upon the future of the South; indeed, the whole country was glowing with its auroral light. The fatal blow to British power in America had been given at Yorktown, and the royal troops were confined to three sea-board cities—New York, Charleston, and Savannah. General Leslie was in command at Charleston, and his supplies from the country being cut off, his situation became daily more critical. Famine, with its implacable tooth, appeared in his camp, and the slaughter of two hundred of his cavalry horses did not appease its appetite. Death from starvation—a dangerous attempt at evacuation of the city—or an equally dangerous attempt to penetrate the country and fight for provisions and forage—were the alternatives. Leslie chose the latter; and when Greene was informed of the British troops being under marching orders he supposed their destination was his camp. He summoned Marion and his whole force thither. The partisan, better informed than his general, left his Brigade with Horry at Monk's Corner, and hastened to the presence of Greene with correct information. His absence became known to Leslie, and three hundred men were sent to attack Horry before the partisan could return. They were too slow for Marion's movements. Before their near approach he was back from the Continental camp, and without waiting for the appearance of his enemy he pushed forward with an inferior force, charged the invaders furiously, and scattered them like chaff. The impetuous Maham, not content with this route, pursued them too far. They turned upon him and slew two-and-twenty of his cavalry. It was a sad loss, yet the victory of the Americans was complete.

Leaving his Brigade with Horry, Marion hastened to Jacksonborough to take a seat in the Legislature assembled there, to which he had been chosen. He left the field with reluctance, but his duty seemed to call him to the hall of

deliberation. The meeting of that Assembly there, within striking distance of the enemy at Charleston and on John's Island, was a bold movement, and it had a powerful effect upon Whigs and Tories. Greene moved forward, and encamped between Jacksonborough and Charleston, and the Legislature deliberated in safety. Important measures were adopted, and a broad foundation for the future government of the State was laid in wise and wholesome laws there enacted. What special service Marion performed in that civil capacity we know not. Sumter and other military leaders were among his colleagues, and their popularity in the field, no doubt, gave their opinions great weight in that council. But while duty held Marion there, his heart was far away with his Brigade. A cloud of anxiety was ever upon his brow, for he knew that Horry was sometimes incautious, and that Maham, who was beside him in the Senate, had, in a fit of jealousy, detached his cavalry, and stationed them at a considerable distance from the main body. His anxiety was well founded.

Leslie again took advantage of Marion's absence from the field, and sent the loyalist, Colonel Thompson (afterward the celebrated Count Rumford), with seven hundred men, to attack Horry. When the movement was known, Marion and Maham hastened to join their troops. When they reached the cavalry at Wambaw, Horry's command had been attacked and dispersed. Their leader was away sick, and a total defeat had occurred. Marion pressed forward at the head of Maham's cavalry, succeeded in rallying many of his flying Brigade, and then dealt such heavy blows upon the enemy that he ceased pursuit, and retreated toward Charleston. The partisan then retired with the broken remnant of his corps across the Santee, to reorganize and recruit.

The sum of military operations in that quarter from this period until the evacuation of Charleston by the British, consisted chiefly of attempts by the enemy to obtain provisions from the country, and the opposition of the Americans thereto. In these operations Marion's brigade bore a conspicuous part. Although reduced to two hundred infantry militia and one hundred horse, it seemed to be more efficient than ever, and he kept the country around Charleston in perfect security against British marauders during the whole winter. When spring opened he extended his operations; and early in April he was keeping watch and ward over the country between the Cooper and Santee, from Haddrell's Point to the far interior. While thus engaged, a Scotch emissary was sent out by Leslie to give false intelligence concerning the strength and intentions of the British, and to stir up an insurrection among the Scotch Highlanders of the Pedee region, who from the first had been the worst enemies of republicanism at the South. Leslie's object was to draw Marion in that direction, that he might safely send out foraging parties for provisions. The insurrection broke



MARION CROSSING THE PEDEE.

out while Marion was again at the camp of Greene. His old enemy, Major Gainey, was at the head of the insurgents, and the rising appeared formidable. Marion hastened to his camp, divided his Brigade into three detachments, and so secret and rapid were his movements that the three divisions had penetrated the Pedee country before the loyalists had any suspicions that they had yet crossed the Santee. The rebellion was instantly crushed. Gainey implored pardon; and at the Bowling-green, between the Great and Little Pedee, five hundred loyalists laid down their arms at the feet of the partisan. Gainey, completely humbled, renounced his allegiance to the crown, and, with many of the loyalists, joined the ranks of Marion.

On that field of submission the wisdom, courage, honor, and humanity of Marion were nobly displayed in his conduct toward two of the worst loyalists of the South. One was David Fanning, a sanguinary brute, who, at one time, was at the head of a thousand Tory marauders in North Carolina. He had been the terror of the people in the central portions of that State for a long time, and he and his followers actually entered Hillsborough while the Legislature were in session, seized Governor Burke and several prominent Whigs, and carried them in triumph to the British commander at Wilmington. Despairing of the royal cause, and conscious of his deserts, this man sent a flag to Marion, with a request that his wife and property might be safely conducted to Charleston.

The men of the Brigade were averse to such indulgence; but the wiser leader said, "Let his wife and property reach the British lines, and Fanning will soon follow. Force them to remain, and we only keep a serpent in our bosom." Events justified his decision. The miscreant soon followed his family to Charleston, and was among the loyalists who sailed for Nova Scotia toward the close of the year. The other outlaw was named Butler, equal in cruelty to his Tory namesakes of the North. The friends of many of the Brigade had suffered at his hands, and they had resolved to hang him. Marion had guaranteed life to all who laid down their arms, and he would not suffer his men to harm even so great a sinner as Butler. His men insisted upon the sacrifice, and even uttered mutinous threats against their leader. Marion took Butler to his own tent, declared his resolution to defend his life or perish himself, and that night had him conveyed to a place of safety; saying, "Though I consider the villainy of Butler unparalleled, yet I have pledged the honor of a soldier in the capitulation, and I am bound to protect him."

The British had now become tired of unsuccessful war, and in March a decree went forth from the imperial Cabinet that hostilities should cease. Leslie communicated to Greene his intention of leaving the country as soon as possible, and asked permission to purchase food for the voyage, of the planters. Greene refused, for he had no faith in the promises of men whom he had found so faithless, and he would not consent to nourish a viper that yet had power to sting.

"Then I will get by force what I am not permitted to purchase," answered Leslie; and taking advantage of Marion's absence on the Pedee, he sent out foraging parties up the Santee and Winyaw Bay. Leaving Colonel Baxter to hold the subdued Tory region, Marion hastened southward, collected his scattered troops, and crossing the Santee with three hundred men, he swept over the country between that and the Cooper River, almost to the seaboard. Georgetown was now menaced, and away he sped to its defense. While he was making that post secure the enemy went up the Santee and plundered the rice plantations on its margin; and quite a large foraging party marched up Charleston Neck for the interior. Back came Marion with his whole force and drove the British to their lines. He then encamped upon his favorite spot on the plantation of the fugitive Tory, Sir John Colleton, near the Watboo Creek, and kept his scouts and cavalry active in watching the enemy. There was fought his last battle for the liberties of his country. Major Fraser, who had suffered so terribly by the shots of Marion's Brigade at Parker's Ferry, was sent with a hundred dragoons to attack him. The battle was severe, but victory, as usual, remained with Marion. He did not lose a man; and when the discomfited enemy retreated to Charleston he sat down among

the cedars of Watboo, with his brave warriors around him, to take his final rest after his final victory. From the hearts of those gallant men welled up the sentiment—

"Thus sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the victor's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the victor's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-tree grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves."

The storm of the Revolution was now over, and the sun of Peace beamed sweetly among the breaking clouds. The British were preparing to leave the country forever. An opportunity was offered for striking them with a parting blow, and the privilege was earnestly solicited, for the wrongs which many of the Brigade had suffered made them vengeful. The noble partisan would not listen to their suggestions; and in that hour of triumph and temptation his words were the revelations of a great and generous soul.

"My Brigade," he said, "is composed of citizens, enough of whose blood has been shed already. If *ordered* to attack the enemy, I shall obey; but, with my consent, not another life shall be lost, though the event should procure me the highest honors of the soldier. Knowing, as we do, that the enemy are on the eve of departure, so far from offering to molest, I would rather send a party to protect them."

A few days afterward a touching scene occurred near the banks of the winding Watboo. Marion there parted with his Brigade forever, as their beloved leader. Among the stately cedars of Watboo, with the bright sky above, he called his soldiers around him, and after a brief address, in modest but affecting words he bade them all FAREWELL. It was a hard word for leader and follower to utter; and the furrows of many a brown cheek were filled with tears. He took each brave man by the hand, uttered the Adieu, and then, accompanied by only two or three friends, he rode to his quiet home on the banks of the Santee. There all was desolation; for neglect and the marauder's hand had borne rule there for seven long years. He was compelled to begin the world anew, as a planter, when more than fifty years of age. Of his stock and implements of husbandry nothing remained; and only ten of a large number of adult negroes appeared as workers when he returned. He was also penniless; but he had good health, a willing hand, and indomitable energy—glorious capital for a young man, and eminently available even for one so far advanced as Marion.

The people of his district had again chosen him to be their representative in the Senate; and there he was distinguished for his generosity and clemency toward those whose estates had been confiscated by the act of a furious



MARION PARTING WITH HIS BRIGADE.

Assembly. He was ever foremost in efforts to repeal that Act, notwithstanding he had ample cause for disliking those upon whom its power fell. Then came another Act for consideration, in which he was personally interested. It was intended to shield from legal prosecution those military leaders who, in the discharge of their duties, had seized or destroyed private property. Marion's name was in the bill. When he heard it pronounced the veteran arose, and after expressing his assent to its provisions, he desired his name to be omitted, saying, with all the conscious dignity of a just man,

"If I have given occasion for complaint, I am ready to answer, in property or person. I ask no shield of special law. If I have wronged any man, I am willing to make him restitution. If, in a single instance, in the course of my command, I have done that which I can not fully justify, justice requires that I should suffer for it."

These were the words of a man conscious of having done no wrong, and confident in the truth and justice of his fellow-countrymen. His name was omitted, but no man ever appeared

at his gate for restitution. The Tories loved and honored him for his forbearance and many virtues; and they never forgot his generous sentiment, uttered at the table of Governor Matthews—

"Gentlemen, here's damnation to the Confiscation Act."

Marion's countrymen, in general, were not slow to recognize his services. In February, 1783, the Senate of his State gave him a vote of thanks, and ordered a gold medal to be presented to him "for his great, glorious, and meritorious conduct." Like many medals and monuments ordered by grateful compatriots to honor the soldiers of the Revolution, that medal was never made. Yet something more substantial was done. Fort Johnson, the scene of his first military career, was repaired, and he was appointed its commandant, with a liberal salary. The office was created for him, as a delicate way to reward him for past services and losses. After a while legislative reformers made war upon it. The salary was reduced to five hundred dollars a year, and Marion had the mortification to hold a sinecure office against the wishes of many of his fellow-citizens. Yet

his necessities compelled him to accept the pittance and endure the damage to his self-respect. At this juncture, when his pride and his poverty were at war, an "angel of deliverance" appeared. A wealthy Huguenot lady, who, though never married, had seen more than forty summers, charmed with his character and his exploits, delicately intimated to some friends her willingness to bestow her hand and fortune upon the bachelor hero. Marion was not unwilling, and so Mary Videau became his loving wife. Mutual respect and daily-growing affection made each happy in their new relation, and the declining life of the soldier was calm, peaceful, and joyous. His roof was always a shelter for the wanderer, especially if he was a relic of the war; and that generous hospitality for which the people of the South are so remarkable was full and overflowing in the mansion of Francis Marion and his beloved Mary. Yet the charms of domesticity did not keep him from needful public service. He continued to represent his district in the Senate of his State; and in 1790 he was a member of a Convention for forming a State Constitution. Four years afterward he resigned his military commission and retired from public life. The sands of his life were now soon numbered, and in the winter of 1795 the spirit of FRANCIS MARION ascended to the bosom of his Father and his God. Death came gradually and kindly to him, and it brought no terror for that soldier and Christian.

"It may be a leap in the dark to others," he said; "but I rather consider it a resting-place, where old age may throw off its burdens and the soul may look for peace."

His last words were: "Thank God, I can lay my hand upon my heart and say, that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any one."

Thus peacefully died the great Southern partisan, at the age of sixty-three years. His body was laid in the grave at Belle-Isle, in St. Stephen's parish, and upon a plain slab which covers it are the words:

"Sacred to the memory of Brigadier-General FRANCIS MARION, who departed this life on the 27th of February, 1795, in the sixty-third year of his age, deeply regretted by all his fellow-citizens. History will record his worth, and rising generations embalm his memory, as one of the most distinguished patriots and heroes of the American Revolution; which elevated his native country to honor and independence, and secured to her the blessings of liberty and peace. This tribute of veneration and gratitude is erected in commemoration of the noble and disinterested virtues of the citizen, and the gallant exploits of the soldier, who lived without fear and died without reproach."

General Marion left no offspring to inherit his fame; and but few of his relatives are living. One of them was recently a planter in Marion District, South Carolina; and the wife of the eminent Dr. J. W. Francis, of New York, is the General's niece.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE LAND OF THE AZTECS.

HERR GUSTAV VON TEMPSKY, an adventurous German, has just put forth a book describing a journey through the interior of Mexico and Guatemala. Starting from Mazatlan, on the Pacific, near the mouth of the Gulf of California, he traversed the States of Sinaloa and Durango; then on to the capital, thence through the whole length of the Republic to Tehuantepec, and onward through Guatemala and San Salvador to the Bay of Fonseca, in Honduras, the proposed terminus of the Honduras Railway. This journey of three thousand miles, performed on foot and on horseback, occupied eighteen months.

Most travelers who have written upon Mexico have merely passed from Vera Cruz to the capital, and describe only what they saw upon this route. Von Tempsky traveled in new regions. In the north he traversed the States given up to the ravages of the Comanches; in the interior his route led through districts lying away from the usual lines of travel; while in Chiapas and Guatemala he came in direct contact with that portion of the inhabitants of Spanish America who have the least infusion of European blood. His book presents every where a picture of a State fallen into decay, and of a people whose only hope of salvation depends upon their receiving the protection of a stronger race than their own.

Of his antecedents and the objects of his journey Von Tempsky is provokingly silent. He seems to be part adventurer, part savan, and part artist. From incidental hints we gather that he had been for years traveling in Spanish America, where he had mingled in a free-and-easy way with all classes; that he had feasted on alligator-egg omelets with the Mosquito Indians; eaten tortillas and frijoles in every part of Mexico; dug gold in California, whence he was now returning, with a purse moderately well-filled, and an opinion of the Yankees much less complimentary than that which they entertain of themselves. His pictures of Mexican life are certainly not colored by any desire to further the "manifest destiny" of the Anglo-American race.

He left the "Golden Gate" in a French schooner bound for Mazatlan. Besides himself and his friend Dr. S——, the passengers consisted mainly of Mexican gamblers, who had been "cleaned out" by their keener or bolder Californian competitors. The best-behaved of the whole were half a dozen men who had formed part of the gang of the famous robber-chief Joaquin. These stoutly asserted that the newspaper accounts of the capture and execution of their chief were untrue. He had, they said, paid off all his scores of vengeance upon "Los Yankees," collected his booty, and returned to Sonora, where he had set up as an honest man.

Upon their arrival at Mazatlan they learned



MEXICAN COSTUMES.

that a large party were about to set out for the interior, and the next day they were waited upon by a Mexican gentleman at the head of a crowd of his countrymen. After formal introductions, shaking of hands, and mutual protestations of the highest consideration, cigars were lighted, and the Mexican entered upon a long harangue, recounting the manifold dangers of the journey, enumerating the outrages of the Comanches, and setting forth the defensive preparations of his party. They numbered thirty men, well-mounted and armed to the teeth. Each had a carbine, a belt full of pistols, and a sword, besides lances carried by several. With stately Castilian politeness he invited the strangers to join the party.

The Doctor wished to accept the invitation; but Von Tempsky, who knew the Mexicans, and had little faith in their prowess, objected. He said that the invitation was not a mere matter of courtesy, for the Mexicans, thinking every European or Yankee must possess courage and skill in the use of weapons, desired their company by way of protection for themselves. A large party like this would be sure to attract the attention of the Comanches, who would probably attack them. Whether the savages were victorious or defeated, they would betake themselves to some other quarter, so that, if they two started a few days later, they would find the way clear.

This rather unmagnanimous reasoning prevailed. Von Tempsky and his comrade thanked the Mexicans for their polite invitation, but regretted that they could not be ready in time to start with them; and, bidding them good-by,

saw them set off, with jingling sabres and wild shouts, down the long street of Mazatlan.

A day or two after our travelers set out for San Sebastian, twenty-four leagues from Mazatlan, where they expected to be able to procure horses upon favorable terms. In the palmy days of the Spanish dominion this was an important town. It has now fallen into decay. The stately old mansions on the Plaza are deserted; the inhabitants live on the remains of the past, and listlessly await a future still more sad. After a week's delay, finding that horses were not to be had, they startled the formal old Dons and Doñas by the announcement that they intended to set out on foot for Durango, ninety leagues distant.

Two days' walking through a mountainous region brought them to the mining village of Panuco. It was Saturday, and the miners having received their wages were enjoying themselves on the Plaza, where the owners of the mines had set up eating and drinking booths. The greater part of the sum paid for the last week's wages would undoubtedly find its way back to the proprietors before the next week began.

Climbing a high mountain ridge, where the exuberant tropical vegetation gradually gave way to oaks, firs, and stunted grass, then down through a labyrinth of intersecting gullies, they caught sight of the red roofs of San Lucia, in a beautiful valley far below. This was formerly the place of outfit and refuge for all the robbers of the district. Of late years, what with the superior qualifications of the Comanches, and the activity of a German resident, to whom Gov-

ernment has delegated some authority, the business of the regular robbers has grown poor, though now and then some of the old stock undertake a little operation. Just before the arrival of Von Tempsky a party of them had been caught in the act of stealing cattle. Two were killed, and two more taken prisoners. These were sent under guard toward Durango. On the road the guards grew tired of their charge, hung up their prisoners on the nearest tree, and returned.

At San Lucia they succeeded in hiring a muleteer to send back to San Sebastian for their baggage, and convey it on to Coyote, fifty-four leagues; further he would not go for love or money. As they were about to start a lean, melancholy, threadbare personage bowed himself in, and craved permission to join their company. He was a tailor, out of work, who wished to go to Durango. They told the poor fellow to go and get ready. Wrapping more closely around him his *serape*, hardly thicker than a cobweb, and transferring a cigarito from behind his ear to his mouth, he bowed with an air which implied that he had made all the arrangements necessary for a journey to the ends of the world.

Off the party trudged, fording rivers, climbing the steep ridges of the Sierra Madre, the poor tailor clinging desperately to the tail of a mule to help him on. At night they found *posada* at some lonely hamlet on the road, made their supper of the inevitable Mexican beans and eggs, and slept upon the bare ground.

Soon they came upon traces of the ravages of the Comanches. Blackened walls and half-burned posts denoted the spots where houses had once stood. Little mounds marked the graves of the inhabitants. Their mutilated remains had probably been found among the smouldering ruins by some passing travelers, who had piously buried them, and raised over their resting-place these humble memorials.

The Mexicans designate all the savage marauders as Comanches. They are more probably a conglomeration of the remnants of various tribes, driven westward from their former homes by the irresistible advance of the Americans. They made their first appearance in Sonora only a few years ago. Then they were nearly all on foot, scantily armed, exhausted by their long journey, and broken in spirit from their unsuccessful encounters with the truculent borderers of the States. A hundred well-armed rancheros could have quelled them. But even this small force was not provided. In Chihuahua and Durango they found a country exactly suited to them. There are few towns or hamlets. Solitary cattle estates abound, from which the Indians could get as many horses as they wanted for the mere trouble of stealing them. Every where are broad level plains intersected by bare mountains, full of hiding-places and dangerous passes. The savages were not long in providing themselves with horses and weapons, and beginning a new life. The playthings of the young Comanche are a miniature bow

and lance, which are changed for larger ones as his strength increases, until by the time he can manage a man's weapon he is perfect in its use. He is put on horseback before his legs can reach half-way down the animal's side, and soon becomes at home on horseback. Their movements are stealthy and rapid. They appear at a place with as little warning as though they had dropped from the clouds. Gathering their spoil—women, horses, cattle, and mules—destroying what they can not carry away—they disappear as suddenly as they came. The next day they are found a hundred miles away. They can afford to travel at the utmost speed. Horses cost nothing; if their animals break down, they can replace them at the nearest cattle estate. This rapidity of movement occasions erroneous estimates of their numbers; for attacks made on successive days at places a hundred miles apart are naturally attributed to different parties.

They have almost desolated the States of Durango and Chihuahua. The open country is rendered almost uninhabitable. The towns and larger ranchos, fortified by walls and ditches, are the only secure places. The silver mines can be worked only when protected by troops. Merchandise can not be transported except under a strong convoy. The General Government, unable itself to protect the country, will not grant to individuals the authority necessary to enable them to do this. A few years ago a wealthy gentleman, Don Maldonado Granados, proposed to free the States of Durango and Zacatecas from the Comanches. Upon his own large estates he had organized and trained a band of rancheros, who soon proved their superiority over the savages. The Comanches soon learned to keep at a respectful distance from him. He proposed to organize a guerrilla force at his own expense, agreeing to become responsible, after two years, for all damages inflicted by the Indians, and offered proof that he was abundantly able to fulfill the agreement. As payment, he asked merely the taxes formerly levied upon the silver mines, the working of which had been abandoned in consequence of the Comanche incursions. Santa Anna, who was then in power, refused to accept this proposition.

The Mexican troops are in the last degree worthless. What with inadequate arms, want of pay, and ineffective officers, they are no match for the Indians armed with bows and lances. The forces to which our army was opposed were the picked troops of the republic. Yet materials are not wanting from which a competent army might be formed. The rancheros could furnish forces which, properly directed, would free the country from its savage pests. Von Tempsky became acquainted with one of these men, an exploit of whom was worthy of the bravest of the conquistadors who followed Cortéz. He was a powerful man, who always rode a powerful, well-trained horse. In riding over his estate he wore a stout leather cuirass, but his only offensive weapon was a long, straight, double-edged sword. One day he



THE RANCHOERO AND THE COMANCHES.

saw a dozen Indians driving off some of his cattle. All alone, he dashed straight at them. The savages at first hardly deigned to notice the solitary horseman. As he drew near they seemed to think it worth while to punish his presumption, and came on, brandishing their lances carelessly over their heads, as though no resistance was to be expected. A few bounds of his horse placed the ranchoero by the side of one of these "man-spitters." The first thing that the Indian felt was the guard of a sword striking upon his breast-bone; the long, sharp blade had passed sheer through his body, and was sticking out from his back. The others now came on, pressing upon the ranchoero from all sides with their long lances. Some he parried; others struck harmless upon his leather cuirass. His sword wheeled in great circles around, hewing off lance-heads, cleaving through shields, or, lunging straight out, inflicted ghastly wounds. Three more of the Indians were down, the blood welling from wounds where the good Toledo blade had passed. The savages were confounded, and took to flight, pursued by their conqueror, whom they succeeded in distancing.

On the fourth day after the travelers left San Lucia the rain began to fall with a quiet, persistent obstinacy, which soon drenched them to the skin. The water stood a foot deep on the level plain. As night fell they came in sight of the blackened ruins of an estate destroyed not long before by the Comanches. No living beings remained to tell the story. One build-

ing was unconsumed. Into this they went; clambered to the second story, dragging after them the ladder by which they had ascended, and there passed the night in darkness.

The next day they reached the solitary hacienda of Coyote, the only inhabited spot in a distance of forty-seven leagues. The buildings were surrounded by a high wall, flanked with towers and perforated with loop-holes. Here was posted a company of soldiers, a glance at whom was sufficient to account for the apparent invincibility of the Comanches. They were a ragged, half-starved set. The owner of the hacienda, for whose protection they were stationed, demanded such exorbitant prices for supplies that their pay would not procure enough of the simplest food to keep them from absolute starvation.

Here began the most dangerous part of the way. Beyond this point their muleteer would not go an inch. By dint of great trouble and liberal pay they induced a couple of "veterans on half pay," who rejoiced in the ownership of a pair of mules, to carry their baggage to Durango. They were to travel as fast as possible; but the poor tailor was too feeble to retain his hold on the mule's tail, and they were obliged to slacken their pace to accommodate his weakness.

Night fell before they had reached their appointed stopping-place. All at once, by the dim light of the moon, the Doctor caught a glimpse of a human figure crouching by the roadside. It was naked, and must be an In-



A HACIENDA.

dian. The attitude was that of one listening intently, with his ear to the ground. There was no movement. He was doubtless a scout, who had fallen asleep at his post. To dispatch him by a rifle-shot would give the alarm to his comrades. Von Tempsky, knife in hand, creeps cautiously toward him, gliding from tree to tree. He measures his distance—at one leap is upon him, clutching him by the throat with one hand, while the knife in the other is on the point of being buried in his heart. The blow is arrested. The hand which grasps the throat is withdrawn, for it feels that cold, clammy sensation which belongs to nothing that lives. A dead body stripped, scalped, and pierced through and through with lance wounds, lies livid in the cold moonlight. Near by lies another and another, and still more, until nine-and-twenty are counted. Among these are recognized the features of the Mexican who had invited them to join his company at Mazatlan. Of the thirty men all save one lie there dead. They had been killed without resistance—probably surprised—for the loaded carbines of some were grasped in their hands. Hurrying away from the fatal spot, the travelers pressed on until fatigue compelled them to encamp. Von Tempsky's reasoning had been correct. The Indians had struck their blow and decamped. The morning light showed their tracks, made apparently the day before.

Before night they came within view of the spires of Durango. Passing through the deserted suburbs, they entered the town, rejoicing at having escaped the perils of the way.

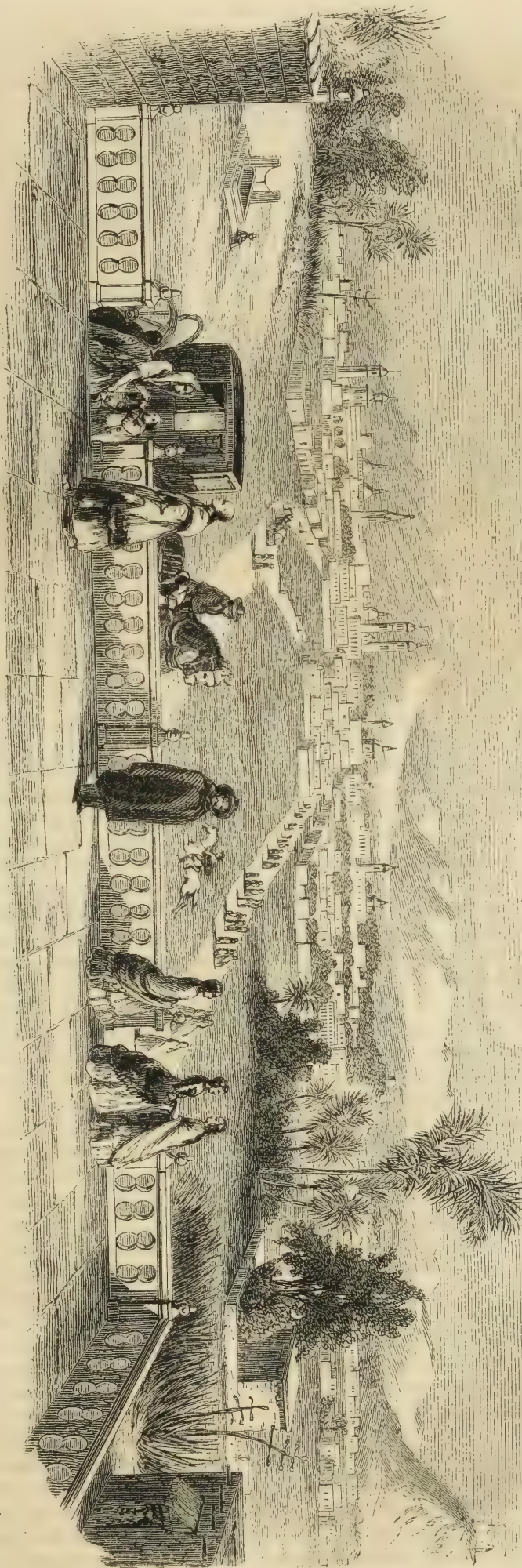
Durango, the capital of the State of the same name, is the most considerable town of Northern Mexico. A dozen years ago it contained a population of 30,000 souls. The cholera and the subsequent troubles of the times have reduced the number to 8000. The city is built upon a grassy plateau nearly 7000 feet above the level of the ocean. Here and there rise sharp isolated hills, one of which, the "Mount of our Lady of the Remedies," is crowned by a church whose white tapering spire seems to melt into the blue sky. The suburb commences at its base—dwellings with white walls and flat roofs, rising from orchards hedged with agave, and filled with figs, oranges, and pomegranates. Then the houses grow denser and larger. Spire after spire rises to view; above all soar the towers of the noble cathedral. The compact mass of buildings then fades gradually away into detached dwellings dotting the green gardens and orchards. In the background the solitary Cerro Mercado rises like a gigantic wall above the surrounding eminences.

The two travelers remained six months at Durango. The Doctor endeavored to establish himself in his profession; while Von Tempsky appears to have entered in a free and easy way into general society.

The daily occupation of a gentleman of Durango is divided between his horse, a translation from some novel by Alexander Dumas, a little visiting by day, and a little gambling by night. An affair of the heart, of course, while it lasts, takes precedence of every thing else.

If he has a wife, a watchful guard over her affords him more engrossing employment. The ladies find amusement in adorning the churches and altars on feast days, which, fortunately for them, abound in the Mexican calendar. Early in the morning there is some stir in the market-place. There is a crowd of buyers and sellers. The men of the poorer classes seem all to be there, their serapes draped around them in an artistic manner that hints of the absence of the commonplace garment usually worn next the skin. Their principal business seems to be that of market solicitors and commissionaires, though one can hardly imagine where they find clients. As the sun ascends the streets are deserted; doors are barred; the very beggars at the church steps retire to some shady spot to enjoy their *siesta*. Toward evening signs of life begin to appear. Horses are brought to the doors; mules are harnessed to crazy old carriages, and the *beau monde* betake themselves to the Alameda for their evening promenade: the plebeian citizens loitering outside the gates, criticising the turn-outs of their superiors. Churches are abundant; so are monks and ecclesiastics. A bull-fight is announced almost every Sunday in the Plaza de Toros, after church hours.

DURANGO





MONASTIC COSTUMES.

Just before the arrival of Von Tempsky a new convent, of the Virgen del Carmen, had been established. The Bishop, considering the ravages of the Indians and the afflictions of the times, had resolved to found a pious institution, whose merits might perhaps avert the Divine displeasure. A building was erected; a Lady Abbess, deeply versed in the mysteries of sweetmeats, provided; and a handsome, eloquent young Carmelite brought from the capital as spiritual adviser. The chapel, gay with flowers and resplendent with tapers, became the pet place of worship of Durango. The pious and eloquent Carmelite was a favorite in and out of the convent walls; and when he was recalled to Mexico the nuns procured his portrait for the convent. He was painted as San Pablo, for no male, other than a saint, could inhabit the sacred walls, either in person or in effigy.

There was certainly occasion for some means to stay the ravages of the Indians, though it may be doubted whether the Bishop had hit upon precisely the thing required. Not long before a party of Comanches had galloped through the suburbs spearing men and carrying off women. A wealthy gentleman, riding out with his family, was attacked. The coachman escaped, and gave the alarm; but when assistance reached the fatal spot, there was nothing to be found but four corpses horribly mutilated. One day Von Tempsky heard a great blare of trumpets in the streets. Looking out, he saw a troop of lancers defiling toward the Government House. Two corporals in their centre bore each the head of an Indian upon a lance. The people were jubilant, for a victory had been won over their arch-enemies. The victory was hardly worth boasting of. A hundred Comanches had attacked a hacienda near

which were posted two hundred cavalry and infantry. These had fallen upon the Indians, and had killed six of them—losing themselves a greater number. The savages had succeeded in carrying off four of their dead comrades, leaving two as spoils for the victors. This doubtful success was an exception to the general rule. In the same month a body of two hundred lancers was marching toward Durango. Near a deserted hamlet arrows were shot at them from behind the stone inclosures, and a few Comanches were seen gliding from cover to cover. The lancers, struck with terror, galloped wildly through the lanes, the Indians keeping pace with them, galling them with an incessant fire from behind the fences. A score of the soldiers were killed, and fifteen wounded. Only one of the Indians was mounted, and he lost the command of his horse, which leaped the fence, and dashed into the midst of the Mexicans. The rider maintained his presence of mind. Brandishing his lance, he urged his horse to its fullest speed, and dashed through the ranks of the lancers. The horse was struck down by a chance shot; but the rider succeeded in getting clear off. The affair was seen from a short distance by three mounted rancheros, who galloped into Durango bearing the tidings. They reported that the whole number of the Indians did not exceed fifteen. When the troops reached the city they were saluted with jeers and insults, emphasized by a shower of decayed oranges and rotten eggs.

The most redoubtable of the Comanche leaders at this time was named Antonio. By birth he was one of the peaceable Indians of the Pueblo Nuevo. Having been impressed into the army, he was stationed at a hacienda near Durango, where he was half-starved. One old

woman who sold tortillas not only charged an unconscionable price, but abused him grievously. One day Antonio was missing at roll-call. Not long after, the soldiers returning to the hacienda after an expedition, found it in ashes, and the dead bodies of the inhabitants scattered about. In one corner lay the old woman, scalped, but still alive. In spite of the scalping she recovered, and was taken to Durango, where she made a good living by exhibiting her hairless head and telling her story.

"The Indians knocked me down," she said. "One held me fast by the feet, while another seized me by the hair. It was the devil Antonio. I knew him in spite of his war-paint.

"Do you remember me?" he asked, "and how you abused me?"

"Yes; and you deserved it."

"I have come to pay you for it."

"Go to the Devil!"

"Then he pulled out his knife. I cursed him and he cursed me. He cut me all around the head. The blood blinded me, and I could not see or speak; but I said to myself I would live in spite of him. He pulled at my hair, bracing his feet against my shoulder. I fainted away; and when I came to myself my scalp was gone. But, thanks to the Virgen del Carmen, I am well now, and shall yet see him on the garrote."

The intensity of her longing for revenge must have kept the old woman alive, for few persons survive scalping. A long series of similar outrages followed. The knowledge which Antonio had acquired while a soldier stood him in good stead among his new friends. He became a chief among the Comanches, and eluded every attempt made to capture him. He was at length taken by stratagem. Among his virtues neither temperance nor chastity found place. A patriotic Judith managed to make an assignation with him in a half-deserted village, plied him with blandishments and aguardiente, and, when he was thoroughly stupefied, gave the appointed signal to the soldiers who were in wait.

When Antonio awoke the next morning he found himself strapped to the back of a mule, journeying toward Durango. Von Tempsky saw him in prison. He was of middle stature, with good features; his movements were easy, and he showed no terror at his approaching fate. Upon the scaffold he expressed his confident expectation that he should, in the next world, encounter his dear friends who were assisting him on the passage thither; and that he should find a way to pay them back in kind when they came up. The old woman whom he had scalped is said to have dipped her handkerchief in his blood.

The inefficiency of the Mexican troops can not fairly be imputed to the want of good material for soldiers. The men, though generally small, are wiry, agile, quick-sighted, and capable of enduring great fatigue and privation. But as there is no inducement to volunteer, the ranks can only be filled by impressment and by recruit-

ing from the prisons. A moral poison is thus introduced. Scanty pay, not unfrequently dishonestly withheld by peculating paymasters, often causes actual famine among the soldiers. The uniform for everyday service is ragged; that for parade is of a faded, gaudy finery, which contrasts oddly with the bare feet of the wearers. The infantry musket is seldom serviceable for sharp-shooting, which is the only effectual means of fighting with the Indians, who have a special reverence for the rifle. The cavalry is little better than the infantry. In a country full of good horses, they are badly mounted. Poor horses, bought for a trifle, are badly kept and hardly worked. The officers of the lower grades are drawn from the refuse of the other professions, and have an almost unlimited power to inflict corporal punishment. There is no room for that *esprit du corps* essential to the efficiency of an army. Honorable individual exceptions, of course, exist; but the general character of the Mexican army can be measured by its inability to cope with such despicable opponents as the wandering Comanches.

Von Tempsky passed his time not wholly unpleasantly in Durango. In common with all travelers, he finds much to admire in the Mexican women of the better classes, who certainly appear far superior to the men. His friend the Doctor meanwhile endeavored to establish himself in his profession with no very brilliant success. His first patients very naturally belonged to the humbler classes, from whom little was to be expected in the way of fees. But when, in addition to asking for prescriptions gratis, and requiring the physician to supply the medicines on the same terms, they regularly wound up their call by begging for a few reals to buy their tortillas and frijoles, the disciple of Esculapius was forced to the conclusion that Durango did not afford a sphere for the profitable exercise of his talents. He was therefore quite ready to accompany his friend, who was about to continue his travels southward. Another German, Herr W——, joined their company.

Their exit from Durango was in better style than their entrance had been. Each was mounted upon a good horse, and armed with rifle, pistols, sword, and knife. One day they saw a suspicious group of a dozen men halting by the roadside, whom they suspected to be robbers. Von Tempsky drew a pistol, and held it ready cocked by his thigh, prepared for instant use. As they approached, the strangers drew up across the road. "Dismount, gentlemen," cried their leader, a cavalier in rich Mexican costume. No attention being paid to this polite invitation, he uttered a curse, and laid his hand upon a pistol in his holsters. He was anticipated by a shot from Von Tempsky, which dropped him from his saddle. The Doctor and Von W——, each brought down his man, and the travelers dashed on. The robber captain, trampled under the hoofs of Von Tempsky's horse, tried to disable it by the use of his dagger, evading the thrusts of the rider's sword.



ASKING A BLESSING.

All at once Von Tempsky felt a sharp blow inside of his foot, behind the stirrup, at the moment when his sword passed through his prostrate antagonist. Stooping over the neck of his horse, he charged through the robbers, followed by his companions. When the excitement was over, he found that he had received a severe wound. He kept his seat, notwithstanding, until he reached the next village, when he fainted from loss of blood. The wound, inflicted with a double-edged dagger, healed but slowly, and the travelers were obliged in consequence to tarry a fortnight at the village.

Lagos, a considerable town midway between Durango and the capital, had not long before been the scene of a transaction which has, in substance, been often repeated in various parts of Mexico. One morning a troupe of a couple of hundred horsemen came dashing into the Plaza. There was nothing in their appearance to denote that they were not good "patriotas," and the inhabitants took for granted that somebody had declared a pronunciamiento against the Government—an affair with which they had no special concern, and so kept on quietly minding their own business like good and peaceable citizens. They soon found that something more serious than a revolution had taken place. In a few moments the strangers had established a series of patrols in the best parts of the town, and began a systematic plundering of the shops and private houses. The pillage lasted till afternoon, and was conducted in the most courteous manner possible. Toward night the robbers collected their plunder, and marched out of the town in regular order of battle. Nobody knew whence they came, ex-

cept that the night before they had halted at a neighboring village, where they had been taken for troops from some neighboring province. Whither they went was equally a mystery. They probably dispersed at once; for Government never succeeded in getting hold of one of them.

After leaving Lagos, the travelers began to meet tokens that they were approaching the centre of Mexican civilization. The roads became passable for wheeled carriages; the road-tax was more regularly levied, and troops with something of a martial appearance were encountered daily. Queretaro, the most important city of the North, is connected with the capital by a telegraph line and by regularly established diligences. The telegraph is of little practical use, for half-way between its termini Von Tempsky found its wires broken, and lying upon the ground kicked about by mules and donkeys. He supposed that he was performing an acceptable service by announcing the condition of the wire at the next station. But the Government official took the matter very coolly. "It is always breaking," he said, "and so we don't bother with it any more, as there has been no occasion for it since it was used for the first time."

The Mexican diligence would seem to be an institution devised for the special benefit of robbers and highwaymen. The main line is that between Vera Cruz and the capital, where the famous National Bridge has always been a favorite resort for the knights of the road. Priests are especial favorites with them; partly from the fact that the reverend fathers are always supposed to travel with full purses, and being non-combatants, there is little risk in re-

lieving them of their superfluous coin; and partly because the operators can demand the blessing of the holy men in addition to their money. For the benefit of their best patrons the robbers depart in their behalf from their usual mode of procedure. Instead of the customary "*Cara en tierra*—Face to the ground," the robber approaches the sacred personage hat in hand, and, dropping on his knee, asks for alms, which is understood to be an equivalent for a demand for his purse and valuables. The priest having been disposed of and his blessing secured, the other passengers are treated with less ceremony; their persons having been searched and their baggage ransacked, they are usually dismissed without injury, unless resistance has been offered. "Indians," say the Mexicans, "are bad; but robbers are not dangerous, for if you give them what you have, they don't even beat you."

During his brief stay at the capital Von Tempsky found out the eloquent Carmelite, Fray Valentine, delivered to him all the tender messages of the fair devotees of Durango, and was treated to a choice supper enlivened with the choicest wines. The good monk then conducted him through the spacious monastery. He pointed out various mementos of the occupation of the place by the Americans under General Scott. Pictures had been defaced by bayonet-thrusts and sabre-strokes; the finest of all, a large altar-piece, was covered over with large brownish dabs, the work of a couple of heroes who had made a couch of the altar, and had used the painting as a mark to test their skill in the favorite American game of spitting. The Yankees were no favorites with the good

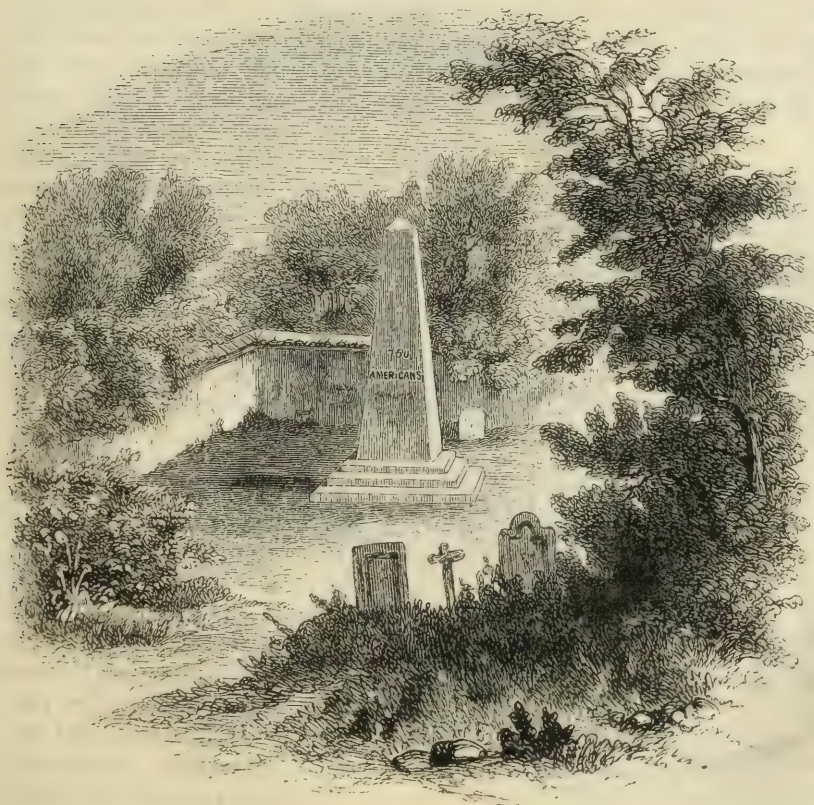
Friar, who liked them little better than he did the Jesuits, between whom and the Carmelites there is an old feud, arising from jealousy about the divisions of the spoils, of which the Church in Mexico has secured such a goodly share.

Foreigners are numerous in Mexico, but are far from popular. The Mexicans say that "*un Frances tiene educacion*," meaning that a Frenchman knows how to make a decent bow; but they complain that he is too volatile, and lacks principle. An Englishman, they say, has principle, but no "education;" while a Yankee has neither education nor principle. Upon the whole, if Von Tempsky is not deceived by national prejudice, the Germans are in least disfavor, as they have more education than the English, and more principle than the French.

Leaving the capital our travelers proceeded southward, climbing the mountain terraces which look down upon the beautiful valley of Mexico, skirting Popocatepetl, "the Mountain of Smoke," with his neighboring peak, Iztaccihuatl, "the White Wife," who seemed to lean lovingly toward her giant spouse, and passing through the mountain defiles, which, properly defended, would be impregnable to any enemy advancing upon the city of the Montezumas, they reached Puebla, famous for the abundance of its monks and priests, the religious fanaticism of its inhabitants, and the unblushing depravity of their morals. The Mexican clergy are nowhere famous for strictness of life or purity of character. They have the reputation of being more fond of cards than of their breviaries. Every traveler has tales to tell of gambling priests and monks; and if we may credit the stories of the quaint old Franciscan, Thomas

Page, their private devotions to the fickle goddess of fortune are no new thing.

The valley of Oaxaca, toward which they descended by steep mountain paths from Puebla, is styled the "Garden of Mexico." The country is fertile and well-cultivated, traversed here and there by avenues of dark-foliaged trees, marking the water-courses on the banks of which vegetation seems to find its only solace from the merciless rays of the sun. One evening they came to a little hamlet where they were to pass the night. The court-yard of the venta was filled with the pack-saddles of the *arrieros*, who conduct the trade of the region. Some of the mule-drivers were preparing their tortillas and frying their frijoles and bacon, others were carefully sharpening their long ugly-looking knives,



MONUMENT TO THE AMERICANS.

while their captain lay upon the ground quietly smoking. Their frugal supper over, guitars were produced, the *muchachos* of the hamlet, attracted by the sound, approached, and soon a lively fandango in the open air was in full progress. Light feet kept time to the quick music; when one pair sank exhausted another was ready to take their place; the musicians were constantly recruited from the dancers, and the dancers from the musicians; they could not pause even to smoke, but danced with their cigaritos between their lips. The hours wore on, but the dance never flagged, when suddenly Von Tempsky heard a sharp, ringing cry proceeding from a clump of bushes close by. Rushing to the spot, he saw a dark

figure prostrate on the ground, with another stooping over it. There was a gleam of bright steel ascending and descending again and again. He sprang forward and arrested the hand just as it was descending for the third time. The murderer uttered a deep curse, and turned upon his new antagonist. After a moment's struggle, the assassin stumbled and fell. Von Tempsky wrenched the long knife from his grasp, and held him tightly clasped, while others hastening to the spot tried to render assistance to the prostrate victim. It was too late; he had been stabbed twice through the heart, and died while they were conveying him to the house. Seizing his opportunity, the murderer, by a sudden des-



A CONVENT SCENE.

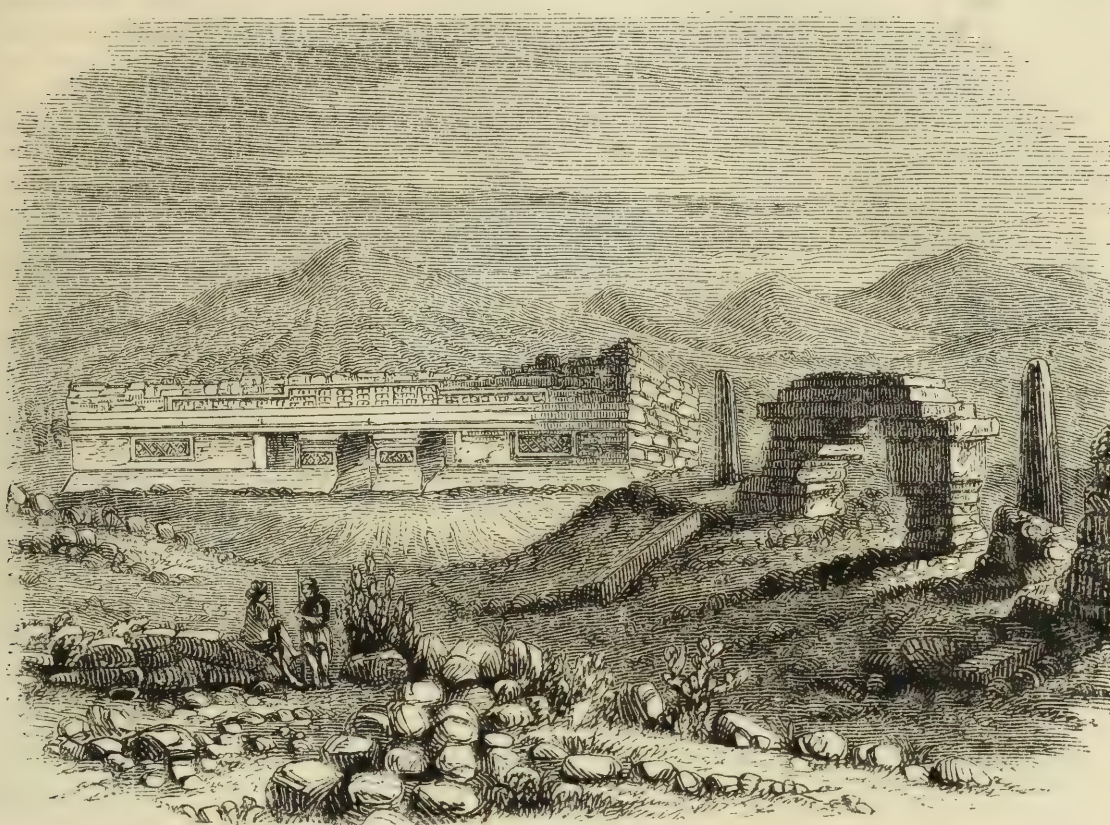
perate effort flung off his captor, and bounded away through the copsewood. The corpse had been carried into the venta; the dancers, so merry a moment before, stood around weeping and praying. One young girl, who had been the gayest of all, lay crouched at the feet of the dead man motionless as a statue, her dark hair hiding her pale features, and her large black eyes staring with an unearthly expression. She had smiled upon the dead man in the dance; her lover had observed it, invited him to a moment's conversation, and silenced him forever.

At Mitla, not far from Oaxaca, are some interesting remains of Aztec architecture. There are two groups, each consisting of four build-

ings fronting upon a central square. Some of these buildings are wholly in ruins, and all are unroofed. The walls are in two parts; the inner built of rough boulders cemented together, while the outer is formed of a sort of mosaic, made by the heads of oblong stones of different colors inserted lengthwise in spaces which are left for them. These ornamental parts are composed of pieces of soft sandstone, seven inches long by one inch in height and two in width, accurately cut so as to fit closely together along their



GRAND HALL AT MITLA.



RUINS AT MITLA.

whole length, their heads forming a smooth surface. They are laid so as to form a great variety of patterns. The doors and windows are square, with lintels of large slabs of stone. Beneath one of the main buildings is a subterranean chamber containing a square column of stone, called the "Pillar of Death." The natives believe that any Indian who embraces this pillar will die within a short time; other races are not, in their opinion, liable to this penalty. In another chamber is a large hall containing six pillars each of a single block of stone, which formerly supported the roof. They are about twelve feet in height, and four in diameter at the base, tapering gradually toward the top, without pedestal, capital, or architrave.

The soil of the court-yard has been dug up over and over again in search for hidden treasures; and there are stories in abundance of immense wealth still concealed in the ruins. The alcalde said that there were still living a couple of old Indians who had found the hiding place; but they were "knowing dogs," and kept the secret to themselves, only abstracting enough to enable them to live comfortably. The interiors of these temples have long been stripped of their ornaments. The Indian families have stores of idols which they say once ornamented the walls. These they offer for sale to chance travelers. They are all true types of the ancient religion—awful, hideous faces, calculated to fill their worshippers with fear—the only religious feeling of which the ancient Aztecs seem to have been capable.

The Indians constitute almost the whole population of this part of Mexico. There are no

mesons for the accommodation of travelers, who are accustomed to demand lodging in the *cabildos*, or town-houses. The native *alcaldes* have, as badges of office, long sticks mounted with silver; their *topiles*, or assistants, carry plainer rods, adapted for use in case the people need a little wholesome chastisement. It is the duty of these officials to purchase supplies for travelers, look after their horses, and cook their food—for a consideration. Our travelers sometimes tried to dispense with their services, but vainly, for no one would sell them any thing.

The scenery of this part of Mexico bears a striking resemblance to that of Spain. Sombre hills, with sharp precipitous sides, furrowed with ravines, overhang deep valleys filled with luxuriant vegetation; oaks and firs seem to have fairly climbed to the summits of the barren crags, and maintain their places in spite of the unyielding rock and blasting storms, that have warped them into the wildest and most eccentric shapes. The roads follow the beds of the mountain streams, and are so steep and overstrewn with sharp flints as to call for the utmost care on the part of horse and rider. There is a desolate look over the whole of this region. The cold gray crags, the sandy soil, with its scanty vegetation, the absence of water, and the clear hot sky above, weary the traveler.

After three weeks' hard riding the travelers began to descend the escarped mountains to the more level ground of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The road still followed the dry river-beds, and at that season—late in February—it was difficult to find a drop of water. Here and there a comparatively fertile spot was covered with

gigantic cacti, and a few species of palms; but the general aspect of the country was tame and barren; and they were rejoiced when at last they came in sight of the town of Tehuantepec, built upon an open plain, on the banks of a broad, shallow river. Here they remained nearly a month, to recruit their horses and examine into the country, which forms one of the proposed routes for a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The advantages and disadvantages of this route may be summed up in a few words. At the narrowest part of the Isthmus the mountains sink down so as to present no very formidable obstacles to a railroad, or even a canal. The River Coatzacoalcas, on the Atlantic side, is navigable for some leagues from its mouth, and upon that side furnishes a tolerable harbor. But La Ventosa, the harbor on the Pacific side, is barely a roadstead. This deficiency in good harbors will in all probability prevent the Tehuantepec line from becoming the channel of commerce between the two oceans.

The population of Tehuantepec is mostly composed of Indians, who seem to spend the greater portion of their time bathing in the river. This is the *boulevards* of the place, where people visit, make love, contract bargains, and talk politics, immersed to the chin in the water. The natives are a small, delicately-formed race. The women are well-shaped, with good features, luxuriant black, silky hair, dark eyes, and strongly-marked eyebrows. Of their morals the less that is said the better. "Upon the whole," says Von Tempsky, "the inhabitants of this

part of Mexico are a good-humored, easy-going race of people, who, in the hands of better-principled masters, would be capable of great improvement. At present they are going the straightest road to ruin." That this soft, pliable, Hindoo-like race can be roused to the commission of the most horrible outrages, is abundantly shown by the recent events in the neighboring State of Yucatan, and by the history of Carrera in Guatemala, and of Guardiola in Honduras.

The Indian town of Juchitan, ten leagues south of Tehuantepec, is the most populous community in Southern Mexico. There are about 10,000 inhabitants, who have the reputation of being turbulent revolutionists. In all the revolutions in the South they have managed to turn the scale. They have more than once besieged and taken Tehuantepec and Oaxaca. They aided in the revolution which placed Santa Anna in the Presidential chair the second time. A large quantity of muskets and ammunition was then distributed among them. The new Government demanded the return of the arms after it had profited by their use. The Juchitanos refused to give them up, and the Government had no power to enforce its demand. Von Tempsky had been told that the Juchitanos were hostile to all whites, and he was warned, in traveling southward, to give them a wide berth. This warning determined him to visit them.

He knew enough of Indian character to be aware that there is nothing like showing one's self fearless in his intercourse with them. Riding with apparent unconcern through a crowd of villagers, he inquired his way to the house of their most noted chief. The Indians, with ominous smiles, pointed out the way. The great man was standing before his door, wrapped in a Mexican serape, blowing a cloud of smoke through his nose, and looking with ineffable contempt upon the approaching strangers. He was a tall, muscular fellow, with strongly-marked features, and a keen eye flashing from under a heavy brow. Riding straight up to him, the traveler asked:

"*Me hace el favor de darnos posada?*—Will you do me the favor of giving us shelter?"

"*Pasa Usted adelante, Caballero.*—Come in, Sir," was the courteous reply of the chief, who seemed disarmed by their confidence.



INDIAN HEAD MAN AND WOMAN.



LAKE ATITLAN, GUATEMALA.

Their horses were cared for, and a sumptuous supper was soon ready. Von Tempsky took the measure of his host. He found that hatred to Santa Anna was his predominant feeling. A hastily-sketched caricature of the wooden-legged Dictator set him chuckling with intense delight, which was echoed by the crowd of Indians who filled the room. This, repeated on a large scale upon the white walls of the apartment, completed the conquest of the chief; and the stranger was urged to make a long stay. The second day was passed in imparting geographical and historical knowledge to the chief, whose walls were soon covered with hasty frescoes of ships and steamers, coaches, railway cars, and soldiers, with the great Napoleon at their head. On the third day their guest gave them some lessons in fencing and wrestling. The host was charmed.

"Only settle with us," he said, "and we will cultivate your fields for you; the women shall take care of your house; and when you have taught us to fence and fight like soldiers, we will go to Mexico and cut Santa Anna's throat for him."

Declining this flattering offer, and with some difficulty escaping from his entertainer, our traveler took his departure southward for Guatemala.

Passing through the low, fertile States of Tehuantepec and Chiapas, then suffering from a visitation of innumerable swarms of locusts, they entered the Republic of Guatemala. Here each village is ruled by two magistrates—one

for the Ladinos, or mixed race, the other for the Indians. As they left the low country, and gradually ascended to the interior, they observed a marked change in the appearance of the inhabitants. Their complexion grows lighter, their forms more muscular; and, in all respects, their character and appearance are improved.

At Quezaltenango, which he styles "a little Europe, raised above the level of the hot coast," Von Tempsky found the first *meson*, or inn, which he had seen since leaving Oaxaca, more than three months before. In all the intervening country the traveler rides into a village, looks out for the best house, where he asks hospitality. This is never refused; the poorest villager will share his supper with the stranger, asking in return nothing but civility. If a slight present is added to his wife or daughter, he is more than satisfied.

On the third morning after leaving Quezaltenango, as they were descending a towering hill, they were astonished at seeing dense columns of snowy clouds resting motionless far below them. All at once the clouds parted like an opening vail, and the sunlight sparkled upon a deep blue mirror of waters, which reflected the sharp-peaked diadem of volcanic mountains which encircle it. This was the magnificent inland lake of Atitlan. The travelers were all the more delighted, for nobody had thought it worth while to inform them of its neighborhood.

The City of Guatemala stands on a broad, fertile table-land nearly 4500 feet above the

level of the sea. The houses, usually of but one story, are well built, with thick walls and broad corridors, with a court-yard in the centre, adorned with trees, flowers, and fountains. Numerous spires—some pure white, others gray with age—give variety to its outline. As a background rises the vapory form of the Volcan del Agua. On an eminence outside stands the Castle of San Rafael, intended to perpetuate the fame of its founder, Rafael Carrera, the President of the Republic.

Carrera is the most remarkable of the native rulers who have arisen in Southern America since the overthrow of the Spanish dominion. His father was an Indian; his mother a Ladina. His occupation in youth was that of a *maranero*, or pig-driver, to which he added the more lucrative profession of *montero*, or gambler. In this last he was eminently successful. He "cleaned out" the pig-drivers and laborers far and near, and in time became a great man among them, and was known *andabar con una docena compañeros*—literally, "to go about with a dozen comrades"—that is, in plain words, to have a dozen fellows about him ready to cut any body's throat at his pleasure or their own.

Twenty years ago Morazan, the President of Guatemala, was the great man of Central America. He seemed on the point of uniting the five independent States into one Confederacy, with himself at its head. But he ventured upon a measure which has ruined every South American ruler who has attempted it. He laid his hands upon the property of the Church, and

proclaimed the abolition of all the convents. The monks and clergy took up arms, literally and metaphorically, against him. The band of Carrera had in the mean while swelled from a dozen to hundreds. Just at this time the cholera broke out with fearful violence among the Indians in Guatemala. They were driven to despair, when a voice was heard proclaiming the cause and the remedy of this affliction. An Indian addressed a crowd of his countrymen:

"Your wells, your springs, have been poisoned by the Federalists. To arms, all who have Indian blood in us! Let us, henceforth, drink only the blood of the Federalists!"

The voice was that of Rafael Carrera. It was listened to; the bloody message spread from mountain to mountain, and the Indian war-cry rang again through the Sierra Madre. The clergy did their utmost to aid Carrera, and religious enthusiasm, the sympathy of race, thirst for revenge, and love of plunder, all fought on his side. Morazan was defeated again and again, and the Indian pig-driver, gambler, and desperado, was proclaimed Dictator of Guatemala.

The early part of his supremacy was marked by acts of fearful atrocity, which gained for him the name of the "Tiger of the Mountains." Subsequently he has proved a far better as well as abler ruler than could have been hoped. He is yet fond of brandy and women, and still has his rivals in love assassinated; but he is no longer the ferocious wild beast whose approach terrified man and maid. At his worst time he

was not wholly destitute of magnanimity, as the following anecdote evinces:

In his capacity of gambler, he had been wont to visit a cochineal plantation belonging to a Frenchman. The proprietor caught him one day gambling with his servants, and rudely kicked him out of the court-yard. Years after it was proclaimed that Rafael Carrera was ruler of the country. The Frenchman remembering the old indignity, and confident that he had no hope of forgiveness, attempted to escape from the country. He was caught in the act, and brought before Rafael, who recognized him, but to the astonishment of all extended to him the hand of mercy, assuring him that his person and property should be protected.

Herr Von Tempsky remained for some months at Guatemala, waiting for remittances to enable him to get away. During this time



INDIAN AND PRIEST OF SANTA CATARINA.

he made a visit of a month's duration to a singular Indian community residing to the north of the capital. They occupy three large villages, of which the principal is San Catarina; and still preserve the habits, manners, and dress of their race, as they existed before the Conquest. They profess to be Christians, though they still preserve many relics of their ancestral superstitions, to the extent, even, of sacrificing a new-born infant to propitiate the wrath of the Evil Spirit, their former deity, in cases of great emergency. Their tithes to the true Church are, however, paid with a scrupulousness worthy of more enlightened Christians. Their submission to the Spaniards has been only nominal, and it is only within a few years that any stranger can safely visit them. But the supremacy of Carrera, whom they regard as one of their own blood, and still more the efforts of Don Vincente, their Christian priest, have in a measure mollified them, though they yet regard strangers with watchful jealousy.

Don Vincente is evidently a man of no common order, and by dint of boldness, circumspection, and self-devotion, he has gained unbounded influence over the Indians. He can hardly stir from his house alone unless he expressly desires it. If he rides to Quezaltenango a score of the Indians will trot alongside of his mule. He sometimes comes to Guatemala accompanied by a hundred followers, who keep guard over him; and when he returns the whole population turn out to welcome him with flowers, incense, and music.

He is on the best of terms with their pagan priest, who is even one of the most constant attendants at the worship of the church. During Von Tempsky's visit, Don Vincente one day summoned this Christian-pagan to present himself before him with his pontifical dress. This consisted of a long white robe, embroidered with red, a white cap, not unlike a mitre, with a red cross embroidered in front, and a small white cloak thrown over the shoulder. A sacrificial knife, forms part of this official costume.

The dress of these Indians is the same as that worn by their ancestors at the time of the Conquest. Their jackets are of black woolen cloth, their short trowsers of white cotton, both woven by themselves. A fringed sash, of red, blue, or violet, surrounds the waist; and a



WOMAN AND CHILD OF SANTA CATARINA.

cloth worn like a turban covers the head. Their language is called *el Quiche*; there are only two of them who understand Spanish. They are prohibited from intermarrying with the whites, Ladinos, or even with any other Indian tribes. Formerly, if any admixture of blood took place, parents and offspring were all killed; now, they content themselves with destroying the child.

Their principal village, San Catarina, is situated in a deep crater-shaped valley surrounded by lofty basaltic crags. They cultivate the soil, and produce various manufactured wares, carrying their surplus products to Guatemala for sale. The men are famous for the speed with which they carry heavy burdens over the steep mountain roads. They travel in bands of thirty or forty, each with a couple of hundred pounds' weight upon his back, supported by straps around the forehead, shoulders, and waist. They go at a dog-trot, bending forward, and supporting themselves upon their long staves. With this load they will travel without apparent fatigue thirty miles a day; and over their steep paths no horse can keep pace with them.

At San Catarina they have a house devoted to the entertainment of strangers, who must not leave the building. Those who pass but a single night are subject to no special guard; but suspicion is aroused by any more protracted stay. Von Tempsky's long residence alarmed them, and a deputation was sent to the Padre to inquire what it meant. The good ecclesias-

tic showed them a drawing for a new *convento* or parsonage. "This," said he, "is what the stranger has been doing for you. It is a work which will do credit to your village, and you, block-heads as you are, suspect something wrong." The deputation were satisfied, and departed with expressions of the deepest humility.

Returning to Guatemala, and receiving the long-expected funds, Von Tempsky set out on his journeyings, traversing the States of Guatemala and Salvador, till he reached the beautiful Bay of Fonseca, where the waters of the old Pacific rolling from China to Western America in a long, ever-heaving mighty swell, which is lashed into fury only by an occasional gale, have scooped for themselves a broad resting-place amidst the rarest beauties of the tropical zone. Here, surrounded by mighty volcanic peaks, laving islands worthy the name of "Enchanted Isles," the waters murmur softly. The atmosphere is of the purest and most transparent azure, and the whole landscape, with its soft outline mellowed by distance, its gorgeous coloring blended into harmony, forms a scene which has hardly an equal upon earth.

The shores of this bay belong to three States, Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua. Here is the proposed terminus of the Honduras Railway of Mr. Squier. "How the steam locomotives," says Von Tempsky, "will get over the little hills in the interior of Honduras, is a problem that American enterprise alone can solve. But there are no mountains in this hemisphere over which the Stars and Stripes may not culminate, especially if carried before the footsteps of the heroic Squier, as was his wont to have them carried on his first journey as Yankee envoy through Nicaragua and the other States, when a standard-bearer rode ahead, displaying to the wondering natives the star-spangled banner unfurled and leading the van of the cavalcade."

THE WINE-CUP.

LYCIUS, the Cretan prince, of race divine, Like many a royal youth, was fond of wine, So, when his father died and left him king, He spent his days and nights in reveling. Show him a wine-cup, he would soon lay down His sceptre, and for roses change his crown, Neglectful of his people and his state, The noble cares that make a monarch great. One day in summer—so the story goes— Among his seeming friends, but secret foes, He sat, and drained the wine-cup, when there came

A gray-haired man, and called him by his name, "Lycius!" It was his tutor, Philocles, Who held him when a child upon his knees. "Lycius," the old man said, "it suits not you To waste your life among this drunken crew. Bethink you of your sire, and how he died For that bright sceptre lying by your side, And of the blood your loving people shed To keep that golden circlet on your head. Ah! how have you repaid them?" "Philocles,"

The prince replied, "what idle words are these? I loved my father; and I mourned his fate; But death must come to all men, soon or late. Could we recall our dear ones from their urn, Just as they lived and loved, 'twere well to mourn;

But since we can not, let us smile instead: I hold the living better than the dead. My father reigned and died, I live and reign. As for my people, why should they complain? Have I not ended all their deadly wars, Bound up their wounds, and honored their old scars?

They bleed no more; enough for me, and mine, The blood o' th' grape, the ripe, the royal wine! Slaves, fill my cup again!" They filled, and crowned

His brow with roses, but the old man frowned. "Lycius," he said once more, "the State demands

Something besides the wine-cup in your hands; Resume your crown and sceptre, be not blind: Kings live not for themselves, but for mankind."

"Good Philocles," the shaméd prince replied, His soft eye lighting with a flash of pride,

"Your wisdom has forgotten one small thing—I am no more your pupil, but your king.

Kings are in place of gods; remember, then, They answer to the gods, and not to men."

"Hear, then, the gods, who speak to-day through me,

The sad but certain words of prophecy:

"Touch not the cup; small sins in kings are great;

Be wise in time, nor further tempt your fate."

"Old man! there is no Fate, save that which lies

In our own hands, that shape our destinies:

It is a dream. If I should will and do

A deed of ill, no good could thence ensue;

And willing goodness, shall not goodness be

Sovereign, like ill, to save herself, and me?

I laugh at Fate." The wise man shook his head:

"Remember what the oracles have said;

"What most he loves, who rules this Cretan land, Shall perish by the wine-cup in his hand."

"Prophet of ill! no more, or you shall die!

See how my deeds shall give your words the lie,

And baffle Fate, and all who hate me—so!"

Sheer through the casement, in the court below,

He dashed the half-drained goblet in disdain,

That scattered as it flew a bloody rain;

His courtiers laughed. But now a woman's shriek

Rose terrible without, and blanched his cheek:

He hurried to the casement in a fright,

And lo! his eyes were blasted with a sight

Too pitiful to think of—death was there,

And wringing hands, and madness, and despair!

There stood a nurse, and on her bosom lay

A dying child, whose life-blood streamed away,

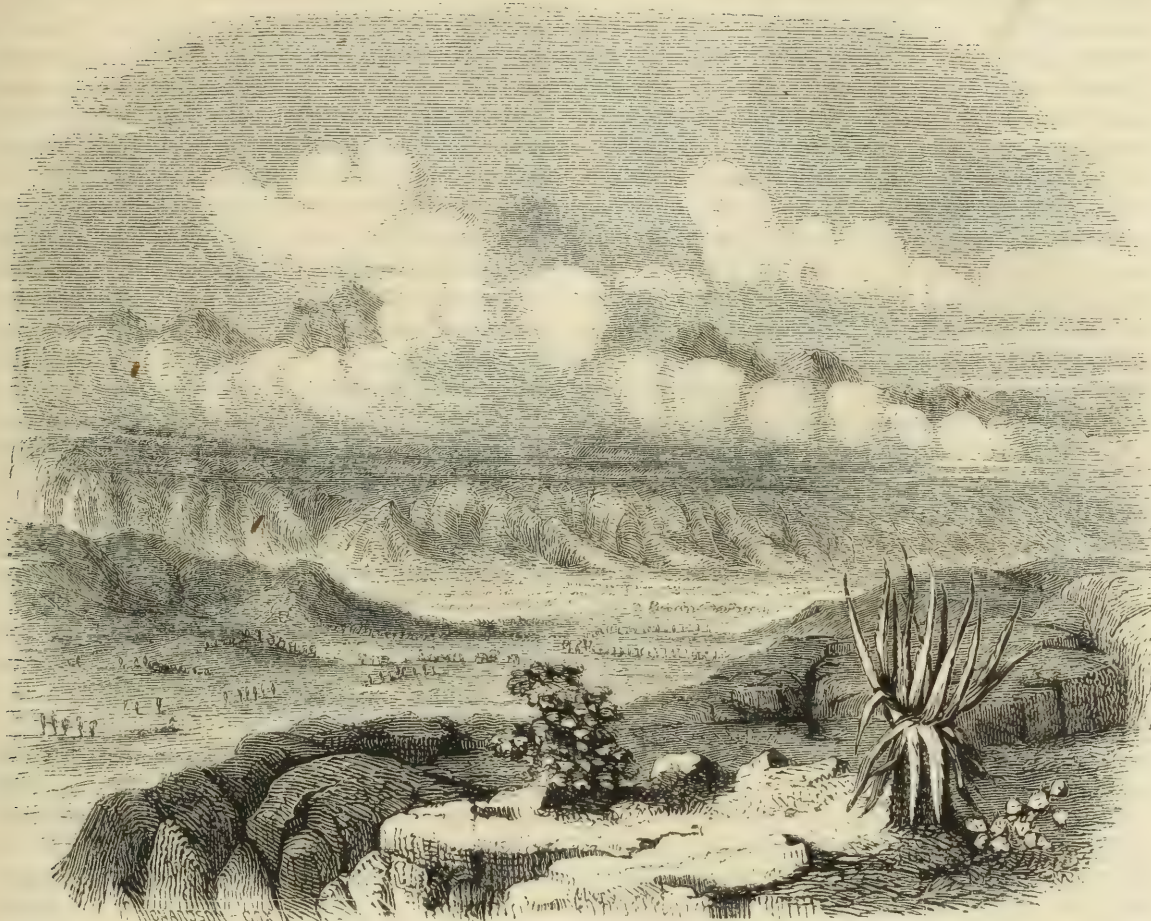
Reddening its robe like wine! It was his own,

His son, the prince that should have filled the

throne

When he was dead, and ruled the Cretan land,

Slain by the wine-cup from his father's hand!



VALLEY OF CARACAS, FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

CARACAS.

IT was hot, scorching noon, when, seating ourselves squarely on our saddles—our bodies having at last recovered their perpendicular—we spurred our lazy mules through the toll-gate where the sum of one *real* gave us admission to Caracas. For three mortal hours we had been climbing the mountain from La Guayra, with heads stretched over the ears of our beasts to preserve our equilibrium, while for two more our bodies had been at an angle of 45° over their tails as we wound down the mountain-path into the valley. Instead of waking us up at four o'clock, as had been arranged, the yellow *muchacho* at the posada had left us to snooze till seven. Why shouldn't he? It required an effort to call us, if up himself; and we accordingly lost the cool hours of the morning, and were not under way till seven, when the heat was already oppressive, though it gradually decreased as we ascended the mountain.

The distance from La Guayra as the bird flies, is six miles; as the donkey twists and zigzags along the path which the Indians followed untold centuries back, and their Spanish conquerors after them, over the mountain (and neither Spaniard nor Indian ever conceived the idea of going around one), it is about twelve miles, taking from three to five hours' time, according to the quality of your beast. There is another route unknown to birds or donkeys (save those of the latter which drag coffee-carts), the *camino nuevo*, or new road. This is a cart-

track over which an Italian vetturino ventures, in fine weather, for the benefit of such travelers as are willing to risk being broken on a wheel rather than be shaken to pieces on a mule.

We had elected this risk ourselves, but it had rained the day before, and the road was impracticable. We asked indignantly how it was that between the capital of Venezuela and its principal sea-port there was no decent road? Our friend, a furious oligarch, took pity on our verdancy with respect to Venezuelan affairs.

"Senor X——, the contractor for the road," said he, "replied to one who had been green enough to ask him how it was the \$20,000 appropriated for the road by Congress had not been applied to it, '*Como!* Señor G—— took \$5000, Señora L—— \$5000, the *ministro* \$5000 more, and of course \$5000 was to go to me; you see there's nothing left for the road!'"

The inquirer was satisfied; our friend seemed to think it quite natural, and we, of course, for we had just come from New York.

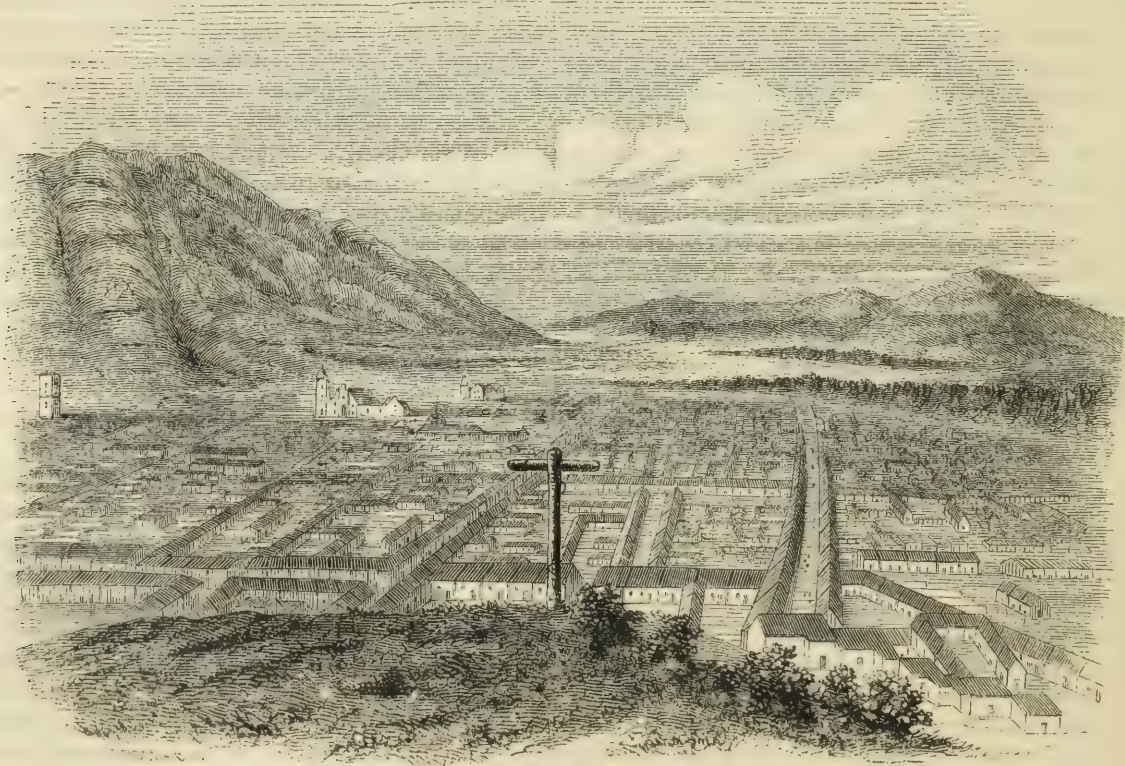
To anticipate my story a little. Two of our party on their return, thinking they should never get to La Guayra alive on mule-back (for mulemanship is an art not to be acquired in a day), made a bargain with the Italian to take them down in his *coche*, a three-horse vehicle, but a very "one-horse" affair. They started at five o'clock in the morning. Late in the afternoon two drenched, mud-bespattered, used-up individuals, of most sinister appearance, were stopped by a negro sentry as they entered La

Guayra—suspected, probably, of being *avant-couriers* of some filibustering expedition coming to take sides with the Oligarchists against the Liberals—they proved, however, to be Americans (our two friends, in fact), who, so far from desiring to conquer, annex, or otherwise appropriate Venezuela, or any part or parcel thereof, were only too anxious to shake its mud from their feet as a testimony against the whole concern. Their *coche* had been left miles behind in a mud-hole, and, worst of all ills to bear, the rest of their journey was made on its saddleless horses; and thus they entered the town, one clinging desperately to his carpet-bag, the other to a bird-cage, its occupant destined to play an important part in keeping his master in pleasant remembrance at the Navy Department. He is a magnificent Troupial; I hear at this moment his loud, clear whistle from one of its windows. Their best uniforms, which would have done *such* execution among the pretty Caracanians if it hadn't rained, were spoiled. Verily, they were two unhappy individuals—all-forlorn. Pursuer B—— will never speak well of Caracas; that journey on the *camino nuevo* having soured all the milk of kindness he ever had for the city or its inhabitants.

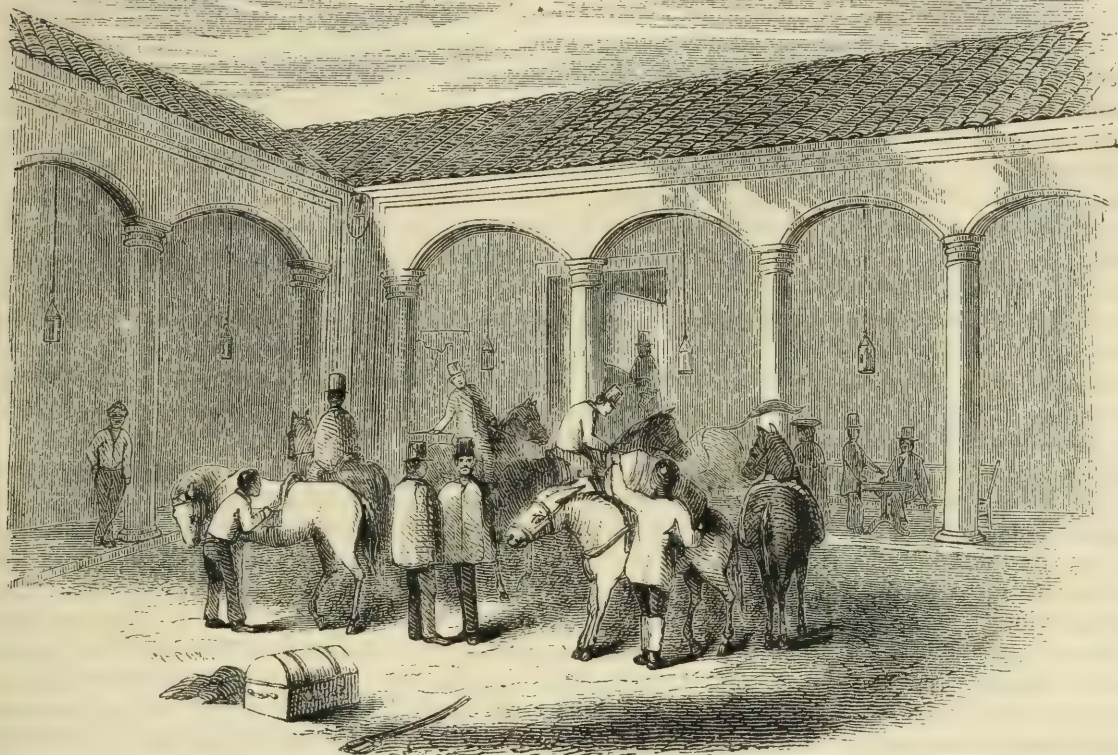
And now how shall I describe Caracas? Imagine a robin's nest, three thousand feet above the sea-level, its sides some two thousand feet deep, its interior dimensions say eight miles by three or four, while in the centre, for eggs, you have the city. Sinbad the Sailor should have located his roc's nest here. Looked down upon from the mountain, Caracas, with its flat red-tiled roofs, has the appearance of a brick-yard surrounded by a garden; the only noticeable break in its uniformity being the white cathe-

dral and its little Plaza. The valley is fertile and cultivated, and is beautiful apart from its picturesque situation. It is dotted with bright, green fields of cane and *molojo*; interspersed with coffee plantations, whose snow-flake blossoms and dark-green foliage contrast prettily with the red-flowered *bucarre*-tree which shades them, with here a ruin caused by the earthquake, and there the white chimney and buildings of a sugar-mill in the midst of a cane-patch. Clusters of houses, lines of straight, tapering willows, recalling our poplar avenues in New England, bright streams winding through the valley, and, to remind one that we are in a tropical climate, tall palm-trees scattered over the plain, paths dotted with strings of donkeys stretching over the neighboring heights, the contrast between the rough, scarred mountains and the rich vegetation in the valley they wall in—all serve to produce a peculiarly pleasing and picturesque effect.

But we have tarried long enough at the toll-gate; let us now enter the city. We follow down a long street once paved, now sadly dilapidated by the rains (and we refuse to listen to some other contractor-story apropos of the city streets from our oligarchist friend), lined with low, straggling mud houses, whose occupants seem to be of all shades of which black and white are capable. None save the children take the trouble to look at us, and we will observe them as we trot along. We notice great uniformity as to costume, or rather want of it, with these little *confrères* of La Guayra; a hat is worn sometimes, occasionally a pair of shoes—either, or neither, or both, according to fancy or means of the parent—and flea-bites à discretion. Had Godiva lived and taken her famous



CARACAS.



BASSETTI'S POSADA.

ride in Caracas, Tennyson would have had to include them in his famous description of how she was clothed on that occasion. The hat has plumes and bright ribbons, and the shoes are of shiny leather, dependent on the social or financial *status* of the mamma. I make no allusion to the other parent; in the houses we are passing it would be difficult to identify *him*.

A solitary *arriero* driving a couple of donkeys, laden with imported soap, candles, and preserved vegetables from La Guayra, is all of life save ourselves and the children in the street. We turn a corner around what the earthquake was good enough to leave of a large church, once of some pretensions, and shortly after find ourselves clattering over the sharp paving stones of the *Culle del Comercio*, the aristocratic street of the city. We observe only—for we are too hot and tired to see much—that said street is about twenty feet wide, lined with one-story houses with projecting roofs and grated, glassless windows, with now and then a *trottoir*. An inscription on one of the few lamps of the city informs us that we are at Bassetti's *posada*, and turning into its open door-way, we find ourselves in a large *patio* or court, itself surrounded by a wide corridor or covered way formed by the projecting roof of the building around. The *muchacho* takes our beasts, and we are soon installed in rooms opening on the corridor whose

grand proportions illy correspond with their meagre furniture, and having observed the absence of any thing like fire-place or glass window, as an earnest of an agreeable change from the rude winter climate we have left behind, examined our mosquito net, performed our ablutions, taken a *siesta* in a cool hammock, and refreshed our inner man at the public table, where the shades of complexion around it are in greater variety than the dishes upon it, let us look about a little.

We find our *posada* of much greater extent than its appearance from the street would indicate. It has but five windows and a door on the street, but is built around three courts, on the principal one of which, the *patio*, our rooms open. It was once one of the aristocratic houses of the city, now it has degenerated to an inn, and, in much better taste than our way of naming after some irresponsible local or national celebrity, bears the name of the landlord, an Italian, who, with his whole family, follows his calling, cooks, waits on table, makes out accounts—also a good example. It is of one story, as are nearly all buildings here, being constructed with a view to earthquakes. This *patio* is the centre of *posada* life; at daybreak travelers are astir preparing for the road; then the early cup of coffee or chocolate is served in the corridor as the guests rise. In the evening,

after dinner, the young bloods mount their horses, which have been pawing and fighting for the gratification of the rest of us for the half hour previous, and sally out to show themselves to the bright-eyed señoritas at the windows, and a little later dusty travelers clatter in on mule and horse: the engraving gives an after-dinner scene, and an idea of a traveler's accoutrements. A white *manta* protects him from the sun's rays, pistols garnish his holsters, and a sword dangles at his side frequently—with sometimes a blunderbuss; a mule carries his luggage, which a sandaled or barefooted servant drives before him; he, too, armed with sword or lance.

And now let us sally out to view the town; but first, as most that the general public may be presumed to know of Caracas is that it is somewhere in Central or South America; that there was once an earthquake there which killed ever so many people, and roused up our republican sympathies to the tune of several cargoes of corn (voted by Congress); and that the names of Bolivar and Paez, Colombian Independence and Cocoa, are, in some way, mixed up with it; let me, for your information, gentle reader of *Harper*—and particularly for the geographical enlightenment of the gentlest of ye all, who asked the writer to call upon her cousin in Valparaiso on his way thither—give the following brief statement:

Caracas, then, is the capital of Venezuela—one of the three states formed from Colombia. It is about ten degrees from the equator, and nestles, as we have said, in a beautiful valley among the mountains; these mountains are a spur of the Andes, which, shooting off from the

Cordilleras in New Granada, skirts along the coast as far as the island of Trinidad. On the one side they overlook the vast *llanos* or plains which stretch to and beyond the Orinoco; and, on the other, the Caribbean Sea, itself probably once a plain hemmed in by the mountains which now form the Windward and other islands which surround it. The elevation of this valley above the sea-level is about three thousand feet; but its vicinity to the sea and to the mountains of Avila and the Silla, whose tops are almost always encircled by vaporous clouds, give a freshness to the breezes that sweep over it, which would hardly be expected so near the equator and from so comparatively low an altitude, especially considering the fiery temperature of La Guayra, its sea-port.

Here is a climate of perpetual spring. The average temperature in summer is about 75°, in winter about 68°. Not only the coffee, cocoa, and sugar-cane, and pine-apple, grow in this valley, but the cereals, the potatoes, the apple, and the quince, produce bountifully in or around it.

The city was founded in 1567 by Diego Losada, a Spanish commander, upon a *hato* (or cattle-farm), after near a dozen years' hard struggle between the Spaniards and the warlike Indians who inhabited the valley—then more than twice as populous as now. The original name, Leon de Caracas (after the Governor, Ponce de Leon), is no longer preserved, but only the Indian name of the valley, Caracas. The capital seat of the Captain-generalcy of Caracas, it was endowed by the Spanish Government with a university, archbishopric, state-



RUINS OF THE CONVENT OF THE CARMELITES.



THE CATHEDRAL.

ly monasteries, etc., the policy of Spain in respect to its colonies (unlike that of France and England, and other powers) seeming to be to attach its people to the soil of their new homes, and not, as with the others, to make them dependent upon the mother country for institutions of learning and religion.

The earthquake in 1812 destroyed some 12,000 of its inhabitants, numbering then 40,000, and most of its fine edifices. It now contains about 50,000 souls, the whites being in small proportion to the negroes, Indians, and mixed races, although greater than in any other part of Venezuela.

In going through the streets—which are laid out with some regularity—we are struck with their narrowness, their bad paving, the rarity of sidewalks, the entire absence of wheeled vehicles (with the exception of coffee-carts), and the low houses, with their projecting eaves and grated windows—which latter are generally occupied by black-eyed, bare-armed señoritas, of whom hereafter. Right in front of our posada are the high walls of a convent surrounding a whole square, and which the revolution and the earthquake seem to have respected; here some sixty venerable nuns occupy the central block of the town. I leave to some practical Yankee to “calculate” the value of these lots lost to business.

But let us go on to the Plaza. This is surrounded by low shops, and we observe that the usual mode of entering them is on horse or mule-

back, while a notice on the wall prohibits any one from entering the Plaza itself—which is the market of Caracas—except on foot. The cathedral fronts the Plaza; at the time of the earthquake it was crowded to its utmost capacity, and more than a thousand persons perished under its falling walls.

Opposite is the Government House, a plain, square, two-storied structure, built round a court; here are all the Departments of Government, and here the President, attended by his armed body-guard, comes every day on public business. His private residence, in the Plaza San Pablo, is distinct, and it is there that he receives his friends—not a bad plan, and the only thing I have observed here which I could conscientiously recommend for adoption at home.

On one side of the square is the archbishop's palace; neither of these buildings call for any special notice. The little building on the Plaza at your left, looking to the cathedral, is the telegraph-office; a wire stretches from it over the mountain to La Guayra, and proud enough are the people of their *telegrapho*. “The *paquete* is in sight!” “The *paquete* has arrived!” these are the messages which, telegraphed up by the Yankee operator, make Caracas open its sleepy eyes. The packet *Isabel* and Captain Todd are known to every body who visits this country; his little schooner is the only regular means of communication between this country and the outer world; it carries the fortnightly mails and passengers between La Guayra and St. Thomas.

and connects with the steamers that centre there. The telegraph is doing a good business; you pay twenty-five cents for a single message up to four o'clock, after which hour the price is doubled, the same increase taking place again at nine, after which you make your own bargain.

The market is filled in its centre with canvas-covered stalls, where is sold the lean meat of the hungry, fierce-looking cattle driven in from the plains, cut into the most extraordinary forms—either “jerked” in long strips as *tassajo*, or freshly-slaughtered; fish brought on mule-back from La Guayra; occasional goats, under the name of mutton; and fruits and vegetables, of which the country produces a great variety. The staple commodity is beef, which is the cheapest article of food, and the average yearly consumption of which in Caracas is something more than an ox per head. We noticed several varieties of corn bread and the *cassava* bread, both prominent articles of food among the poorer classes; heaps of *papelón*, a kind of brown sugar, sold in small, cone-shaped loaves. The principal vegetable is the plantain; the most delicious fruit the *parcha*, or fruit of the passion-flower. The people here are mostly of mixed blood; the common women wear white *mantas* (a kind of long scarf) over their heads, and remind one a little of the women in Constantinople; the men wear a loose brown trowser coming down to the knee, a loose shirt over, a gay handkerchief (if they own one), under a palm-leaf or felt hat, and on the feet, if any thing, sandals.

The price of things astonishes us: potatoes about five dollars a bushel, butter (imported from America) sixty cents a pound—and the plains are covered with cattle—chickens a dollar apiece, turkeys five, and eggs four for a *real* (ten cents), these passing sometimes for currency, for you notice the woman of whom you

asked the price of that banana answers *dos huevos* (two eggs), meaning five cents. They pack them nicely in couples, tied together in corn-husk, and transport them without difficulty on donkey-back. One word, *en passant*, about the currency. It is decimal, the unit being the *centavano*, ten of which make a *real*, and one hundred a dollar, which is equal to seventy-five cents of our money. The only Venezuelan coin is the copper *centavano*; the rest of the currency is made up of American, English, and French money, the American double-eagle (“maracotta,” as they call it, of which we pay them yearly, as the balance of trade, two million dollars’ worth), and the English sovereign being the most common gold coins.

Would you know why, in the midst of plenty, where Nature produces so bountifully all that man can require for his subsistence, the market is so bare and the prices so dear, ask that coffee-colored fellow leaning against the wall, and lazily inhaling the smoke of a cigar that Indian girl has just made for him. He opens his eye with an effort, and says,

“Por que? why should we work, señor? Food grows on every tree; what should prevent those who want it from gathering it? When I want a new *cobija*, or a *machete*, or a little *aguardiente*, I bring some plantains or fruit to market, and have what I ask for them, and all I want for a month to come. Were I as rich as Señor A—— I could be no better off.”

And the lazy fellow has said what every *peon* in Venezuela feels and acts up to; hence it required five dollars, and a good deal of time and persuasion at that, to get a man to carry a letter for me to La Guayra—a matter of three hours for a good courier—and hence it is that at the first tables in Caracas the best vegetables and the best dishes come from France direct; in the market one is sure of nothing.



Passing out of the Plaza at the corner opposite the Telegraph-office, and near the Government House, we come to the Guard-house, surrounded by specimens of the Venezuelan army. Let us stop and admire these "bulwarks of the Constitution." An officer in very brilliant uniform is lolling on a bench at the door-way; he is white. Stretched on the pavement, in every attitude laziness can devise, are some twenty Indians and negroes, soldiers; their costume is a thin, dirty, brown or blue coat and trowsers, with a red stripe down the latter, while a cartridge-box and an old musket give to them what of military appearance they have. If new recruits they may have shoes, and instances have been known of their having shirts. They get a *real* a day, when they are paid, for rations; and if they want more, beg it. About a thousand of these fellows guard Caracas, and the force kept under arms in the country is about six thousand. The way of recruiting, according to my oligarch friend, is very simple. A file of soldiers make a *razzia* over the country, pick up all the men they can find who have "no friends," or who can't pay for exemption, bring them into town, where they are frequently followed by howling families—and, crack! they are stalwart defenders of the Republic! The same wicked authority asserts that when the fine house on the Plaza San Pablo was projected, the recruiting-sergeants showed a great fancy for masons, and it is really aston-

ishing how expert these warlike creatures are at building!

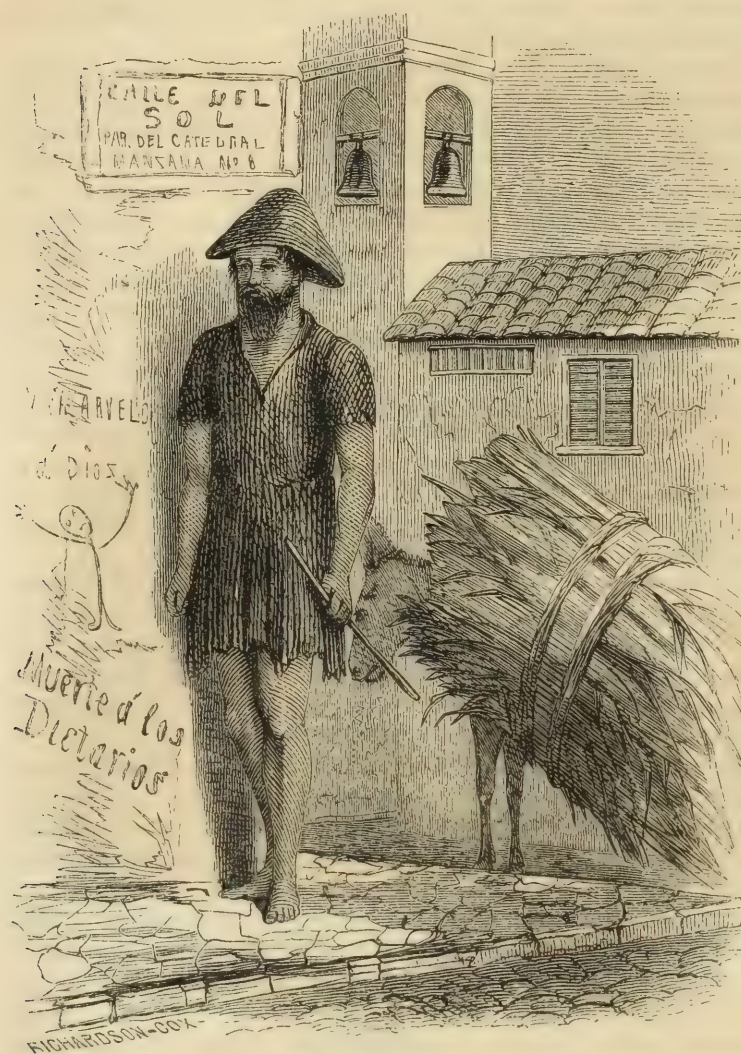
The time when the soldier makes himself heard—and felt, too—in Caracas, is after ten in the evening, when, walking along, you hear his thundering halloo; you answer promptly, if you know the ropes, "*Venezuelano!*" He bawls out, in return, "*Quien es?*" and you reply, "*Ciudadano!*" (citizen)—after which fibs he allows you to pass him on the other side of the street. If you don't answer as above, you run the risk of having a bullet flying at you if his gun will go off, or of getting what they say our Minister got once for giving his title, instead of saying that he was a Venezuelan citizen; namely, a punch from the butt of the musket of the sable sentry, who didn't understand diplomacy, and only knew that the answer was out of order.

You should see these soldiers march on state occasions during the processions of Easter Week; the stage walk of Forrest "doing" the jealous Othello in Desdemona's bedroom is the type; but your negro likes music, and the tragic stalk has degenerated to a sort of double-shuffle, in time to the doleful music of the band, which will persist in playing false: the heads and shoulders of the men, wagging from side to side in unison with this extraordinary march, must be *seen*—to describe the thing is impossible.

We are struck, as we continue our walk, with the green masses of verdure moving along, procession-like, through the streets; they are the *molojo* fields moving upon Caracas. Examine the object closely, and you perceive at one extremity a pair of long ears; beneath, on further inspection, you discover the feet of some quadruped, from which you may divine that covered up there somewhere is a donkey, wending his way to market with a load of *molojo* (or young corn-stalks), which is the universal food for horses and mules wherever I have been in Venezuela. In the morning loads of it file along the streets, stopping at every door, and diminishing in bulk for the benefit of the graminivorous animals within.

Look at that *molojero* as he leans against the wall waiting for his pay. He belongs to the class which *works* here, and he will one day own a hacienda, send papelon to market, and ride a fine horse, instead of, as now, driving a sorry donkey. He is one of the twenty thousand *Isleños* (or Canary Islanders), a mild, in-offensive race, whom starvation has driven from home, and who constitute all that is laborious and thrifty in this country. They resemble in some respects our German population; they commence, on arriving, as *molojeros*, *peons*, or common laborers; next they cultivate a patch of land for half the sugar it produces; and, finally, they purchase it, and become landholders. The fellow who is standing for his portrait in the cut was a handsome fellow, of swarthy face and coal-black eyes and hair, but not a trace of the *tar-brush* which here generally accompanies the dark complexion of the Creole.





EL MOLOJERO.

He is a man of little cultivation, and of few words, but of strong will. He rides or walks every morning in plain dress to the Government House, and never alone, but always closely attended by half a dozen brilliantly-uniformed, dark-complexioned officers.

Such was Monagas at the time of our visit to Caracas. Shortly after broke out the revolution of March, 1858, which drove him from power. He took refuge with the French consul; but was given up on demand of the new Government; and as we write we hear that he is under arrest, awaiting his trial for peculation and other official misdemeanors.

Next to this house, on your left, are barracks for soldiers, which are numerous here as well as around the fine building across the way which we can not see in the cut, but which we have already spoken of as the result of the labors of soldiers who handle the hod and trowel better than the sword or musket. From the windows bright-eyed damsels distribute ribbons and knots to the plucky gallants who excel with the *toros*; and this, perhaps, is the best place to describe the principal public amusement in Caracas.

Since the emancipation of the slaves they have done more work than all the native *peons* put together; and if this country is ever to be regenerated, it will be owing to these islanders seconding the Anglo-Saxon. For the native races here there is no hope, and the day when not a white Venezuelan will be found in the country is a matter of simple calculation. The indigenous and the African races are rapidly swallowing up the Europeans; they can not live on terms of equality. The inferior, but physically stronger, degrades and finally absorbs the superior race; whatever it touches it enervates and destroys.

We have now arrived at the Plaza San Pablo. The house in front, with three windows (next to the wheel-wright's shop), and the interior of which is as simple as the exterior, is the residence of the richest man and first citizen by title in Venezuela—the President, General José Tadeo Monagas—who has lately had his powers increased and term extended to six years, by Congress, and a new Constitution given him, something *à la Louis Napoleon*. He succeeds his brother, General Gregario Monagas, who succeeded him. He is an old *Llanero*, and a man of nearly seventy, tall, muscular, and active, and in gait and appearance, when seen from a distance, resembles somewhat Daniel Webster.

The number of public amusements is very limited. There is a miserable theatre open on Sunday evenings, and several cock-pits open much oftener; but the one amusement which delights the hearts of the Caracanians of both sexes is the *toros*. The bulls are not fought here. The sport consists in chasing (*correer*) the poor animal through the streets, seizing his tail, and, by a dexterous twist, throwing him to the ground; he recovers his feet in a bewildered state and then charges upon the nearest horseman, while he is followed up by some other and is thrown again and again, till, finally, with broken horns and bleeding nostrils, maimed and helpless, he is lassoed and dragged off the field to be slaughtered for to-morrow's dinner. This brutal sport can take place in any part of the town; and I take this occasion to advise my young American friends who may go to Caracas (for they go every where) not to show their gallantry by riding out with young ladies of an afternoon, for the chances are more than even of their encountering a *toro*. A cloud of dust is seen ahead, shouts and the pattering of feet are heard, an ugly pair of horns is presently descried, and first you know your best turned Spanish phrase is cut short, and you have most promptly to cut stick; it's *saufe qui peut*.

Occasionally the passion for *toros* attacks the



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MONAGAS.

ladies in some quarter of the town. Two or three blocks are then fenced in. Music, flags, and lean, hungry-looking cattle are provided; the latter are let into the inclosure, where they find all the young beaux of the place mounted and spurred. The windows are adorned by ladies in full dress, whose practiced eyes are not to be deceived by any feints of skill on the part of their gallants, whom, if successful, they reward with gay shoulder-knots; and I think Young America could hardly see their lustrous eyes and beautiful features without being quite willing to risk his neck to win any token of their favor. The sport is kept up till dark, generally, through the week, each day terminating with a dance at some house in the neighborhood. The fun is not always very lively in the beginning, as the bulls have sometimes to be excited to a start by goads or by stones thrown at them by the attendant footmen, who caper before the reluctant animal, flaunting their red-lined *cobijas* at them. On the whole, it is a stupid, brutal amusement. It is imported from the plains, where, however, it has an object. Many of the young men who play a part in these scenes are practiced *Llaneros*, with whom it is a profession as it has been a part of their education.

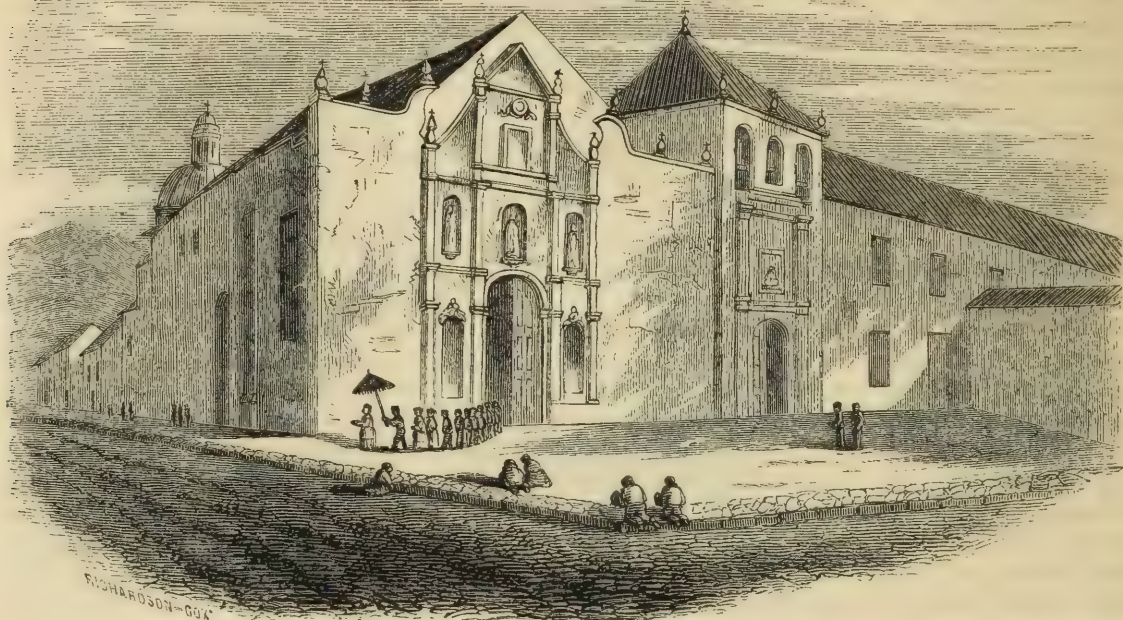
But to return. What one sees in the streets of Caracas even more frequently than *molojo*, is the great staple of Venezuela—coffee. Strings of donkeys are seen trooping in at every street, the nose of each tied to the tail of the next one ahead, and all loaded with the fragrant berry

which is produced in all the neighboring hills and valleys.

The best is produced in the *tierra fria*, or uplands. Each donkey is laden with two sacks, weighing about a hundred pounds. They unload at the stores of the La Guayra merchants, who all have branches in Caracas, and here it is weighed, packed in new sacks, marked, let-



COFFEE CARRIER.



CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO AND HALLS OF CONGRESS.

tered, and sent to the former place in carts (which it seems can go through more certainly than the *coche*), where it is shipped, about half to the United States, and the rest mostly to Germany.

Pursuing our walk we come to the Church of San Francisco, the monastery attached to which is now the Halls of Congress. The only remnant of the once rich and powerful order of Franciscans who occupied this vast pile, is a

solitary blue-gowned friar, whom Bolivar left to linger about the place as a relic of its former glory. We will not take part in the deliberations of Congress now; the church is the most frequented in Caracas. The young gallants cluster round the entrance to see the fair señoritas as they go to and from their devotions—the only time they are seen in the streets. They all wear veils or shawls over the head, hats not being allowed in church, and are accompanied by servants

carrying on their heads the rug upon which their mistresses kneel. The church presents a picturesque aspect, filled with veiled women, kneeling or sitting in close contact down the whole nave, and presenting as great variety of color and texture in the mantillas and montas, as in the shade of complexion and quality of those who wear them. It requires early rising to see the pretty women of Caracas in church—they have returned home before most of us have left our beds.

Observe this *venta*. The shop has a high



A VENTA.

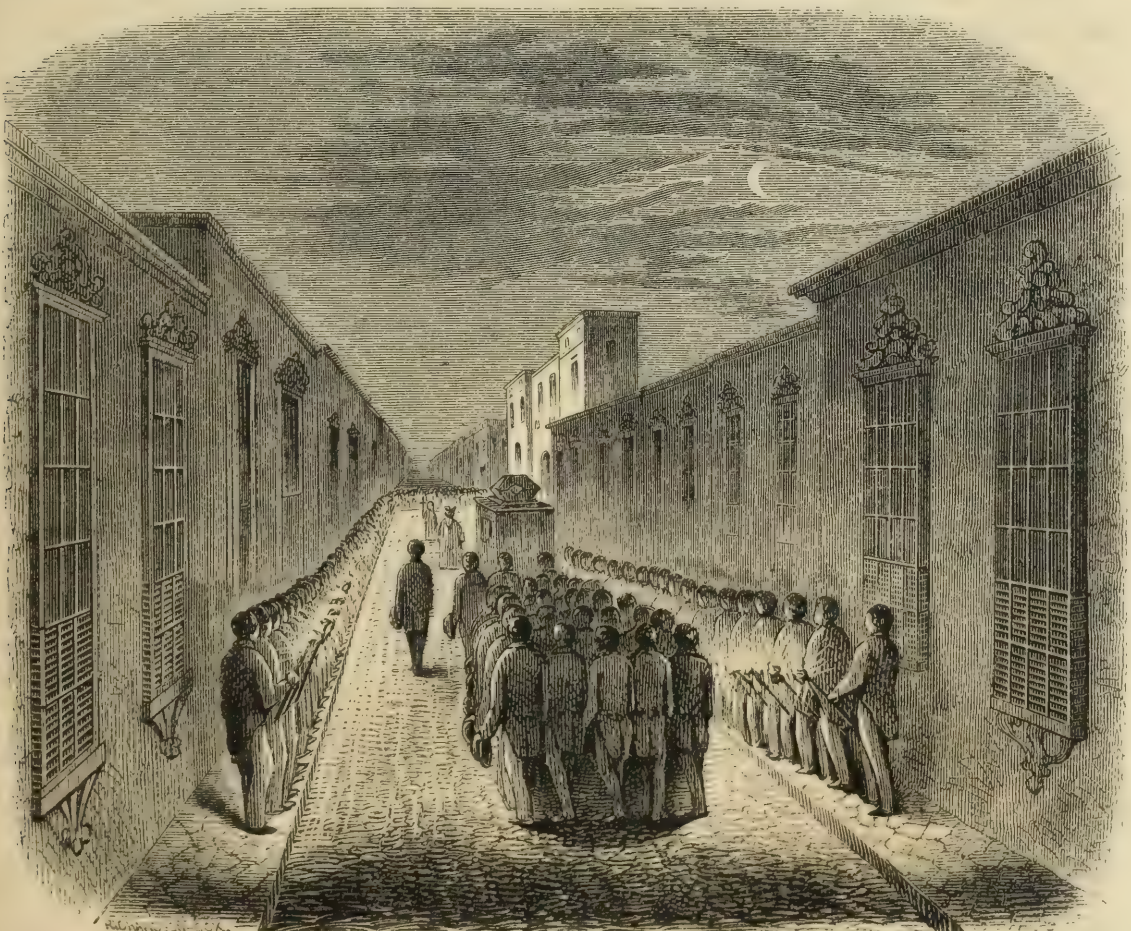
patroness you will observe; the piety or superstition of the inmate is made manifest very frequently in this manner. The construction of the house is worthy of remark. Nearly all of them are made of earth and stones pounded into a sort of box, and left to dry in the sun after the box is removed. When mixed with a little mortar it is called *reale* (royal). As there are no frosts these walls answer as well as stone. There are some houses of coarse, thin brick. Whoever has a brick house takes good care that the world know it; it is rough laid with superabundant mortar, and is not sightly; but it ranks with our "brown-stone fronts," and its proprietor would as soon think of plastering it over as Mrs. Potiphar would of whitewashing her Fifth Avenue mansion.

And apropos, it is time that we strolled into the Fifth Avenue of Caracas. Let us go to the bridge of the Trinity; it is six o'clock. All the nice young men are about, and all the pretty women are in or out, which ever you choose to call it; the grated, projecting windows are *garnis* with bright black eyes. Such eyes! such round bare shoulders and arms! what an ordeal for a stranger! The hour before night (there is no twilight here) is most profitably and agreeably spent walking the streets, stopping at the windows of your señorita acquaintance, and chatting through the bars with the soft-voiced damsels within. If you have a nice horse and ride well you show off your paces to appreciating eyes, stopping at such windows as please you,

for your horse can go almost every where his master is permitted.

We shall often meet a priest going to administer the last sacrament to some moribund. He is preceded by a white-robed boy who tinkles a bell, and is followed by people of the church and friends of the dying person, who hasten at the sound of the bell to take part in the procession, which all make way for; the footman kneels bareheaded, the horseman dismounts and does likewise, the bells of the churches toll lugubriously as it passes. At night the procession is dotted with glimmering lanterns, and the tinkling bell sounds painfully in the still streets as the throng moves on, numerous or not according to the number of his friends, but always silently, to the house of death.

When a person dies the friends are invited, by circular issued in behalf of all the relatives, to assemble at the house of the defunct generally about nightfall. From thence they march in procession with the bier to the church. The cut represents a funeral which we attended of one of the most distinguished and beloved citizens of Venezuela. On reaching the house we were supplied by servants carrying armfuls of them, each with a huge black wax candle, some five feet in length by two inches in thickness; this was lighted, and we were taught to protect it from the wind by paper tied around the flame lantern-wise. We waited, lining either side of the street till the bier, preceded by priests and followed by the relatives and



FUNERAL IN CARACAS.

nearest friends, passed through the double line, which, when it reached the church, was closed in by the rear which filed in, in long and glimmering array: the frame-work to support the bier, heavily draped with black cloth, was carried on the head of negroes, therefore at a considerable elevation. Arrived at the church, and after the silent prayers of the priest, the body was taken to the cemetery by some of the friends, the family and the others returning to the house, where, ranged round a room draped in black, the friends passed in in single file, silently shaking each relative by the hand and retiring. Three days after, at early morn, were the "honors" to the departed. A beautiful sarcophagus, surrounded by emblems of mourning, among which we observed a lamb covered with black crape and bound at its foot, was in the centre of the church, which was draped in black. The friends assembled here to attend a mass chanted by a full choir for two hours, and again took leave of the mourners.

When a child dies, it is looked upon as a cause of rejoicing, that, dying before it sinned, it has become an angel; the bier and body are gayly dressed, and, among the lower people, it is *waked* with great spirit by dancing, music, and feasting.

As evening advances promenaders disappear and the windows are deserted; at eight o'clock it would seem as if all Caracas was asleep. We hear music at a distance, and, approaching, see a crowd around the windows of a house. We join it and look in with it. There is a ball, and the crowd who are not invited feel that they are at liberty to hear the music, and look in and appreciate or criticise the dancers, and those within seem to agree thereto.

The young ladies strike us by their elaborate costumes, a little exaggerated on European fashions, much bejeweled, belaced, and ornamented. Their husbands, when they marry, cause them few pleasant surprises in laces, jewelry, etc., for he can have little to add to their toilets.

The music has a certain originality and wildness that strikes you. The dances known to us are evidently well known to the Caracacians; but fast Young America might take a lesson in the graceful languor with which they slowly sail round in the waltz or mazourka. An engagement to dance is for a *tourno*, consisting generally of four or five dances, the waltz, polka, mazourka, and always the "*Dansa*." It must be desperate work for a stranger. He can, however, invite, by permission of the *caballero*, a lady for a *palamito*, or one of the dances of the *tour* to which she is engaged. The *Dansa* is the favorite dance of the Caracacians. A double line, of ladies on one side and gentlemen on the other, is formed; the head couple *set* to the couple next to them, go through various graceful evolutions, one of which is a kind of waltz, *à quatre*, finishing the figure with a waltz or polka, and thus progressing down the line to each couple till the whole is in graceful movement to the music, which has different measures

for different parts of the figure, and is very striking. When the *tour* is finished there is a pause; the ladies sit around the room, the men go into the corridor and *patio* to smoke cigaritos and await the commencement of the next *tour*, and thus they keep it up till two or three o'clock, when they patter home on foot, the two or three carriages here being kept rather for show than use.

But let us leave the crowd at the windows, who express their approval of dances and dancers very freely, and go back to our *posada*. We get safely by sentries whose challenges we reply to in approved form, whose directions to cross to the other side of the street we obey implicitly. The watchmen, cloaked and armed, have just finished bawling with stentorian lungs, "Twelve o'clock and a clear sky!" We look up at the firmament brilliant with stars, the southern cross blazing with its symbol of faith, and we shudder at the thought of the fleas we are soon to encounter. The sleepy *muchacho* finally opens the door in answer to our noisy rapping—and good-night to Caracas.

NELLY'S SLIPPER.

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made."

SCOTT.

I.

OUR Nelly is a brilliant, sparkling little fairy. She is just seventeen, and has half the youths of the country side paying court to her, scowling at each other fiercely, and going wild about her generally. Her dangerous blue eyes occasion them that trouble which such eyes have caused young men in all ages. They languish beneath her frowns, rejoice in her smiles, and I should not be surprised if the little maiden walked through many of their dreams.

Nelly tells me all her love affairs. I am her old friend and elderly admirer. I have been so since she first climbed into my lap and showed me the lovely new doll which papa had brought from town for her that morning. In those youthful days she confided to me her most cherished views on doll-babies' underclothes, play-houses, and wondrous picture-books of Aladdin, Prince Riquet with the Tuft, and Beauty and the Beast; and now that she has put away dolls and other childish things, to interest herself in those more imposing playthings, the feelings of young gentlemen, she consults and advises with me, as before. We sit on the sofa, or in the portico, if it is warm, and then I hear all Miss Nelly's secrets. I never greet them with that elderly and incredulous smile which says so plainly, "Child! I am a thousand years older than you are! Your trifling affairs are infinitely beneath such a great philosopher as myself! I laugh at your follies, and quietly scorn all your airs and graces, and caprices and coquetries!" Just the contrary. When Nelly comes and nestles on my shoulder,

and looks up at me with those deep blue eyes, and smiles in a confidential way, and whispers under her breath *the last* little affair; when this pretty little tableau is arranged for my benefit, this petit comedy enacted for my entertainment, I never utter a word of criticism, I never laugh, I listen with the most serious attention, and am rewarded by having Nelly turn her heart's inner lining outward for my inspection.

Nelly trusts me implicitly, for I have never betrayed her. The youngsters have found out that the old gentleman who, having secured a competence from the wreck of his fortunes, lives among his own people at "The Forest" is deep in the secrets and counsels of Miss Nelly. They accordingly ply me with all manner of inducements to espouse their side, and be their "friend at court." Last week Charley Blank sent me, with his best regards, a brace of the plumpest pheasants I ever saw; advising me at the same time of his intention to call on me soon, when he "hoped I would tell him some more of those delightful stories about the good old times and *the distinguished men* who were *my friends*." Tom Haskins rode five miles out of the way to bring me a package from the post-office but yesterday; Alexander Legrand sent me, two days since, a box of the finest smoking tobacco that ever was known. But I am proof against all these wiles; I do not design betraying little Nelly. *Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes*. If the enemy choose to furnish pheasants for the family dinner, or smoking tobacco for myself and my visitors, I have not the slightest objection. They carry themselves—these gay young fellows—toward the friend of Nelly with an air of the deepest respect and cordiality; but he has no confidences to make them in return. When they come to "The Forest" and ooze out with flattery and *complaisance*, I listen to their harangues unmoved, and laughing inwardly, say, "Ah, my fine lads, I have seen many like you in my day! Let us be friends, but *not too close friends*!" And then I bow with that inclination of the head which Nell is pleased to call "of the Old School," praising it, and leave the coast quite clear to the amorous youths.

When they have departed, Nelly and myself have a confidential laugh and talk about them; but I will never encourage the damsel in making critical remarks: and so the comedy goes on, from day to day, and from month to month.

For Nelly is terribly surrounded. She is courted enough to turn the head of a much older and wiser person. You will, however, pardon my making the observation that I have brought the damsel up carefully—advisedly: she is a girl of excellent sense. I carefully guard her against the approaches of a vain self-conceit. I often say, "My child, this attractiveness which you possess is but the result of those gifts with which you are endowed by a kind heaven. *You* did not make your smile eloquent, your eyes full of mirth or pathos. The kind, true heart, the beautiful good-nature—these things are derived from a Being who de-

serves all your love and worship. You should not be made vain by them, or use them to trifle with honest emotions. They are transient, and doomed to pass quickly away—the grace of the fashion of them perisheth. Be not puffed up, lest a worse thing befall thee; and see that you employ your gifts in a worthy way—'tis the sole and only means of avoiding remorse, when you look from beneath your thin gray hairs on the merry hours of your youth."

This, and much more equally sensible, I say to Nelly, listening with thoughtful, tender eyes; and I think that my advice has not been without its influence in curbing the too riotous emotions of triumph, which the little beauty must have felt at the effect of her charms. Sometimes, it is true, she can not restrain her victorious feelings, or refrain from wielding the sceptre thrust into her hands by the foolish youths kneeling around her footstool. More than once she has exercised, as Queen of Hearts, the royal authority to which she has been elevated. But in the main our Nelly has been very good and proper. She has not tyrannized, where she might have done so with impunity, over the thralls of her bow and spear, the captives of her beautiful eyes. She has been kind, and forbearing of her jests, to paralyzed young gentlemen; and when others have laughed at the follies of her admirers, she has flamed out splendidly with her flashing wit, and disarmed the ill-natured critics by her "pluck."

But I am running on too carelessly, trying in vain to describe our maiden. I must come to the "little affair" which now engages Nelly's attention. A large pack have long been in full cry, on the track of our timid little white rabbit—but at present two young greyhounds, of the purest breed, are far in advance of their competitors for the prize. These noble greyhounds think they hear the poor, startled little rabbit pant—they scowl sideways at each other, and push on with redoubled speed; they are the real rivals, the serious competitors. But, to drop the forced metaphor, and "speak by the book."

The other day Nelly came to me, and I saw, from the pout upon her lip and the color in her cheek, that something of an interesting nature had lately taken place. I knew that she and the two youths just referred to, under the elegant figure of greyhounds, had been walking out together; and as the young gentlemen had, the moment before, departed, Nelly evidently came to confide her sorrows or annoyances to my sympathetic ears. I assumed, therefore, a mysterious and secret expression of countenance; and my reserved and guarded look indicated that I was prepared to store away in my breast, and put under double lock and key, whatever the damsel should confide to me. Nelly nestled close to me on the sofa; leaned her head upon my shoulder—it looked, I declare, like a little golden flower, full blown and drooping with the dew—and then, in a mysterious and pettish voice, the little beauty whispered,

"I declare, Cousin, it really is *too* bad! I thought that *some* of *your* old-time courtesy and gallantry was left; but I was mistaken."

To this flattering speech I made no reply in words. I only drew the young lady closer, and inclined my ear in a listening attitude.

Nelly burst out laughing—after which she pouted again.

"You dear old grandfather!" she cried, "I like you better than all of them put together—those foolish boys! Better? I reckon I do—a thousand times! They would have teased me to know what had happened, and I never would have told them; for boys think girls have splendid secrets when they haven't any—only they make a fuss, as if they had. Now *you* listen quietly, and it is *so* much more sensible."

Nelly paused in this moral digression, remembering her grievances. She pouted again.

I did not speak—I listened. This astute proceeding was duly rewarded. Nelly plunged at once *in medias res*.

"Mr. Harry Dale thinks himself very smart, I suppose," she said, pouting far more than ever. "He sets up for a gallant young gentleman, and expects me to consider him one after what has just happened."

I waited patiently to hear what had just happened. I was not disappointed.

"We were walking out," said Nelly—"Hether-ton Wilby was with us—and came to the bridge over the run, Cousin. I was standing on the bridge, leaning against the railing, when I thought I would find which of them—which of them—I loved me best! You know what I mean, you wicked old gentleman! looking at me with such laughing eyes!—which *liked* me best, I mean. Well, I thought of a way which would show me. I put my foot over the edge of the bridge" [Nelly has an exquisite foot, and an ankle which is absolute perfection], "and then—*by accident*, you know, Cousin—now you are laughing again, Sir!—stop!—by accident—nothing *but* accident, *of course*!—I dropped my slipper into the water. See, here it is—isn't it pretty? bronze morocco, with open-work embroidery and red rosettes—"

"You dropped *that* into the water? Indeed you must have been anxious to solve the problem, Nelly—"

"I *did* wish to know. Well, the slipper fell, and bounced up from the water, and then went sailing away. I looked round at Mr. Hether-ton Wilby and Mr. Harry Dale—no, at Mr. Harry Dale and Mr. Hether-ton Wilby—for that odious Harry is mighty set up! Do you think he would move a single inch? He thought himself very grand! He leaned carelessly on the railing, and didn't seem to mind meeting my eye—the hateful thing!—and said that it was—yes, it was really—'*a beautiful little boat*!' Just to think of his impudence!"

"Hum! that *was* cool. And Mr. Hether-ton Wilby; what did he do?"

"Acted like a perfect gentleman. He ran down, and waded into the water—waded!—and

brought back my slipper. I wouldn't speak to his lordship, Mr. Harry Dale, all the way home, and that's all. Isn't he odious and ungentlemanly?"

The flushed little beauty paused. I made no reply. The fact is, I did not know what to say. Mr. Harry's conduct was singular. That he was deeply in love with Nelly I knew perfectly well. Why, then, did he so obstinately refuse to fulfill her wishes? I was pondering this problem still, when Nelly interrupted me.

"There, Cousin," she said, "you needn't say any thing. I see you are going to defend Mr. Harry Dale, who is your favorite. I can't see what you like so in him! All I have to say is, that he is odious and hateful."

"You consider him so."

"No, he *is*! I liked him once, but I hate him. Hum! I reckon—I suppose I am not worthy of his lordship's notice! I am not worth running for—"

"Or *wading* for, my dear."

"Or *wading*!—yes!" came in a burst of laughter from Nelly's rosy lips. "You can't think how Hether-ton Wilby looked when he came back! His fine boots were dripping; his pantaloons—but oh, goodness gracious!" cried the young lady, with a sudden air of fright, while she covered her mouth with her hand [Nelly has a lovely hand], "a young lady to speak of—pantaloons. It's horrible! But I don't care; and after all, you know, his—pantaloons—*were* as thoroughly soaked as if he had stood in the run all day."

Nelly repeated her laughter with enthusiasm as she finished.

"It was really very gallant in Mr. Wilby," I said, with the imperceptible smile which characterizes wise old bachelors, "and I suppose you rewarded him."

"Rewarded him?" asked Nelly, with an admirable affectation of ignorance, which a smile like my own, however, betrayed.

"I mean that you permitted the gallant knight to put on your slipper."

"Yes," replied Nelly, in a voice of some hesitation; but suddenly recovering her self-possession, she cried, gayly, "Yes, indeed, Cousin. Was the reward too great?"

"No indeed. So he replaced the slipper which had fallen by such mere accident?"

"Yes, Sir. Now you are satirizing me—but I don't care. He did it very gallantly; knelt, and then took my foot in his hand, and then—"

"Oh! took your foot? I shall advise the youngster to beware of that foot!"

Nelly laughed, and tossed her handsome head with the air of a spoiled little beauty—as much as to say, "He may be very glad that I let him put my slipper on—he was pleased enough."

"*Of course* he took my foot in his hand, Cousin," Nelly replied; "he could not help doing it, you know."

"Poor fellow! I see now; he was compelled to; much against his will."

"Hum!" [this sound from Nelly's lips was very expressive]—"but let me go on, Sir. Well, he

put on my slipper; and do you know he held my foot in his hand as respectfully and fearfully as if it belonged to a saint?"

"Chivalric!"

"Was it not? Now, if that odious Harry had put on my slipper, he would have treated my ankle as if it belonged to him, and been as rough as if I was a child and he the nurse—bent on getting the slipper on as quickly as possible, whether it hurt my foot or not. Well, I paid him for his fine conduct. I did not speak to him all the way home, and laughed at every thing Hetherton Wilby said—till—till—he was perfectly delighted, and—*I liked me more than ever!*"

Having whispered these audacious words very confidentially in my ear, Nell's rosy lips brushed my cheek, a ringing peal of laughter chimed on the air, and the maiden darted away, running gayly on tiptoe, and singing carelessly,

"Young Love may go—o—o—
To Jer—i—cho—o—o!"

Left to myself, I spent an hour trying to understand Mr. Harry's conduct. But I could not. Why was he so careless? That he loved Nelly with his whole heart there was not a particle of doubt; and then the coast was very far from clear. Above all, Mr. Hetherton Wilby was a rival dangerous enough to spur any lover to the most careful and considerate action. Why did Harry permit his rival to wade after the slipper, and win the smile of his sweet-heart?

Harry Dale is the son of a gentleman in the neighborhood possessing a very moderate estate and half a dozen children. The old gentleman manages with difficulty to supply his family with the ordinary comforts of their station. Harry is homely in appearance, short of stature, and possesses no very striking or brilliant traits of character. That is to say, I enjoy the honor of the acquaintance of many young ladies who would say and think as much of him. But I beg leave to differ with these beauteous damsels. I am so old-fashioned as to think that Harry possesses some *very* fine characteristics. He is supremely honest in thought, and word, and deed; sincere in every profession; straightforward and single in all his dealings. He is serious and earnest in his manner, and, perhaps, never was guilty of a jest in all his life. His father's health is not good, and poverty threatens to press upon them. In their narrow fortunes Harry is their main hope and stay. He never thought of any thing but managing the farm until he saw and fell in love with Nelly.

I said that Hetherton Wilby was a dangerous rival—or intimated as much. This gentleman is tall, elegant, extremely handsome, and possessed of undeniable advantages, such as make young fellows popular in society. He talks in an admirable tone of banter—is full of well-bred jest and critical comment—he dances well, rides well, bows, as he enters a room, well; and, indeed, occasions a considerable sensation when he makes his appearance at a party. His father is the wealthiest gentleman of the county,

and Hetherton possesses already, in right of his mother, whose only child he was, a splendid estate but a few miles from "The Forest." When he succeeds to the patrimonial acres adjoining he will be quite a youthful nobleman in the extent of his domain. It is a fine sight to see him mounted on his glossy bay—for the young man always rides the very finest horses—careering along in his rich apparel and saluting every one with scrupulous politeness. He looks very grand and gallant thus—and I've seen the young ladies before referred to clasp their hands in fearful admiration when he made his bay rear on his haunches. Taken altogether, Mr. Hetherton Wilby is a conspicuous personage, and undeniably a subject of much interest and meditation to the aforesaid tender-hearted damsels. But there are one or two drawbacks in this gentleman—some shadows in the picture. Mr. Wilby is said to occasionally weary some of the more discriminating ladies of his acquaintance. His jests are, in some way, all akin to each other; 'tis said that there is no *depth* beneath this sparkling current, this brilliant surface; indeed, I have heard the heresy once or twice expressed, that the fascinating Hetherton becomes, upon further knowledge, a decided *bore*. Could any thing be more dreadful?

There is, again, in the character of this young gentleman, a trait which is not universally popular. He is what is concisely called "aristocratic;" that is to say, he prides himself so greatly on his name, position, and wealth, that it leads him to treat less fortunate individuals with slight and injustice. I do not quarrel with a commendable family pride; indeed, I regard such a sentiment as eminently rational, and highly preservative of honor and propriety. The son of a noble father will not easily permit himself to be seduced into the paths of vice, much less of sordid meanness or dishonor. He has in right of his birth a family tradition to uphold and preserve—*honneur oblige*. Hetherton Wilby's is not such a noble pride as I have spoken of: it is rather a self-complacent and somewhat supercilious *amour propre*. He would even exhibit his opinions in his bearing toward Harry Dale, if the serious dignity of that young gentleman did not in some way put to silence and disarm his elegant rival. Hetherton has, doubtless, a lurking conviction that Harry does not look with awe on his fine mansion, or feel in the least like "bating breath" in his presence.

Well, to terminate my descriptive discourse, such are the two really earnest suitors of our Nelly at the present moment; such are the close pursuers of our little white "Forest" rabbit—a glossy, and a "sad-colored" greyhound. Which will first come up with the pretty game and terminate the chase?

II.

Since writing the above lines, two or three months have elapsed. Things have been going on very much as usual—the regular routine of our honest country life at "The Forest" has

been quietly followed. There was a single exception, however.

The circumstance gave me a terrible fright; my heart still throbs with the shock, remembering the danger which our darling Nelly so very narrowly escaped.

I was sitting in my favorite chair by the window, when, chancing to raise my eyes, I saw Nelly hurrying homeward by the side of Harry Dale, with whom—forgetting, probably, her quarrel about the slipper—she had just been walking out. Her cheeks were pale, her manner was agitated; she held Harry by the hand, and was actually dragging him along much more rapidly than he seemed disposed to move. His left arm, from which the coat seemed to have been violently torn, was tightly bandaged with Nelly's own white handkerchief.

I hastened out, and was informed instantly by the agitated girl that a copper-head—one of our most venomous snakes—had bitten Harry. Without waiting for further particulars I hurried into the house, and immediately set to work to make a poultice, such as I knew was valuable in these cases.

Harry stopped me.

"That will not do *this* any good, Sir," he said, in his calm, grave voice; "one of our men died from a similar bite, in spite of every such remedy. There is but one way of curing it. Have you a sharp knife?"

I handed, instinctively, to the young man my penknife, which has the edge of a razor. Without saying more Harry took the bandage from his arm, and, with a hand as firm as iron, cut out the poisoned flesh from around the bite. His features did not change in the least as the sharp edge dug into the quivering arm. A shiver of the nerves was the sole evidence of the body's suffering. The arm was then washed, again tightly bandaged, and—resisting all our entreaties—the young man mounted his horse, and slowly rode home.

In ten minutes the whole household had the particulars of the occurrence from the trembling girl. In crossing the brook she had trodden on the venomous reptile, and it had struck as quick as lightning at her foot; but not before Harry had thrown himself violently upon his knees and seized it with his naked hand. The reptile writhed around and struck its sharp fangs into his arm. Nearly frightened to death, Nelly lost her footing and fell upon the bank; and when her dizzy faintness passed away she saw the snake ground into the earth beneath the young man's heel. He had torn off his coat, and was sucking out the poison from the orifice made by the reptile's teeth. All this Nelly related with pale cheeks and trembling lips; and then, sobbing hysterically, she retired to her chamber, murmuring, "It was all on my account!"

Harry's good sense and presence of mind saved his life. A few days afterward he came over and told us, with a smile, that his arm was almost well. There were no signs of poison; and, in a business-like way, Doctor Harry rec-

ommended his "mode of treatment," which, as we have seen, may be succinctly described as the "cold steel method."

He and Nelly had a long talk, strolling out upon the lawn; and then, when he went away, the little beauty came to me, blushing deeply—half smiling and half pouting—and said:

"Just to think, Cousin! would you believe that Harry has been as impudent as he could be to me?"

"Ah, little mademoiselle!" I said, confidentially, to myself, "you say simply 'Harry,' do you? This time it is neither 'Harry Dale' nor 'Mr. Harry Dale.' It is simply 'Harry,' is it? Very well, mademoiselle!" But I did not utter this train of thought; I said, simply,

"Impudent! Harry impudent to you, Nelly? I don't believe a word of it."

"But he has been, though, I do declare! He is the strangest person! What do you suppose he told me? We happened to speak of the walk that day when I dropped my slipper—"

"Accidentally," I suggested.

"No, Sir!" replied Nelly, pouting and smiling—"on purpose! Well, I thought that I would ask Harry—just for fun, you know—why, if he risked his life so nobly for me as he had done, he would not get me my slipper, when nothing but a little wetting would have been the penalty? What do you think the provoking fellow said? I declare he's *too* provoking, and perfectly hateful! He don't care a bit for me—and—and—I am not happy! Heigho! This is a sad world!—isn't it, Cousin?"

And looking at me with her large, dewy eyes, our little beauty sighed in a most melancholy way. For my own part I chuckled inwardly, and confidentially observed to myself, "Bravo, Master Harry! you're a lucky fellow, or a good general. You have made her complain of your coldness; above all, you have brought her to abuse you. Oh, fortunate lover!"

"A sad, sad world—very sad! isn't it, Cousin?" repeated Nelly, dolorously.

"Yes, my dear," I replied, "very sad indeed, when you chance to be an old gentleman, without a wife or any body to love you."

"That's not *you*, Sir, and you know it!" cried Nelly, suddenly recovering her spirits, and laughing gayly as she bestowed an embrace upon her elderly cousin and admirer. "You know I love you dearly!—yes, dearly!—and just let me hear you talk in that way any more, Sir! There, you make me forget every thing by saying that you haven't any body to love you. I was going to tell you what that odious, provoking Harry said when I asked him why he had not run to bring my slipper. With a grand, dignified air—oh! so dignified and stately, as if he was sole lord of creation, and I his handmaiden—Mr. Harry Dale replies"—[here Nelly raised her head, compressed her lips, assumed a swaggering air, and, with her thumbs to her shoulders, went on, in the deep, base voice of a man]—"Mr. Harry Dale replies, 'I did not run for your slipper, Miss Nelly, because I am not your dog!'"

Wasn't that shameful? After I had been as good to him as possible, and given him my best cambric handkerchief to tie his arm! Outrageous!"

I could not forbear from looking at this fair descendant of our mother Eve with admiration. "Oh, woman, woman!" I murmured, "who can fathom thee? A young man gives his arm to the venomous bite aimed at thyself, and then thou dost plume thyself upon supplying the handkerchief to bind the wound. Oh, woman! the best, no doubt, but also the most singular of created beings!"

"Ah! he was 'not your dog,' my dear?" I said, slyly; "and did he say nothing else?"

"Oh yes, Cousin," returned Nelly, with an innocent air; "he talked a whole pack of nonsense. Just to think of his Lordship's telling me that subservience to the whims of young ladies was, in his Highness's opinion, *unmanly*! And then, with a mighty grand air, my Lord Duke goes on: 'You will not be offended at my saying this, Miss Nelly, because it is simply an honest reply to your question—a candid explanation!' Oh, his Lordship looked *so* grand when he uttered that fine long sentence! 'Do not misunderstand me, Miss Nelly,' the Marquis went on, with his serious air; 'I do not regard chivalry to women as beneath a man; on the contrary, I consider it an unfailing mark of the true gentleman. If you had to cross a narrow chasm to save your life, and could not unless I made a bridge of my body for you, I think I would not fail—you might walk on me. But is it proper for me to lie down in the next muddy place we come to, and let you tread upon me that your slippers may not be soiled? I would not!' says his Lordship, with a flash of the eye which always pleases me, Cousin; but he soon came down in his tone, and, looking at me, gravely added: 'I *could* not, Nelly.'"

"'Nelly!' not 'Miss Nelly!'" I said; "bravo! there's the cat out of the bag!"

Nelly blushed to the tips of her ears.

"You mean old inquisitor!" she cried, laughing, "to get my secret, and then laugh at me!"

"Ah! Nelly dear," I said, "my laughter does not wound. But go on—did Harry say no more?"

The color came again into Nelly's beautiful cheeks, and she hesitated, looking at me half fearfully.

"We *did* talk—about—the—weather," she said, with a sigh.

"And nothing else?" I persisted. "Go on, you little scamp; remember I'm your confidential father-confessor."

"A pretty confessor!" murmured Nelly, smiling, but blushing more than ever. "Yes, Cousin, he *did* say something else."

And suddenly gaining courage, Nelly, half laughing half confused, whispered:

"He said, 'I did not run for your slipper because I am not your dog, but I would die for you, because—'"

"Because—?" I whispered.

"'Because I love you.' There it is, Cousin. He loves me, you know! He loves me!"

And Nelly raised her head abruptly, fixing her eyes upon my own. Never have I beheld such an expression of triumph, such radiant joy and pride."

"He loves me, you know!" she repeated, in a whisper; and then the blushing face sank again, and Nelly was sobbing on my breast.

"And you"—I said, anxiously and gravely—"what did *you* say, my dear?"

"I—I—I didn't say any thing, Cousin," murmured Nelly, very plaintively, as if the fact of having said nothing at all was the most distressing thing in the world.

"And you have neither engaged yourself nor discarded him?"

"No, Cousin; that is, yes. Do you think—do you think—I had better have—accepted him? I almost wish—"

Here the murmur disappeared, and for some moments I heard nothing but the beating of the child's heart. A conflict was going on in the little maiden's breast.

"Of course, I couldn't," she said at length, raising her face, which was dazzling with blushes and smiles; "I couldn't; and you are not on any account to think that I could, you dear, good-natured, old scold! How I do love you!—and therefore, Sir, you shall not scold me any more! Could I answer Harry when he comes out with a declaration, as he would fire a pistol—"I love you! bang!"—and I am to drop like a poor little bird, and be put away carelessly in his lordship's pocket! No, I thank you, Sir! I do not intend to fall at the first fire, and am not to be surprised or taken in a trap. I shall not fly to him when Sir Harry holds out his hand and says, 'Come, my little dove! come give yourself up—it is too much trouble to hunt you.' Thank you! I'm not so easily won. Good gracious, Cousin! would you have me take a young gentleman who can't even make up his mind to go and bring his—wife's—slipper? Never! Not if I die an old maid! Provoking! I suppose I am not worth waiting on! He is 'not my dog,' forsooth! Was ever such impertinence! Hum!" [*con expressione*] "I'll show Mr. Harry what it is to brave me, and oppose me when I want any thing!"

"After you are married?" I asked, with a quiet smile.

"After or before—both, Sir!" cried Miss Nelly, with vivacity and blushes, bursting into smiles. "It's really shameful. I am a young lady, I believe, and I wonder if I am not to have my own way! What are the boys good for, if not to run when the girls tell them to? Hum! Mr. Harry's mighty grand! Hether-ton Wilby could go—why not Sir Henry Dale? Hether-ton is a gallant gentleman, and Harry *isn't*. I do not say he is not a gentleman, mind—he is, that is common justice; and he may be brave—I suppose he is, for he saved my life. That was noble in him; but I should like to know why he could not bring my slipper?"

"Oh, woman! woman!" inwardly observed the father-confessor.

"Harry is very high-toned, and firm, and dignified," continued Nelly. "Any woman might be—might be—well, they might!—be proud of such—such a—husband. But was there any thing unreasonable in my wishing him to bring my slipper?"

["Oh, 'Heaven's last, best, gift!'"]

"Hetherton was elegant—Harry's as provoking as he can be. He's perfectly hateful, and I hope he'll never show his face to me again. I won't be lonely, for a plenty more will come, and that will make him jealous; and I'll ride out every day with Hetherton Wilby. You'll not like that so much, Mr. Serious Dignity! Hetherton's a charming fellow—delightful company—and I wish with all my heart he had come over this morning—"

I interrupted this eloquent flow of words by the observation,

"In that case your wishes are about to be gratified, Nelly. There is Mr. Wilby coming through the outer gate."

Nelly bounded up, and tried to release herself from my arm.

"Let me go, please, Cousin!"

"Go where?"

"Up stairs."

"What in the world for, my dear? to fix your toilet?"

"No indeed, Sir! You are laughing at me again. No; to avoid seeing that tiresome, simpering Hetherton!"

And breaking from my arms, Nelly darted up stairs, as lightly as a bird, sending behind her these remarkable words, mingled with laughter,

"Tell him I'm engaged, or sick, or dead, or any thing. I won't come down—he's *such* a bore!"

And Miss Nelly disappeared.

I awaited Mr. Wilby with a smile. There is a peculiar way which we old gentlemen have of smiling. The said smile is not open and careless, but secret and confidential. On such occasions, each one of us elderly gentlemen says to himself, *sotto voce*, and in a quiet way: "What a remarkable world this is, and how little it is understood by any one but me." My own smile meant, "My little Nelly, you are a study to me—even at my advanced stage of life. You are only seventeen, and yet are far too profound a problem for the generality of philosophers. I alone, from my natural acumen and penetration, understand you. Your little caprices, inconsistencies, and vagaries, are an open book to me, wherein I read with ease. I comprehend, and smile at them, and look with wonder for the thousandth time upon a girl—thinking of one I loved before I had my present wisdom to protect me!" My smile meant that.

Nelly came down to see Hetherton Wilby, but I think he found his visit a dull one. The young lady was absent, and would not laugh at Hetherton's jests. On the next morning Harry Dale came, and Nelly quarreled with him.

Three days afterward Hetherton addressed the young damsel, and was promptly discarded. A week afterward Nelly met Harry at a wedding-party, and turned her back upon him. Hetherton, who was present, looking very glum and tragic, received the maiden's most smiling favors. His countenance lit up, and he discharged a number of his most brilliant jests, at the expense of the sad and woe-begone Harry—whose presence Nelly did not condescend to recognize. On the next evening, at a party given to the bridal pair, Nelly met again with both of her admirers: Harry full of pain and gloom, Hetherton radiant with triumph. Nelly quietly gave her soft little hand to Harry, leaving it there an instant longer, I believe, than shaking hands made necessary. Hetherton was at her elbow, but she took Harry's arm carelessly, and turned her back upon his rival.

Do you laugh at these caprices, gentle reader? At least do not sneer. You may consider our little Nelly a flirt; no, she is a true woman. Do you expect the humming-bird to turn into a hawk? See the beautiful little flying flower—how it darts, and flits, and flashes, from bloom to bloom—inserts its small bill, sips quickly, and then disappears like a sunbeam! And look at yonder hawk. See him hover on sleepy wings—slow sailing—predatory, fierce, sharp clawed—swooping at last on his prey, straight down, violently, not looking to the right or left! Behold, my friend, the difference between the male and female of the human species—between the humming-bird and the hawk! I might have had a finer comparison still, for my own sex, in the eagle. But alas! there are very few eagles. Don't quarrel with our Nelly that she is a lovely little humming-bird, fitful, capricious, flashing to and fro; not a hawk—slow, cautious, and falling, finally, like a thunder-bolt. The humming-bird is probably a better mate and parent than the hawk.

So terminates my moral discourse.

III.

Six months have passed since I wrote the above lines.

Nelly has married Harry.

We have had an uncommonly merry wedding, and I have never seen our darling little Nelly look half so beautiful or happy.

Harry looked fully his character—the serious and high-toned gentleman. The "wedding-guests" seemed to enjoy themselves very much, and among them was Hetherton Wilby. He paid assiduous and marked attention to the belle of the party, but I think it was to spite the bride.

I looked on, well pleased at the merry dances and bright faces. Then I went to Nelly's side, and basked in the sunshine of her beautiful eyes. I looked from Hetherton to Harry, and then at Nelly. She saw my glance and smiled—and I smiled also.

"When did you first make up your mind," I whispered, "that Harry would suit you better than Hetherton—after the affair of the snake?"

Nelly smiled and shook her head.

"After the *slipper*!" she whispered.

"How was that, my dear?"

"Because Hetherton—went for it; and Harry—wouldn't!" The little witch whispered again, "I wanted to have Sir Henry near me in some capacity, and as the unreasonable fellow wouldn't be 'my dog,' I thought—thought—I would permit him" [here the whisper sank still lower]—"I thought I would permit him to be—my lord and master!"

The little gipsy! the witch! But such, my friend, is woman.

THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART.

IT is now three or four years since I obtained permission, through a kind Catholic friend, to witness the profession of a Nun at the House of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

The right and the duty of a conventual life have been so often discussed and decided, for and against, by the opposing faiths of Christendom, that little remains to be said to exalt or decry these institutions. They will have their devotees or victims so long as the Catholic religion retains its powerful ascendancy over the minds of men and women.

We pity those who, still in the fervors of their youthful enthusiasms, before judgment is instructed by experience, are led by minds, not perhaps stronger than their own, but versed in the casuistry of Holy Church, and familiar with the delicate arts of persuasion, to assume shackles which no after-repentance (in the dreary leisure of a convent) can unrivet; who find, too late, that they have mistaken the severities of an imposed self-mortification for the voluntary services of pious affections—that they have been misled, out of an appointed vineyard where the laborers are few and the harvests still plenteous, into a desert where there is neither spring nor summer, seed-time nor harvest.

Still, when I beheld the affecting ceremonies of the sacrifice I forgot those rational abstractions, and lost my reason in my sympathy. I did not feel so much that a home was losing its member, and God's field its laborer, as that heaven was gaining a saint.

The sweet, choral, consecrating hymn swelled up from unseen devotees. The Bishop, with his officiating priests, stood around the altar. The Lady Superior entered with the sisters and ranged themselves around the chapel—the professing sister knelt, still wearing the white vail of the novitiate, and holding a candle in her right hand, typical perhaps of the ready lamp of the virgin. She was not young—not a sudden convert to a faith that, above all others, captivates the imagination. I pitied, certainly at that moment I was too much softened to blame her. Life, I thought, has worn off its first lustre; death, perhaps, may have bereft her; perhaps disappointment, in its legion shapes, has crossed her; her joys have been blighted before "their race began." She has, perhaps, thus been driven to abandon the offices

of her sex; to unrivet the gentle bands of domestic life; to exclude forever the voices of her home; to renounce the charms of novelty and variety; to deny the insatiable instinct of our being, curiosity; to shut out forever nature's manifestations of God's wisdom and infinite love.

As the ceremony proceeded it seemed to me to indicate loss, not sacrifice. The lady knelt and calmly confronted her destiny, death in life. There was no shrinking, no blenching, not a tear started, not the slightest paling or deepening of the faint color on her cheek.

Bishop Hughes performed the ceremony of consecration with dignity and feeling. The lady continued kneeling through the long exhortation with the immobility of a statue. Certain ceremonies were performed which, if to the uninitiated they appear frivolous, are holy symbols to the instructed Catholic, and therefore claim our reverence.

There was a fearful significance in the closing act. I fancied I saw a slight recoil in the hitherto passive subject. She prostrated herself before the altar, and the Bishop, after removing the white vail, threw the black vail of her order over her. It was a pall, the token of eternal separation from the world. The sisters adjusted it, and she arose to receive the kiss and benediction of her Superior. Henceforth her individuality was to be merged in a community; her loves and friendships to be melted into relations to a conventual sisterhood. Henceforth no forgetive action of the mind, no self-originating purpose, no impulse of affection. She became a part of a machine; its action to be governed by stern laws. The rising day had nothing new to unfold; to-day must be as yesterday, and to-morrow as to-day.

I left the House of the Sacred Heart in some confusion of mind, between the sympathy I naturally felt for an act of seeming conscientious, religious devotion, and the condemnation of that act, proceeding perhaps from a Protestant education.

I asked myself how much of my sympathy might stand the test of reason? how much of my disapprobation was the result of prejudice?

It was a brilliant morning, and the change from the dim, religious light of the chapel to the sunlit street, the press of fine ladies in redundant fine dresses, the roll of coaches, and the rattle of carts, was full of discords, and to avoid it all I turned into the house of a friend where I have received many a practical lesson on the true economy of human life. I was shown into her library. It was a State fast-day, rejoiced in by our working gentlemen as a holiday. My friend's husband was reading aloud to her. "Ah," I said, "in the bosom of your family?" "Yes," he replied, returning my smile, "enjoying domestic bliss,

"The only bliss that has survived the Fall.'" Beside my friend sat a young orphan girl, whose affecting story I had been told. My friend was giving her some instruction in drawing preparatory to her taking a governess's place.

In the corner were two happy little girls, engaged with their dolls and baby-house, foreshadowing their future lives. How much happier, how much richer is this, I thought, as I looked around upon the family scene, than the sterile life of a convent!

Soon after me entered H. L——, the sister of my friend, a single woman approaching the meridian of life. There was more of heaven than earth on her countenance. I perceived that its usual expression of peaceful resignation was lighted up by some recent good deed. H. L——'s whole life was a mission of love and mercy. It was of her that her Methodist pastor said quaintly, "I should like to be at H.'s funeral. It will be a beautiful funeral!—the poor will be there." (The funeral was not long deferred. She died three years since, after struggling for sixteen years, from fourteen to thirty, with an inherited consumption—sustained those sixteen years by living in the open air, and revitalizing the moral sources of life by daily acts of beneficence.) H. has used each hour as if it were as precious as the last hour. She has lived beyond the world's shadow, and so near to the threshold of heaven that its light has fallen on her.

"Have you been to the *pisons* to-day, Aunt H.?" asked a lisping little girl who knew her aunt's accustomed walks.

"No, Nell, I have been to a more cheerful place—to Jenny's wedding."

Jenny we all knew, a poor girl whom H. had steered through many a Scylla and Charybdis in her love-passages; and whom she had finally launched on the sea of matrimony with a nice outfit for the voyage, and as hearty a sympathy as if the next bridal were to be her own. H. found it as natural (as, alas! few do) "to rejoice with those that rejoice, as to weep with those that weep." The degrading selfishness implied in Rochefoucault's maxim, that every man finds a certain pleasure in his friend's misfortune, was as incomprehensible to her as a verse in Sanscrit.

I looked on and listened while parents and children confided to her some plan of charity or project of pleasure, all alike claiming her active love or brimming sympathy. Fresh from the conventual scene, I naturally compared the Protestant lay Sister of Mercy with the "Nun devout and pure." Perhaps others may come to my conclusions, and deem the one a life of gloom and sterility, in fancied subservience to a stern Deity to be propitiated by penances and mortifications; the other, a cheerful, loving, filial service, rendered to a benign Father.

MODERN SAMARITANS.

"If you positively have no other engagement now!" said Mrs. Small, laying her exquisitely gloved hand on Mrs. Jordan's arm as she rose to prepare for a drive with her new friend.

"Oh! none, I assure you." I was quite alone. My aunt and cousin Helen are gone to call on

some friends of the Ludlam Whites, just arrived from Charleston."

"Helen will make a charming bride."

Mrs. Small never condescended to cross-question where she could accomplish her purpose without an absolute application of hydraulic forces; but she had some desire to know whether Miss Groton really had been successful in her winter's angling for this tantalizing gold-fish.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jordan, quite thrown off her guard by Mrs. Small's evident familiarity with family secrets, "though the wedding *may* not be before fall."

Mrs. Small inly congratulated herself on this dextrous throw of the lead. "Do not hurry in the least, my dear; there is ample time. I came abundantly early, that we might drive slowly and have a good long talk."

So Mrs. Jordan went up to the "blue room," which she had occupied for three weeks or more in her uncle's house in Union Square, to array herself in her best carriage dress and her bridal bonnet. She was still a little afraid of Mrs. Small; but all Helen's friends had proved exceedingly kind, and she wondered at Mr. Jordan's distrust of them. She had a private persuasion that his late business troubles had soured him. She enjoyed the little *éclat* of bridehood and the novelty of her position, in which her natural tact and good sense sustained her, and wished that Henry did not consider it quite such a bore to go out, or entertain their new friends at home.

Mr. Charles Groton took the entire credit of this match to himself, and had insisted that they should pass at least a month or two in his own family, until they could make up their minds about settling down, and though it was much against his own wishes, Mr. Jordan finally consented. He had a theory that all newly wedded people must necessarily have some jars before will and opinion could run smoothly in matrimonial gearing, and thought that they could best accomplish the adjustment without outside interference. Besides, he did not like the social atmosphere of the house, and dreaded its effect a little on his warm-hearted, unsuspicious wife.

"Dear me, how strange it all is!" thought Mrs. Jordan, on this especial bright March morning. "To think I am really married! I can't at all *realize* it." Of course not; it is a word all women use in reference to their engagements and marriages, especially if rapidly conducted as hers had been. All was over, however it had come to pass: the brief courtship; the quiet wedding, which had furnished "food for the mind" to all Groton Four Corners; the rapid journey; the reception given by her aunt to the best people on their visiting list; and here she was preparing to drive out alone with the fashionable Mrs. Small. Should she put on her handsomest lace set? Yes, she would; but what *would* her mother think to see these elegant things going on for a week day?

The simple toilet was soon accomplished, and

Kitty rejoined the stately lady in the drawing-room, with a freshness of bloom and expression which the fair, jaded Mrs. Small would have given her husband's next successful "operation" to possess.

"Your bonnet is very becoming, my dear," she said, scanning her young friend rapidly from head to foot, but so quickly that the glance was entirely unnoticed.

"Yes," decided Mrs. Small mentally—"it must be that her father is wealthy, as Helen Groton gives out; every thing is of the best—that collar is real *point d'Alençon*. They will be able to sustain themselves in society;" and her manner took an added shade of warmth.

She did not know, nor did Kitty or her mother guess—nor yet Helen, who had shopped for her cousin's bridal outfit—that Mr. Charles Groton had changed the inclosure of one hundred to five hundred dollars before he had put it in his daughter's hands. Helen thought her uncle very liberal, though her own *trousseau* would cost double that; and the good people at the homestead all remarked that she had made the money go a long way—though, as the Doctor said, "a hundred dollars is a great sum, a great sum, Kitty, to spend at once, on dress. Think how far it would go toward keeping a poor family this cold weather!" The *Alençon* set and the velvet mantle had been special gifts besides, which was considered very kind of her only brother by the Doctor's wife, who thought the price of the first must have been four or five dollars! Seventy-five was nearer the mark, and besides that it had cost Helen a reproof from her father for wasting the money he had given for something "really valuable"—that had been his direction to her—on such useless finery.

"And now," said Mrs. Small, as the crimson-lined carriage rolled smoothly over the Russ pavement, "I want to consult you about something very important. You know your husband is a manager in our new foundling hospital, 'the Perkins Macdonough Foundation' we intend to call it. We hope to get a valuable bequest from the Perkins family, and Crawford Macdonough did leave us fifty thousand last fall. He was a foundling, you know, and made his immense wealth; he might just as well have given a hundred. Still, we expect to get an appropriation before the Legislature breaks up; but in the mean time there are current expenses, and things, all running into arrears, and the matron bores me about her last quarter's salary in the most unreasonable way every time I go there; so we've got to raise it somehow."

"But where's the fifty thousand dollars?" asked her greatly interested listener.

"Oh, that's all sunk in the lot for our new building, Ninety-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. We wanted a good location, and the building must correspond; for of course the city will grow out to there before long, and it will be a perfect monument to every one interested, you

know. We expect to get *that* out of those people at Albany."

"If you could only have a fair," said Kitty, mindful of the hundred and forty dollars they had raised by a Ladies' Fair to paint the Church at Groton.

Mrs. Small repressed a gesture of contempt at this antediluvian suggestion.

"My dear child, you are a hundred years behind the age! even bazars have been given up to the *canaille*—oh, for centuries! I proposed a ball at the Academy—for I was driven to my wits' end; but your husband vetoed it in the coolest way! Between us, my dear, he is a little Puritanical; but you will soon cure him of that. He never dances himself, you know. Young Jones, Fanny's brother-in-law, Perkins Jones, was so wicked as to call him a Havelock saint!"

Kitty's face flushed to carnation. "I don't dance myself," she said, a little resentfully.

"You don't? I'm amazed! I thought it was only because of Lent, and it's quite fashionable to be strict, you know. You can't object to *Les Lanciers*. Those other things are perhaps a little too *devoué* for a married lady. Now that you are married, my dear, it may be quite as well to give up the arm's-length dances, as Perkins Jones calls them. But even if people have principles, and I don't doubt your husband *has*, you know, one has to make *some sacrifices* for the claims of charity. Odious creature!"

This last was not addressed to her companion, as our readers may readily divine, but elicited by the apparition of a carriage caught in the same lock of omnibuses and drays which had arrested their own progress momentarily.

Mrs. Jordan looked out with some interest, but saw only two very well-dressed ladies—the youngest of them extremely beautiful, she thought—with an air of style and good breeding.

Mrs. Small sank back, and touched the spring which interposed the silken blind between her and the unwelcome view.

"That person is my aversion—vulgar, pushing creature. She fairly haunts us! but it will not do her the least good. We have all made up our minds not to countenance her," said she, with warmth.

"She looks like a lady," ventured Kitty, as the carriages again separated.

"You never can tell here in New York—milliners and dress-makers can accomplish miracles. That is Miss Crowder, a pushing, detestable girl; her father made all his money with Crowder's Hair Tonic! Only conceive it, she aspires to our set, because they have moved into an elegant house, and afford to dress well! She was put at Madame Chegary's when she was fourteen—quite by accident her mother stumbled on the school!—when my sister Fanny, Mrs. De Lancy Jones, was there. Of course she never notices her in the least now, but she still presumes upon it to bow whenever they meet. You can't tell how it annoys me!"

"Oh, I recollect hearing some one speak of

her, that she was such a remarkable linguist, and musical, I think."

"I believe she sets up for something of the sort; but imagine her impertinence to try and force herself into respectable society. Why, I've used dozens of the tonic myself. I never come across her card that I don't think of the letters on the flat bottles; 'Crowder' in blown glass. That is the bane of New York society, my dear. We who *have* grandfathers (it was a part of Mrs. Small's creed to forget that hers had been an eminent leather dealer in the Swamp originally; her memory went back no farther than his election to a brigadier-generalship, whence his military title and distinction), *we* are expected to countenance all sorts of people the moment they can afford to take a pew in Grace, and a box at the Opera. But that ball, you know."

"Oh yes, you must have the money some way. Henry has promised to take me to see the children."

"Oh, we are going there now; there is a meeting of the managers at one. Mr. Jordan never gets up from down town, but Archie Lowber and Perkins Jones are sure to be there. On the whole, I was glad the ball did not go on; for the 'children's nursery,' a very different affair, much more commonplace than ours, which is intended as a 'moral disinfectant,' they have an annual ball, you know, and might say we followed their lead. The last thing I should wish to do is to follow Mrs. Jack Depew in any thing. She gives herself monstrous airs since she married into the family; but la! my dear, I am not to be imposed upon. Mr. Small knew Sampson Johnson, her first husband, long before he came into Wall Street, where he made all his money. I wonder he can rest in his grave at the use it's put to now."

The temporary abiding place of the Perkins Macdonough Foundation was by no means desirable as to neighborhood, and that heavy atmosphere peculiar to such institutions greeted the visitors in the narrow passage which leads to the managers' rooms. Mrs. Small gathered her silken robes together, and applied her jeweled vinaigrette to her face as she alighted.

Kitty followed her steps, thinking that the institution which was intended as a "moral disinfectant" had not commenced with that material purification which is said to be the basis of all such reforms.

The two largest rooms in the house were appropriated to the Board, who came once a week to occupy them for half an hour, leaving the damp basement for the children's play and breakfast-room, and a lofty attic for the matron's private apartment. They were handsomely furnished in library style, and the comfortable couches already occupied by early comers—while Mrs. De Lancy Jones, Secretary of the Association, was seated at the table in the centre in the most business-like attitude, pen in hand.

Mrs. Jordan had met most of the ladies be-

fore, and found a place beside Mrs. Marcus Lane, interrupting quite unintentionally the *devoirs* of Archie Lowber, Esq.—a tall, fair, good-tempered Bohemian, one of the gentlemen connected with the management. Mr. Jordan was found valuable as influencing the substantial part of the community, and keeping the business matters of the Foundation in something like order. Archie Lowber, Esq.—as you found the name on any list of patronage published, whether to sustain a charity ball, a yacht club, or public dinner—was equally serviceable in another way. His idle good-nature, his good address, and his well-filled purse sustained cheerfully a constant demand; all he asked in return was some aid in time-killing, a prominent place in the list of public subscriptions, and a pretty woman to talk to or dance with, as the case might be. Nothing pleased him more than to be appealed to by half a dozen belles at once, for a vote, subscription, or veto; and this morning he was to be indulged to his heart's content. Mrs. Small unfolded her grand scheme of charitable kite-flying; a ball even at the Academy, and under the most rigorous supervision, was no longer safe or distinguished. "They must have money, and there must be people who had plenty of it; and an amateur concert, not at a church—oh, no; that was old too—but at a private house, where every one could be in full dress, and cards of admittance five dollars—how would that do?"

She was sure of Mr. Lowber—he considered himself to have an excellent tenor, though he assumed indifference for the sake of being entreated; Mrs. Mark Lane was a contralto; Mrs. De Lancy Jones, a soprano; her brother-in-law, the well-known member of the New York club, Perkins Jones, could contribute a basso profundo.

"You sing, I am sure; your face tells me so," said Archie Lowber, turning suddenly to the bride, whom he had by this time decided to patronize.

Kitty had been the leader of the choir in the elevated singing seats of Groton Four Corners; but Mrs. Henry Jordan blushed and said "No," disconcerted by the impressive glance which accompanied the question.

"No? and with *that* voice!"

This response was almost in a whisper, accompanied by another glance. Mrs. Jordan wondered if he knew she was really married; and wished he would go back to playing with Mrs. Mark Lane's glove, and telling her what a dainty hand the owner had.

"We are to have our concert, then!" said Mrs. Small, triumphantly, after the buzz of discussion had continued at least ten minutes.

"Isn't it a charming idea?" said Mrs. Lane, leaning toward Mrs. Jordan.

"Will you not be afraid to sing before so many people?" and Kitty remembered her own great mortification, only the last Thanksgiving Day—the trembling quaver of her voice, the final breaking down in the anthem solo which fell to her by right of leadership.

"Oh, not in the least! That is the last thing, isn't it, Mrs. Jones?"

"Full dress!"

"Screen of hot-house flowers."

"Brown, of course, strictly private!"

"Oh yes; limit the cards to five hundred."

"Seven, I think; plenty of people pay for cards who never intend to use them."

"Yes, we ought to clear two thousand or twenty-five hundred at the very least."

"Whose house?"

"The Laurences'."

"Not large enough. Horrid rooms for music. I sang there last winter."

"Why not yours?"

"Not central enough."

"Afraid of her new carpets," whispered Mrs. Jones, in a malicious aside; and so the chatter went on until Kitty began to think they never would arrive at any definite conclusion; and wondered if there would be time for her to see the children belonging to the Foundation, in whom she felt greatly more interested.

"Oh, we must have *some* professional talent, of course. Mr. Lowber, we shall *depend* on your interest with Gorteschokoff and Signor Baritone. Promise now!" said Mrs. Small, finally.

"Any thing, from my hand to my heart," responded the gentleman, gallantly; and at last the managers began to look at their watches, and remember other engagements equally imperative.

"I sent off the carriage, depending on a seat with you down town," said Mrs. Lane, who, since the death of Mrs. Livingstone, the wife of her husband's guardian, and the publication of the will with its various legacies, had been "taken up" out of the maternal circle of influence, much to the chagrin of Mrs. Hopkins *mère*, who had all her life aspired to a footing on the *mer de glacé* which her daughter now trod exultingly.

"Could I see the children, Mrs. Small?" said Kitty, quickly; her heart yearned toward the little unfortunates branded with a heritage of shame and isolation.

Mrs. Small shrugged her shoulders. "Once will be enough—Mrs. Howard will show you;" and she rang for Mrs. Howard accordingly.

"Little wretches, that hall is sufficient!" and Mrs. Lane borrowed Mrs. Small's vinaigrette. "Mark thinks it a great risk to come here on baby's account. He says such horrid infections are carried about in that way. But we must run some risks, as Mr. Lowber says, or where is the self-denial?"

Mrs. Howard, a gentle, staid, and care-worn person, presented herself.

"Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Howard, is anxious to go through the house. As quick as possible, if you please—I have just ten minutes."

"Oh, don't let me keep you—some other day will do quite as well!"

But Mrs. Small would wait that long with the greatest pleasure.

"I depend on her to manage her husband,"

she explained to Mrs. Lane, as the door closed on the matron and her charge. "She has a great deal of sensibility now, you know, and really *feels* these things."

She did, indeed, as she followed Mrs. Howard down the dark narrow stair-case to a room where ten or twelve of these worse than orphaned little ones played, or dozed, or crouched drearily on the floor—some with large pitiful eyes, that looked up with intense wonder and dim admiration to the fair sweet face that bent over them, and others, not yet reclaimed from a coarse sullenness, slunk out of sight and away from the kindly notice. Then up to the crowded chambers, with the close rows of beds and uncarpeted floors—even to her own uncomfortable little lodging-place—Mrs. Howard led her visitor.

"It is a very great charge," said Mrs. Jordan with ready sympathy, and thinking how cheerless the life shut up with these lives must be.

"Yes, but I can do so little for them, and they are so few out of the mass of neglected and abandoned childhood—that is the heaviest burden;" and the matron sighed.

Mrs. Jordan thought of the cup of cold water which should in no wise lose its reward, as she bade her good-morning on the threshold of the committee-room.

"There are not so many as I expected to find," she said, as she entered the carriage.

"Oh no! it is quite a new thing, you know, and our income is very limited. We expect to provide for two or three hundred in our new building. You have no idea how hard it is to raise funds; people will not be charitable without their money's worth."

"There was Mrs. Livingstone," began Mrs. Lane.

"Oh yes, my child! but she was as much of an exception as Madame Guyon."

"Who was *she*?" said Mrs. Mark—"any body here in New York? One of the Guyons of Lexington Avenue?"

Mrs. Small threw a quick glance toward Kitty. "No, she did not belong to *that* family; she was an insane person—insane on the subject of self-denial and charity generally."

"Mrs. Livingstone was not insane, I assure you," said Mrs. Lane, not at all pleased with the comparison. "She kept her own accounts in the very *strictest* manner. Mark says she must have given from six to seven thousand dollars every year, and knew just where every dollar went to. To be sure she *might* have saved a little more for him while she was about it—only forty thousand."

"How very rich she must have been!" said Mrs. Jordan.

"Her income was eight thousand," said Mrs. Small. "We never spend less than twelve."

"How much good you must do!" Kitty thought of her husband's salary of fifteen hundred, and felt quite disheartened.

"Oh, for that matter, I don't make Mrs. Liv-

ingstone my model. She never bought a collar or a dress without stopping to consider whether she could really afford it, I've heard Mrs. Van Rensselaer say, which is simply charity run mad. I give my time and influence, as you see—my money is another thing—one can't do all;" and Mrs. Small shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Mrs. Livingstone used to think," said Serena, gravely, "that if every person regularly set aside one-tenth of their income, or even less, there would always be enough money for charitable things, without any extra effort—fairs, you know, in her day. She never spent a dollar at one—wasn't it a ridiculous idea? I tell Mark I don't think he's called on to give one dime to any thing. People are always calling on him, because they know he was brought up with her. I tell him I think they got enough out of her."

Mrs. Jordan felt in a maze. She had heard both these ladies held up as models of charitable effort. She had seen Mrs. Small's name as manager to three or four different societies.

"Tell Helen I depend on her about the concert—and mind, now, that you bring your husband into it," said that energetic lady, as she set Kitty down at her uncle's door.

But the task was by no means an easy one. Mr. Jordan's consent was hardly gained, by the united entreaties of Helen, who looked forward to a musical and social triumph, and his wife, who really felt herself pledged to all these friendly people to obtain it.

Helen saw the lighted rooms, the brilliant audience, and heard herself rapturously encored in the dashing *Rataplan*, which had fallen to her lot in the programme, and Kitty beheld Mrs. Howard's face lighting up, with her salary paid, and the means of making her charge more comfortable and happy placed in her hands. Mr. Jordan groaned in spirit over social feuds, envies, and jealousies, that would invariably arise—his carefully-hoarded time taxed for useless committee-meetings to make arrangements for the display—his wife caught up and whirled on in the very centre of the circle whose influence he had dreaded—and all under the delusion that they were self-denying toilers in the great field of charitable effort. His appointment to a managership had been Mrs. Small's work, without his knowledge or consent—he even questioned the eventual influence of her favorite "moral disinfectant," though, as yet, his doubts had not resolved themselves into definite shape.

The concert was to be strictly private, of course—not even an advertisement or card in the daily prints. Who, then, was accountable for the following paragraphs from the *Home Journal*?

"An Amateur Concert of the most brilliant character is to come off, we understand, at the palatial residence of the patrician, Madame D——z, who has kindly thrown open her magnificent saloons for the occasion. The most eminent professional talent has been engaged—Gortschokoff, presiding at the piano, and Signor Baritone, the

favorite of the *salons* for his elegant person and charming manners, will play a conspicuous part.

"The real charm of the occasion will, however, consist in the *corps* of fair amateurs, who have conceived this startling and original *fête*, sacred to the name of Charity. We understand that the stage and drawing-room arrangements are under the direction of the inimitable Brown, who has devised the fairy-like scheme of a screen of hot-house flowers to soften, not seclude, the lovely participants in this Apollonian festival, 'lending enchantment to the enchanted view,' and heightening the effect of incomparable charms. Though this was confided to us under seal of the strictest privacy, we imagine that we do not compromise ourselves in divulging the fact that Madame D——z herself will give Meyerbeer's touching cavatina, *Robert toi que j'aime*, with all the pathos for which her execution is distinguished; and a charming duo for tenor and bass from *Otello* is whispered between that social favorite, A——L——, Esq., and the never-to-be-forgotten-when-once-heard P——J——, of club notoriety.

"It is *breathed* that the *Rataplan*, in which D'Angri is so justly famous, will be effectively rendered by the dashing Miss H——G——, of Union Square, so soon to be transplanted to the sunny South, if rumor may be relied upon. The fascinating Mrs. De L——J——, and the graceful Mrs. M——L——, whose husband, it will be remembered, was a sharer in the munificence of the late eccentric Mrs. Graham Livingstone, are happily linked, we understand, by the band of pearls to be found in the already fashionable duet from the American opera of *Leonora*—a happy suggestion, native talent applied to heighten the triumphs of native genius. We had nearly forgotten to mention that the proceeds are to be applied to that admirable institution, so long needed in our midst (there are forty-seven in Paris alone), the 'Perkins Macdonough Foundation'—a home for foundlings—which will at once have a tendency to check this growing form of parental desertion."

Mrs. Small's dinner-table had not been presided over by that excellent lady for a fortnight; Mrs. Mark Lane's baby had gone through the influenza, entirely by the aid of the nurse and Godfrey's cordial; Mrs. De Lancy Jones, whose three children, all under nine years of age, were at separate boarding-schools, deafened her neighbors with the most extraordinary series of vocalizations, intended to strengthen a swell of five bars, on B flat, which occurred in her part (Mrs. Lane was to do the contralto), and bring out with greater flexibility the trill on F which succeeded it. Mrs. Jones had set her heart on making a sensation, and worked steadily for it. Rehearsals absorbed what time Helen Groton could spare from the most devotedly attentive of lovers, to which he could not always accompany her, as the affair was not yet "out." Even Mrs. Jordan found herself overwhelmed with engagements and ruffled by partisanship; vexed, too, at her husband's indifference, when it was all for him, one might say, to provide funds for the exhausted treasury over which he unwillingly presided. She was at the call of every person in the programme. Solicited subscriptions with Mrs. Small, who called on her husband's business friends from A to Z, and trailed her robes on every office floor in Wall Street and Exchange Place; turned music at the rehearsals, listened more complacently to the compliments of Archie Lowber, wrote Mrs. De Lancy Jones affectionate little notes, in reply to hers which breathed the most flattering interest and intense perfume; agreed with Mrs. Lane that Madame

Duprez was much too *empressé* with Gorteschokoff, and that Mrs. Revere, a rival contralto, had "no voice whatever."

"Gossiping! oh, Kitty!" said her husband, to whom she naturally reported some of these little items. "I wish you were done with these people. How do you know what they say of you?" And to tell the truth he was a little surprised at her popularity among them, unaware of the report Helen had generously set afloat of her uncle's wealth and Kitty's coheirship.

"Me! why, they are very fond of me, I'm sure; besides, what could they say?"

"A great deal more than you could imagine. You are never safe with a person who slanders or ridicules a third to you."

"But Mrs. Small is very sincere."

"Perhaps so."

"You are very provoking, Henry," said his wife, resenting the accusation. "I should think you would want me to make friends. I've left all I had but uncle's family for you, you know;" and the tone suggested the deepest injury on his part.

"They're not worth a quarrel between us at any rate, dearie; and as for the intimacy, it's very easily disposed of."

"How?" indignantly.

"By going to housekeeping next month, somewhere in the Chelsea region. I shall have quite as much of your time then as I can ask."

"I should be ashamed to have such an opinion of people, as if where we lived would make the slightest difference."

And so the last day of rehearsal came, and the rooms of Madame Duprez, already under the hands of the irresistible master of ceremonies, who had banished Monsieur to the club, and icily repelled the faintest suggestion from Madame, were thronged by full conclave. All but Mrs. Lane; Mrs. De Lancy Jones was uneasy, for however inferior a contralto is to a soprano, it is nevertheless slightly important in a duet. Mrs. Small suggested that Mrs. Lane was always late. Mrs. Jones was comforted, and whispered to Mrs. Jordan that Madame Duprez was in wretched voice. Ten, fifteen minutes passed, only one cavatina between Mrs. Jones and her duet; what could it mean? How very provoking—a note, and of course she could not be coming; every thing depended on that final rehearsal, too.

Gorteschokoff graciously improvised a fantasia on a theme from *Leonora*, the duet before him, while Mrs. Jones glanced over the note.

"Horrors!" she exclaimed; she grew pale, she bit her lips, she almost wrung her hands. Mrs. Lane had failed her—Mrs. Lane's baby had the measles, and Mrs. Lane's inconsiderate husband had shamefully insisted that it should not be left, while the doctor considered it seriously ill, to the nurse and her incomparable sedative. Mrs. Lane wrote in despair, "It was cruel, heartless, tyrannical in Mark." But these

complimentary epithets brought no aid to Mrs. De Lancy's emergency.

"Would not Madame Rivicré be so exzellent?" suggested Signor Baritone, anxious to acquit himself of a cavatina following, and keep an engagement made for two o'clock.

"No;" Madame Rivicré decidedly declined. She could never undertake such a thing without study; and, besides, she was secretly delighted at the soprano's discomfiture, hers from *Lucia* would be the only duet. Mrs. Revere folded her hands in indolent unconcern, full of inward rejoicing. Mrs. Jones and her duet were politely passed over by the eminent pianist whose minutes were golden, and the programme proceeded. Mrs. Jones retired to the library of Madame Duprez's elegant suite, and displayed her extreme amiability of character in a series of reproaches vented upon her sister, Mrs. Small.

"You *would* have that thing from *Leonora*; any thing else in the world might be made up; there isn't one in twenty that's seen the music. You always will have every thing your own way if you die for it!"

"Gracious, Fanny, don't be so spiteful! You know very well you agreed with me about the novelty, especially just now, and said that every thing else was perfectly threadbare."

"Well, so it is; what of it? Just like Mark Lane, ordering his wife about like a servant. I should like to see De Lancy attempt to keep me at home if one of his children was dying!"

"I don't suppose you would lose a chance for display even for that. Every body knows what a devoted mother you are!"

"Oh dear! and that horrid Mrs. Revere so disobliging. She could do it as well as not, if she choose! Just because she happened to overhear what I said about her low notes to Archie Lowber! What *am* I going to do? For goodness' sake, Angelique, suggest something!"

"Won't Mrs. De Ruyter do?"

"You know very well she won't come in at the last minute, when she hasn't been asked before. Besides, nobody knows the music; Bagoli made us learn it at Chegary's when it was first brought out in Philadelphia ages ago. Goodness, Angy, there's that Miss Crowder!"

"Where?" and Mrs. Small looked out of the window prepared to annihilate her.

"Oh, not here. I wish she was; she knows it; we had that duet together then. I wish I hadn't cut her so dead."

"Is there any thing I can do?" and Mrs. Jordan's sympathizing face looked in at the door. "I'm so very, very sorry—we all are. It is such a pity to give up your duet. Mrs. Revere says you will have to."

"Spiteful thing; I'll die first!"

"Or take up Miss Crowder!" suggested Mrs. Small. "You must come with us, Mrs. Jordan."

"Yes, do;" and Mrs. Jones hurried on her gloves; Mrs. Revere's assertion had decided her. "Your face is so honest, it will help along."

"But where *are* you going?" asked Kitty,

as Mrs. Small singled her carriage out of the little crowd, and charged the coachman to use all dispatch.

"Not far, fortunately—that is the house. Would you believe it, my dear? 'Most luxuriant growth,' as the advertisements say, proves what hair tonic can do, faithfully applied."

The Crowder drawing-room was faultless, so was Miss Crowder's toilet, as she rose with a coolness which emulated that of her unexpected visitors. Mrs. Jordan shrank back, fearful of a scene; they all hated each other. What if Miss Crowder should show them the door!

"You always were so amiable!" said Mrs. Jones, at the end of Mrs. Small's rapid and masterly introduction of their errand, in which no mention was made of previous rehearsals, and the matter of Mrs. Lane's disappointment kept entirely out of sight.

"There was to be a concert, for the most desirable object—every one must sympathize. Dear Fanny was to have the soprano in that charming duet from *Leonora*; and recollecting the musical taste and remarkable talent of her old —" Mrs. Small did pause slightly here, but rushed on again—"had hastened to beg her to join the little circle of amateurs who were interested in this noble charity."

Miss Crowder quietly secured and turned the key, so to speak, upon ancient resentment and long-continued slights, during this rapid explanation. She, moreover, followed Mrs. Small's example, and ignored any knowledge of the previous movements of this ardent little band of public reformers, gathered from the *Home Journal*, and the crowd of carriages around Madame Duprez's door, for several days in succession. The entrance of the enchanted portal of Society was held open to her—never mind how treacherous the proffering hand; should any foolish personal resentment prevail on her to turn away?

"Those dear old school-days!" sighed Mrs. Jones. "Ah, how often I think of them! but the claims of Society are so pressing, they have quite separated me from many a delightful association. Sister knows how deeply I have regretted it." Was the vexatious Crowder going to defeat her after all?

Mrs. Small took the cue. "Oh yes, indeed! Fanny has been so absorbed. She has often regretted that she could not see more of you;" and here she paused, for she caught sight of Mrs. Jordan's face, which was quite too "honest" for the occasion.

Miss Crowder scorned to seem to demand capitulation. Certainly, she should be most happy to oblige. She remembered the music perfectly. It was with her a mere matter of "barter, or exchange in kind," to quote from the "Elements of Political Economy" they had both been supposed to study at school. They needed her, she needed them, words were useless in the compact.

To have seen those four ladies drive comfortably off together in Mrs. Small's carriage would

have furnished a stage-effect for Bourcicault—amiability, mutual good-will, and high appreciation were expressed on each face and in every accent. Mrs. Jordan alone was silent—amazement enchained her.

"Just in time, are we not?" and Mrs. Jones, with smiling face, swept up to the grand piano as the last quivering notes of the grand finale were sounding.

"*Leonora* is a little out of her place, but you must give us five minutes."

Madame Duprez, concerned for the perfection of a musical soiree to come off under her auspices, comprehended and came to the rescue with commendable tact and prudence; welcoming the neighbor she had "passed on the other side" for full two years with a warmth and *empressment* that did credit to her head if not to her heart. Miss Crowder smiled, displaying her superb teeth, and addressed Signor Baritone in his own musical language, as she took up the score of her part.

Mrs. Jones had no misgivings; she knew Elise Crowder—Eliza, originally—too well to dread her having undertaken what she could not perform. She recollected all the old rocks and rapids of her school-friend Fanny's execution, and supported her admirably, throwing a strength and sparkling freshness into the whole duet which Mrs. Lane, with all her study and correctness, failed to give. Archie Lowber watched the superb grace and elegance of her figure, which the Cashmere, dropping carelessly away, revealed, and made up his mind to patronize her. The amiable Fanny's brother-in-law remarked to Mrs. Jordan, that "he never could see, for his part, why the women hadn't taken her up before. Who cared about grandfathers—or fathers either, for that matter, if they could come down with something handsome?"

Mrs. Revere's eye-glass and shrugs were entirely unavailing; it was natural enough that she should feel indignant. Miss Groton was good-naturedly indifferent; Gorteschokoff, proverbially cold to all professional merit save his own, uttered a stately compliment; Signor Baritone, forgetting his engagement, lingered enchanted at the success of a favorite pupil. Miss Crowder was self-possessed, triumphant.

We all know how admirably the concert succeeded—how the daily papers were full of the matter, and described the dresses separately—how the next issue of the *Home Journal* was redolent of *mille-fleur* epithets and proper names, discarding initials altogether, and devoting an entire paragraph to "the lovely *débütante*, Miss Crowder, daughter of our public spirited fellow-citizen, A. L. Crowder, Esq., whose colossal fortune is the reward of well-directed and persevering effort." It might have added, that his daughter's success arose from an inheritance of this paternal talent, combined with an infantile attack of the measles. However, all victory is a combination of skill and fortuitous circumstances, and Miss Crowder is not the first

general who has accepted blindly the advantage forced upon them by the necessities of the enemy.

Mr. Jordan withdrew his name from the directorship of the "Perkins Macdonough Foundation," and his wife from her intimacy with its charitable board of managers. Even after the call at the residence of Miss Crowder, Mrs. Jordan was deeply chagrined at the entire oblivion which the house her husband had taken, in Thirty-eighth Street near Tenth Avenue, seemed to bury her in; at least as regarded the attentions of her late devoted friends. Mrs. Small's carriage found its way there once, but her coachman did not approve of the neighborhood, and she noticed instantly the ingrain carpets in the parlors. "The claims of Society," it is to be presumed, prevented Mrs. Jones from taking so long an excursion. She bewailed her thousand engagements whenever they met, and was certainly coming very, very soon. Mrs. Mark Lane invariably followed Mrs. Small's lead, and her baby had always "just been suffering from the most excruciating attack, which had made her *perfectly wretched*, and unable to leave him for a moment!"—whenever she encountered Mrs. Jordan at Stewart's, or in Mrs. Groton's parlors.

Mr. Jordan had sufficient good sense to let the verification of his prophecy pass with slight comment; the result was sufficient for self-congratulation. Helen's marriage to Ludlam White, and removal from the city, prevented the unpleasant necessity of future contact with the circle to which she had introduced them.

Miss Crowder's engagement to Perkins Jones was announced the night of Miss Groton's wedding; and though the "Perkins Macdonough" has yielded place, in Mrs. Small's affections, to a fresh and exciting charity, that prevailing type of the Dorcas of the nineteenth century considers this result to have been worth all the pains expended upon its feeble existence; since, "as they had committed themselves to tolerate Miss Crowder, her money might just as well be thrown into the hands of Fanny's family."

ARCHIBALD BLOSSOM, BACHELOR.

MR. BENJAMIN BLOSSOM was guilty of three faults which his brother Archy, the bachelor, could not fully forgive: first, having a family; second, going to California; and, lastly, dying when he got there. The news of the lamented Blossom's decease was brought to Archy one morning, like Cleopatra's asp, with his breakfast. The surviving brother, unconscious of the sting prepared for him, comfortably seated himself to nibble the bread of single blessedness, spread his landlady's neat white napkin on his lap, tucking the corners into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, stirred his coffee, read the morning paper, ate three eggs out of the shell with a little ivory scoop, and finally broke the seal of the feminine-looking envelope beside his plate.

"I knew there was something deuced disagreeable in that letter!" said Archy, turning

first purple and then pale. "The best I can do, I am always being made a victim!"

The epistle was from the mother of Benjamin's children; and in a cramped chirography, and a style full of grammatical errors, italics, and tears, indicating a good deal of grief, and not much education, it informed the bachelor that his sister-in-law was a widow (with two d's), and his nephews and nieces "orfens." The news would have been very apt to spoil his breakfast, but for the precaution he had taken to open the eggs before he did the letter.

Archy walked the room with his napkin, and thought of a good many things—poor Ben dying away off there, among strangers, and no doubt in very improper clothes; how he (the surviving brother) would look in black; and what was his duty respecting Priscilla and her orphans. "There is no other way, as I see," he mused, wiping his forehead with the napkin, "but to submit, and be a victim! Think of me, Archibald Blossom, suddenly called to be the father of four little Blossoms; and a brother to her whose heart is left destitute—t, double-o, t, toot!" groaned Archy, holding the letter up to the light. "Poor woman! poor woman! no doubt she was too much afflicted to give attention to her spelling. A brother to her! I wonder she didn't say a husband while she was about it!" And Archy smiled a grim smile in the glass, mentally contrasting his fastidious habits of life with the disagreeable ties and duties of paternity.

To the bachelor's love of nicety and sleepless solicitude for himself was joined an amiable disposition, which was forever getting the other traits into trouble. On the present occasion he was perfectly well aware, as we have seen, that he was to be made a victim; nevertheless, even while heaping reproaches upon the late Benjamin, calling his children brats, and cursing the man who first invented widows, he resolved to visit his brother's family—brushed his wig, colored his whiskers, packed up a carpet bag, and made other preparations for the pious pilgrimage. It was the first time he had ever thought of fulfilling the scriptural injunction, "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction;" although it had long been a personal habit of his to "keep himself [literally] unspotted from the world."

It was half a day's journey from Archy's residence in town to the rural locality which he had no doubt was all this time resounding with the lamentations of the bereaved family. Arrived at the village hotel, he ordered a room and supper; and, after the necessary ablutions and refreshments, and certain studious moments devoted to his attire, he set out, with his immaculate waistcoat and gold-headed cane, to walk to the Blossom cottage.

It was Archy's first advent in the place; a chronic dislike of scenes rustic and domestic having hitherto deterred him from venturing upon a visit. He was surprised to find the little town so charming. It was the close of a pleas-

ant June day; the sunset was superb, the air cool and sweet, the foliage of the sunlit trees thick and refulgent. "Really," said Archy to himself, snuffing the odor of roses and pinks that breathed from somewhere about a green-embowered cottage—"really, and upon my soul, a man might pass an hour or two in this place quite agreeably! Young man"—accosting a village youth, in soiled shirt-sleeves and patched trowsers, who approached, pushing a loaded wheel-barrow before him on the sidewalk—"can you inform me where Mrs. Blossom lives?"

"P'scill Blossom?" said the village youth, setting down the wheel-barrow and tucking up his shirt-sleeve.

"Mrs. Benjamin Blossom," replied Archy, with dignity.

"That's P'scill," said the village youth, twisting his mouth into a queer expression, and eying Archy with a slant, shrewd leer. "You've come past. Foller me, and I'll show ye. Look out for your shins!"

He spat upon his hands, rubbed them together, and once more addressed himself to the wheel-barrow. Archy stepped aside and walked behind. The young man turned up to the fence that inclosed the green-embowered cottage, from about which breathed the delightful odor of pinks and roses.

"Wish you'd jest open that gate," said he, holding the wheel-barrow. Archy, who was unaccustomed to opening gates for people, stood amazed at this audacity. But the young man repeating his request, he concluded to take a benevolent and humorous view of the matter, and, stepping before the wheel, rendered the service. "Clear the track now!" and the young man began to push.

"Hold! take care!" cried Archy, in peril of his legs. "You scoundrel!" He flourished his cane. But as the wheel-barrow continued to advance, his alternative was either to suffer a collision or retreat. Preferring the latter, he went backward into the yard. Going backward into the yard, he struck his heel against the border of a flower-bed. Striking his heel, he tripped, as was natural, and lost his balance, being unable to recover which, he made a formidable plunge, falling in the most awkward of all positions. His cane flew into the air, his hat into the bushes, and instantly he found himself deeply seated amidst some of the aforesaid odorous pinks and roses.

"Hello! look out! darnation!" ejaculated the youth of the wheel-barrow—"tumblin' over them beds! P'scill 'll be in your hair!" Which last allusion prompted the unfortunate Mr. Blossom to catch at his wig, that useful article having found a closer affinity with a rose-bush than with the head to which it belonged.

"Young man!" said Archy, regaining his feet and gathering up his hat and stick, "you deserve to be caned within an inch of your life!"

"Do I though?" and the youth's shrewd leer brightened into an expression of sparkling fun.

"I han't done noth'n, only showed you where we live."

"Who cares where you live?" retorted Archy, pale and agitated, hastily brushing his clothes. "You remorseless idiot! I inquired for Mrs. Blossom's house."

"Wal, ain't I showin' ye? This is our house; I'm her cousin," said the youth. "I ain't to blame, as I see, for your goin' onto the bed backward."

"I must always be a victim!" growled Archy, using his handkerchief for a duster. "Young man, I am Benjamin Blossom's brother, and I wish to see Mrs. Blossom."

"Jimmyneddy!" cried the youth—"be ye though? Darned if I didn't think you was the new minister! I wouldn't have done it—I mean, I didn't mean to—lemme brush off the dirt!" and he fell to using his unwashed hands about Archy's person with a freedom more alarming than any quantity of unadulterated dirt. The poor bachelor was endeavoring to defend himself when a young woman appeared, coming out of the house, and inquiring eagerly what was the trouble.

A young woman—she might have been forty; but she was still fresh and good-looking, with a plump figure, hazel eyes, a genuine complexion, teeth that were teeth, beautiful hair of her own, and a pleasing smile. The smile beamed, and at the same time the hazel eyes shone through tears, when the wheel-barrow youth announced Mr. Blossom's brother.

"Oh, dear, good brother Archy!" she exclaimed, with something between a sob and a cry of joy.

"My afflicted sister—" began Archy, who had composed a pathetic little speech, appropriate to the occasion. He paused, either from forgetfulness or emotion. As she made a movement indicative of falling into his arms, he opened them. Seeing them opened, she could do no less than fall into them. So the afflicted couple embraced, and Mrs. Benjamin Blossom wept upon Mr. Archibald Blossom's shoulder.

"To think we should meet, for the first time since my marriage, on such an occasion!" murmured Mrs. Blossom.

"You have changed very little since that time," said Archy, gallantly, regarding her at arm's-length.

"Brother Archy," faltered Priscilla, wiping her eyes, "this is my cousin, Cyrus Drole;" and the bachelor was formally introduced to the youth of the wheel-barrow. Cyrus offered to shake hands, and Archy, after some hesitation, gave him two fingers. "And these," said Mrs. Blossom, "are my—his—his children!"—meaning her late husband's, *not* the grinning Cyrus's. She burst into tears, and catching up the youngest of the lamented Benjamin's progeny, as they came running out of the house, almost smothered it with kisses.

Archy took out his handkerchief again, wiped first the two fingers Cyrus had shaken, and then his eyes.

"Poor little dears!" he said, much affected. "How could Benjamin ever leave for a moment so—so interesting a family!"

"Benjie—Phidie—Archy," Mrs. Blossom called the names of the three older children according to their ages, "this is your uncle—your kind, dear uncle—your father's only brother, and now all the father you have left!" More sobs, of the choking species. "Kiss your good uncle!"

"Dear little ones—yes!" said Archy, "give your uncle a kiss!" ("I am going to be a victim—I know I am!" he added, in a parenthesis, to himself.) "There! there! there!" embracing the three children in succession, but invariably allowing the kisses to explode before their faces touched his, and then putting them immediately away. He was congratulating himself on having done up this little business so handsomely, when Mrs. Blossom reminded him—

"This is the youngest—the baby, brother Archy—don't forget the baby!"

"Bless his little heart, no," said Archy, gayly fencing with his forefinger; "tut-tut! cock-a-doodle-do! Really, and upon my soul, what a fine boy it is!"

"But it's a girl," said Priscilla, hugging the frightened little thing to keep it from crying.

"Oh indeed! my mistake! But it's all the same till they get their baby frocks off," replied Archy. And the procession moved into the house, Cyrus Drole bringing up the rear. Priscilla, hastily emptying the large rocking-chair of a cat, two kittens, and a doll, offered her brother-in-law a seat.

"That's my pussy!" said Benjie (young Blossom number one, *æt.* 7).

"My doll!" screamed Phidie (number two, *æt.* 5).

"Mamma's chair!" cried little Blossom number three; and before Archy the uncle could sit down, Archy the nephew had scrambled into it.

"Archy, my dear," remonstrated the mother, "get down and give his uncle the chair." But Archy, laying hold of the arms with both hands, began to rock with all his might, his bright eyes glistening, and his curls shaking merrily about his cheeks. Thereupon the uncle quietly helped himself to another chair, which Priscilla hastened to dust with her apron before she would suffer him to sit down.

"Say, P'scill!" cried Cyrus, who had gone into the kitchen to wash himself, and he appeared at the sitting-room door, rubbing his hands in a profuse foaming ointment of soft soap and water; "say! wan't it queer I should take Uncle Archy for a minister?"

"He calls me uncle, too!" inwardly groaned the bachelor.

"You haven't been to tea, I suppose?" observed Priscilla, setting out the table, and putting up a leaf. Archy said he had taken tea at the hotel. "Indeed! Are you sure? That wasn't very kind of you, brother Archibald!"

The young widow was reluctantly putting

down the leaf, with many expressions of regret, when all were startled by a sound of shivered glass, and Phidie (abbreviation of Sophia) uttered a cry of alarm.

"Oh ma! look at Cilly!" (Blossom number four, *æt.* 2, named after her mother.) She had got Uncle Archy's cane, and had tested the virtue of the pretty gold head by putting it through a window-pane.

"Why, Cilly! what has she done?" cried her mother. Cilly began to cry. At that moment young Archy rocked over, falling, not as his uncle had done on the flower-bed, but his face on the floor. Another cry. The benevolent bachelor sprang to lift up his namesake from beneath the overturned chair, and, stooping, struck his head against Phidie's nose. Third cry added to the chorus. Mrs. Blossom, meanwhile, was occupied in running over Benjie, whose fingers she had previously pinched by too suddenly dropping the table-leaf when the alarm was given. At the same time Cyrus, with his soapy hands, ran to the rescue, and took the cane from the affrighted and screaming Cilly.

"What did I tell you, Archibald Blossom?" said the bachelor to himself. "I knew perfectly well you would be a victim!" And stepping back upon a kitten's tail, he elicited a squall of pain from the feline proprietress of the pinched appendage, and a mew of solicitude from the maternal cat.

For a few minutes the domestic confusion in the cottage surpassed the most dreadful scenes the bachelor's imagination had ever conceived. But the tumult soon passed; the broken glass was picked up; the cane (with the streaks of Cyrus's soapy fingers on it) set away; Phidie's nose washed, which had bled; and Blossoms number three and four put to bed, after saying their prayers and kissing, with oozy faces—or rather kissing at—their Uncle Archy. Benjie and Phidie were suffered to sit up half an hour longer, upon condition that they should behave themselves; at the expiration of which time they also said their "Now I lay me" and "Our Father" at their mother's knee, greatly to the edification of their uncle, whom they afterward kissed at, with a good-night, on going to bed. Cyrus, in the mean time, had gone to spend his evening at the village stores and bar-rooms; and now the widow and the surviving brother of the late Benjamin Blossom were left alone together.

The cottage was quiet; a single lamp was lighted; the grief-stricken widow took a seat rather near the surviving brother. As they discussed the lamentable news the last steamer had brought she drew her chair closer still, allowing her head, weighed down by affliction, to droop sympathetically toward his shoulder. Archy was deeply troubled.

"I am more than ever convinced that I shall be a victim," he thought, as he glanced sideways at his companion; "but, really, and upon my soul, there's something pleasing about her!" In the abandonment of grief she let her hand

drop upon his knee. She was too much absorbed by her sorrows to think of removing it. Archy experienced a very strange sensation. He had never in his life known any thing to produce precisely such an effect as that hand upon his knee; and he wondered if his companion was really aware that it had gone a visiting. Then Archy suffered his own hand (in the abandonment of grief) to drop near the widow's. There is something magnetic in hands. They attract by laws more subtle than the loadstone's. Two peculiarly charged hands upon the same knee must inevitably touch. Archy's palm lay in the most careless manner upon the back of Priscilla's hand. Gradually his fingers tended to encircle hers; an encouraging movement on her part, then a nestling together of thrilling palms, then an ardent mutual pressure—and Archy found himself in a position which he would have deemed utterly impossible an hour ago. With that soft, warm, flexible, electric conductor pouring its vital streams into his veins, he comprehended, as never before, how men are entrapped into matrimony. He saw how his brother (the lamented Benjamin) had been entrapped, and forgave him. It was Archy's left hand that clasped Priscilla's left, she sitting upon his right; and now his other arm (all in the abandonment of grief) fell from the top of her chair and lodged near her waist. Her right hand met his—not to remove it, but to draw it ever so gently about her. At the same time her head, which had been drooping so long, touched his shoulder. Silence, and two deep breaths. Very natural: he had lost a brother, she a husband; and this was consolation.

"My dear sister," said Archy, "you must not let—ah—circumstances trouble you. I have a little property—enough to keep me comfortable—and I have put by a little to—to—provide against such a day as this, for I always felt sure Benjamin's projects would turn out in some such way; and, you see, you are not to want for any thing, Priscilla—"

"Oh dear, dear Archy! bless you!" said the widow, with so much emotion that tears were drawn right out of Archy's eyes. "But it isn't money I want! True, I have four children—they are friendless orphans—I am poor; but I can work for them with my last breath. It isn't money I want! but sympathy—a brother's love—somebody to talk to that knew *him*—to keep my heart from breaking while my dear children live! Oh, promise me that!" She clung to Archy. He knew he was a victim, but he also perceived that to be a victim might be sweeter than he had deemed.

At this interesting moment the gate clanged, a shuffling of shoes on the stoop-floor followed, and Cyrus Drole walked unceremoniously into the room. "I am saved!" thought Archy. But it must be confessed he would have preferred not to be saved quite so soon. His chair, as Cyrus entered, was at least a yard and a half from the widow's, and their hands looked perfectly innocent of contact. The hero of the

wheel-barrow might have perceived that he was expected to withdraw from the sacred precincts of grief; but he coolly took a chair and sat down, with his hat on.

"Every body is askin' about Uncle Archy; you'd think the President had come to town!" said Cyrus, tipping back against the wall, and setting his feet upon the chair-round. "But didn't they all la'f when I told about takin' him for a minister, and runnin' him onto the beds!" And Cyrus chuckled under his hat-brim, hugging his elevated knees.

The two votaries of grief heard these ill-timed words in appropriate solemn silence. Nobody else appearing inclined to talk, Mr. Drole "improved" the occasion. He quoted popular remarks concerning the surviving Mr. Blossom. Elder Spoon's daughter thought he walked "drea'ful stiff;" Miss Brespin, the dress-maker, declared that he winked at her as he passed her window. Archy writhed at this stinging imputation, but contented himself with frowning upon Cyrus.

"Brother Archy don't want to hear all this, Cyrus," interposed the serious-faced Priscilla.

"Jeff Jones said he looked like a horned pout with his white-bellied jacket on!" continued Cyrus. "Cap'in Fling wanted to know if he was an old bach; an' when I said he was, says he, 'I'll bet fifty dollars,' says he, 'he'll marry the widder!' 'If he does,' says Old Cooney, says he, 'he won't look so much as if he'd jest walked out of a ban'box time he's been married a month,' says he. I didn't say nothin', but la'f it!"

"Cyrus Drole!" cried the indignant widow, "if you can't behave yourself, you shall go straight to bed. What must brother Archy think of your impudence!"

"I guess he'll think it's natur'!" laughed Cyrus. "I s'posed you wouldn't mind, bein' we're all cousins."

Archy had arisen. He inquired, in some agitation, for his hat and cane.

"My! brother Archy!" said Priscilla, alarmed, "where are you going?" Archy explained that he had engaged his lodging at the hotel, where his baggage remained. "I can't bear the thought of your going back there to sleep!" and the widow's tearful eyes looked up pleadingly. "Do stay with us! Cyrus shall go for your carpet-bag!"

Archy said something about "giving trouble." She reproached him tenderly. It would be a comfort, she assured him, to know that he was beneath the same roof; and it would soothe her loneliness to remember the pathetic circumstance after he was gone. "I *am* a victim!" thought Archy; but he could not resist such winning entreaties. Cyrus was dispatched for the carpet-bag. He was absent not much more than five minutes; and on his return, placing the article of luggage on the table, he seated himself, tipped against the wall, with his hat on, as before.

"Any time you wish to retire, brother Ar-

chy—" suggested the widow's softened voice. Archy cast a scowling glance at Cyrus (who appeared immovable), and replied that he felt the need of rest after his long journey.

"Don't hurry on my account," said Cyrus. "I jest as lives set up and keep ye comp'ny!"

Unseduced by this generous suggestion, Archy took his carpet-bag and proceeded, under the widow's guidance, to the spare bedroom. It was a neat little chamber, with a rag-carpet on the floor, and cheap lithographs in cheap frames on the wall. The lamp was placed on the white-spread stand, and the carpet-bag on a chair; Archy gave the widow his hand.

"Good-night, sister!" Priscilla wept. "Afflicted one!" said Archy, drawing her near him. He put down his lips; she put up hers. At that affecting moment a chuckle was heard. Both started.

"Ye 'fraid of fleas, Uncle Archy?" said Cyrus, putting his head in at the door.

Archy had never in his life felt so powerful an impulse to fracture somebody's cervical column. Had there been a weapon at hand Cyrus would have suffered. As it was, he advanced with impunity into the room.

"'Cause, ef you be, there's some in the bed *that long*!" he added, measuring off a piece of his hand. "Ain't they, P'scill?"

"Cyrus Drole! there isn't a flea in the house, and you know it!" exclaimed the widow. "What do you talk so for?"

"They've got some over to the tavern bigger yit," said Cyrus, seating himself astride a chair, and resting his arms on the back. "They hitched six on 'em to a hand-cart t'other day, and they jumped so they ripped it all to flinders!"

"Come, Cyrus," expostulated the widow, "you've no business here; brother wants to go to bed."

"He won't mind me; I'll keep him comp'ny till he wants to go to sleep. *You* needn't stop, if you don't want to!"

Thereupon the widow hastily withdrew, calling upon him to follow. Cyrus rocked to and fro, in his reversed position, apparently perfectly and entirely at home. Archy regarded him sternly.

"What d'ye haf to pay for them kind o' boots?" asked Cyrus. "Pegged or sewed? hey?" No reply. "Psho! what's the matter? You look as tho' you'd forgot suth'n'!"

"Young man," said Archy, loftily, "will you have the kindness to postpone the entertainment of your personal presence and conversation to some remote future period? In other words, will you oblige me by leaving this room?"

"Don't feel like talkin', hey? Wal, I d'n' know but I will, seein' it's you!" Cyrus, rising deliberately, knocked over his chair, set it up again, and walked slowly to the door. "I forgot what you said you give for them boots? Oh! you're in a hurry, be ye!" Seeing Archy advancing upon him with a somewhat ferocious look, he quickened his step, and with a grin of insolent good-nature dodged out of the room.

Archy shut the door, and placed two chairs against it—there being no lock—pulled off the said boots, hung his wig on the bed-post, and in due time retiring, thought of the widow, and called himself a victim until he fell asleep; when he dreamed that he was wedded to a spectre in soiled shirt-sleeves and patched trowsers, and had nine children, all of whom were born with little wheel-barrows in their hands.

He was awakened by shouts of childish laughter. He thought of his dream, rubbed his eyes, recognized his wig on the bed-post, and remembered where he was. The laughter proceeded from an adjoining room, where the little Blossoms slept. Archy took his watch from beneath the pillow, and discovered that he had been robbed of his rest three hours earlier than his usual time for rising. "I'm always being a victim!" he said, with a yawn. "But I suppose it's the custom to get up at five in the country; and it'll be such a novelty, I'll try it for once." So Archy got up, dressed, put on his hat, found his gold-headed cane (with the marks of Cyrus's soapy fingers on it), and went out to walk. There was a freshness and beauty in nature which afforded him an agreeable surprise. "Really, and upon my soul," he said, "I had quite forgotten that mornings in the country were so fine! One might enjoy an experience of this kind once or twice a year very well indeed."

Priscilla was occupied in dressing the children when he went out. On his return she was preparing breakfast. He was curious to see how she would look by daylight; and he was conscious of a slight agitation as he entered the room. Her occupation, together with the heat of the kitchen stove, had given her a beautiful color; and the tear and smile with which she greeted him completed the charm. Thus the day began. Archy, who had intended to return on the first train to town, staid until the afternoon. He then found it impossible to turn a deaf ear to the widow's entreaties, who urged him to remain another night beneath her roof. He delayed his departure another day, and still another night; and ended by spending a week with the widow, Cyrus, and the children—a week whose history would fill a volume. What we have not space to detail here the reader's imagination—it must be vivid—will supply.

At last the bachelor returned to town. He had long wished to go, and wished not to go. His experiences had been both sweet and terrible; and to depart was as excruciating as to remain. In tearing himself away he left behind a lacerated heart, which Mrs. Priscilla Blossom retained, and in return for which she sent him letters full of affection and bad spelling. It is singular how soon a tender interest in persons invests even their faults with a certain charm. Not a month had elapsed before Archy had learned to love those innocent little errors of orthography and construction as dearly as if the *i*'s she neglected to dot were the very eyes which he had so often seen weep and smile.

"Really, and upon my soul," said Archy, one morning, after kissing her letter at least twice for every precious error it contained, "she is a delightful creature; and, by Jove, I'd marry her—I would, truly—if—if it wasn't for being a victim!" A strange unrest—to use a poetical expression—agitated his ever-placid bosom. Appetite and flesh forsook him; his landlady observed that her bountiful repasts no longer filled him; his tailor, that he no longer filled his clothes. His friends shook their heads and said, "The Blossom has been nipped by untimely frost!" At length, yielding to destiny, he again disappeared mysteriously from town. It is supposed that he visited Priscilla. He was absent a week. He returned, bearing a still larger burden of unrest than he had carried away. In short—to sum up the tragical result in one word—Archy was a victim, and he knew it!

How it all happened, poor Archy could never tell; and if he could not, how can his biographer? As early as the middle of October he had written to Priscilla irrevocable words, ordered a wedding suit of his tailor, bought a new wig, and purchased a trunk full of presents for his future wife and children. The eleventh of November was fixed for the fatal event. On the night of the ninth he slept not at all, but filled the hours with wakefulness and sighs. "Oh, Benjamin," he said, "if you had only lived! I wish I had never gone up there! But it is too late to retract! It would break poor, dear Priscilla's heart! I am quite sure she would die of grief! I must go through with it now—I see no other way!" Mrs. Brown wondered what made her lodger groan so in his sleep.

On the other hand, Archy endeavored to console himself by reasoning thus: "It wasn't in human nature to resist—she is such a charming woman! Besides, I was only doing my duty. I should have the family to support any way. I can keep them in the country, and spend as much time in town as I choose. I shall probably spend all my time in town, with the exception of now and then a few days in summer. Though really, and upon my soul, if it wasn't for Cyrus and the children I think I could be very happy with Priscilla." He sank into a half-conscious state, and fancied himself pursuing a wild, sweet, dangerous road, with two figures whirling in a dance before him, one beautiful and bright, but nearly enveloped in the other's black, voluminous robes. One was Happiness, the other Misery; and so they led him on, until the former quite disappeared, and the latter, grim, inexorable, whirled alone. He aroused with a start just as the hideous creature reached forth a skeleton hand to claim him as a partner; and once more Mrs. Brown wondered what made her lodger groan so in his sleep.

Archy was expected on the afternoon of the tenth, and Cyrus was at the railroad station to meet him when the train came in. The surviving brother felt not only like a victim, but also

very much like a culprit, when he stepped from the cars a spectacle to the group of loungers.

"Haryunclarchy?" (that is, "How are you, Uncle Archy?") cried Cyrus, familiarly advancing to shake hands. "Got along, have ye? P'scill's been drea'ful 'fraid you wouldn't come." A broad grin from Mr. Drole. Laughter and significant looks from the crowd. Embarrassment on the part of Mr. Blossom.

"Where's your carriage?" whispered the future bridegroom, who, anticipating this scene, had directed that a decent conveyance should be in waiting for him on his arrival.

"Couldn't git no kind of a one," said Cyrus, in a loud tone of voice. "Jinkin's usin' his; Alvord's hoss's lame; Hillick, that keeps the tavern, had let his'n; I told 'em you was comin', and I didn't know what I should do; but not a darned thing in the shape of a carriage could I scare up. So I concluded you could walk over to the house—guess you hain't quite forgot the way; and I've brought my wheel-barrer for your trunks."

"Always a victim!" muttered Archy, red and perspiring, perhaps at the recollection of his first adventure with the wheel-barrow. He would have given worlds—as the romance writers say—had he never set foot in the village. But retrogression was now impossible. He hastily pointed out his baggage, with his gold-headed cane, and walked up the street. He had not proceeded twenty yards when Cyrus came after him, running his wheel-barrow on the walk, and shouting to the retiring loungers to "clear the track." He pushed his load of trunks to Archy's heels, and there he kept it, occasionally grazing his calves with the wheel, until the exasperated bridegroom stepped aside and stopped.

"Go on!" he said, hoarsely.

"Never mind; I ain't pa'tic'lar!" replied Cyrus, setting the wheel-barrow down, and spitting on his hands. "I jest as lives you'd go ahead. Whew! makes me blow!"

Archy raised his cane, but forebore exercising it upon the young gentleman's back, as justice seemed to require, in consequence of the publicity of the scene. He walked on. The wheel-barrow followed, again at his heels. And thus the bridegroom traversed the village, the head of a procession which caused a general expansion of risible muscles and a flattening of noses upon window panes as it passed.

"By the furies!" thought Archy, "I can't go through with it! I'll put a stop to the insane proceeding at once! I'll make some excuse; I'll say, I've heard from California, and Benjamin isn't dead. That wouldn't do, though; Priscilla's had a letter from the friend that received his parting breath. I'll tell her—I'll tell her I've got another wife. Then she'll reproach me, and what shall I say? Say I thought my wife was dead, but she's turned up again! That won't do though—I can't lie."

"Look out for yer legs!" cried Cyrus. They had passed the gate. Archy was met by Mrs. Blossom and four little Blossoms, soon to

be all his own. Priscilla clung to his neck, Benjie to his hand, Phidie to his coat tails, leaving the lesser Blossoms each a leg.

"I am doomed!" thought Archy. He assumed a gayety, though he felt it not; opened his heart and his trunk; distributed presents; received a good many more thanks and kisses than he wanted; withdrew to the solitude of his chamber; conferred with Priscilla, who followed him thither, and whom he found, after all his doubts and despair, to be the dearest and best of women. He came out brighter than he had gone in; taking his seat at the tea-table, with Blossoms three and four on each side, and Priscilla opposite. The children had quarreled to sit next their uncle, and that rare indulgence had been granted to the two youngest. Little Archy was barefoot, and he persisted in rubbing his toes against big Archy's trowsers. Little Cilly (Blossom number four) sprinkled him with crumbs, buttered his coat-sleeve, and tipped over his tea-cup. Archy (the uncle) was beginning to have very much the air of a parent.

The presents had so much excited the children that the house that evening was a perfect little Babel. "And this is the family I am going to marry!" groaned poor Archy; "Oh, what a victim!" Cyrus was practicing upon a new fiddle, in the kitchen, and nothing could silence his horrible discords. The domestic—a recent addition to Mrs. Blossom's establishment—let fall a pile of dishes, deluging the threshold with fragments. Benjie upset the table with a lamp and pitcher, which saturated the carpet with oil and water. Phidie and Archy quarreled, and cried an hour after they had gone to bed. Number four was sick, in consequence of eating too much of Uncle Archy's candy, and had to be doctored. Priscilla was harassed and—shall we confess it?—cross. Add to the picture the melancholy coloring of the season—imagine the dreary whistling of the November wind, and the rattling of dry leaves and naked boughs—and you have some notion of a wise, comfort-loving old bachelor's reasons for homesickness.

Archy retired to his room. "I can't go through with it! It's no use! I'll break it to Priscilla—gradually—but I'm resolved to do it! Supposing I make believe I'm insane, and tear things? Insane! I've been insane! Oh, Benjamin—"

Rap, rap! gently, at the door. "There she is!" said Archy. "Now, Blossom, be a man!" He opened; Priscilla entered. She observed his excited mien with a look of alarm.

"Dear Archy! what is the matter?"

What a wonderful influence there is in woman's eyes, a ripe lip reaching up to you, and an arm about your neck! Archy was afraid he was going to be shaken.

"Priscilla!" he said, with a tragic air, "I've had a horrid thought! Suppose—suppose Benjamin should still be alive! and should come home! and find me—me—a usurper of his happiness!"

"Oh, Archy!" articulated Priscilla, with strong symptoms of fainting, "spare me! spare me!"

"Of course it isn't reasonable to suppose such a thing—but—" stammered Archy, "isn't our marriage hasty—premature? Not six months after the news of his death came—though, to be sure, he had then been dead four months, and that makes ten. But wouldn't it, after all, be wise to postpone our bliss—say till spring?"

"If you leave me," said Priscilla, "I shall die!" She closed her eyes, drooping tremulously in his arms; and the scene would have been very romantic indeed but for the plumpness of her figure and the laws of gravitation, which united in compelling him to ease her down upon a chair. "But go!" she added, "go! you do not love me!"

"Really, and upon my soul, I do!" vowed Archy, greatly moved. "Priscilla, I adore you!"

"Then don't—don't break my heart!"

His resolution was melted: he saw that either Priscilla or himself must be a victim. "I'll be one myself," he thought; "I'm used to it!" And he said no more of postponing their conjugal felicity.

We read of prisoners sleeping soundly on the eve of their execution. So Archy slept that night. The wedding was appointed for the next morning. The bridegroom awoke at half-past six. It was cold and rainy. He looked out upon the dismalest scene—dark and dreary hills, a deserted street, dripping and shivering trees, dead leaves rotting upon the ground. "I have brought my razor with me," said Archy, "and really, upon my soul, I think the best thing I can do is to cut off the wretched thread of my existence, just under the chin!" Already the children were laughing and screaming in the next room, and Cyrus's fiddle squeaked in the kitchen. Archy got up, took his razor, deliberately honed it, uncovered his throat, and—with a firm hand—shaved himself.

The marriage ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock, without display: only the clergyman and two other witnesses were to be present, and the happy pair were to take the cars at ten for a little journey. Two bridesmaids came, in the rain, at eight o'clock, to dress the bride. She had already put upon the children their neatest attire, charging them to remain in the house, and keep themselves dry and clean. The arrival of the clergyman was prompt. Nine o'clock struck—a knell to Archy's heart. At the fatal moment he appeared; he was handsomely dressed; he was pale, but firm. No martyr ever approached the stake with greater fortitude than he displayed on standing up beside Priscilla, in the little parlor, with the clergyman facing them and the witnesses waiting.

At this critical moment, Cyrus, who had gone to secure a conveyance for the wedding party, rushed into the room.

"You, Sir," said the clergyman, addressing

Archy, "solemnly promise to take this woman—"

"Guess you better wait half a jiffy!" cried Cyrus, flirting his wet cap.

"To be your lawful wife," added the clergyman.

"Somebody else to come," added Cyrus; "he's 'most here; I ran ahead, to tell ye to stop."

"Hush, Cyrus!" whispered the bride.

"To love, honor, and obey," said the clergyman, growing confused, "until death do you part—"

"He'd jest come in on the cars," interpolated Cyrus.

"Promise," said the clergyman to Archy, who stood staring.

"To obey?" faltered Archy.

"Did I say obey? No matter; it's a mere form—"

"I guess he's from Caleforny!" cried Cyrus; "mebby's he's got news."

"From California!" uttered Archy, with a gleam of hope. "Wait; what does the fellow mean? Who—where is this man!"

"I d'n' know; I never saw him afore; but here he comes!" said Cyrus. The rascal grinned. Priscilla looked wild and distressed. Archy believed it was one of Cyrus's miserable jokes, but resolved to make the most of it.

"Shall I proceed?" inquired the clergyman, who had quite forgotten where he left off. The gate had previously clanged; doors had been opened; and now, to the astonishment of all, a stranger put his head into the room. He wore a Spanish sombrero, a shaggy coat, and an immense red beard. As all turned to look at him, he advanced into the room.

"Stranger!" cried the excited Archy, "who—how—why this interruption?"

"What is going on?" asked the Californian, in a suppressed voice.

"Nothing—only—getting married a little," replied Archy, excited more and more. "You are welcome, Sir, welcome! but if you have no business—"

"I have business!" The intruder removed his wet sombrero. "Priscilla! Archibald!"

"Benjamin!" ejaculated Archy, springing forward upon the clergyman's corns.

"My husband!" burst from the lips of the bride; and she threw up her arms, swooning in the traveler's damp embrace. Archy, quite beside himself, ran over the children, and flung his arms frantically about the reunited pair.

"I be darned," said Cyrus, flinging his cap into the corner, "if 'tain't Ben Blossom come to life agin!"

"Just stand off," cried Benjamin, sternly, "till we have this matter a little better understood."

"I don't object," replied Archy, brushing himself, "for, really, and upon my soul, you are very wet!"

Priscilla was restored to consciousness (which, if the truth must be confessed, she had not lost

at all), explanations were made, and the husband's ire appeased. He, on his part, maintained that he had not been dead at all; that the treacherous friend who reported him so had indeed deserted him when he was in an extremely feeble condition at the mines, leaving him to perish alone, of sickness and want, in the dismal rainy season; that he (Mr. Blossom), had lived, so to speak, out of spite, finding shelter in a squatter's hut, digging a little for gold, returning to the sea-board, crossing the Isthmus, and finally reaching home (with less than half the money he had carried away) sooner than any letter, mailed at the earliest opportunity, could have arrived. He seemed rejoiced to get back again; kissed the children; shook hands with the neighbors; and, finally, supporting his wife upon one arm, while he gave Archy a fraternal embrace with the other, frankly forgave them the little matrimonial proceeding we have described.

The truth is, Priscilla had expressed her joy at his return with a spontaneity and emphasis which left no doubt of her sincerity. Archy felt one pang of jealousy at this; but it was evident enough that his satisfaction at seeing Benjamin was unfeigned.

"We are brother and sister again now, Archy?" said Priscilla, offering him her hand.

"We are nothing else, I am happy to say!" replied Archy, overflowing with good-humor.

"I must beg your pardon, Archy," said Ben, "for taking away your bride."

"Really, and upon my soul," cried Archy, magnanimously, "I relinquish her—under the circumstances—with joy! Take back your family, Ben! Here are the children, good as new. I give 'em up without a murmur. Heaven forbid that I should wish to rob my brother of his treasures!" Archy's self-denial was beautiful.

"S'pos'n'—s'pos'n'," jiggled Cyrus, "he hadn't come till to-morrer, an' found there'd been a weddin'! an' nobody but me an' the children left to hum!"

This ill-timed speech proved very unpopular, and Cyrus was hustled out of the room. The wedding having failed to take place there was no wedding tour.

Archy remained, and made a visit at his brother's; experiencing unaccountable sensations upon witnessing the unbounded happiness of Priscilla. How she could so easily give up a well-dressed gentleman like himself (after all her professions, too!), and show such preference for a rough, bearded, unkempt, half-savage Californian puzzled his philosophy. The sight became unendurable. So that afternoon he packed up his luggage and took leave of the happy family, turning a deaf ear to all their entreaties, and setting out, under painful circumstances and a dilapidated umbrella, to walk to the cars. Cyrus accompanied him, transporting his trunks upon the celebrated wheelbarrow. At the station Mr. Drole brought Archy the checks for his baggage, and gave

him his good-by, together with a little tribute of sympathy.

"I swanny," said Cyrus, "'twas too bad anyhow you can fix it! But I wouldn't give up so; mebby you'll have better luck next time."

"Always a victim!" muttered Archy, taking his seat in the cars. Cyrus got upon his wheelbarrow, and whistled "Try, try again!" playing an imaginary fiddle over his arm. The bachelor (still a bachelor) thanked Heaven when the cars started, and so returned to his elegant single lodgings in town.

But he was no longer the cheerful, contented bachelor of other times. An affectionate letter from Mrs. Blossom, in which she hoped he would find another widow (with two d's), and be happy (with one p), served only to keep alive the fires that had been kindled in his once cool breast. He began to seek female society; grew studious of fair faces; and, to the astonishment of his friends, within a year both Priscilla's wish, and Cyrus's prediction touching better luck, were realized. Archy had found another widow; who, although perhaps not quite so charming a creature as she who had first aroused him from apathetic celibacy, proved, nevertheless, quite as sincere a woman, as true a wife, and as devoted a mother of her little Blossoms. They occupy a handsome little cottage a few miles out of town; where the late bachelor, now the blessed husband and father, finds wedded life so entirely to his liking that he often assures Mrs. Blossom that really, and upon his soul, the most fortunate day of his life was when she made him a victim.

FRUITION.

STARS, let me hear you shout!
Why hang, ye leaves, so still?
This night she faltered out
A rosy-lipped "I will!"

The blood rushed through my brain—
She turned her face to me;
Then kisses came like rain
Upon a parchèd lea.

Light streamed from pole to pole,
The air became perfume,
And all my barren soul
Burst into green and bloom.

Oh, hour that bankrupts joy,
But perfects nature's plan—
This morn I was a boy
And now I am a man!

Stars, let me hear you shout!
Oh, leaves, hang not so still!
Winds, call your music out!
My love has said, "I will!"

My hope has then come true—
He loves me, so he said;
How fast my pulses flew—
My cheek, it burned, how red!
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Some things I seemed to hear,
And some I seemed to see;
Was it through eye or ear
He told his heart to me?

So high he seemed to stand,
My hope grew faint and dim;
His love came like a hand
And drew me up to him.

Within me, all is light—
How, why, I can not say;
For me, night is not night,
And day is more than day!

And thus my hope comes true—
Oh, hope how faint and dim!
And so what can I do
But love and live for him?

EXPLORATIONS OF THE AMOOR RIVER.

BY PERRY M'D. COLLINS.

HAVING been ordered by the Secretary of State (Mr. Marcy) to proceed to St. Petersburg, and from thence—if the permission of the Russian Government could be obtained—to the mouth of the Amoor River, I sailed from New York on the 12th of April, 1856, and arrived at Cronstadt on the 17th of May, being the only passenger on the first steamer, and the first vessel of any kind, that had entered at Cronstadt that year. We were detained by ice-floes in the Gulf of Finland three days. I was also detained two days at Cronstadt in consequence of my passport having no *visé* of a Russian consul in the United States, which, according to their regulations, is required.

From Cronstadt I proceeded to St. Petersburg, where I met with General Mouravieff, the Governor of Eastern Siberia, who received me with great politeness, and entered immediately into conversation in relation to the purpose of my visit. He said that he was happy to have the opportunity of introducing an American into the region of the Amoor, and was pleased that the United States had taken notice of that country, as it was a new country and required development.

"I shall leave Moscow," said he, "between the first and fifteenth of November next for Irkoutsk, the head-quarters of the Government. I wish you to see the whole country, and to do this more effectually you shall accompany me; but it is too late this season for you to proceed to the Amoor."

I was of course delighted with this arrangement, although I regretted that I was not to see the Amoor before the next year. But I could not do any more to expedite my journey. It is true I might have gone simply as a traveler or a merchant to Irkoutsk, without waiting for the Governor, but it would have been folly for me to have attempted it. So taking the cars on one of the finest railroads in the world, I proceeded to Moscow, where I arrived during the month of August.

I found that it would be impracticable for me to transport the books, papers, press, etc., belonging to the consulate, by the overland route, a distance of some ten thousand versts, a thousand of which must be traversed by pack animals, and six thousand by wagon or sleigh. I therefore shipped them from Cronstadt to the Amoor by a Russian man-of-war, which, together with a fleet of five or six sail, including a steamer, were expected to reach the Amoor on the opening of the navigation in the spring. The flag, however, I kept with me, as I was to have the honor to unfurl the first stars and stripes ever seen in that region. Besides myself there was but a single transient American in this city, with which our trade ought to amount to millions of dollars, and where our merchants and manufactures ought long ago to have established themselves. I endeavored to make the best use of my time by gaining as much information as possible with respect to the country which I proposed to visit.

At last, after my patience had been nearly exhausted, I found myself in possession of a passport, or certificate, giving me the sanction of the Emperor to visit the Eastern Ocean across the empire of Russia.

On the 3d of December, having prepared myself well for the journey, I set out from Moscow under protection of an officer of the Governor's staff, but in separate sleighs, and proceeded to Irkoutsk. The officer accompanied me as far as Nijne Novgorod, and from thence I had the company of a gentleman in the Government service.

We traveled by post, a system unknown in the United States; but with which I have had an opportunity of making myself thoroughly acquainted, having "posted" in a sleigh a distance of over five thousand versts, or three thousand three hundred miles, a verst being two-thirds of a mile. This system of posting was originally established by the Government for military purposes, then for the mail service, and eventually for the use of travelers. From Moscow to Irkoutsk there are two hundred and ten stations, at which six *troykahs* of eighteen horses are contracted for by the Government to carry the mail twice a week, at three hundred rubles—two hundred and twenty-five dollars—each *troykah* per year. The stations were originally built by Government, and a postmaster appointed to reside in each. This arrangement compels the contractors to furnish the mail with the necessary horses and vehicles; the horses, at all other times (with the exception of one *troykah*, which must always remain for the dispatch of Government couriers), are at the command of travelers who carry what is called a *padaroshna*, or order by the Government on the postmasters to furnish a certain number of horses. For this *padaroshna* the Government receives, when delivered to you, one-half of a kopeck a verst. This order, besides being an absolute command on the postmaster to furnish the horses required, author-

izes them, in case the post-horses are employed in the transportation of the mail, to demand other horses from the peasants of the villages. The system seems to work well, and is worthy of consideration to our Government in case a post-road be established from our Western frontier to California.

The distance from Moscow to Irkoutsk is 5138 versts, or 3426 miles. This is accomplished, under ordinary circumstances, in from twenty-five to thirty days, and by Government couriers in from fifteen to twenty days. There are two hundred and ten stations or changes of horses—an average of twenty-five versts to the station; that is, each relay of horses has to run sixteen and two-thirds miles.

The regulations posted in the stations give the passengers the right to travel eight versts per hour in autumn, twelve in winter, and ten in summer. This rate of speed they have a right to enforce. The couriers make all the speed that the horses are capable of, and as many as twenty-eight horses have been driven to death in a single journey, the Government paying a stipulated price of twenty-five rubles each for the dead horses.

One of the most singular features in the route from Moscow to Irkoutsk, is the fact that over such an immense extent of country there are not half a dozen times when the change of horses does not take place in a city. Between the two cities of Irkoutsk and Moscow I certainly passed through five hundred cities and villages. This, of course, has been the work of time and a strong Government, because villages are made by Imperial command.

In performing the journey I employed over seven hundred horses, because I frequently had four and sometimes five to my sleigh. This, with the two hundred and ten drivers, and fifteen additional postillions, cost me about eight cents a mile.

I am not the least disappointed in my voyage (I transcribe from my notes, written at Irkoutsk); on the contrary, probably more will come out of it than I had anticipated. But being a pioneer in these wilds, I had to meet with as many difficulties as a Western man who has *blazed* the first trail in a new country. Irkoutsk lies on the Angara, about sixty versts from its source in Lake Baikal. It is the seat of Government for Eastern Siberia, and contains about eighteen thousand inhabitants, with many churches and public buildings, a theatre, club-house, baths, schools, and seminaries, magazines, markets, and bazars. Its situation is well chosen; it is well built, is the seat of wealth, of fashion, of commerce for Eastern Siberia; and, though last not least, of beautiful women. The ladies of Irkoutsk will indeed compare favorably with those of any European city. In fact I have some intention (if I could find one willing) of taking one with me to the Amoor, and so on to California, just to give our people some idea of the productions of this extraordinary country.

The Angara is the only outlet to the waters

of Baikal. This lake is 700 versts long by 70 wide. The rivers emptying into it drain a great extent of country, their sources being in that chain of mountains which divide the waters of the Pacific from those of the Frozen Ocean. They penetrate far into the regions of Mongolia, and are only separated from the waters of the Hoang-ho, the great northern river of China, by the desert of Cobi.

When I first saw the lake it was frozen over, and I crossed upon the ice. It is here fifty-five versts wide, and I traversed that distance in three hours with one set of four horses to my sleigh, stopping but twice, and then only for a few moments; once to beat down the ice where it had burst and thrown up a ridge several feet high, and again to brush the frost and ice from the noses of our puffing horses.

I rode from Irkoutsk to Kiachta, 550 versts, in about forty-eight hours. After crossing Lake Baikal the most of the way was on the frozen surface of the Selenga, with changes of post-horses about every thirty versts.

Kiachta and Maimattschin, the frontier towns of Russia and China, are built in a valley flanked by mountains, and only separated by an open space of ground a rifle shot over, common to both; but each city has a gate and a wooden stockade, more to prevent smuggling than for defense. The Chinese have also built a screen outside their wall before the northern gate, looking into Kiachta, in order to prevent outsiders from observing what they are about. A few curious-looking Mongol Tartars do the military honors of the city on their side, while the universal Cossack, with a few Russian bayonets and lances, do that of Kiachta. A hundred Mississippi rifles would take both places; but Russia, if necessary, could soon concentrate a very respectable force upon this point from the adjacent country.

The Mongols are said to be the best fighting people of these Tartar tribes, though now subject to the Mantchoo race, who govern China. These are the people whom Genghis Khan and his successors led on to devastation and conquest for hundreds of years, until the growing power of Russia bore back upon them the returning wave of successful warfare and conquest, and from marauding hordes whipped them into subjection and hemmed them into comparatively narrow limits. In fact, Russia is the only power that has succeeded in reducing the Tartar race to peaceful pursuits, and she has succeeded most admirably.

The Chinese population of Maimattschin is some three thousand men. No women are allowed to reside here. The Mongol population of the suburbs is considerable. I had the good fortune while at this place to witness the "Feast of Lanterns," the "White Moon" of the Chinese. This occurred on the 9th of February. I was invited by the Russian Commissioner of the Frontier to dine with the Zargotstschey Pahloyah, the Governor of the city, and was introduced as a Russian merchant from St. Peters-

burg. The party consisted of some twenty merchants and other invited guests.

In company with the Commissioner, in a vehicle escorted by a troop of Cossacks, we passed out of the southern gate of Kiachta over the neutral ground to the northern gate of Maimattschin. Here we were received by a Mongol guard of honor, and, preceded by a band of music, entered the principal street on our way to the hall of entertainment. The houses are well built, generally around a court, mostly of one story, and entered through a gateway or port. The streets are narrow—say fifteen feet in width—but very clean, and covered with a kind of cement for pavement. They were crowded with Chinese and Mongol faces, eager to get a sight of the outside barbarians.

Arriving at the entrance of the court leading to the residence of the Zargotstschey, we alighted from our carriage, and, amidst the squeaking of fiddles, the rattle of drums, and the clang of gongs, entered, through corridors, into the dining-hall, or "room of feasts." Here we found the chief, a tall old man of the Mantchoo race, who received us with great cordiality. We were soon seated, and tea being served, with confectionery, the feast commenced.

I sat next but one to the chief, on his right hand. Wine being served, he motioned us to drink. A fiery kind of spirit was also served in small cups. The number of the dishes, or rather bowls, was absolutely beyond computation. Each guest was furnished with a saucer half filled with a kind of soy, or diluted vinegar, into which the delicious morsels taken from the aforesaid bowls by the little soup-ladle, or chop-sticks, at the side of his saucer, were to be dipped; the chief frequently selecting with his own *chops* dainty morsels, which he conveyed to my now overflowing saucer in the most patronizing and gracious manner.

After these innumerable courses the table was cleared, when, from the upper end of the room, came attendants bearing tables on which were several whole pigs, roasted in the most approved style, and approaching quite to the front of the chief, exhibited to the guests this crowning glory of the feast, all smoking hot. The chief bowed approvingly to the cook, and the pigs disappeared by a side-door. Then came clean saucers and more soy, and soon followed well-filled bowls of the aforesaid pigs, all finely cut into thin strips, with pieces of the crisped skin broken into small squares.

Finally, small bowls of plain boiled rice, perfectly dry, were served; and the feast closed, in honor of the Russian guests, with sparkling Champagne.

A few minutes before we sat down to dinner we were invited into the court in front of the hall to witness the performance of a band of players, among whom were several men dressed as women, in a native Mongol dance. During the dinner the band of musicians were piping their music and performing their antics for the gratification of the crowd on the outside.

After Champagne was freely drunk the chief invited the company to visit the theatre. This we did on foot; and here was a scene worthy the pencil. The chief, preceded by a few Mongol guards to clear the way of the crowding multitude, conducted us to an open pavilion in front of the theatre, where we were seated on wooden benches around a table. The theatre is simply a stage open in front and on the sides, with screens for the performers to retire behind. The audience stand in the open air. The players were already in the midst of some grand scene when we arrived. The Mongol guards cleared and kept free a space in front of the chief's box. Tea, confectionery, and dried fruit were served to us during the performance. The crowd of spectators swayed to and fro like the surges of the ocean. The united breath of the multitude ascended into the cold air like steam from a boiling caldron.

We next visited the great pagoda. By this time night had set in, and the illumination by lanterns had commenced in good earnest. Passing through a court immediately in front of the theatre, we were conducted by the Zargotschey into the temple. On tables in front of the different idols a great variety of dishes were spread, with whole carcasses of sheep, as a repast for the gods. At night these dishes are taken and eaten by the priests in the recesses of the temple. The sheep, I suppose, go the way of all flesh, and serve for the priests' dinner next day.

From the temple we returned to the dining-room, where a party of Russian ladies from Kiachta and Irkoutsk had been invited to meet us to take tea, and then partake with us of the "feast of the lanterns." They soon arrived. Tea, confectionery, and fruits were served. Some children present were loaded with sweet things by the good-hearted old chief.

We were now very soon on our way to see and partake of the feast of the lanterns. But how shall I describe the indescribable? Led on by the Zargotschey, preceded by the whole band of musicians, actors, and mountebanks, with two special lantern-bearers carrying great round lanterns immediately in front of the chief, and followed and pressed on all sides by a motley crowd of real live Tartars, we commenced the promenade of the evening.

The streets were beautifully ornamented with colored paper suspended from the roofs of the buildings on cords, and lanterns of every imaginable size, shape, and color lighted the streets and illuminated the buildings and temples.

Thus led on, pressed by the crowd, to the tune of this most unmusical Mongol music, we proceeded through one of the principal streets to the residence of the first merchant we were to "feast;" and this was to be repeated eight times in different parts of the city at as many different establishments. But it will not do to describe the eight suppers, or feasts; they were but little removed in style or fashion from the dinner. Of course, eating was out of the question; but tasting and drinking innumerable

cups of tea and hot Chinese wine was absolutely necessary, in order to satisfy the pressing invitations of the various hosts, who frequently added Madeira and Champagne.

At the entrance of each establishment the musicians ranged themselves in open order, piping us into each house, and during the repast continued their antics and music for the amusement of the crowd without. At our exit they took up the line of march, the lantern-bearers resumed their station, and on we went, amidst fire-works, fire-crackers, plays, and lanterns, to the next feast, and so on to the end.

The concluding feast was near the gate. The Zargotschey and the host of the feast bid us good-night. We reached our vehicle at the outer port, the Mongol guard and music conducting us. Here the commissioner's Cossack guard were already mounted, waiting to conduct us, and, amidst the shouts of the crowd, we crossed the "neutral ground" and passed the gate of Kiachta, put the commissioner down at his residence, and reached my lodgings, three versts distant, all the better for the ride in a clear frosty night, which helped much to counteract the effects of the various Chinese potations.

From Kiachta I returned to Irkoutsk, where I remained until March 9, 1857, when, accompanied by Mr. Gourieff, a Russian officer, private Secretary to General Mouravieff, we set out for Chetah. Crossing Lake Baikal on the ice, we reached Verchnödinsk the following day. Here we overtook General Korsackoff, Governor of the Province of Trans-Baikal, to whom the merchants of the place were giving a dinner. We were invited to it upon our arrival.

We did not go on direct to Chetah, but at 11 p.m. set out for Petrofsky iron-works, one hundred and eighty versts to the southeast, at the foot of the Stanovey mountains. We arrived there the following day, and were kindly received by the superintendent, who gave me every facility to inspect the works. It is a convict establishment, with a very considerable village attached, which has grown up from liberated convicts and the settlement of peasants. The ore is of good quality and is smelted with charcoal, though mineral coal is found in the vicinity in great abundance. The smaller castings and bar-iron looked well, though the superintendent said that the best bars had all been sent to market. Some machinery has also been produced here, and an attempt has been made to manufacture steam-engines and boilers; but owing to the want of necessary appliances and machine-shops, the work looks rough and imperfect. This is to be remedied, as there is now erected the frame-work of an iron building which, when completed, is to contain all the modern appliances for the constructing of steam-engines and other machinery. These mines were first opened and worked in the reign of Peter the Great, whence the name. They were neglected for some years immediately preceding

the administration of affairs in Siberia by General Mouravieff; but since his appointment as Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, he has caused much improvement and reform in all branches of industry.

We departed on the 13th, at 11 P.M., returning by way of Verchnödinsk, took the road toward Chetah in an easterly direction, crossing the Stanovey mountains, which divide the waters of the Frozen Ocean from those of the Pacific. The frost was yet severe, and upon the summit of the mountains we had a violent snow-storm, but the drivers hurried us along at full speed.

The summit is reached by an easy grade, over a country frequently bare of timber. The eastern descent is more abrupt, but not the least inconvenient for a good wagon road. Some portions of it are well covered with forest. As we approached the foot of the mountains, and descended toward the Ingodah, the country presents to the view a very extensive valley bare of forest, reaching to the mountains on the east of the river, some ten or twelve miles distant. We now passed along this valley to the north, over a beautiful rolling prairie, where herds of cattle were grazing on the natural grasses.

We arrived at Chetah on the 16th of March, at 8 P.M., after a ride in sleighs and *telegas*, according to the nature of the road, in forty-five hours, a distance of four hundred and fifty versts from Verchnödinsk. Governor Korsackoff had lodgings provided for us, and we were soon made comfortable. Chetah, the capital of the government of Trans-Baikal, is situated on a small river of that name, which falls into the Ingodah about one mile distant. The Ingodah is one of the main sources of the Amoor. Chetah contains twelve hundred inhabitants. It is a new place, being now in its fourth year as the seat of government. The frontier of Mongolia is one hundred miles to the south.

After remaining a few days at Chetah, and satisfying myself that it was the point at which I should embark on the opening of navigation, I concluded to make it the point of my departure by water on my way to the Pacific Ocean. It was my original intention to have gone to Schilkah, to await the breaking up of the ice in the river; but after reaching Chetah, and gaining such information as I could, I came to the conclusion that steamboats could ascend to this point. In view of this, and having been invited to do so by Korsackoff, I finally determined to embark at this point. Governor Korsackoff, in order to carry out this intention, ordered a small boat to be constructed for me. Mr. Linan, a merchant of Chetah, also offered me a passage in one of his barges, with the understanding that I should have the opportunity of stopping at such points as I might desire, in order to visit the inhabitants along the shores, and learn as much as possible of the country, together with the manners, customs, and commerce of the people. I communicated this proposition to Governor Korsackoff; he answered that, by order of General Mouravieff, I was to

be under the charge of Colonel Oushakoff, the chief of the military expedition for the Amoor, to whom it must be referred on my arrival at Schilkah, because a barge had already been assigned for my use at that point.

The province of Trans-Baikal is about the size of California, and contains near the same population (340,000). It is a good grazing country for both cattle and sheep, the number of which is stated officially at about two millions. The rivers abound in fish. The soil produces grain and vegetables, flax and hemp. The forests afford plenty of game, and the mountains abound in minerals. The winters are cold, but remarkably dry and salubrious; the sky is seldom obscured by clouds, and storms are unfrequent except on the mountain ranges.

I determined to employ the time that must elapse before the breaking up of the ice in the river in visiting the mines of Nertchinsk, and other objects of interest in this section of the country. We set out, by way of Old Nertchinsk, to visit the silver mines of Great Nertchinsk. We passed through a very interesting country, until we came to the town of Bankin, about three hundred versts below Chetah, where we had to cross the country, in a southeast direction, over a range of high mountains; passing these, we again found a tolerably level road, with post-stations at villages where we were provided with changes of horses.

Great Nertchinsk is a place of five thousand inhabitants, situated in the centre of one of the richest and most extensive silver countries in the world. Tin, gold, lead, copper, iron, and coal are also found here. This place is six degrees east and one degree south of Chetah, on the waters of the Argoon, about four hundred and fifty versts from its entrance into the Amoor.

The superintendent of the mines treated us with every consideration; and after looking at the town and resting over night, he gave us his own traveling vehicle, with horses from the police-station, to facilitate our progress through the mines. There were no mines worked at Nertchinsk at this season of the year; so we had to ride to a small village a few versts to the south. At this place we found Mr. Eichwald, who had spent several years in the mines of Germany. He had been recently ordered from St. Petersburg to take charge of these mines, which had been rendered worthless for want of proper drainage and ventilation. The errors and defects of former engineers will be remedied, and the mines restored to their former productiveness.

We visited the mines of the "Three Holy Saints;" descended by a shaft to a depth of over two hundred feet; and then, entering an adit, passed out on the side of the mountain a thousand feet from where we entered. Few laborers were at work; we, however, saw plenty of ore, which looked rich; and, from evidences around us, vast amounts must have been previously mined.

We then visited the mines of Zarentoonsky,

ten or fifteen miles further on. Here, descending by a vertical shaft, and passing through gloomy and hollow-sounding vaults, excavated a thousand years ago, we entered an immense chamber, two hundred and forty feet below the surface, where we were shown the richest mine in Asia—perhaps in the world. The walls of this great chamber were of solid silver ore. To say how much silver is contained in that mountain, or even to attempt to approximate to its real value, would test too strongly human credibility. But I can say with truth, that it was the first time I had ever been walled in with bright, sparkling, massive silver walls. The superintendent said that the whole mountain, as far as explored, was quite as rich. We spent several days in visiting such mines as were open, and also the smelting and reducing establishments, but it was yet too early in the season to find them in operation.

From the silver mines we passed, by a circuitous route, through the Cossack villages of the frontier, over to the gold mines of the Onon, the most considerable southern tributary of the Ingodah. Here we found three hundred men at work. In former years there had been fifteen hundred, but they had been removed to other mines.

The auriferous deposit is found in a valley of thirty versts long, and varying in width from a half verst to two versts: through this valley meanders a considerable creek, which is turned from its course into a canal, thereby draining the original water-course. The miners first remove the sand, earth, and rocks from the bed and sides of the creek until they have by "prospecting," or testing the earth, discovered the gold. The auriferous earth is then borne to machines worked by the water of the creek, now supplied from the canal by its bank. The process is simple: A vertical shaft, with large horizontal arms, is put in motion by water upon an overshot wheel. The earth is cast into a circular basin, twelve feet in diameter, which is furnished with an iron bottom pierced with holes, through which the washed earth passes, while the stones are precipitated through an opening at the side. Four large arms are making their revolutions, having ponderous pieces of iron attached, which crush the earth and free it from stones. Thus the gold becomes freed from the earth, and as the water from the sieve passes over a wooden apron having several grooves (or pockets), the gold and heavier portions of sand are washed into these and retained. The refuse earth and sand pass out at a sluice, and are borne off upon ground already worked, or outside the *paying* ground. These machines are placed along at convenient distances, according to the number of workmen in a particular locality—say from one hundred and fifty to two hundred to each machine.

The superintendent conducted us over not only the diggings and washings, but through the hospital, work-shops, and prison; every department was on a scale of order and cleanliness only

to be seen in a well-regulated military establishment. There was an order on the superintendent for these mines to produce one hundred thousand rubles during the year, though he informed me that a million could be washed if necessary. All the mines in this province are worked by convicts, on Government account: no private mining is allowed.

We then crossed the country in order to intersect the road to Bankin, and on the night of the 10th experienced a very severe, stormy night on the mountains, with frost at 15° of Reaumer. Though the frost was not so severe as I had experienced, yet, in consequence of the piercing wind, I suffered more than on any other of my night rides while in Siberia. We now hastened down the mountain, and reached Bankin pretty nearly used up. Mr. Gourieff, my companion, though a young Russian and accustomed to his native climate, was quite as well satisfied as myself to find shelter and a warm room, where, with plentiful cups of hot tea, we forgot the sufferings of the night. Crossing the Schilkah at Bankin to the northern shore, we returned by the way of old Nertchinsk to Chetah, having traveled in all over one thousand miles since we left Chetah.

It was now the middle of April. The river was still frozen, and the mountains covered with snow. The earliest day set for the breaking up of the ice in the Ingodah was the 13th of May.

The country on this side of the mountains is well adapted to the growth of grain and the sustenance of large herds of cattle. The pine timber is very good, and from it the Russians construct their barges and rafts, on which they descend to the settlements near the ocean. Much of the country from this to old Nertchinsk is high, rolling prairie, with a firm sod, and portions near the villages under cultivation produce grain and vegetables in abundance. The mountains are generally well wooded with pine, birch, and spruce.

The native Tartar tribes of the country are under the most perfect subjection to the Russian authority: many of them yet reside in their own primitive huts and villages, enjoying their own peculiar social and religious customs and rites, and governed, to some extent, by their own chiefs and priests; yet you see them in the towns and cities engaged as laborers and mechanics, or on the road as teamsters. They are now also drafted as soldiers, and the metamorphosis of a Burat or Mongol into a soldier of the line or Cossack is quite easy, and they seem much pleased with the change. These troops, well-officered, will become very efficient in the occupation and settlement of this vast country; thirty thousand of them can be mustered in this province alone.

On the 7th of May the ice moved in the Ingodah River, and in the course of the day the water opposite Chetah was free; yet it was gorged both above and below. Colonel Oushakoff informed me in the morning that the boat prepared for me would be ready on the 13th, at

which time he thought it would be safe to depart.

It was now determined that Captain Fulhelm, of the Russian American Company's service, and Governor of Ayan, who was here, like myself, for the purpose of descending the Amoor, should go in company with me. This was very agreeable to me, as the Captain spoke English, and also wished, like myself, to explore the country to as great an extent as our limited means would permit in our descent to the ocean.

The boat not being forthcoming, and waiting for it day after day till the 18th, we finally accepted the invitation of a Russian merchant, Mr. Zemin, of Irkoutsk, to take passage in his boat to Schilkah, where he was proceeding to carry out a contract with the Russian American Company to transport down the Amoor one thousand tons of provisions and merchandise, together with a company of one hundred emigrants, for their possessions on the Pacific.

On the evening of the 18th of May we set out in a *telega* or wagon for the village of Attaman, twelve versts east of Chetah, at which point the barge of Mr. Zemin had been built. Here we remained during the night. On the following day Mr. Zemin arrived, accompanied by Mr. Raddy, a naturalist, sent out by the Government to spend two years on the Amoor. He, like ourselves, had become impatient of delay, and had accepted Mr. Zemin's offer of a passage to Schilkah. The barge was ready, except a roof to protect us from the rain; the workmen were hastily putting it on and adjusting the oars while the baggage and provisions of the party were being thrown in. Mr. Raddy, with his hunting companion and a two years' outfit, Mr. Zemin and clerk, with a Russian merchant's traveling comforts, Captain Fulhelm and servant, and myself, with our provisions for the whole voyage of the Amoor, the pilot and eight men at the oars, with their provisions, composed a medley of objects, and bulk enough to require the most of the covered portion of the barge.

In the mean time the hundred emigrants had come up with us, and were now at the disposal of Mr. Zemin, to assist in navigating the barges and rafts loaded here, and at different points below, with the provisions and merchandise for the Russian American Company, and were to accompany us to their destination near the mouth of the Amoor. All was bustle and confusion; but in the course of a few hours our barge was pushed into the current of the Ingodah.

The men and laborers on the shore gave us a cheering shout as, by the aid of our oars, we swept into the current of this beautiful stream, whose waters, with the accumulation of others, were to float us to the ocean, four thousand versts to the east.

I arrived at Schilkah on the 25th of May, having made the passage from Chetah, or rather Attaman, by water, in less than six days, a distance of seven hundred versts. Schilkah is on the left bank of the river; it contains ten to

fifteen hundred inhabitants, and was once the seat of extensive silver mining, but it is now abandoned for Great Nertchinsk. It is built on rather a narrow belt of land, between the mountains and the river, which stretches along for two miles. Besides the residence of the Governor and the public store-houses are a large church and many comfortable houses. There are shops and magazines where merchandise, both European and Russian, is to be found, although at rather extravagant prices for articles of luxury.

Since the Amoor movement this has become quite a point for boat-building. The hulls of two steamers, besides barges of over one hundred feet in length, have been constructed; there were on the stocks three quite good-looking barges; several had already been launched for the expedition of the year: they are built mostly of pine.

To give some idea of the importance of the future trade of this river, Amoor, I may mention that it is navigable for steamers from its mouth to Chetah, a distance of twenty-six hundred miles, and the estimated population of Siberia alone, without including Mongolia or Mantchooria, is four millions. From the use of foreign merchandise I saw among the people, it is safe to say that each one would average five dollars' worth per annum, which would give twenty millions of dollars—an amount of trade certainly worth trying for.

At Schilkah we found a battalion of soldiers, six hundred strong, waiting the necessary means of transportation. On the 28th they were reviewed; they were very imperfect in their evolutions, but were well dressed and equipped, and altogether a fine-looking set of men.

On our arrival we found a barge preparing for us under the orders of Governor Korsackoff. She was thirty feet long, six feet wide, drawing nearly two feet of water. The centre of this boat was housed in, where we slept and secured our baggage and provisions. Near the bow, immediately in front of the cabin, were the oars and mast, and on the bow the cooking apparatus. This was a thirty-inch square box filled with earth, around which was a camp-kettle, stewpan, tea-kettle, etc.

The Governor had ordered that we should have five Cossacks as our crew to accompany us the whole way to the mouth of the Amoor at Nicolaivsky. Without this liberality on the part of the authorities it would have been impossible to proceed in a boat of this size. This was much better than I had anticipated before I left the United States, for I had made up my mind to the probable necessity of paddling my own canoe down the Amoor to the ocean. The boat provided for us was one in which Governor Korsackoff had made a voyage to Igoon the year previous.

On the first of June the military expedition sailed. We were now ready except our men. In the course of the day Captain Fulhelm announced that the men were ready. They soon

came on board; the loading of our provisions was completed, and on the morning of the 2d of June we were ready for the last step, and I hoped the last outfit, on our way to the promised land.

We now called upon Governor Korsackoff to bid him adieu, and thank him for the many kindnesses he had bestowed upon us. He came with us to the beach to take a last look at his old craft, now about to descend the entire Amoor. We pushed into the stream and were again on our way to the Pacific.

One can hardly believe what a week of sunshine will do in this country. When we arrived at Schilkah the forest was bare, now it is in full leaf; the shores are gay with flowers and blooming shrubs, and the air filled with fragrance. The country is mountainous, the bottoms small, but the little streams falling into the river open out as you ascend them into valleys of beautiful farming and grazing land. Fifteen miles below Schilkah we stopped at the village of Ouse-Skurre, in order to visit the gold mines on that stream. Upon landing we found a conveyance awaiting us which had been sent by the superintendent of the mines the day previous. This we owed to Captain Arnosoff, who had preceded us, and, knowing our desire to visit the mines, had informed the superintendent, and hence the *telega* with three spirited little horses to give us dispatch. In a few minutes we were seated in our vehicle and proceeding at a rapid pace along the road which led up the creek to the diggings fifteen versts distant.

The superintendent was not at home; but we were politely received by his officers, who showed us every thing connected with the washings. Like all mines in Trans-Baikal, the labor is convict and under military authority; every thing is on the basis of a great camp. The digging and removing the superincumbent earth, the canalization to elevate the water, are all conducted as in California; but the earth is washed by machines propelled by water, as before described. I could not ascertain the annual product of the mines, but was told that the yield was one *zolotnick* to the hundred poods of earth washed out. A pood is thirty-six pounds, and a *zolotnick* is 2.408 drams, valued at \$3 33. The mines extend for many miles up and along the creek, and give employment to some fifteen hundred convicts.

We pushed on during the same afternoon, and before night reached the mouth of Black River (Ouse Chornoy), where we rested during the night. At 8 A.M. the next morning we came to the village of Gorbitza, on the Little Gorbitza River. This is the boundary line between the two empires of Russia and China, though, by the treaty, the former claimed the Great Gorbitza, more to the east, falling into the Amoor; but the Chinese contended so pertinaciously for the Little Gorbitza that the Russians waved their right, and retired to this point. By this treaty the navigation of the Amoor was lost to Russia.

This was a very interesting point of my long journey. I had traveled thus far under Russian protection, and had become familiar with the checkered posts and sentry-boxes marking Russian sovereignty, and had traveled so safely over such a vast extent of country under their protection, that it seemed to me like parting from an old, tried, and trusty friend and companion when I came to the eastern gate of Gorbitza, and, stepping through the checkered gateway and past the little sentry-box, found myself upon Chinese soil, eight thousand versts east of Cronstadt. Here for a while we must leave the protection and companionship of our old friends, except at very long intervals, and rely upon some little boldness and adroitness in our intercourse with the Tartar and native tribes.

From Gorbitza to the head of the Amoor we had a very agreeable passage. The river is every where beautiful, the shores well-wooded, and much of the land is susceptible of cultivation and pasturage. Ouse Strelkah, "the mouth of the Arrow," as the confluence of the Argoon and Schilkah is called, which forms the Amoor, is in 53° 30' north latitude, and 121° 40' east longitude from Greenwich, two thousand miles by the course of the river from the Straits of Tartary. The boundary between Russia and China runs along down the Schilkah from the Gorbitza to the Argoon, and thence along the Argoon south and west in the direction of Kiachta, which gives Russia all the territory between the Argoon and Schilkah, and, in fact, all the navigable head-waters of the Amoor.

There is a small village, or "watch station," on the Argoon near its mouth. We landed on the point of a sand-bar that forms between the two rivers. The waters of both have a blackish cast when viewed from the shore, and on dipping a glass of it there is a slight tinge of tea color to it. United, the water of the Amoor has a blackish cast, and is called by the Tartars Saghalien, or Karamuran—Black River, or the River of the Black Dragon.

Pushing out from the Arrow's mouth into the Schilkah side of the Amoor, I found, by sounding the whole distance across the bar at its head, in the shoalest part of the channel eight feet of water, and of sufficient width to float a steamer of five hundred tons burden. The river, a short distance below the confluence, is four hundred and fifty yards wide, with a current of four miles to the hour.

We now floated or rowed along the Amoor, by day or by night, as the weather permitted or as our inclinations dictated, stopping along its shores, examining its soil, flora, and mineral indications, sounding the depth of water on its bars, noting the rapidity of its current, and visiting the native villages and fishing stations and the Tartar towns in the more civilized sections of Mantchooria, learning, at the same time, as much as possible of the inhabitants and the commercial capabilities of the country.

We stopped at the old site of Albasin, worthy of notice as having been, some two hundred

years since, the centre of Russian power and settlement on the Amoor, when the hardy and adventurous frontiersmen of Siberia were pushing their commerce and civilization eastward along this river toward the ocean, as in former days the merchants and Cossacks advanced over the Ural Mountains, annexing, in a short time, the whole of Siberia to the Russian Empire.

On the 27th of August, 1689, Kamhi, the Mantchoo Chinese Emperor, who had long contested with the Russians the right to this country, concluded a treaty of peace before the gates of Nertchinsk, by which Golovin, the Russian Ambassador, in behalf of his sovereign, abandoned all claims to the Amoor country or the navigation upon its waters. Thus for two centuries has Russia foregone the natural advantages and rightful use of this river.

Opposite the site of Albasin, from the south, a considerable river of the same name falls into the Amoor. Albasin is about one hundred and sixty miles from Ouse Strelkah. We reached Igoon on the 12th of June. This town is situated on the right bank of the river, and contains ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants. It was settled by the Chinese Government as a convict colony, in order to counteract the first Russian settlements from the district of Nertchinsk.

We found, as we proceeded along the Amoor, that the native tribes were in subjection to the Chinese authorities of Igoon; they frequently refused to sell us provisions, fearing the prohibitory orders from the Governor at Igoon against trade with foreigners. Before we reached Igoon, custom-house officers came on board our boat from a watch or guard-boat to inspect our cargo, number of men, and arms. We gave them permission to satisfy themselves by a personal inspection; but seeing that we were not merchants, and the number of our men furnishing no serious cause of alarm, they accompanied us to the place of landing in the front of the city, and, after some preliminary delay, conducted us up the bank of the river to the front of the city, into a pavilion or tent made of blue cotton cloth. Here we found the Governor and his retinue, to the number of thirty or forty persons. On each side of the pavilion and along the shores the populace were assembled in force. All pressed forward, anxious to get a glimpse of the outside barbarians, but were driven back and controlled by numerous police officers.

The Governor advanced toward the front of the tent as we entered, shaking his own hands at us, and finally giving us his left to shake, showed us to seats on his left hand. We were kindly treated to tea, with pipes, tobacco, and confectionery; many questions were asked us concerning the object of our visit, where we were from, and whither we were going. After some parley we asked permission to visit the city, telling the Governor that was the only object we had in calling upon him. He very politely declined, alleging that he feared we might receive some insult from the people. We proposed to take all unpleasant consequences upon

ourselves, if he would give us the permission. But, after some further consultation, we were positively refused. We soon embarked again and were on our way once more.

The dresses, clothing, ornaments, pipes, tobacco, tea, and such articles of merchandise as we saw, were evidently Chinese, and of the same character as seen at Maimattschin.

We pursued our course, stopping at many villages along, closely followed by a guard-boat with officers, to prevent us having intercourse with the inhabitants. There is a mixture of Chinese, Mantchoo, and native blood among the people from above the Zea to below the Songahree; they have houses comfortably built, and many luxuries and conveniences of semi-civilized life.

We left our camp at half past 4 A.M., on the 7th of June, in a drizzling rain; but by 10 o'clock we had sunshine. We landed on the left bank, where the country had the appearance of the oak-groves of California; we found the soil good, with grape and pea vines and many varieties of flowers, among which the lily of the valley was so abundant as to impregnate the atmosphere with its delicious perfume. This is a choice location for a settlement; the prairie and tableland is extensive, with a rich growth of grass, extending back to the foot of gently-sloping mountains, some ten or fifteen miles distant, whose sides are covered with grass, and the summits and elevated portions are clothed with a dense growth of timber.

Leaving this, we landed several times during the day, and found the country one well calculated for the herdsman or farmer. Besides the grape and pea we found apple, asparagus, peony, poppy, and a variety of lilies.

June 18th. We left at 3 A.M., with a high wind from the northeast. During the morning we were blown on bars, and on shore several times. We strained every nerve to proceed; island after island was passed, and, with poles and oars, our men worked us off the bars and lee-shore time after time. We were now approaching the head of an island we wished to avoid, fearing to be driven into the chute by the force of the wind. This chute was a long, narrow, tortuous passage between the island and the left bank, through which the water rushed with fearful velocity. Our Cossacks rowed, and poled, and tugged to avoid it, but all to no purpose; the force of the wind took us abeam, and the rushing suck of the eddying chute fairly swallowed us up; and, rushing down this deep narrow passage, we found ourselves hemmed in on each side by stupendous walls and going in quite a contrary direction to that of the river.

The Cossacks chattered and screamed, like a cageful of parrots stirred up by some mischievous boy, and Captain Fulhelm was quite undecided whether we were not taking a new route to the Frozen Ocean.

But I consoled the Captain by telling him that the flat-boat men of the Mississippi say, that

"if the current is strong enough to suck you into an island chute, it is bound to pop you out at the other end." So, hour after hour, we passed along this chute without knowing where we could be going, and giving way to the wildest conjectures. The Cossacks grew downcast, Captain Fulhelm grew vexed, and, just as I had arrived at the conclusion that we must be bound into "Symmes's hole," we were ejected, to our great delight, into the main river once more.

The Songahree comes in from the south, heading up beyond the stockade, which is connected with the great wall of China. The supposition is that the commerce intended for the Amoor country concentrates at a point near where this stockade touches the river, being brought overland from Pekin, a distance of some four hundred miles, is then placed on junks, and thus distributed at points most convenient to commerce. These junks are fifty to sixty feet long, and are capable of carrying fifty tons of merchandise. The color of the Songahree is lighter than the Amoor, and, upon dipping a glass, I found it clearer and much warmer. In fact the Amoor had, up to this point, been cold enough to drink pleasantly; but the Songahree, coming from the south, was insipid and warm.

We rested on our oars to observe the force of the current, and found it feeble in comparison with its great western neighbor; for while we were in a two-knot current, on looking out upon the Amoor, it was sweeping past at the rate of four knots.

A boat had been seen rowing along the shore for some time, and having reached a point opposite to us, it came off toward us. It proved to be a Chinese-Mantchoo guard, or custom-house boat, with an officer of the post below on board. He had a brass ball on his cap as a mark of rank. After the usual salutations we offered him *vodka* preserves and biscuit, of which he partook, saluting us frequently with the now familiar appellation of *Mun-dah! mun-dah!* "Friend! friend!" His greatest curiosity seemed to consist in knowing how many and what kind of arms we had, and the number of our men. As it was convenient to do so, we exhibited several six-shooters and a couple of shot-guns, and counted with our fingers the number of men belonging to our party. Another boat soon came alongside with another functionary who seemed to outrank the first officer. We offered him the hospitalities of our boat also, and he appeared to be satisfied with the discoveries already made by his predecessor. Each of these worthies was accompanied by a secretary, who noted down the result of their observations. They had also four Gol-dee Indians for boatmen. Having by this time drifted down nearly opposite the post-station or custom-house, they took their departure and rowed to the shore.

This post, called Zend-Zoon-Gelend, consists of two principal houses, some half dozen smaller ones, and a number of tents or Indian huts upon the bank of the river. Three junks

of the same fashion as those we saw at Igoon, were lying at the shore, seeming to be the entire guard against the inviolability of the navigation of the Songahree or the Amoor.

As we floated along the united waters of these two great rivers the scene was truly grand. To the south and west, we saw the separate volume of each river before they united; to the east, the great Amoor flowed broad and sparkling in the bright sunlight, bounded by its verdant shores stretching for many miles in the distance; to the north, deep blue mountains stretched like a wall against the distant horizon. The air was warm, and filled with the freshness and fragrance of early summer, while the declining sun gave a rich and mellow tint to the outstretching prairies to the north. The southern shore was clothed in a deep, dark forest.

We passed slowly down, observing every object of interest in our course; and passing, besides the Songahree, other rivers of considerable size, arrived at Nicolaivsky on the 10th day of July, 1857, after a voyage of fifty-two days from Chetah including stoppages, a distance of about twenty-six hundred miles.

Nicolaivsky is situated about twenty miles from the mouth of the river on the left bank; it is the seat of government for the province of the eastern coast of Siberia. Here resides a governor and captain of the port with such officers as are necessary to the civil, military, and naval affairs of the government.

The trade at this port is at present confined to such supplies as are needed by the officers, soldiers, and settlers connected with the occupation of the Amoor, and among the native tribes. Several American vessels have entered the Amoor during 1856 and 1857, supplying merchandise and provisions to a considerable amount. The whole trade of the place from all points may be set down at present at about half a million of dollars annually. Until, by the practical introduction of steam, the length of navigation and the force of the current can be overcome, and the very heart of Siberia be brought within a few days of the sea, and thus be opened to a knowledge of the commercial world, the trade must be limited.

The natives of the country about the mouth of the Amoor are a tribe of Indians called the Gol-dee; their language is a mixture of Mantchoo-Tartar and Tonguese. While coming down the river, we landed at a Gol-dee fishing-station. We found them well provided with nets and spears, having plenty of fish. We saw them building one of those peculiar three-plank boats found on the Amoor, called Ge-lak boats, from the name of the tribe who use them at the mouth of the river. They are made of boards or planks which the natives readily split from the cedar of the country, which grows here to a large size, and is of excellent quality. The two sides of the boat are beveled from the centre so as to form a raking bow and stern. Pieces are fitted between these two sides after the fashion of a bread trough, and the bottom plank is then put

on with the forward part extending beyond the bow; and as this has a good rake, it stands quite clear of the water in the form of a tongue. Through this a line is passed by which the boat is fastened to the shore. It is also useful for landing, as the boat can be run far enough upon the shore to enable a person to step out on it dry-footed. The fastenings of these boats are wooden pins, some with heads like iron bolts; but they use iron nails when they can get them from the Mantchoo traders. These Indians make ropes and nets from the bark of trees as well as from a kind of grass; also from hemp or flax procured from the Mantchoos of the Songahree.

The women were busy preparing fish for drying, and also quantities of a large species of wild garlic, very strong, and of a rank smell. This they were cutting up with knives, and drying in the sun. This garlic and a bitter herb seemed to be all they had in the way of vegetable food. They offered us, in bowls or baskets, this preparation for breakfast, cooked with fish. Garlic and fish was the standing bill of fare.

All that these people had of foreign manufacture was evidently Chinese. Their dresses, except those of a few of the younger women, were of the dressed entrails or skins of fish. One woman had a kind of mat made of bark, which she was anxious to sell or give to me; it was covered with a heap of garlic, which she first removed and then offered it to me. I, however, did not purchase, and passed down along the beach to some other lodges. The other women then laughed at her, and to console her for the disappointment I gave her a small coin of silver: the others, now seeing I was not a dangerous person, came up and commenced giving my clothing a very minute and scrutinizing inspection. My shirt, gloves, shoes, and stockings seemed to attract the most attention. In turn, not to be outdone, I looked at their dresses and ear-rings, and entered one of the lodges to observe the household economy of these children of Shem. The lodge was well stocked with fish and garlic, of which my kind hostess offered me to partake from an earthen bowl.

In another lodge I observed a woman with many ornaments in her hair and ears. Her hair was gathered into a large knot on the back part of her head, and through it were thrust large and beautifully ornamented pins. In her ears she wore the large rings common among the Chinese women. She had also a dress of Chinese cotton cloth, worked with embroidery at the edge of the skirt. Her complexion was a deep brownish red, with full cheeks and fine teeth. She was busily employed in cleaning fish, and was at first inclined to be offended at my close scrutiny of her; but my original friendly squaw coming up, held some conversation with her, when she ceased from work and was inclined to be on a friendly footing with me. I afterward visited other lodges, and found iron pots in which they cooked their fish, and some few jars and bowls of pottery.

The Gol-dee, and tribes allied by consanguinity to them, rank above the Ge-lack and such tribes as have no intercourse with the Mantchoos or Chinese. The Gol-dees, from their intercourse with them, have acquired some crude ideas of a God as the supreme ruler of the universe; yet they worship, as the representatives of evil spirits, the tiger, bear, and snake, all of which they regard, in one form or other, as the embodiment of certain evil spirits. The *schamans*, or priests, are looked upon as powerful mediators between the people and evil spirits, while the true God is adored or worshiped without the assistance of the priests. This ceremony is only performed once a year, in the autumn, when the whole community unite in the performance of the most solemn rites.

The Gol-dees, the most important and interesting of these tribes, are cheerful, but timid and lazy, inclined to civilization but not to enterprise; they live in houses like those of the Mantchoos, each containing generally four families. In the spring they remove into bark huts, situated in places along the river convenient for fishing.

The Ge-lacks are harsh and austere, but enterprising and fond of trade. This tribe live about the mouth of the Amoor and along the coast of the Straits of Tartary to De Castries, and on the sea-coast of the Island of Saghalien. They are in a primitive state, inclined to bloodshed and pillage; they live in conical huts half buried in the ground, with an opening in the top for the smoke to escape, the fire being made in the centre. In the summer they are mostly engaged in fishing; but in winter they make trading voyages to Saghalien, to the Inees and Japanese, and to the tribes south on the coast of Tartary.

Throughout Siberia, in Mongolia and Mantchooria, I found merchandise of every possible description for sale, both foreign and domestic; and instead of those countries being, as is generally supposed, destitute of all the necessaries of life, they are not only plentifully supplied with all necessaries, but even luxuries of various kinds may be found throughout the whole of that vast region.

At Nicolaivsky must concentrate for the present the whole trade of the sea-coast of Siberia, with the incidental trade with Kamtchatka, America, Japan, China, and such other coasts, territories, and islands as may hereafter be annexed to its government. The northern overland route will be abandoned as soon as steam and post-stations can be established on the river, and the whole trade of Siberia must fall into its lap. Somewhere on this coast, near or upon the Amoor, must be the St. Petersburg of the Pacific.

In August, 1857, I sailed from the Amoor through the Straits of Tartary, south, by way of De Castries, to Hakodadi, at which place I remained ten days. I noticed while there a perfect willingness of the people to trade with foreigners, but the surveillance of the police

prevents it. I have no doubt, though, but time will remove many objections.

From Hakodadi I went to Petropaulovski in Kamtchatka, in September. There are two American commercial houses who find a trade with the inhabitants of the peninsula.

Since the occupation of the Amoor the port of Petropaulovski has been abandoned as the head-quarters of affairs in those regions, and the defenses of the harbor given up. Nicolaivsky, at the mouth of the Amoor, is now the seat of government.

The Amoor can be reached from this point either by the Straits of Sangur, La Perouse, or through the Okhotsk Sea, to the north of the Saghalien, by steam in four days, or by sailing vessels in eight to twenty days. The distance from the Amoor to San Francisco is 4200 miles; to the mouth of the Columbia, 3800; and to the Straits of Fuca, 3600. San Francisco and Fuca Straits are the two points to which the great trade of the Amoor will be directed; and as Washington Territory increases there will be a spirit of rivalry between the two ports that will be productive of good.

It is an interesting fact in physical geography, not heretofore known, that a railroad of three hundred miles in length—from the navigable waters of the Amoor to the navigable waters of the Lena, or Baikal River—will make a continuous line of communication between the waters of the Pacific and the waters of the Arctic oceans. Such a railroad was proposed by me, and met the approval of the Russian government; but, as they considered the project one of a stupendous nature, they took time to examine the matter. Since my return to America I have received information that the Russian government has sent a corps of engineers to survey the route proposed by me, with the intention of constructing the road.

From Kamtchatka I sailed for Honolulu in October, 1857, and after a sojourn of ten days I sailed for San Francisco, where I arrived on the 26th of November, from whence I had originally sailed on this voyage January 5, 1856, having completed the circuit of the earth. From San Francisco I reached Washington on the 5th of January, 1858. The field I have traversed is a new one; and if I have not done it justice, my hope is, that those who may be encouraged to follow me will be better enabled and more competent than myself to the task.

MY VISITATION.

"Is not this she of whom,
When first she came, all flushed you said to me,
* * * * *

Now could you share your thought; now should men see
Two women faster welded in one love
Than pairs of wedlock?"

The Princess.

IF this story is incoherent—arranged rather for the writer's thought than for the reader's eye—it is because the brain which dictated it reeled with the sharp assaults of memory, that living anguish that abides while earth passes

away into silence; and because the hand that wrote it trembled with electric thrills from a past that can not die, forever fresh in the soul it tested and tortured—powerful after the flight of years as in its first agony, to fill the dim eye with tears, and throb the languid pulses with fresh fever and passion.

Take, then, the record as it stands, and ask not from a cry of mortal pain the liquid cadence and accurate noting of an operatic bravura.

The first time *It* came was in broad day. I was ill, unable to rise; the day was cold; autumnal sunshine, pure and still, streamed through the house and came in at both the south windows of my room, the curtains drawn wide to receive it, for the ague of sickness is worse to me than its pain, and not yet had my preparations for winter enabled me to have a fire. Every thing was clear and chill; Aunt Mary, down stairs in the parlor, sat and knitted, as it was her custom to do of an afternoon; Uncle Seth was not at home; the servant had gone to mass, for it was some feast-day of her Church—no sound or echo disturbed the solitude.

There is something peculiar in a silent day of autumn; melancholy pierces its fine sting through the rays of sunshine; sadness cries in the cricket's monotonous voice; separation and death symbolize in the slow leaves that quit the bough reluctantly, and lie down in dust to be over-trodden—to rot. I can endure any silence better than this hush of decay; it fills me with preternatural horror; it is as if a tomb opened and breathed out its dank, morbid breath across the murmur of life, to paralyze and to chill.

But that day I had taken refuge from the awe and foreboding, the ticking of the clock, the dust-motes floating on light, the startling crack that now and then a springing board or an ill-hung window made. I had taken a book. I was deep in Shirley; it excited, it affected me; it is always to me like a brief and voluntary brain-fever to read that book. Jane Eyre is insanity for the time. Villette is like the scarlet fever; it possesses, it chokes, flushes, racks you; it leaves you weak and in vague pain, apprehensive of some bad result; but it was Shirley I read, so forgetting every thing. I am not lonely usually, yet I know when I am alone; there is an indescribable freedom in the sense of solitude, no alien sphere crosses and disturbs mine, no intrusive influence distorts the orbit; I am myself—or I was, then. Presently, as I lay there, the clock struck three. I was to take some potion at that hour. I must rise and get it. I set one foot on the floor, and was putting a shoe upon the other cautiously, when it occurred to me, why was I so careful? and I remembered that it had seemed to me something was on the bed when I moved—my kitten perhaps. I looked, there was nothing there; but I was not alone in the room—there was something else I could not see. I did not hear, but I knew it.

A horror of flesh and sense crept over me; but I was ashamed; I treated it with contempt.

Shivering, I walked to the shelf, reached the cup, swallowed my nauseous dose—now tasteless—and went back to bed. It is not worth denying that I trembled. I am a coward. I am always afraid, even when I face the fear; so, shaking, I lay down. My throat was parched, my lips beaded with a sweat of terror, but the consciousness of solitude returned in time to save me from faintness. *It* had gone. And that was the first time.

Here, perhaps, it is best to interpolate my own story, as much of it as is needful to the understanding of this visitation.

I was an orphan, living in the family of my guardian and uncle by marriage, Mr. Van Alstyne. I was not an orphan till fifteen years of happy life at home had fitted me to feel the whole force of such a bereavement. My parents had died within a year of each other, and at the time my story begins I had been ten years under my uncle's roof. He was kind, gentle, generous, and good; all that he could be, not being my father.

It is not necessary to say that I grieved long and deeply over my loss; my nature is intense as well as excitable, and I had no mother. What that brief sentence expresses many will feel; many, more blessed, can not imagine. It is to all meaning enough to define my longing for what I had not, my solitude in all that I had, my eager effort to escape from both longing and solitude.

After I had been a year under my guardian's care, Eleanor Wyse, a far-off cousin of Mr. Van Alstyne, came to board at the house and go to school with me. She was fifteen, I sixteen, but she was far the oldest. In the same family as we were, in the same classes, there were but two ways for us to take, either rivalry or friendship; between two girls of so much individuality there was no neutral ground, and within a month I had decided the matter by falling passionately in love with Eleanor Wyse.

I speak advisedly in the use of that term; no other phrase expresses the blind, irrational, all-enduring devotion I gave to her; no less vivid word belongs to that madness. If I had not been in love with her I should have seen her as I can now—as what she really was; for I believe in physiognomy. I believe that God writes the inner man upon the outer as a restraint upon society; what the moulding of feature lacks, expression, subtle traitor, supplies; and it is only years of repression, of training, of diplomacy, that put the flesh totally in the power of the spirit, and enable man or woman to seem what they are not, what they would be thought.

Eleanor's face was very beautiful; its Greek outline, straight and clear, cut to a perfect contour; the white brow; the long, melancholy eye, with curved, inky lashes; the statuesque head, its undulant, glittering hair bound in a knot of classic severity; the proud, serene mouth, full of carved beauty, opening its scarlet lips to reveal tiny pearl-grains of teeth of that rare delicacy and brilliance that carry a

fatal warning; the soft, oval cheek, colorless but not pale, opaque and smooth, betraying Southern blood; the delicate throat, shown whiter under the sweeping shadow and coil of her black-brown tresses; the erect, stately, perfect figure, slight as became her years, but full of strength and promise; all these captivated my intense adoration of beauty. I did not see the label of the sculptor; I did not perceive in that cold, strict chiseling the assertion that its material was marble. I believed the interpretation of its hieroglyphic legend would have run thus: "This is the head of young Pallas; power, intellect, purity are her ægis; the daughter of Jove has not yet tasted passion; virgin, stainless, strong for sacrifice and victory, let the ardent and restless hearts of women seek her to be calmed and taught. *Evœ Athena!*" Nor did I like to see the goddess moved; expression did not become her; the soul that pierced those deep eyes was eager, unquiet, despotic; nothing divine, indeed, yet, in my eyes, it was the un-resting, hasting meteor that flashed and faded through mists of earth toward its rest—where I knew not, but its flickering seemed to me atmospheric, not intrinsic.

I looked up to Eleanor with respect as well as fervor. She was full of noble theories. To hear her speak you would have been inwardly shamed by the great and pure thoughts she expressed, the high standard by which she measured all. Truth, disinterestedness, honor, purity, humility, found in her a priestess garmented in candor. If I thought an evil thought, I was thereafter ashamed to see her; if I was indolent or selfish, her presence reproached me; her will, irresistible and mighty, awoke me; if she was kind in speech or act—if she spoke to me caressingly—if she put her warm lips upon my cheek—I was thrilled with joy; her presence affected me, as sunshine does, with a sense of warm life and delight; when we rode, walked, or talked together, I wished the hour eternal; and when she fell into some passion, and burned me with bitter words, stinging me into retort by their injustice, their hard cruelty, it was I who repented—I who humiliated myself—I who, with abundant tears, asked her pardon, worked, plead, prayed to obtain it; and if some spasmodic conscientiousness roused her to excuse herself—to say she had been wrong—my hand closed her lips: I could not hear that: the fault was mine, mine only. I was glad to be clay as long as she was queen and deity.

I do not think this passion of mine moved Eleanor much. She liked to talk with me; our minds mated, our tastes were alike. I had no need to explain my phrases to her, or to do more than indicate my thoughts; she was receptive and appreciative of thought, not of emotion. Me she never knew. I had no reserve in my nature—none of what is commonly called pride; what I felt I said, to the startling of good usual persons; and because I said it, Eleanor did not think I felt it. To her organiza-

tion utterance and simplicity were denied; she could not speak her emotions if she would; she would not if she could; and she had no faith in words from others. My demonstrations annoyed her; she could not return them; they could not be ignored; there was a certain spice of life and passion in them that asserted itself poignantly and disturbed her. My services she liked better; yet there was in her the masculine contempt for spaniels; she despised a creature that would endure a blow, mental or physical, without revenging itself; and from her I endured almost any repulse, and forgot it.

She was with us in the house three years, and in that time she learned to love me after a fashion of her own, and I, still blind, adored her more. She found in me a receptivity that suited her, and a useful power of patient endurance. Her will made me a potent instrument. What she wanted she must have, and her want was my law. No time, no pains, no patience were wanting in me to fulfill her ends. I served her truly, and I look back upon it with no regret; futile or fertile, such devotion widens and ripens the soul that it inhabits. No after-shock of anguish can contract the space or undo the maturity; and even in my deepest humiliation before her sublime theories and superhuman ideals I unconsciously grew better myself. A capacity for worship implies much, and results in much.

Yet I think I loved her without much selfishness. I desired nothing better than to see her appreciated and admired. It was inexplicable to me when she was not; and I charged the coolness with which she was spoken of, and the want of enthusiasm for her person and character in general society, to her own starry height above common people, and their infinite distance from her nature.

So these years passed by. We went to school; we finished our school-days; we came out into the world; for, in the mean time, her mother had died, and her father removed to Bangor. She liked the place as a residence, and it had become home to her of late. I hoped it was pleasanter for her to be near me. When Eleanor was about twenty a nephew of Uncle Van Alstyne's came to make us a visit; he was no new acquaintance; he had come often in his boyhood, but since we grew up he had been in college, at the seminary, last in Germany for two years' study, and we did not know him well in his maturer character until this time. Herman Van Alstyne was quiet and plain, but of great capacity; I saw him much, and liked him. Love did not look at us. I was absorbed in Eleanor; so was he; but to her he was of no interest. I think she respected him, but her manner was careless and cold, even neglectful. Herman perceived the repulsion. At first he had taken pains to interest her—to mould her traits—to develop some inner nature in which he had faith; but the stone was intractable; neither ductile nor docile was Pallas; her soul yielded no more to him than the strong sea

yields place or submission to the winged wind that smites it in passing.

He was with us three months waiting for a call he said, but stricter chains held him till he broke them with one blow and went to a Western parish.

He had not offered himself to Eleanor and been refused. Wisely he refrained from bringing the matter to a foreknown crisis: he spared himself the pain and Eleanor the regret of a refusal that he regarded truly as certain. I was sorry for the whole affair, for I believed she would scarcely know a better man, but it passed away; I promised to write him when his mother found the correspondence wearying, and we interchanged a few letters at irregular intervals till we met again, letters into which Eleanor's name found no entrance.

Three years after he left I went, early in July, to spend some weeks at the sea-side, for I was not strong; in the last few years my health had failed slowly, but progressively, till I was alarmingly weak, and ordered to breathe salt air and use sea-bathing as the best hope of restoration. I do not know why I should reserve the cause of this long languor and sinking: it was nothing wrong in me that I owed it to the breaking of a brief engagement. A young girl, totally inexperienced, I had loved a man and been taught by himself to despise him—a tragedy both trite and sharp; one that is daily reacted, noted, and forgotten by observers, to find a cold record in marble or the catalogues of insane asylums, another perhaps in the eternal calendar of the heavens above. I was too strong in nature to grace either of these mortal lists, and I loved Eleanor too well. I had always loved her more than that man; and when the episode was over, I discovered in myself that I never could have loved any man as I did her, and I went out into the world in this conviction, finding that life had not lost all its charms—that so long as she lived for me I should neither die nor craze. But the shock and excitement of the affair shattered my nervous system and undermined my health, and the listless, aimless life of a young lady offered no reactive agency to help me: so I went from home to new scenes and fresh atmosphere.

The air of Gloucester Beach strengthened me day by day. The exquisite scenery was a pleasure endless and pure. I asked nothing better than to sit upon some tide-washed rock and watch the creeping waves slide back in half-articulate murmur from the repelling shore, or, eager with the strength of flood, fling themselves, in mock anger, against cliff and crag, only to break in wreaths of silver spray and foam-bells—to glitter and fall in a leap of futile mirth, then rustling in the shingle and sea-weed with vague whispers, that

"Song half asleep or speech half awake,"

which has lulled so many restless hearts to a momentary quiet, singing them the long lullaby that preludes a longer slumber.

It was excitement enough to walk alone upon

the beach when a hot cloudy night drooped over land and sea; when the soft trance and enchantment of summer lulled cloud and wave into stillness absolute and cherishing, when the sole guide I had in that warm gloom was the white edge of surf, and the only sound that smote the quiet, the still-recurring, apprehensive dash, as wave after wave raced, leaped, panted, and hissed after its forerunner.

The Beach House was almost empty at that early season, and I enjoyed all this alone, not without constant yearnings for Eleanor; wanting her, even this scenery lost a charm, and I gave it but faint admiration since I could not see it with her eyes. It must be a very pure love of nature that can exist alone, and without flaw, in the absence of association. The austere soul of the great mother offers no sympathy to the petulant passion or irrational grief of her children. It is only to the heart that has proved itself strong and lofty that her potent and life-giving traits reveal themselves. In this love, as in all others, save only the love of God, the return that is yielded is measured by the power of the adorer, not his want. Truly,

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her;"

but she has many and many a time betrayed the partial love—scoffed at the divided worship.

After I had been a fortnight at the Beach, I was joined by Herman Van Alstyne. He had come on from the West to recruit his own health, suffering from a long intermittent fever, by sea-air; and hearing I was at Gloucester, had come there, and asked my leave to remain, gladly accorded to him. We had always been good friends, and my unspoken sympathy with his liking for, and loss of, Eleanor had established a permanent bond between us. In the constant association into which we were now thrown I learned daily to like him better. He was very weak indeed, quite unable to walk or drive far, and the connection of our families was a sufficient excuse to others for our intimacy. I delighted to offer him any kindness or service in my power, and he repaid me well by the charm of his society.

We spent our mornings always together in some niche of the lofty cliff that towered from the tide below in bare grandeur, reflecting the sun from its abrupt brown crags till every fibre of grass rooted in their crevices grew blanched, and the solitary streamer of bramble or wild creeper became crisp long ere autumn. But this heat was my element; the slow blood quickened in my veins under its vital glow; I felt life stealing back to its deserted and chilly conduits; I basked like a cactus or a lizard into brighter tints and a gayer existence.

There we often sat till noon, talking or silent as we would; for though there was a peculiar charm in the appreciative, thoughtful conversation of Herman Van Alstyne, a better and a rarer trait he possessed in full measure—the power of "a thousand silences."

Or, perhaps, under the old cedars that shed

aromatic scents upon the sun-thrilled air, and strewed bits of dry, sturdy leaves upon the short grass that carpeted the summit of the cliff, we preferred shadow to sunshine; and while I rested against some ragged bole, and inhaled all odor and health, he read to me some quaint German story, some incredibly exquisite bit of Tennyson, some sensitively musical passage of Kingsley, or, better and more apt, a song or a poem of Shelley's—vivid, spiritual, supernatural; the ideal of poetry; the leaping flame-tongue of lonely genius hanging in mid-air, self-poised, self-containing, glorious, and unattainable.

I have never known so delicate an apprehension as Mr. Van Alstyne possessed; his nobler traits I was afterward to know—to feel; but now it suited me thoroughly to be so well understood—to feel that I might utter the wildest imagination, or the most unexpected peculiarity of opinion, and never once be asked to explain what I meant—to reduce into social formulas that which was not social but my own. If there is one rest above another to a weary mind it is this freedom from shackles, this consciousness of true response. Never did I perceive a charm in the landscape that he had not noticed before or simultaneously with me; the same felicity of diction or of thought in what we read struck us as with one stroke; we liked the same people, read the same books, agreed in opinion so far as to disagree on and discuss many points without a shadow of impatience or an uncandid expression. We talked together as few men talk—perhaps no women—

"Talked at large of worldly fate,
And drew truly every trait"

—but we never spoke of Eleanor.

And so the summer wore on. I perceived a gradual change creep over Herman's manner in its process; he watched me continually. I felt his eyes fixed on me whenever I sat sewing or reading; I never looked up without meeting them. He grew absent and fitful. I did not know what had happened. I accused myself of having pained him. I feared he was ill. I never once thought of the true trouble; and one day it came—he asked me to marry him.

Never was any woman more surprised. I had not thought of the thing. I could not speak at first. I drew from him the hand he attempted to grasp. I did not collect my stricken and ashamed thoughts till, looking up, I saw him perfectly pale, his eyes dark with emotion, waiting, in rigid self-control, for my answer.

I could not, in justice to him or to myself, be less than utterly candid. I told him how much I liked him; how grieved I was that I could have mistaken his feeling for me so entirely; and then I said what I then believed—that I could not marry him—for I had but the lesser part of a heart to give any man. I loved a woman too well to love or to marry. A deep flush of relief crossed his brow.

"Is that the only objection you offer to me?" asked he, calmly.

"It is enough," said I. "If you think that past misery of mine interferes against you, you are in the wrong. I know now that I never loved that man as a woman should love the man she marries, and had I done so, the utter want of respect or trust I feel for him now would have silenced the love forever."

"I did not think of that," said he. "I needed but one assurance—that, except for Miss Wyse, you might have loved me; is it so?"

I could not tell him—I did not know. The one present and all-absorbing passion of my soul was Eleanor; beside her, no rival could enter. I shuddered at the possibility of loving a man so utterly, and then placing myself at his mercy for life. I felt that my safety lay in my freedom from any such tie to Eleanor. She made me miserable often enough as it was; what might she not do were I in her power always? Yet this face of the subject I did not suggest to Mr. Van Alstyne; it was painful enough to be kept to myself. I told him plainly that I could not love another as I did her; that I would not if I could.

He looked at me, not all unmoved, though silently; a gentle shading of something like pity stole across his regard, fixed and keen at first. He neither implored nor deprecated, but lifted my hand reverently to his lips, and said, in a tone of supreme calmness, "I can wait."

I should have combated the hope implied in those words. I was afterward angry with myself for enduring them; but at the moment uncertainty, shaped out of instinct and apprehension, closed my lips; I could not speak, and he left me. I went to my room more moved than I liked to acknowledge; and when he went away the next morning, though I felt the natural relief from embarrassment—knowing that I should not meet him as before—I still missed him, as a part of my daily life.

A month longer at the Beach protracted my stay into autumn; and then, with refreshed health and new strength, I returned home—home! whose chief charm lay in the prospect of seeing Eleanor.

It is true that this hope was not unalloyed. I am possessed of a nature singularly instinctive, and for some weeks past a certain shadow had crept into her letters that pained me. No word or phrase denoted change; but I perceived the uncertain aura, and was irrationally harassed by a trouble too vague for expression.

When I reached Bangor it lay waiting for me sufficiently tangible and legible in the shape of a note from Eleanor.

* * * * *

And here must I leave a blank. The forgiveness which stirs me to this record refuses to define for alien eyes what that trouble was. All that I can say to justify the extreme and piteous result which followed is, that Eleanor Wyse had utterly, cruelly, and deliberately deceived me; and when it was no longer possible to do so, had been obliged by circumstances to show me what she had done.

Of that day it is best to say but little: the world cracked and reeled under me; I returned from a brief stupor into one bitter, blind tempest of contempt; and in its strength I answered her note concisely and coldly. An hour's time brought me a rejoinder not worth answering, simply perfidious—a regret, "deep and true," that she had been compelled to grieve me, to "reserve" from me any thing.

True! I had believed in truth, in goodness, in disinterested love, in principle; where now were such faiths swept? Verily, over the cliff into the sea! I was morally destroyed; I made shipwreck of myself and my life; my whole soul was a salt raging wave, tideless and foaming, without rest, without intent, without faith or hope in God—for he who loses faith in man loses faith in man's Maker—and this had Eleanor Wyse done for me.

Doubtless, to many, this emotion of mine will seem exaggerated. Let them remember that it was the loss of all that bound to life a lonely, morbid, intense, and excitable woman. Need I say more? If, after many years, with the kind help of nobler men and women, and the great patience of God, I have worn my way, inch by inch, back to some foothold of belief, I feel even yet—in some recoils of memory, some recurring habit of my soul—the reflex influence of those wretched days, months, years, when I suspected every one—"hateful, and hating," of a truth.

Death is hard to bear when its angel breathes upon the face we love, and extinguishes therein the fiery spark of life; but what is death compared to such dissolution as treachery brings? If Eleanor Wyse had died when I loved her and trusted her, I should have gone mourning softly all my days, but not in pain; to find her untrue admitted no remedy, no palliation. Truth was the ruling passion of my mind; that, and nothing else, contented me. Its absence or its loss were the loss and absence of all in those whom I loved; and it was only within a brief time, as years go, that I had grown into the discovery that men are liars in spite of education or policy; what was it, then, to know this of my ideal—of Eleanor?

But let those helpless, miserable weeks go by. If I detail so much as I have, it is to show the reason of my righteous indignation—of my tenacious memory. After a time I supposed that I forgave Eleanor. I thought myself good, most Pharisaically good, to have forgiven such an injury. I made some little comedy of friendship for visible use; I visited her, though not as often as I had done before. I saw her try to supply, with the love of others, the lavish devotion and service I had given her; I saw her fail and suffer in the consciousness of want and dissatisfaction, and, self-righteously, I forgave again! Senseless that I was!—as if forgiveness rankled and grew bitter in one's heart—as if pardon, full and pure, rejoiced in the retributions of this life—fed itself with salt recollections of the past, and evil foreshadowings

of the future; as if it could exist without love, without forgetfulness; as if good deeds were its pledge, or good words its seal!

No! I never forgave her. I never forgot one pang she inflicted on me, one untruth she uttered; I never trusted her word or her smile again. I gathered up every circumstance of the past, and hunted it to its source; I discovered that she had not simply deceived but deluded me, and laughed at me in the process.

How my blood boiled over these revelations! how my flesh failed with my heart! Slow, persistent fever gnawed me; my nights were without sleep or rest; my days laggard and delirious. Why I did not go crazy is yet unexplained to myself. I think I did, only that there was a method in my madness that won for it the milder name of nervousness. I was ill—I tottered on the very tempting brink of death, without awe or regret; I made no effort to live, nor any to die, except to pray that I might—the only prayer that ever passed my seared lips. I was sent away from home again; and while I was gone Eleanor married a certain Mr. Mason, of Bangor, and they removed to Illinois—in time, still further West. I was no better for this absence; and, impatient of strangers and intrusive acquaintance, I came home, and, strange as it may seem, I missed Eleanor! Habit is the anchor of half the love in this world, and my habit of loving her survived the love—or held it, perhaps—for I missed her sorrowfully.

I found Herman Van Alstyne at my uncle's when I came, and I was glad—glad of any thing to break the desperate monotony of sorrow. He knew nothing more than every one knew of this affair, except that he knew me, and from that gathered intuitively a part of the truth; and, by long patience, unwearied and delicate care—watching, waiting, forbearing, and enduring—he brought me nearer a certain degree of calm than I had believed possible, when a sudden summons called him away from Bangor; and it was during his absence that *It* began to come; as I said in the beginning, more than two years after I had lost Eleanor.

I lay still in my bed on that day of which I had spoken; the long stress of misery that I had undergone in the past years resulted in so much physical exhaustion as to have brought on the exquisite tortures of neuralgia, and it was a sudden access of this chronic rack that to-day held me prisoner. The draught I had taken was an anodyne, and under its influence I fell asleep. I must have slept an hour, when I woke abruptly with a renewed sense of something in the dusk beside me, at my pillow. I screamed as I woke into this terror, and instantly Aunt Mary came in. A cold sigh crossed my cheek; I shivered with a horror strange and unearthly. Aunt Mary asked if I had been asleep? I said yes. If I had been dreaming painfully? I did not answer that. I asked for some water, and getting it she forgot her question; but I could not bear to be alone. I begged her to sit beside me and to sleep with

me, for I could not endure solitude; perpetual apprehension made me cringe in every nerve and fibre. I started at the slightest stir of leaf or insect upon the pane, and the repining autumn wind seemed to come over mile on mile of graves, bringing thence no mealy scent of white daisies—no infant-breathing violet odors—no frutescent perfume of sweet-briar, nor funereal smells of cypress, and plaintive whispers of fir and pine; but wave after wave of cries from half-free souls; sobbing with dull pain, and moans of deprecating anguish; a cry that neither heaven nor earth answered, but which crept—a live desolation—into the ear attent, and the brain morbidly excited.

Yet gradually this left me. I kept by some kindly human presence all day, and feared night no more till—

Let me say that all this time I was imperceptibly growing better than I had been. Hope, the very ministrant of Heaven, was by tiny crevice and unguarded postern stealing into my heart, though I knew it not, and softening all my hard thoughts of Eleanor, for I am moved to the outer world rather by my own moods than theirs; sorrow and pain make me selfish and unkind; peace, joy, even unconscious hope, expand my love for all mankind. I am better, more tender, more benevolent to others, when I receive some light and life within.

One night I was all alone; the low, unearthly glimmer of a waning moon lit the naked earth, a few leaves rustled on the fitful wind that lulled, and rose, and lulled again, with almost articulate meaning. I lay listening; a long pause came, of most significant quiet—a faint sigh crossed my brow. *It* was there beside me!—unseen, unheard, but felt in the secretest recesses of life and consciousness; a spirit, whereat my marrow curdled, my heart was constricted, my blood refused to run, my breath failed—fluttered—was it death? I sprung from my pillow; the presence drew farther away. I could see nothing, but I felt that something yearning, restless, pained, and sad regarded me. I began to gather courage. I began to pity a soul that had cast off life yet could not die to life; and now it drew nearer, as if some magnetism, born of my kindlier sympathies, melted the barrier between us, close—closer—till something rustled like a light touch the cover of my bed, stirred at my ear! Good Heaven! could I bear that? I could not shriek or cry, I fell forward upon my face. It went, and the wind began its wail; now reproachful sobs filled it: the moon sank, rain gathered overhead, and dripped with sullen persistence all night upon the roof, for all night I heard it.

It is tedious to recount each instance of this visitation. For weeks it staid beside me. I felt it on my bed at night; I felt it by my chair in the day; it swept past me in the garden paths, a cold waft of air; it watched me through the window-blinds; it hung over me sleeping; yet never was I wonted to the presence; every day

thrilled me with fresh surprise, and daily it grew, for daily it became more perceivable.

At first I felt only a sense of alien life in a room otherwise solitary; then a breath of air, air from some other sphere than this, penetrative, dark, chilling; then a sound, not of voice, or pulse, but of motion in some inanimate thing, the motion of contact; then came a touch, the gentlest, faintest approach of lips or fingers, I knew not which, to my brow; and last, a growing, gathering, flickering into sight. I saw nothing at first, directly; from the oblique glance that fear impelled I drew an impression of quivering air beside me; then of a shadow, frail and variant; then a shapeless shape of mist, a cloud, dark and portentous and significant; and next those sidelong glances revealed to me an expression; no face, no feature, but, believe it who can, an expression, earnest, melancholy, beseeching; a look that pierced me, that pleaded with my soul's depth, that entreated shelter, succor, consolation, which even in my terror I longed to give.

I might perhaps have suffered physically more than I did from this visiting, but the winged hope of which I spoke before upheld me still, daily, with stronger hands.

Herman had returned to Bangor after a brief absence, and was there still. I could not see him so constantly as I did and refuse my admiration to those traits that ever rule and satisfy me. Mr. Van Alstyne passed with some people for a philosopher, with some for a reformer: there were those who called him singular and self-opinionated; there were others who revered him for his devout nature and stainless life. He was more than any of these, he was a true man: and even in his plain exterior the eye that knew him found a charm peculiar and salient; the deep-sunken, clear, earnest eyes, kindled with a spark of profound depth and meaning; the thin, sharply cut, aquiline outline; the flexible, pure, refined mouth; the bronzed coloring; the overhanging brow—all these wore beauty indefinable, fired by the sweet and vivid smile of the irradiate soul within. In his presence, calm, restful, and strengthening, no subterfuge or evasion could live. He was just, direct, and tenderly strong; it was to him, to him it is, that I owed and owe a new and higher life than I had known before; he saw my sinking and lonely soul, but he saw its self-recuperative power, and with the most delicate and careful tenderness beguiled that motive force into action. He did far more than that; he recalled to me the higher motives that anguish had well-nigh scourged out from my horizon; he taught me as a father teaches his little child a newer trust in the Father of us all. I returned to those divine consolations that he laid before me with a pierced and penitent heart; and in knowing that I was prayed and cared for on earth, I learned anew that God is more tender and more patient than his creatures, and the logic of strong emotion made the truth living and potent. In all this

was I drawn toward Herman by the strongest tie that can bind one heart to another—a tie that overarches and outlasts all the fleeting passions of time, for it is the adamant link of eternity; and had I lost him then, I should have felt for all my life that there was a relation between us, undying and sure, to be renewed and acknowledged at length where such relations respire their native air, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

But it pleased God that I should live to receive my heart's desire; what began in gratitude ended in love. I might have shrunk from admitting so potent a guest again into my soul, had any other soul sent the messenger thither; but I trusted him when I disbelieved every other creature, and with this trust had crept back to me my faith in God, in good, in life and its ends. Truly, so far as man can do it, he saved my soul alive!

Now it was the early part of December. It was still haunting me. I could see more—eyes, deep and pleading, the outline of a head, pure lineaments, seemed hovering beside me, but if I turned for a direct look they were gone. I did not fear it; my happy faith and Herman shielded me.

The year drew on. The day before Christmas came, still, crisp, but yet warm for its season; no snow shrouded the earth; the far-off sun beamed out benign and pale; the few dry leaves lay quiet as they fell; the firs upon the lawn with curved boughs waited for their ermine, stately and dark. Herman asked me to walk with him. I cloaked and hooded myself, and we went away, away into the deep woods. What we said in that sweet silence of a leafless, sunny forest is known to us two: it is not for you, reader, friendly though you be; it is enough to tell you that I had promised to be his wife, that I was homesick no more.

It was well for me that this happened that day—should I not rather say God ordered it?—for as ever in this life sorrow tramples upon the foregoing footsteps of joy, so I found upon my return a household in tears. Mr. Mason, Eleanor's husband, had written, at last, two months after it happened, and another month had the letter been in coming—ah! how ever shall I say it? Eleanor was dead! her latest breath had gasped out a cry for me!

If Death is the Spoiler, so is he the Restorer; who shall dare to soil the shroud with any thing but tears? I could do no more but weep; but I mourned for Eleanor again as I had never thought to do; evil, treachery, anguish, and distrust vanished—I remembered only love.

For hours I could not see or speak with Herman, the flood of misery overpowered me; and he too sorrowed, deeply, but serenely. It was late in the evening before I recovered any sort of composure. He sent to my chamber a brief penciled request, and I went down; worn out with weeping, I obeyed like a child. I ate the food he brought me; I drank the restorative draught; quiet, but languid, I laid my head upon

his breast, and, held by the firm grasp of his arm, I rested, and he consoled me; a deep and vital draught of peace slaked my soul's feverish thirst. Such peace had I never known, for it was the daughter of experience and trust.

You who, full of youth and its intact passion, give a careless hour to these pages, wonder not that I could find it just to give so noble a man a heart once given and wasted! Know that it is not the flower of any tropic palm that is fit to feed and sustain man, but the ripened clusters of its fruitage—the result of time, and sun, and storm. The first blush, the earliest kiss, the tender and timid glance are sweet indeed; but the true household fire, deep and abiding, is oftenest kindled in the heart matured by passion and by pain, tested in the stress of life, deepened and strengthened by manifold experience; and such a heart receives no unworthy guest, lights its altar-fire for no idol of wood or clay. I felt that I rendered Herman Van Alstyne far nobler and higher homage, that I did him purer justice in loving him now than it had ever been in my power to do before.

First love is a honeyed and dewy romance, fit for novels and school-girls; but of the myriad women who have lived to curse their marriage-day nine-tenths have been those who married in their ignorant girlhood, and married boys.

I have digressed to honor Herman, to vindicate myself. That Christmas-eve I lay sheltered and at rest on his arm, till the toll of midnight rang clear upon my ear. I could forever sing the angels' song now, that for years had been a blank repetition to my wretched and ungodly soul.

"Peace on earth!" was no more a chimera; I knew it at heart. "Good will to men!" that was spontaneous; I loved all in and for one. "Glory to God in the highest!" What did that ask to utter it but a full thankfulness that bore me upward like the flood-tide of a summer sea?

Blessed as I was, my common sense reminded me that it was far into the night, that I ought to sleep; so I said good-night to Herman, and crept with weak steps to my room. I fell asleep to dream of him, of Eleanor, of peace, and I woke into the deep silence that always preceded—*It*.

I woke knowing what stood beside me. Keen starlight pierced the pane, and shed a dim, obscure perception of place and outline over my room. A long, restful, sobbing sigh parted my lips; I perceived *It* was at hand; fear fled; terror died out; I turned my eyes—oh God! it was Eleanor!

Wan—frail—a flowing outline of shadow, but the face in every faultless line and vivid expression; now an expression of intense longing, of wistful prayer, of pleading that would never be denied.

I lifted my heavy arms toward the vision; it swayed and bent above me: the white lips parted; no murmur nor sound clave them, yet they spoke—"Forgive! forgive!"

"Eleanor! Yes love, darling! yes, forever, as I hope to be forgiven!" I cried out aloud. A gleam of rapture and rest relaxed the brow, the sad eyes; love ineffable glowed along each lineament, and transfused to splendor the frigid moulding of snow.

I closed my eyes to crush inward the painful tears, and a touch of lips sealed them with sacred and unearthly repose. I looked again; *It* had gone forever. The Christmas bells pealed loud and clear for dawn, and my thoughts rung their own joy bells beside the steeple chimes. Herman and Eleanor both loved me—I had forgiven; I was forgiven.

Yet must day and space echo that word once more. Hear me, Eleanor! hear me, from that mystic country where thou hast fled before!

I repeat that forgiveness again. So may Heaven pardon me in the hour of need; so may God look upon me with strong affection in the parting of soul and body, even as I pardon and love thee, Eleanor, with a truth and faith eternal! Thee, forever loved, but, ah! not now forever lost?

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHERE IT APPEARS THAT HARRY WAS NOT SO BLACK AS HE HAD BEEN PAINTED.

WHILE there were card-players enough to meet her at her lodgings and the assembly-rooms, Madame de Bernstein remained pretty contentedly at the Wells, scolding her niece, and playing her rubber. At Harry's age almost all places are pleasant, where you can have lively company, fresh air, and your share of sport and diversion. Even all pleasure is pleasant at twenty. We go out to meet it with alacrity, speculate upon its coming, and when its visit is announced, count the days until it and we shall come together. How very gently and coolly we regard it toward the close of Life's long season! Madam, don't you recollect your first ball; and does not your memory stray toward that happy past, sometimes, as you sit ornamenting the wall while your daughters are dancing? I, for my part, can remember when I thought it was delightful to walk three miles and back in the country to dine with old Captain Jones. Fancy liking to walk three miles, now, to dine with Jones and drink his half-pay port! No doubt it was bought from the little country-town wine merchant, and cost but a small sum; but 'twas offered with a kindly welcome, and youth gave it a flavor which no age of wine or man can impart to it nowadays. *Viximus nuper*. I am not disposed to look so severely upon young Harry's conduct and idleness, as his friend the stern Colonel of the Twentieth Regiment. Oh, blessed idleness! Divine lazy nymph! Reach me a novel as I lie in my dressing-gown at three o'clock in the afternoon; compound a sherry-cobbler for me,



and bring me a cigar! Dear slatternly—smiling Enchantress! They may assail thee with bad names—swear thy character away, and call thee the Mother of Evil; but, for all that, thou art the best company in the world!

My Lord of March went away to the North; and my Lord Chesterfield, finding the Tunbridge waters did no good to his deafness, returned to his solitude at Blackheath; but other gentlemen remained to sport and take their pleasure, and Mr. Warrington had quite enough of companions at his ordinary at the White Horse. He soon learned to order a French dinner as well as the best man of fashion out of St. James's; could talk to Monsieur Barbeau, in Monsieur B.'s native language, much more fluently than most other folks—discovered a very elegant and decided taste in wines, and could distinguish between Clos Vougeot and Romanée with remarkable skill. He was the young King of the Wells, of which the general frequenters were easy-going men of the world, who were, by no means, shocked at that reputation for gallantry and extravagance which Harry had got, and which had so frightened Mr. Wolfe.

Though our Virginian lived among the revelers, and swam and sported in the same waters with the loose fish, the boy had a natural shrewdness and honesty which kept him clear of the snares and baits which are commonly set for the unwary. He made very few foolish bets with the jolly idle fellows round about him, and the oldest hands found it difficult to take him in. He engaged in games out doors and in, because he had a natural skill and aptitude for them, and was good to hold almost any match with any fair competitor. He was scrupulous to play only with those gentlemen whom he knew, and always to settle his own debts on the spot. He would have made but a very poor figure at a

college examination; though he possessed prudence and fidelity, keen, shrewd perception, great generosity, and dauntless personal courage.

And he was not without occasions for showing of what stuff he was made. For instance, when that unhappy little Cattarina, who had brought him into so much trouble, carried her importunities beyond the mark at which Harry thought his generosity should stop, he withdrew from the advances of the Opera-House Siren with perfect coolness and skill, leaving her to exercise her blandishments upon some more easy victim. In vain the mermaid's hysterical mother waited upon Harry, and vowed that a cruel bailiff had seized all her daughter's goods for debt, and that her venerable father was at present languishing in a London jail. Harry declared that between himself and the bailiff there could be no dealings, and that because he had had the good fortune to become known to Mademoiselle Cattarina, and to gratify her caprices by present-

ing her with various trinkets and nicknacks for which she had a fancy, he was not bound to pay the past debts of her family, and must decline being bail for her papa in London, or settling her outstanding accounts at Tunbridge. The Cattarina's mother first called him a monster and an ingrate, and then asked him, with a veteran smirk, why he did not take pay for the services he had rendered to the young person? At first, Mr. Warrington could not understand what the nature of the payment might be: but when that matter was explained by the old woman, the honest lad rose up in horror, to think that a woman should traffic in her child's dishonor, told her that he came from a country where the very savages would recoil from such a bargain; and, having bowed the old lady ceremoniously to the door, ordered Gumbo to mark her well, and never admit her to his lodgings again. No doubt she retired breathing vengeance against the Iroquois: no Turk or Persian, she declared, would treat a lady so: and she and her daughter retreated to London as soon as their anxious landlord would let them. Then he had his perils of gaming as well as his perils of gallantry. A man who plays at bowls, as the phrase is, must expect to meet with rubbers. After dinner at the ordinary, having declined to play picquet any further with Captain Batts, and being roughly asked his reason for refusing, Harry fairly told the Captain that he only played with gentlemen who paid, like himself: but expressed himself so ready to satisfy Mr. Batts as soon as their outstanding little account was settled that the Captain declared himself satisfied *d'avance*, and straightway left the Wells without paying Harry or any other creditor. Also he had an occasion to show his spirit by beating a chairman who was rude to old Miss Whiffler one evening as she was going to the assembly: and finding that the calumny

regarding himself and that unlucky opera-dancer was repeated by Mr. Hector Buckler, one of the fiercest frequenters of the Wells, Mr. Warrington stepped up to Mr. Buckler in the pump-room, where the latter was regaling a number of water-drinkers with the very calumny, and publicly informed Mr. Buckler that the story was a falsehood, and that he should hold any person accountable to himself who henceforth uttered it. So that though our friend, being at Rome, certainly did as Rome did, yet he showed himself to be a valorous and worthy Roman; and, *hurlant avec les loups*, was acknowledged by Mr. Wolfe himself to be as brave as the best of the wolves.

If that officer had told Colonel Lambert the stories which had given the latter so much pain, we may be sure that when Mr. Wolfe found his young friend was innocent he took the first opportunity to withdraw the odious charges against him. And there was joy among the Lamberts, in consequence of the lad's acquittal—something, doubtless, of that pleasure which is felt by higher natures than ours at the recovery of sinners. Never had the little family been so happy—no, not even when they got the news of Brother Jack winning his scholarship, as when Colonel Wolfe rode over with the account of the conversation which he had with Harry Warrington. “Hadst thou brought me a regiment, James, I think I should not have been better pleased,” said Mr. Lambert. Mrs. Lambert called to her daughters who were in the garden, and kissed them both when they came in, and cried out the good news to them. Hetty jumped for joy, and Theo performed some uncommonly brilliant operations upon the harpsichord that night; and when Dr. Boyle came in for his backgammon, he could not, at first, account for the illumination in all their faces, until the three ladies, in a happy chorus, told him how right he had been in his sermon, and how dreadfully they had wronged that poor dear, good young Mr. Warrington.

“What shall we do, my dear?” says the Colonel to his wife. “The hay is in, the corn won’t be cut for a fortnight—the horses have nothing to do. Suppose we . . .” And here he leans over the table and whispers in her ear.

“My dearest Martin! The very thing!” cries Mrs. Lambert, taking her husband’s hand and pressing it.

“What’s the very thing, mother?” cries young Charly, who is home for his Bartlemy-tide holidays.

“The very thing is to go to supper. Come, Doctor! We will have a bottle of wine to-night, and drink repentance to all who think evil.”

“Amen,” says the Doctor, “with all my heart!” And with this the worthy family went to their supper.



CHAPTER XXX.

CONTAINS A LETTER TO VIRGINIA.

HAVING repaired one day to his accustomed dinner at the White Horse Ordinary, Mr. Warrington was pleased to see among the faces round the table the jolly, good-looking countenance of Parson Sampson, who was regaling the company, when Harry entered, with stories and *bons mots*, which kept them in roars of laughter. Though he had not been in London for some months, the Parson had the latest London news, or what passed for such with the folks at the Ordinary: what was doing in the King’s house at Kensington; and what in the Duke’s in Pall Mall: how Mr. Byng was behaving in prison, and who came to him: what were the odds at New Market, and who was the last reigning toast in Covent Garden;—the jolly Chaplain could give the company news upon all these points—news that might not be very accurate, indeed, but was as good as if it were for the country gentlemen who heard it. For suppose that my Lord Viscount Squanderfield was ruining himself for Mrs. Polly, and Sampson called her Mrs. Lucy? that it was Lady Jane who was in love with the actor, and not Lady Mary? that it was Harry Hilton, of the Horse Grenadiers, who had the quarrel with Chevalier Solingen, at Marybone Garden, and not Tommy Ruffler, of the Foot Guards? The names and dates did not matter much. Provided the stories were lively and wicked, their correctness was of no great importance; and Mr. Sampson laughed and chattered away among his country gentlemen, charmed them with his spirits and talk, and drank his share of one bottle after another, for which his delighted auditory persisted in calling. A hundred years ago the *Abbé* Parson, the clergyman who frequented the theatre, the tavern, the race-course, the world of fashion, was no uncommon character in English society: his voice might be heard the loudest in the hunting-field: he could sing the jolliest song at the Rose or the Bedford Head, after the

play was over at Covent Garden, and could call a main as well as any at the gaming-table.

It may have been modesty, or it may have been claret, which caused his reverence's rosy face to redden deeper, but when he saw Mr. Warrington enter he whispered *maxima debetur* to the laughing country squire who sat next him in his drab coat and gold-laced red waistcoat, and rose up from his chair and ran, nay, stumbled forward, in his haste to greet the Virginian. "My dear Sir, my very dear Sir, my conqueror of spades, and clubs, and hearts too, I am delighted to see your honor looking so fresh and well," cries the Chaplain.

Harry returned the clergyman's greeting with great pleasure. He was glad to see Mr. Sampson; he could also justly compliment his reverence upon his cheerful looks and rosy gills.

The Squire in the drab coat knew Mr. Warrington; he made a place beside himself; he called out to the parson to return to his seat on the other side, and to continue his story about Lord Ogle and the grocer's wife in— Where he did not say, for his sentence was interrupted by a shout and an oath addressed to the parson for treading on his gouty toe.

The Chaplain asked pardon, hurriedly turned round to Mr. Warrington, and informed him, and the rest of the company indeed, that my Lord Castlewood sent his affectionate remembrances to his cousin, and had given special orders to him (Mr. Sampson) to come to Tunbridge Wells and look after the young gentleman's morals; that my Lady Viscountess and my Lady Fanny were gone to Harrowgate for the waters; that Mr. Will had won his money at New Market, and was going on a visit to my Lord Duke; that Molly, the housemaid, was crying her eyes out about Gumbo, Mr. Warrington's valet;—in fine, all the news of Castlewood and its neighborhood. Mr. Warrington was beloved by all the country round, Mr. Sampson told the company, managing to introduce the names of some persons of the very highest rank into his discourse. "All Hampshire had heard of his successes at Tunbridge—successes of every kind," says Mr. Sampson, looking particularly arch; my lord hoped, their ladyships hoped, Harry would not be spoiled for his quiet Hampshire home.

The guests dropped off one by one, leaving the young Virginian to his bottle of wine and the Chaplain.

"Though I have had plenty," says the jolly Chaplain, "that is no reason why I should not have plenty more;" and he drank toast after toast, and bumper after bumper, to the amusement of Harry, who always enjoyed his society.

By the time when Sampson had had his "plenty more," Harry, too, was become specially generous, warm-hearted, and friendly. A lodging?—why should Mr. Sampson go to the expense of an inn, when there was a room at Harry's quarters? The Chaplain's trunk was ordered thither, Gumbo was bidden to make Mr. Sampson comfortable—most comfortable;

nothing would satisfy Mr. Warrington but that Sampson should go down to his stables and see his horses; he had several horses now; and when at the stable Sampson recognized his own horse, which Harry had won from him; and the fond beast whinnied with pleasure, and rubbed his nose against his old master's coat; Harry rapped out a brisk, energetic expression or two, and vowed by Jupiter that Sampson should have his old horse back again: he would give him to Sampson, that he would; a gift which the Chaplain accepted by seizing Harry's hand and blessing him—by flinging his arms round the horse's neck, and weeping for joy there, weeping tears of Bordeaux and gratitude. Arm-in-arm the friends walked to Madame Bernstein's from the stable, of which they brought the odors into her ladyship's apartment. Their flushed cheeks and brightened eyes showed what their amusement had been. Many gentlemen's cheeks were in the habit of flushing in those days, and from the same cause.

Madame Bernstein received her nephew's chaplain kindly enough. The old lady relished Sampson's broad jokes and rattling talk from time to time, as she liked a highly-spiced dish or a new entrée composed by her cook, upon its two or three first appearances. The only amusement of which she did not grow tired, she owned, was cards. "The cards don't cheat," she used to say. "A bad hand tells you the truth to your face: and there is nothing so flattering in the world as a good suite of trumps." And when she was in a good humor, and sitting down to her favorite pastime, she would laughingly bid her nephew's chaplain say grace before the meal. Honest Sampson did not at first care to take a hand at Tunbridge Wells. Her ladyship's play was too high for him, he would own, slapping his pocket with a comical piteous look, and its contents had already been handed over to the fortunate youth at Castlewood. Like most persons of her age and indeed her sex, Madame Bernstein was not prodigal of money. I suppose it must have been from Harry Warrington, whose heart was overflowing with generosity as his purse with guineas, that the Chaplain procured a small stock of ready coin, with which he was presently enabled to appear at the card table.

Our young gentleman welcomed Mr. Sampson to his coin, as to all the rest of the good things which he had gathered about him. 'Twas surprising how quickly the young Virginian adapted himself to the habits of life of the folks among whom he lived. His suits were still black, but of the finest cut and quality. "With a star and ribbon, and his stocking down, and his hair over his shoulder, he would make a pretty Hamlet," said the gay old Duchess Queensbury. "And I make no doubt he has been the death of a dozen Ophelias already, here and among the Indians," she added, thinking not at all the worse of Harry for his supposed successes among the fair. Harry's lace and linen were as fine as his aunt could desire.

He purchased fine shaving-plate of the toyshop women, and a couple of magnificent brocade bed-gowns, in which his worship lolled at ease, and sipped his chocolate of a morning. He had swords and walking-canes, and French watches with painted backs and diamond settings, and snuff-boxes enameled by artists of the same cunning nation. He had a levée of grooms, jockeys, tradesmen, daily waiting in his ante-room, and admitted one by one to him and Parson Sampson, over his chocolate, by Gumbo the groom of the chambers. We have no account of the number of men whom Mr. Gumbo now had under him. Certain it is that no single negro could have taken care of all the fine things which Mr. Warrington now possessed, let alone the horses and the post-chaise which his honor had bought. Also Harry instructed himself in the arts which became a gentleman in those days. A French fencing-master, and a dancing-master of the same nation, resided at Tunbridge during that season when Harry made his appearance: these men of science the young Virginian sedulously frequented, and acquired considerable skill and grace in the peaceful and warlike accomplishments which they taught. Ere many weeks were over he could handle the foils against his master or any frequenter of the fencing school, and, with a sigh, Lady Maria (who danced very elegantly herself) owned that there was no gentleman at Court who could walk a minuet more gracefully than Mr. Warrington. As for riding, though Mr. Warrington took a few lessons on the great horse from a riding-master who came to Tunbridge, he declared that their own Virginian manner was well enough for him, and that he saw no one among the fine folks and the jockeys who could ride better than his friend Colonel George Washington of Mount Vernon.

The obsequious Sampson found himself in better quarters than he had enjoyed for ever so long a time. He knew a great deal of the world, and told a great deal more, and Harry was delighted with his stories, real or fancied. The man of twenty looks up to the man of thirty, admires the latter's old jokes, stale puns, and tarnished anecdotes that are slopped with the wine of a hundred dinner-tables. Sampson's town and college pleasantries were all new and charming to the young Virginian. A hundred years ago—no doubt there are no such people left in the world now—there used to be grown men in London who loved to consort with fashionable youths entering life; to tickle their young fancies with merry stories; to act as Covent-Garden Mentors and masters of ceremonies at the Round-house; to accompany lads to the gaming-table, and perhaps have an understanding with the punters; to drink lemonade to Master Hopeful's Burgundy, and to stagger into the streets with perfectly cool heads when my young lord reeled out to beat the watch. Of this no doubt extinct race, Mr. Sampson was a specimen: and a great comfort it is to

think (to those who choose to believe the statement) that in Queen Victoria's reign there are no flatterers left, such as existed in the reign of her royal great-grandfather, no parasites pandering to the follies of young men; in fact, that all the toads have been eaten off the face of the island (except one or two that are found in stones, where they have lain *perdus* these one hundred years), and the toad-eaters have perished for lack of nourishment.

With some sauces, as I read, the above-mentioned animals are said to be exceedingly fragrant, wholesome, and savory eating. Indeed, no man could look more rosy and healthy, or flourish more cheerfully, than friend Sampson upon the diet. He became our young friend's confidential leader, and, from the following letter, which is preserved in the Warrington correspondence, it will be seen that Mr. Harry not only had dancing and fencing-masters, but likewise a tutor, chaplain, and secretary.

TO MRS. ESMOND WARRINGTON, OF CASTLEWOOD,

AT HER HOUSE AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Bligh's Lodgings, Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells,
August 25th, 1756.

HONOURED MADAM,—Your honoured letter of 20 June, per Mr. Trail of Bristol, has been forwarded to me duly, and I have to thank your goodness and kindness for the good advice which you are pleased to give me, as also for the remembrances of *dear home*, which I shall love never the worse for having been to the *home of our ancestors in England*.

I writ you a letter by the last monthly packet, informing my honoured mother of the little accident I had on the road hither, and of the kind friends who I found and whom took me in. Since then I have been profiting of the fine weather and the good company here, and have made many friends among our nobility, whose acquaintance I am sure you will not be sorry that I should make. Among their lordships I may mention the famous Earl of Chesterfield, late Ambassador to Holland, and Viceroy of the Kingdom of Ireland; the Earl of March and Ruglen, who will be Duke of Queensberry at the death of his Grace; and her Grace the Duchess, a celebrated beauty of the Queen's time, when she remembers my grandpapa at Court. These and many more persons of the first fashion attend my aunt's assemblies, which are the most crowded at this crowded place. Also on my way hither I stayed at Westerham, at the house of an officer, Lieut.-Gen. Wolfe, who served with my Grandfather and General Webb in the famous wars of the Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Wolfe has a son, Lieut.-Col. James Wolfe, engaged to be married to a beautiful lady now in this place, Miss Lowther of the North—and though but 30 years old he is looked up to as much as any officer in the whole army, and hath served with honour under His Royal Highness the Duke wherever our arms have been employed.

I thank my honoured mother for announcing

to me that a quarter's allowance of £52·10 will be paid me by Mr. Trail. I am in no present want of cash, and by practising a rigid economy, which will be necessary (as I do not disguise) for the maintenance of horses, Gumbo, and the equipage and apparel requisite for a young gentleman of good family, hope to be able to maintain my credit without unduly trespassing upon yours. The linen and clothes which I brought with me will with due care last for some years—as you say. 'Tis not quite so fine as worn here by persons of fashion, and I may have to purchase a few very fine shirts for great days: but those I have are excellent for daily wear.

I am thankful that I have been quite without occasion to use your excellent family pills. Gumbo hath taken them with great benefit, who grows fat and saucy upon English beef, ale, and air. He sends his humble duty to his mistress, and prays Mrs. Mountain to remember him to all his fellow-servants, especially Dinah and Lily, for whom he has bought posey-rings at Tunbridge Fair.

Besides partaking of all the pleasures of the place, I hope my honoured mother will believe that I have not been unmindful of my education. I have had masters in fencing and dancing, and my Lord Castlewood's chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Sampson, having come hither to drink the waters, has been so good as to take a vacant room at my lodging. Mr. S. breakfasts with me, and we read together of a morning—he saying that I am not quite such a dunce as I used to appear at home. We have read in Mr. Rapin's History, Dr. Barrow's Sermons, and for amusement, Shakspeare, Mr. Pope's Homer, and (in French) the translation of an Arabian Work of Tales, very diverting. Several men of learning have been staying here besides the persons of fashion, and amongst the former was Mr. Richardson, the author of the famous books which you and Mountain and my dearest brother used to love so. He was pleased when I told him that his works were in your closet in Virginia, and begged me to convey his respectful compliments to my lady mother. Mr. R. is a short fat man, with little of the fire of genius visible in his eye or person.

My aunt and my cousin, the Lady Maria, desire their affectionate compliments to you, and with best regards for Mountain, to whom I enclose a note, I am,

Honoured Madam,

Your dutiful Son,

H. ESMOND WARRINGTON.

Note in Madam Esmond's handwriting.

From my son. Received October 15 at Richmond. Sent 16 jars preserved peaches, 224 lbs. best tobacco, 24 finest hams, per Royal William of Liverpool, 8 jars peaches, 12 hams for my nephew, the Rt. Honourable the Earl of Castlewood. 4 jars, 6 hams for the Baroness Bernstein, ditto ditto for Mrs. Lambert of Oakhurst, Surrey, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. tobacco. Packet of Infallible Family Pills for Gumbo. My Papa's large

silver-gilt shoe-buckles for H, and red silver-laced saddle cloth.

II. (enclosed in No. I.)

For Mrs. Mountain.

What do you *mien*, you silly old Mountain, by sending an order for your poor old dividends dew at Xmas? I'd have you to know I don't want your 7.10£, and have *toar your order up* into 1000 *bitts*. I've plenty of money. But I'm *ableaged* to you all same. A kiss to Fanny from

Your loving

HARRY.

Note in Madam Esmond's handwriting. This note which I desired M. to show to me, proves that she *hath a good heart*, and that she wished to show her gratitude to the family, by giving up her half-yearly divd. (on 500£ 3 per ct.) to my boy. Hence I reprimanded her *very slightly* for daring to send money to Mr. E. Warrington, unknown to his mother. Note to Mountain not so well spelt as letter to me.

Mem. to write to Revd. Mr. Sampson desire to know what *theolog.* books he reads with H. Recommend Law, Baxter, Drelincourt.—Request H. to say his catechism to Mr. S., which he has never quite been able to master. By next ship peaches (3), tobacco $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. Hams for Mr. S.

The mother of the Virginians and her sons have long long since passed away. So how are we to account for the fact, that of a couple of letters sent under one inclosure and by one packet, one should be well spelled, and the other not entirely orthographical? Had Harry found some wonderful instructor such as exists in the present lucky times, and who would improve his writing in six lessons? My view of the case, after deliberately examining the two notes, is this: No. 1, in which there appears a trifling grammatical slip ("the kind friends *who* I found and *whom* took me in,") must have been re-written from a rough copy which had probably undergone the supervision of a tutor or friend. The more artless composition, No. 2, was not referred to the scholar who prepared No. 1 for the maternal eye, and to whose corrections of "who" and "whom" Mr. Warrington did not pay very close attention. Who knows how he may have been disturbed? A pretty milliner may have attracted Harry's attention out of window—a dancing-bear with pipe and tabor may have passed along the common—a jockey come under his windows to show off a horse there? There are some days when any of us may be ungrammatical and spell ill. Finally, suppose Harry did not care to spell so elegantly for Mrs. Mountain as for his lady-mother, what affair is that of the present biographer, century, reader? And as for your objection that Mr. Warrington, in the above communication to his mother, showed some little hypocrisy and reticence in his dealings with that venerable person, I dare say, young folks, you

in your time have written more than one prim letter to your papas and mammas in which not quite all the transactions of your lives were narrated, or if narrated, were exhibited in the most favorable light for yourselves—I dare say, old folks! you, in your time, were not altogether more candid. There must be a certain distance between me and my son Jacky. There must be a respectful, an amiable, a virtuous hypocrisy between us. I do not in the least wish that he should treat me as his equal, that he should contradict me, take my arm-chair, read the newspaper first at breakfast, ask unlimited friends to dine when I have a party of my own, and so forth. No; where there is not equality there must be hypocrisy. Continue to be blind to my faults; to hush still as mice when I fall asleep after dinner; to laugh at my old jokes; to admire my sayings; to be astonished at the impudence of those unbelieving reviewers; to be dear filial humbugs, O my children! In my castle I am king. Let all my royal house hold back before me. 'Tis not their natural way of walking, I know: but a decorous, becoming, and modest behavior highly agreeable to me. Away from me they may do, nay, they *do* do, what they like. They may jump, skip, dance, trot, tumble over head and heels, and kick about freely, when they are out of the presence of my majesty. Do not then, my dear young friends, be surprised at your mother and aunt when they cry out, "Oh, it was highly immoral and improper of Mr. Warrington to be writing home humdrum demure letters to his dear mamma, when he was playing all sorts of merry pranks!"—but drop a courtesy, and say, "Yes, dear grandmamma (or aunt as may be), it was very wrong of him: and I suppose you never had your fun when *you* were young?" Of course, she didn't! And the sun never shone, and the blossoms never budded, and the blood never danced, and the fiddles never sang, in her spring time. *Eh Babet! mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit!* Ho, Betty! my gruel and my slippers! And go ye frisky, merry, little souls! and dance, and have your merry little supper of cakes and ale.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BEAR AND THE LEADER.

OUR candid readers know the real state of the case regarding Harry Warrington and that luckless Cattarina; but a number of old ladies at Tunbridge Wells supposed the Virginian to be as dissipated as any young English nobleman of the highest quality, and Madame de Bernstein was especially incredulous about her nephew's innocence. It was the old lady's firm belief that Harry was leading not only a merry life but a wicked one, and her wish was father to the thought that the lad might be no better than his neighbors. An old Roman herself, she liked her nephew to do as Rome did. All the scandal regarding Mr. Warrington's Lovelace adventures she eagerly and complacently

accepted. We have seen how, on one or two occasions, he gave tea and music to the company at the Wells; and he was so gallant and amiable to the ladies (to ladies of a much better figure and character than the unfortunate Cattarina), that Madame Bernstein ceased to be disquieted regarding the silly love affair which had had a commencement at Castlewood, and relaxed in her vigilance over Lady Maria. Some folks—many old folks—are too selfish to interest themselves long about the affairs of their neighbors. The Baroness had her trumps to think of, her dinners, her twinges of rheumatism: and her suspicions regarding Maria and Harry, lately so lively, now dozed, and kept a careless, unobservant watch. She may have thought that the danger was over, or she may have ceased to care whether it existed or not, or that artful Maria, by her conduct, may have quite cajoled, soothed, and misguided the old Dragon, to whose charge she was given over. At Maria's age, nay, earlier indeed, maidens have learned to be very sly, and at Madame Bernstein's time of life, dragons are not so fierce and alert. They can not turn so readily, some of their old teeth have dropped out, and their eyes require more sleep than they needed in days when they were more active, venomous, and dangerous. I, for my part, know a few female dragons, *de par le monde*, and, as I watch them and remember what they were, admire the softening influence of years upon these whilome destroyers of man and womankind. Their scales are so soft that any knight, with a moderate power of thrust, can strike them: their claws, once strong enough to tear out a thousand eyes, only fall with a feeble pat that scarce raises the skin: their tongues, from their toothless old gums, dart a venom which is rather disagreeable than deadly. See them trailing their languid tails, and crawling home to their caverns at roosting time! How weak are their powers of doing injury! their maleficence how feeble! How changed are they since the brisk days when their eyes shot wicked fire; their tongue spat poison; their breath blasted reputation; and they gobbled up a daily victim at least!

If the good folks at Oakhurst could not resist the testimony which was brought to them regarding Harry's ill-doings, why should Madame Bernstein, who in the course of her long days had had more experience of evil than all the Oakhurst family put together, be less credulous than they? Of course every single old woman of her ladyship's society believed every story that was told about Mr. Harry Warrington's dissipated habits, and was ready to believe as much more ill of him as you please. When the little dancer went back to London, as she did, it was because that heartless Harry deserted her. He deserted her for somebody else, whose name was confidently given—whose name?—whose half dozen names the society at Tunbridge Wells would whisper about; where there congregated people of all ranks and degrees,



women of fashion, women of reputation, of demi-reputation, of virtue, of no virtue—all mingling in the same rooms, dancing to the same fiddles, drinking out of the same glasses at the Wells, and alike in search of health, or society, or pleasure. A century ago, and our ancestors, the most free or the most strait-laced, met together at a score of such merry places as that where our present scene lies, and danced, and frisked, and gamed, and drank at Epsom, Bath, Tunbridge, Harrowgate, as they do at Hombourg and Baden now.

Harry's bad reputation then comforted his old Aunt exceedingly, and eased her mind in respect to the boy's passion for Lady Maria. So easy was she in her mind, that when the Chaplain said he came to escort her ladyship home, Madame Bernstein did not even care to part from her niece. She preferred rather to keep her under her eye, to talk to her about her wicked young cousin's wild extravagances, to whisper to her that boys would be boys, to confide to Maria her intention of getting a proper wife for Harry—some one of a suitable age—some one with a suitable fortune—all which pleasantries poor Maria had to bear with as much fortitude as she could muster.

There lived, during the last century, a certain French duke and marquis, who distinguished himself in Europe, and America likewise, and has obliged posterity by leaving behind him a choice volume of memoirs, which the gentle reader is specially warned not to consult. Having performed the part of Don Juan in his own country, in ours, and in other parts of Europe, he has kindly noted down the names of many court-beauties who fell victims to his powers of fascination; and very pleasant reading, no doubt, it must be for the grandsons and descendants of the fashionable persons among

whom our brilliant nobleman moved, to find the names of their ancestresses adorning M. le Duc's sprightly pages, and their frailties recorded by the candid writer who caused them.

In the course of the peregrinations of this nobleman, he visited North America, where, according to his custom in Europe, he proceeded straightway to fall in love. And curious it is to contrast the elegant refinements of European society, where, according to Monseigneur, he had but to lay siege to a woman in order to vanquish her, with the simple lives and habits of the colonial folks, among whom this European enslaver of hearts did not, it appears, make a single conquest. Had he done so, he would as certainly have narrated his victories in Pennsylvania and New England as he described his successes in this and

his own country. Travelers in America have cried out quite loudly enough against the rudeness and barbarism of transatlantic manners; let the present writer give the humble testimony of his experience that the conversation of American gentlemen is generally modest, and, to the best of his belief, the lives of the women pure.

We have said that Mr. Harry Warrington brought his colonial modesty along with him to the old country; and though he could not help hearing the free talk of the persons among whom he lived, and who were men of pleasure and the world, he sat pretty silent himself in the midst of their rattle; never indulged in *double entendre* in his conversation with women; had no victories over the sex to boast of; and was shy and awkward when he heard such narrated by others.

This youthful modesty Mr. Sampson had remarked during his intercourse with the lad at Castlewood, where Mr. Warrington had more than once shown himself quite uneasy while cousin Will was telling some of his choice stories; and my lord had curtly rebuked his brother, bidding him keep his jokes for the usher's table at Kensington, and not give needless offense to their kinsman. Hence the exclamation of "Reverentia pueris," which the Chaplain had addressed to his neighbor at the ordinary on Harry's first appearance there. Mr. Sampson, if he had not strength sufficient to do right himself, at least had grace enough not to offend innocent young gentlemen by his cynicism.

The Chaplain was touched by Harry's gift of the horse; and felt a genuine friendliness toward the lad. "You see, Sir," says he, "I am of the world, and must do as the rest of the world does. I have led a rough life, Mr. Warrington, and can't afford to be more par-

ticular than my neighbors. *Video meliora, deteriora sequor*, as we said at college. I have got a little sister, who is at boarding-school, not very far from here, and as I keep a decent tongue in my head when I am talking with my little Patty, and expect others to do as much, sure I may try and do as much by you."

The Chaplain was loud in his praises of Harry to his aunt, the old Baroness. She liked to hear him praised. She was as fond of him as she could be of any thing; was pleased in his company, with his good looks, his manly, courageous bearing, his blushes, which came so readily, his bright eyes, his deep, youthful voice. His shrewdness and simplicity constantly amused her; she would have wearied of him long before, had he been clever, or learned, or witty, or other than he was. "We must find a good wife for him, Chaplain," she said to Mr. Sampson. "I have one or two in my eye, who, I think, will suit him. We must set him up here; he never will bear going back to his savages again, or to live with his little Methodist of a mother."

Now about this point Mr. Sampson, too, was personally anxious, and had also a wife in his eye for Harry. I suppose he must have had some conversations with his lord at Castlewood, whom we have heard expressing some intention of complimenting his Chaplain with a good living or other provision, in event of his being able to carry out his lordship's wishes regarding a marriage for Lady Maria. If his good offices could help that anxious lady to a husband, Sampson was ready to employ them; and he now waited to see in what most effectual manner he could bring his influence to bear.

Sampson's society was most agreeable, and he and his young friend were intimate in the course of a few hours. The parson rejoiced in high spirits, good appetite, good-humor, pretended to no sort of squeamishness, and indulged in no sanctified hypocritical conversation; nevertheless, he took care not to shock his young friend by any needless outbreaks of levity or immorality of talk, initiating his pupil, perhaps from policy, perhaps from compunction, only into the minor mysteries, as it were; and not telling him the secrets with which the unlucky adept himself was only too familiar. With Harry, Sampson was only a brisk, lively, jolly companion, ready for any drinking bout, or any sport, a cock-fight, a shooting match, a game at cards, or a gallop across the common; but his conversation was decent, and he tried much more to amuse the young man than to lead him astray. The Chaplain was quite successful: he had immense animal spirits as well as natural wit, and aptitude as well as experience in that business of toad-eater which had been his calling and livelihood from his very earliest years—ever since he first entered college as a servitor, and cast about to see by whose means he could make his fortune in life. That was but satire just now, when we said there were no toad-eaters left in the world.

There are many men of Sampson's profession now, doubtless; nay, little boys at our public schools are sent thither at the earliest age, instructed by their parents, and put out apprentices to toad-eating. But the flattery is not so manifest as it used to be a hundred years since. Young men and old have hangers-on, and led captains, but they assume an appearance of equality, borrow money, or swallow their toads in private, and walk abroad arm-in-arm with the great man, and call him by his name without his title. In those good old times, when Harry Warrington first came to Europe, a gentleman's toad-eater pretended to no airs of equality at all; openly paid court to his patron, called him by that name to other folks, went on his errands for him—any sort of errands which the patron might devise—called him Sir in speaking to him, stood up in his presence until bidden to sit down, and flattered him *ex officio*. Mr. Sampson did not take the least shame in speaking of Harry as his young patron—as a young Virginian nobleman recommended to him by his other noble patron, the Earl of Castlewood. He was proud of appearing at Harry's side, and as his humble retainer; in public talked about him to the company, gave orders to Harry's tradesmen, from whom, let us hope, he received a percentage in return for his recommendations; performed all the functions of aid-de-camp—others, if our young gentleman demanded them from the obsequious divine, who had gayly discharged the duties of *ami du prince* to ever so many young men of fashion since his own entrance into the world. It must be confessed that, since his arrival in Europe, Mr. Warrington had not been uniformly lucky in friendships which he had made.

"What a reputation, Sir, they have made for you in this place!" cries Mr. Sampson, coming back from the coffee-house to his patron. "Monsieur de Richelieu was nothing to you!"

"How do you mean, Monsieur de Richelieu?—Never was at Minorca in my life," says downright Harry, who had not heard of those victories at home, which made the French duke famous.

Mr. Sampson explained. The pretty widow Patcham, who had just arrived, was certainly desperate about Mr. Warrington: her way of going on at the rooms, the night before, proved that. As for Mrs. Hooper, that was a known case, and the Alderman had fetched his wife back to London for no other reason. It was the talk of the whole Wells.

"Who says so?" cries out Harry, indignant. "I should like to meet the man who dares say so, and confound the villain!"

"I should not like to show him to you," says Mr. Sampson, laughing. "It might be the worse for him."

"It's a shame to speak with such levity about the character of ladies, or of gentlemen either," continues Mr. Warrington, pacing up and down the room in a fume.

"So I told them," says the Chaplain, wag-

ging his head and looking very much moved and very grave, though, if the truth were known, it had never come into his mind at all to be angry at hearing charges of this nature against Harry.

"It's a shame, I say, to talk away the reputation of any man or woman as people do here. Do you know, in our country, a fellow's ears would not be safe; and a little before I left home, three brothers shot down a man for having spoken ill of their sister."

"Serve the villain right!" cries Sampson.

"Already they have had that calumny about me set agoing here, Sampson—about me and the poor little French dancing-girl."

"I have heard," says Mr. Sampson, shaking powder out of his wig.

"Wicked; wasn't it?"

"Abominable."

"They said the very same thing about my Lord March? Isn't it shameful?"

"Indeed it is," says Mr. Sampson, preserving a face of wonderful gravity.

"I don't know what I should do if these stories were to come to my mother's ears. It would break her heart; I do believe it would. Why, only a few days before you came, a military friend of mine, Mr. Wolfe, told me how the most horrible lies were circulated about me. Good Heavens! What do they think a gentleman of my name and country can be capable of—I a seducer of women? They might as well say I was a horse-stealer or a housebreaker. I vow if I hear any man say so I'll have his ears!"

"I have read, Sir, that the Grand Seignior of Turkey has bushels of ears sometimes sent in to him," says Mr. Sampson, laughing. "If you took all those that had heard scandal against you or others, what basketfuls you would fill!"

"And so I would, Sampson, as soon as look at 'em, any fellow's who said a word against a lady or a gentleman of honor," cries the Virginian.

"If you'll go down to the Well, you'll find a harvest of 'em. I just came from there. It was the high tide of Scandal. Detraction was at its height. And you may see the *nymphas discentes* and the *aves satyrorum acutas*," cries the Chaplain, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"That may be as you say, Sampson," Mr. Warrington replies; "but if ever I hear any man speak against my character, I'll punish him. Mark that!"

"I shall be very sorry for his sake, that I should; for you'll mark him in a way he won't like, Sir; and I know you are a man of your word."

"You may be sure of that, Sampson. And now shall we go to dinner, and afterward to my Lady Trumington's tea?"

"You know, Sir, I can't resist a card or a bottle," says Mr. Sampson. "Let us have the last first, and then the first shall come last." And with this the two gentlemen went off to their accustomed place of refection.

That was an age in which wine-bibbing was more common than in our politer time; and especially since the arrival of General Braddock's army in his native country, our young Virginian had acquired rather a liking for the filling of bumpers and the calling of toasts, having heard that it was a point of honor among the officers never to decline a toast or a challenge. So Harry and his Chaplain drank their claret in peace and plenty, naming, as the simple custom was, some favorite lady with each glass.

The Chaplain had reasons of his own for desiring to know how far the affair between Harry and my Lady Maria had gone; whether it was advancing, or whether it was ended; and he and his young friend were just warm enough with the claret to be able to talk with that great eloquence, that candor, that admirable friendliness, which good wine, taken in a rather injudicious quantity, inspires. O kindly harvests of the Aquitanian grape! O sunny banks of Garonne! O friendly caves of Gledstane and Morel, where the dusky flasks lie recon-dite! May we not say a word of thanks for all the pleasure we owe you? Are the Temperance men to be allowed to shout in the public places? are the Vegetarians to bellow "Cabbage forever!" and may we modest Cœnophiles not sing the praises of our favorite plant? After the drinking of good Bordeaux wine there is a point (I do not say a pint) at which men arrive when all the generous faculties of the soul are awakened and in full vigor; when the wit brightens and breaks out in sudden flashes; when the intellects are keenest; when the pent-up words and confined thoughts get a night-rule, and rush abroad and disport themselves; when the kindest affections come out and shake hands with mankind, and the timid Truth jumps up naked out of his well and proclaims himself to all the world. How, by the kind influence of the wine-cup, we succor the poor and humble! How bravely we rush to the rescue of the oppressed! I say, in the face of all the pumps which ever spouted, that there is a moment in a bout of good wine, at which if a man could but remain, wit, wisdom, courage, generosity, eloquence, happiness, were his; but the moment passes, and that other glass somehow spoils the state of beatitude. There is a headache in the morning; we are not going into Parliament for our native town; we are not going to shoot those French officers who have been speaking disrespectfully of our country; and poor Jeremy Diddler calls about eleven o'clock for another half-sovereign, and we are unwell in bed, and can't see him, and send him empty away.

Well, then, as they sate over their generous cups, the company having departed, and the—th bottle of claret being brought in by Monsieur Barbeau, the Chaplain found himself in an eloquent state, with a strong desire for inculcating sublime moral precepts, while Harry was moved by an extreme longing to explain his whole private history, and impart all his

present feelings to his new friend. Mark that fact. Why *must* a man say every thing that comes uppermost in his noble mind, because, forsooth, he has swallowed a half-pint more of wine than he ordinarily drinks? Suppose I had committed a murder (of course I allow the sherry and Champagne at dinner), should I announce that homicide somewhere about the third bottle (in a small party of men) of claret at dessert? Of course: and hence the fidelity to water-gruel announced a few pages back.

"I am glad to hear what your conduct has really been with regard to the Cattarina, Mr. Warrington; I am glad from my soul!" says the impetuous Chaplain. "The wine is with you. You have shown that you can bear down calumny and resist temptation. Ah! my dear Sir, men are not all so fortunate. What famous good wine this is!" and he sucks up a glass with "A toast from you, my dear Sir, if you please!"

"I give you 'Miss Fanny Mountain, of Virginia,'" says Mr. Warrington, filling a bumper as his thoughts fly straightway, ever so many thousand miles, to home.

"One of your American conquests, I suppose?" says the Chaplain.

"Nay, she is but ten years old, and I have never made any conquests at all in Virginia, Mr. Sampson," says the young gentleman.

"You are like a true gentleman, and don't kiss and tell, Sir."

"I neither kiss nor tell. It isn't the custom of our country, Sampson, to ruin girls, or frequent the society of low women. We Virginian gentlemen honor women: we don't wish to bring them to shame," cries the young toper, looking very proud and handsome. "The young lady whose name I mentioned hath lived in our family since her infancy, and I would shoot the man who did her a wrong—by Heaven I would!"

"Your sentiments do you honor! Let me shake hands with you! I *will* shake hands with you, Mr. Warrington!" cried the enthusiastic Sampson. "And let me tell you 'tis the grasp of honest friendship offered you, and not merely the poor retainer paying court to the wealthy patron. No! with such liquor as this all men are equal—faith, all men are rich, while it lasts! and Tom Sampson is as wealthy with his bottle as your honor with all the acres of your principality!"

"Let us have another bottle of riches," says Harry, with a laugh. "*Encor du cachet jaune, mon bon Monsieur Barbeau!*" and exit Monsieur Barbeau to the caves below.

"Another bottle of riches! Capital, capital! How beautifully you speak French, Mr. Harry."

"I *do* speak it well," says Harry. "At least when I speak Monsieur Barbeau understands me well enough."

"You do every thing well, I think. You succeed in whatever you try. That is why they have fancied here you have won the hearts of so many women, Sir."

"There you go again about the women! I

tell you I don't like these stories about women. Confound me, Sampson, why is a gentleman's character to be blackened so?"

"Well, at any rate, there is one, unless my eyes deceive me very much indeed, Sir!" cries the Chaplain.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Harry, flushing very red.

"Nay. I name no names. It isn't for a poor Chaplain to meddle with his betters' doings, or to know their thoughts," says Mr. Sampson.

"Thoughts! *what* thoughts, Sampson?"

"I fancied I saw, on the part of a certain lovely and respected lady at Castlewood, a preference exhibited. I fancied on the side of a certain distinguished young gentleman a strong liking manifested itself; but I may have been wrong, and ask pardon."

"Oh, Sampson, Sampson!" broke out the young man. "I tell you I am miserable. I tell you I have been longing for some one to confide in, or ask advice of. You *do* know, then, that there has been something going on—something between me and—Help Mr. Sampson, Monsieur Barbeau—and—and some one else?"

"I have watched it this month past," says the Chaplain.

"Confound me, Sir, do you mean you have been a spy on me?" says the other, hotly.

"A spy! You made little disguise of the matter, Mr. Warrington, and her ladyship wasn't a much better hand at deceiving. You were always together. In the shrubberies, in the walks, in the village, in the galleries of the house—you always found a pretext for being together, and plenty of eyes besides mine watched you."

"Gracious powers! What *did* you see, Sampson?" cries the lad.

"Nay, Sir, 'tis forbidden to kiss and tell. I say so again," says the Chaplain.

The young man turned very red. "Oh, Sampson!" he cried, "can I—can I confide in you?"

"Dearest Sir—dear, generous youth—you know I would shed my heart's blood for you!" exclaims the Chaplain, squeezing his patron's hand, and turning a brilliant pair of eyes ceiling-ward.

"Oh, Sampson! I tell you I am miserable. With all this play and wine, while I have been here, I tell you I have been trying to drive away care. I own to you that, when we were at Castlewood, there was things passed between a certain lady and me."

The parson gave a slight whistle over his glass of Bordeaux.

"And they've made me wretched, those things have. I mean, you see, that if a gentleman has given his word, why, it's his word, and he must stand by it, you know. I mean that I thought I loved her—and so I do, very much, and she's a most dear, kind, darling, affectionate creature, and very handsome, too—quite beautiful; but then, you know, our ages, Sampson. Think



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of our ages, Sampson! "She's as old as my mother!"

"Who would never forgive you."

"I don't intend to let any body meddle in my affairs, not Madam Esmond nor any body else," cries Harry; "but you see, Sampson, she is old—and, oh, hang it! Why did Aunt Bernstein tell me—?"

"Tell you what?"

"Something I can't divulge to any body—something that tortures me?"

"Not about the—the—" the Chaplain paused: he was going to say about her ladyship's little affair with the French dancing-master; about

other little anecdotes affecting her character. But he had not drunk wine enough to be quite candid, or too much, and was past the real moment of virtue.

"Yes, yes; every one of 'em false—every one of 'em!" shrieks out Harry.

"Great powers, what do you mean?" asks his friend.

"These, Sir, these!" says Harry, beating a tattoo on his own white teeth. "I didn't know it when I asked her. I swear I didn't know it. Oh, it's horrible, it's horrible! and it has caused me nights of agony, Sampson. My dear old grandfather had a set—a Frenchman at Charles-

ton made them for him—and we used to look at 'em grinning in a tumbler, and when they were out his jaws used to fall in—I never thought she had 'em."

"Had *what*, Sir?" again asked the Chaplain.

"D—— it, Sir, don't you see I mean *teeth*?" says Harry, rapping the table.

"Nay, only two."

"And how the devil do you know, Sir?" asks the young man, fiercely.

"I—I had it from her maid. She had two teeth knocked out by a stone which cut her lip a little, and they have been replaced."

"Oh, Sampson, do you mean to say they ain't *all* sham ones?" cries the boy.

"But two, Sir; at least, so Peggy told me; and she would just as soon have blabbed about the whole two-and-thirty—the rest are as sound as yours, which are beautiful."

"And her hair, Sampson—is that all right, too?" asks the young gentleman.

"'Tis lovely—I have seen that. I can take my oath to that. Her ladyship can sit upon it; and her figure is very fine; and her skin is as white as snow; and her heart is the kindest that ever was; and I know, that is, I feel sure, it is very tender about you, Mr. Warrington."

"Oh, Sampson! Heaven, Heaven bless you! What a weight you've taken off my mind with those—those—never mind them! Oh, Sam! How happy—that is, no, no—Oh, how miserable I am! She's as old as Madam Esmond—by George she is—she's as old as my mother. You wouldn't have a fellow marry a woman as old as his mother? It's too bad; by George it is. It's too bad." And here, I am sorry to say, Harry Esmond Warrington, Esquire, of Castlewood, in Virginia, began to cry. The delectable point, you see, must have been passed several glasses ago.

"You don't want to marry her, then?" asks the Chaplain.

"What's that to you, Sir? I've promised her, and an Esmond—a *Virginia* Esmond, mind that—Mr. What's-your-name—Sampson—has but his word!" The sentiment was noble, but delivered by Harry with rather a doubtful articulation.

"Mind you, I said a *Virginia* Esmond," continued poor Harry, lifting up his finger; "I don't mean the younger branch here. I don't mean Will, who robbed me about the horse, and whose bones I'll break. I give you Lady Maria—Heaven bless her, and Heaven bless *you*, Sampson, and you deserve to be a bishop, old boy!"

"There are letters between you, I suppose?" says Sampson.

"Letters! Dammy, she's always writing me letters! never gets me into a window but she sticks one in my cuff. Letters, that *is* a good idea. Look here! Here's letters!" And he threw down a pocket-book containing a heap of papers of the poor lady's composition.

"Those *are* letters, indeed! What a post-bag!" says the Chaplain.

"But any man who touches them—dies—dies on the spot!" shrieks Harry, starting from his seat, and reeling toward his sword; which he draws, and then stamps with his foot, and says "Ha! ha!" and then lunges at M. Barbeau who skips away from the lunge behind the Chaplain, who looks rather alarmed. I know we could have had a more exciting picture than either of those we present of Harry this month, and the lad with his hair disheveled, raging about the room *flamberge au vent*, and pinking the affrighted innkeeper and Chaplain, would have afforded a good subject for the pencil. But oh, to think of him stumbling over a stool, and prostrated by an enemy who has stole away his brains! Come Gumbo! and help your master to bed!



CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH A FAMILY COACH IS ORDERED.

WE have now to divulge the secret which Mr. Lambert whispered in his wife's ear at the close of the ante-penultimate chapter, and the publication of which caused such great pleasure to the whole of the Oakhurst family. As the hay was in, the corn not ready for cutting, and by consequence the farm-horses disengaged, why, asked Colonel Lambert, should they not be put into the coach, and should we not all pay a visit to Tunbridge Wells, taking friend Wolfe at Westerham on our way?

Mamma embraced this proposal, and I dare say the honest gentleman who made it. All the children jumped for joy. The girls went off straightway to get together their best calamancoes, paduasoy, falbalas, furbelows, capes, cardinals, sacks, negligées, solitaires, caps, ribbons, mantuas, clocked stockings, and high-heeled stockings, and I know not what articles of toilet. Mamma's best robes were taken from



A LAY SERMON.

the presses, whence they only issued on rare, solemn occasions, retiring immediately afterward to lavender and seclusion; the brave Colonel produced his laced hat and waistcoat and silver-hilted hanger; Charly rejoiced in a *rasée* holiday suit of his father's, in which the Colonel had been married, and which Mrs. Lambert cut up, not without a pang. Ball and Dumpling had their tails and manes tied with ribbon, and Chump, the old white cart-horse, went as unicorn leader, to help the carriage-horses up the

first hilly five miles of the road from Oakhurst to Westerham. The carriage was an ancient vehicle, and was believed to have served in the procession which had brought George I. from Greenwich to London, on his first arrival to assume the sovereignty of these realms. It had belonged to Mr. Lambert's father, and the family had been in the habit of regarding it, ever since they could remember any thing, as one of the most splendid coaches in the three kingdoms. Brian, coachman, and—must it also be

owned? its plowman, of the Oakhurst family, had a place on the box, with Mr. Charly by his side. The precious clothes were packed in imperials on the roof. The Colonel's pistols were put in the pockets of the carriage, and the blunderbuss hung behind the box, in reach of Brian, who was an old soldier. No highwayman, however, molested the convoy; not even an innkeeper levied contributions on Colonel Lambert, who, with a slender purse and a large family, was not to be plundered by those or any other depredators on the king's highway; and a reasonable, cheap, modest lodging had been engaged for them by young Colonel Wolfe, at the house where he was himself in the habit of putting up, and whither he himself accompanied them on horseback.

It happened that these lodgings were opposite Madame Bernstein's; and as the Oakhurst family reached their quarters on a Saturday evening, they could see chair after chair discharging powdered beaux and patched and brocaded beauties at the Baroness's door, who was holding one of her many card parties. The sun was not yet down (for our ancestors began their dissipation at early hours, and were at meat, drink, or cards, any time after three o'clock in the afternoon until any time in the night or morning), and the young country ladies and their mother from their window could see the various personages as they passed into the Bernstein rout. Colonel Wolfe told the ladies who most of the characters were. 'Twas almost as delightful as going to the party themselves, Hetty and Theo thought, for they not only could see the guests arriving, but look into the Baroness's open casements and watch many of them there. Of a few of the personages we have before had a glimpse. When the Duchess of Queensberry passed, and Mr. Wolfe explained who she was, Martin Lambert was ready with a score of lines about "Kitty, beautiful and young," from his favorite Mat Prior.

"Think that that old lady was once like you, girls!" cries the Colonel.

"Like us, papa? Well, certainly we never set up for being beauties?" says Miss Hetty, tossing up her little head.

"Yes, like you, you little baggage; like you at this moment, who want to go to that drum yonder:

"Inflamed with rage at sad restraint
Which wise mamma ordained,
And sorely vexed to play the saint
While wit and beauty reigned."

"We were never invited, papa; and I am sure if there's no beauty more worth seeing than that, the wit can't be much worth the hearing," again says the satirist of the family.

"Oh, but he's a rare poet, Mat Prior!" continues the Colonel; "though, mind you, girls, you'll skip over all the poems I have marked with a cross. A rare poet! and to think you should see one of his heroines! Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way (she always will, Mr. Lambert!)—

"Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way,—
Kitty at heart's desire
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire!"

"I am sure it must have been very inflammable," says mamma.

"So it was, my dear, twenty years ago, much more inflammable than it is now," remarks the Colonel.

"Nonsense, Mr. Lambert!" is mamma's answer.

"Look, look!" cries Hetty, running forward and pointing to the little square, and the covered gallery, where was the door leading to Madame Bernstein's apartments, and round which was a crowd of street urchins, idlers, and yokels, watching the company.

"It's Harry Warrington!" exclaims Theo, waving a handkerchief to the young Virginian; but Warrington did not see Miss Lambert. The Virginian was walking arm-in-arm with a portly clergyman in a crisp rustling silk gown, and the two went into Madame de Bernstein's door.

"I heard him preach a most admirable sermon here last Sunday," says Mr. Wolfe; "a little theatrical, but most striking and eloquent."

"You seem to be here most Sundays, James," says Mrs. Lambert.

"And Monday, and so on till Saturday," adds the Colonel. "See, he has beautified himself already, hath his hair in buckle, and I have no doubt is going to the drum too."

"I had rather sit quiet generally of a Saturday evening," says sober Mr. Wolfe; "at any rate away from card-playing and scandal; but I own, dear Mrs. Lambert, I am under orders. Shall I go across the way and send Mr. Warrington to you?"

"No, let him have his sport. We shall see him to-morrow. He won't care to be disturbed amidst his fine folks by us country people," said meek Mrs. Lambert.

"I am glad he is with a clergyman who preaches so well," says Theo, softly; and her eyes seemed to say, 'You see, good people, he is not so bad as you thought him, and as I, for my part, never believed him to be.' "The clergyman has a very kind, handsome face."

"Here comes a greater clergyman!" cries Mr. Wolfe; "there is my Lord of Salisbury, with his blue ribbon, and a chaplain behind him."

"And whom a mercy's name have we here?" breaks in Mrs. Lambert, as a sedan-chair, covered with gilding, topped with no less than five earl's coronets, carried by bearers in richly laced clothes, and preceded by three footmen in the same splendid livery, now came up to Madame de Bernstein's door. The Bishop, who had been about to enter, stopped, and ran back with the most respectful bows and courtesies to the sedan-chair, giving his hand to the lady who stepped thence.

"Who on earth is this?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch. Ja mein herr. Nichts verstand," says the waggish Colonel.

"Pooh, Martin."

"Well, if you can't understand High Dutch, my love, how can I help it? Your education was neglected at school. Can you understand heraldry? I know you can."

"I make," cries Charly, reciting the shield, "three merions on a field or, with an earl's coronet."

"A countess's coronet, my son. The Countess of Yarmouth, my son."

"And pray who is she?"

"It hath ever been the custom of our sovereigns to advance persons of distinction to honor," continues the Colonel, gravely; "and this eminent person hath been so promoted, by our gracious monarch, to the rank of Countess of this kingdom."

"But why, papa?" asked the daughters together.

"Never mind, girls!" said mamma.

But that incorrigible Colonel would go on.

"Y, my children, is one of the last and the most awkward letters of the whole alphabet. When I tell you stories, you are always saying Why. Why should my Lord Bishop be cringing to that lady? Look at him rubbing his fat hands together, and smiling into her face! It's not a handsome face any longer. It is all painted red and white like Scaramouch's in the pantomime. See, there comes another blue-ribbon, as I live! My Lord Bamborough. The descendant of the Hotspurs. The proudest man in England. He stops, he bows, he smiles; he is hat-in-hand too. See, she taps him with her fan. Get away, you crowd of little blackguard boys, and don't tread on the robe of the lady whom the king delights to honor."

"But why?" ask the girls once more.

"There goes that odious last letter but one! Did you ever hear of her Grace the Duchess of Kendal? No. Of the Duchess of Portsmouth? Non plus. Of the Duchess of La Vallière? Of Fair Rosamond, then?"

"Hush, papa! There is no need to bring blushes on the cheeks of my dear ones, Martin Lambert," said the mother, putting her finger to her husband's lip.

"Tis not I; it is their sacred Majesties who are the cause of the shame," cries the son of the old republican. "Think of the Bishops of the Church and the proudest nobility of the world cringing and bowing before that painted High Dutch Jezebel. Oh, it's a shame! a shame!"

"Confusion!" here broke out Colonel Wolfe, and, making a dash at his hat, ran from the room. He had seen the young lady whom he admired and her guardian walking across the Pantiles on foot to the Baroness's party, and they came up while the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden was engaged in conversation with the two lords spiritual and temporal; and these two made the lowest reverences and bows to

the Countess, and waited until she had passed in at the door on the Bishop's arm.

Theo turned away from the window with a sad, almost awe-stricken face. Hetty still remained there, looking from it with indignation in her eyes, and a little red spot on each cheek.

"A penny for little Hetty's thoughts," says mamma, coming to the window to lead the child away.

"I am thinking what I should do if I saw papa bowing to that woman," says Hetty.

Tea and a hissing kettle here made their appearance, and the family sate down to partake of their evening meal, leaving, however, Miss Hetty, from her place, command of the window, which she begged her brother not to close. That young gentleman had been down among the crowd to inspect the armorial bearings of the Countess's and other sedans, no doubt, and also to invest sixpence in a cheese-cake by mamma's order and his own desire, and he returned presently with this delicately wrapped up in a paper.

"Look, mother," he comes back and says, "do you see that big man in brown beating all the pillars with his stick? That is the learned Mr. Johnson. He comes to the Friars sometimes to see our master. He was sitting with some friends just now at the tea-table before Mrs. Brown's tart-shop. They have tea there, twopence a cup; I heard Mr. Johnson say he had had seventeen cups—that makes two-and-tence—what a *sight* of money for tea!"

"What would you have, Charly?" asks Theo.

"I think I would have cheese-cakes," says Charly, sighing, as his teeth closed on a large slice, "and the gentleman whom Mr. Johnson was with," continues Charly, with his mouth quite full, "was Mr. Richardson, who wrote—"

"Clarissa!" cry all the women in a breath, and run to the window to see their favorite writer. By this time the sun was sunk, the stars were twinkling overhead, and the footmen came and lighted the candles in the Baroness's room opposite our spies.

Theo and her mother were standing together looking from their place of observation. There was a small illumination at Mrs. Brown's tart and tea-shop, by which our friends could see one lady getting Mr. Richardson's hat and stick, and another tying a shawl round his neck, after which he walked home.

"Oh dear me! he does not look like Grandison!" cries Theo.

"I rather think I wish we had not seen him, my dear," says mamma, who has been described as a most sentimental woman and eager novel reader; and here again they were interrupted by Miss Hetty, who cried:

"Never mind that little fat man, but look yonder, mamma."

And they looked yonder. And they saw, in the first place, Mr. Warrington undergoing the honor of a presentation to the Countess of Yarmouth, who was still followed by the obsequious peer and prelate with the blue ribbons. And

now the Countess graciously sate down to a card-table, the Bishop and the Earl and a fourth person being her partners. And now Mr. Warrington came into the embrasure of the window with a lady whom they recognized as the lady with whom they had seen for a few minutes at Oakhurst.

"How much finer he is!" cries mamma.

"How he is improved in his looks! What has he done to himself?" asks Theo.

"Look at his grand lace frills and ruffles! My dear, he has not got on our shirts any more," cries the matron.

"What are you talking about, girls?" asks papa, reclining on his sofa, where, perhaps, he was dozing after the fashion of honest house-fathers.

The girls said how Harry Warrington was in the window, talking with his cousin, Lady Maria Esmond.

"Come away!" cries papa. "You have no right to be spying the young fellow. Down with the curtains, I say!"

And down the curtains went, so that the girls saw no more of Madame Bernstein's guests or doings for that night.

I pray you be not angry at my remarking, if only by way of contrast between these two opposite houses, that while Madame Bernstein and her guests—bishop, dignitaries, noblemen, and what not—were gambling or talking scandal, or devouring Champagne and chickens (which I hold to be venial sin), or doing honor to her ladyship the king's favorite, the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden, our country friends in their lodgings knelt round their table, whither Mr. Brian the coachman came as silently as his creaking shoes would let him, while Mr. Lambert, standing up, read, in a low voice, a prayer that Heaven would lighten their darkness and defend them from the perils of that night, and a supplication that it would grant the request of those two or three gathered together.

Our young folks were up betimes on Sunday morning, and arrayed themselves in those smart new dresses which were to fascinate the Tunbridge folks, and, with the escort of brother Charly, paced the little town, and the quaint Pantiles, and the pretty common, long ere the company was at breakfast, or the bells had rung to church. It was Hester who found out where Harry Warrington's lodging must be, by remarking Mr. Gumbo in an undress, with his lovely hair in curl-papers, drawing a pair of red curtains aside, and opening a window sash, whence he thrust his head and inhaled the sweet morning breeze. Mr. Gumbo did not happen to see the young people from Oakhurst, though they beheld him closely enough. He leaned gracefully from the window; he waved a large feather-brush with which he condescended to dust the furniture of the apartment within; he affably engaged in conversation with a cherry-cheeked milkmaid, who was lingering under the casement, and kissed his lily hand to her.

Gumbo's hand sparkled with rings, and his person was decorated with a profusion of jewelry—gifts, no doubt, of the fair who appreciated the young African. Once or twice more before breakfast-time the girls passed near that window. It remained open, but the room behind it was blank. No face of Harry Warrington appeared there. Neither spoke to the other of the subject on which both were brooding. Hetty was a little provoked with Charly who was clamorous about breakfast, and told him he was always thinking of eating. In reply to her sarcastic inquiry, he artlessly owned he should like another cheese-cake, and good-natured Theo, laughing, said she had a sixpence, and if the cake-shop were open of a Sunday morning Charly should have one. The cake-shop was open, and Theo took out her little purse, netted by her dearest friend at school, and containing her pocket-piece, her grandmother's guinea, her slender little store of shillings—nay, some copper money at one end; and she treated Charly to the meal which he loved.

A great deal of fine company was at church. There was that funny old Duchess, and old Madame Bernstein, with Lady Maria at her side, and Mr. Wolfe, of course, by the side of Miss Lowther, and singing with her out of the same psalm-book; and Mr. Richardson with a bevy of ladies. "One of them is Miss Fielding," papa tells them after church, "Harry Fielding's sister. Oh girls, what good company he was! And his books are worth a dozen of your milk-sop Pamelas and Clarissas, Mrs. Lambert: but what woman ever loved true humor? And there was Mr. Johnson sitting among the charity-children. Did you see how he turned round to the altar at the Belief, and upset two or three of the scared little urchins in leather breeches? And what a famous sermon Harry's parson gave, didn't he? A sermon about scandal. How he touched up some of the old harridans who were seated round! Why wasn't Mr. Warrington at church? It was a shame he wasn't at church!"

"I really did not remark whether he was there or not," says Miss Hetty, tossing her head up.

But Theo, who was all truth, said, "Yes, I thought of him, and was sorry he was not there; and so did you think of him, Hetty."

"I did no such thing, Miss," persists Hetty.

"Then why did you whisper to me it was Harry's clergyman who preached?"

"To think of Mr. Warrington's clergyman is not to think of Mr. Warrington. It was a most excellent sermon, certainly, and the children sang most dreadfully out of tune. And there is Lady Maria at the window opposite, smelling at the roses; and that is Mr. Wolfe's step, I know his great military tramp. Right left—right left! How do you do, Colonel Wolfe?"

"Why do you look so glum, James?" asks Colonel Lambert, good-naturedly. "Has the charmer been scolding thee, or is thy conscience pricked by the sermon? Mr. Sampson, isn't

the parson's name? A famous preacher, on my word!"

"A pretty preacher, and a pretty practitioner!" says Mr. Wolfe, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Why, I thought the discourse did not last ten minutes, and madam did not sleep one single wink during the sermon, didst thou, Molly?"

"Did you see when the fellow came into church?" asked the indignant Colonel Wolfe. "He came in at the open door of the common just in time, and as the psalm was over."

"Well, he had been reading the service, probably, to some sick person; there are many here," remarks Mrs. Lambert.

"Reading the service! Oh, my good Mrs. Lambert! Do you know where I found him? I went to look for your young scapegrace of a Virginian."

"His own name is a very pretty name, I'm sure," cries out Hetty. "It isn't Scapegrace! It is Henry Esmond Warrington, Esquire."

"Miss Hester, I found the parson in his cassock, and Henry Esmond Warrington, Esquire, in his bed-gown, at a quarter before eleven o'clock in the morning, when all the Sunday bells were ringing, and they were playing over a game of picquet they had had the night before!"

"Well, numbers of good people play at cards of a Sunday. The King plays at cards of a Sunday."

"Hush, my dear!"

"I know he does," says Hetty, "with that painted person we saw yesterday, that Countess what d'you call her?"

"I think, my dear Miss Hester, a clergyman had best take to God's books instead of the Devil's books on that day—and so I took the liberty of telling your parson." Hetty looked as if she thought it *was* a liberty which Mr. Wolfe had taken. "And I told our young friend that I thought he had better have been on his way to church than there in his bed-gown."

"You wouldn't have Harry go to church in a dressing-gown and night-cap, Colonel Wolfe? That *would* be a pretty sight, indeed!" again says Hetty, fiercely.

"I would have my little girl's tongue not wag quite so fast," remarks papa, patting the child's flushed little cheek.

"Not speak when a friend is attacked, and nobody says a word in his favor? No; nobody!"

Here the two lips of the little mouth closed on each other; the whole little frame shook; the little maiden flung a parting look of defiance at Mr. Wolfe, and went out of the room, just in time to close the door, and burst out crying on the stair.

Mr. Wolfe looked very much discomfited. "I am sure, Aunt Lambert, I did not intend to hurt Hester's feelings."

"No, James," she said, very kindly. The young officer used to call her Aunt Lambert in quite early days, and she gave him her hand.

Mr. Lambert whistled his favorite tune of "Over the hills and far away," with a drum accompaniment performed by his fingers on the window. "I say, you mustn't whistle on Sunday, papa!" cried the artless young gown boy from Grey Friars; and then suggested that it was three hours from breakfast, and he should like to finish Theo's cheese-cake.

"Oh, you greedy child!" cries Theo. But here, hearing a little exclamatory noise outside, she ran out of the room, closing the door behind her. And we will not pursue her. The noise was that sob which broke from Hester's panting, over-loaded heart; and, though we can not see, I am sure the little maid flung herself on her sister's neck, and wept upon Theo's fond, kind bosom.

Hetty did not walk out in the afternoon when the family took the air on the common. She had a headache, and lay on her bed with her mother watching her. Charly had discovered a comrade from Grey Friars; Mr. Wolfe, of course, paired off with Miss Lowther; and Theo and her father, taking their sober walk in the Sabbath sunshine, found Madame Bernstein basking on a bench under a tree, her niece and nephew in attendance. Harry ran up to greet his dear friends: he was radiant with pleasure at beholding them. The elder ladies were most gracious to the Colonel and his daughter who had so kindly welcomed their Harry.

How noble and handsome he looked! Theo thought. She called him by his Christian name, as if he really were her brother. "Why did we not see you sooner to-day, Harry?" she asked.

"I never thought you were here, Theo."

"But you might have seen us had you wished."

"Where and how?" asked Harry.

"There, Sir!" she said, pointing to the church, and she held her hand up as if in reproof; but a sweet kindness beamed in her honest face.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

PUBLIC attention during the past month has been to a great extent directed toward the proceedings of the British cruisers off the coast of Cuba. The British Government, finding it impossible to maintain such a blockade of the African coast as should prevent the exportation of slaves, resolved to attack the slave-trade at the point to which the slaves were transported; and Cuba being now the only considerable slave-market, the

British fleet in its neighborhood has within a few months been considerably augmented. It is asserted, with apparent truth, that the trade is carried on almost exclusively by vessels built in America, and bearing the American flag. The British officers, therefore, have undertaken to board every merchantman approaching or leaving the island, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are engaged in the slave-trade. Up to the present time we have detailed accounts of the detention

and search of more than forty American vessels; the detention in several cases having been made in an extremely insolent manner. These proceedings, involving the "right of search," claimed by the British and denied by ourselves, have received the prompt attention of our Government. The Secretary of State calls the attention of the British Minister to these aggressions, and expresses the confident expectation that they will be promptly disavowed, and measures taken to prevent their future recurrence. Our Minister at London, Mr. Dallas, is also instructed to communicate to the British Government the "earnest desire of the President that this practice, which seems to become more prevalent, of detaining and searching American vessels, should be discontinued." The Secretary of State adds, that "these flagrant violations of the rights of the United States have excited deep feelings throughout the country, and have attracted the attention of both Houses of Congress. Their continuance can not fail to produce the most serious effect upon the relations of the countries. The President confidently believes that the British naval officers, in the adoption of these high-handed measures, have acted without the authority and have mistaken the views of their Government. But it is not the less due to the United States that their conduct should be disavowed, and peremptory orders issued to prevent the recurrence of similar proceedings." Orders were also promptly dispatched for a considerable augmentation of our naval force in the Gulf of Mexico. The following vessels are now in the Gulf, or under orders to proceed thither: steamers, *Colorado*, 40 guns; *Wabash*, 40; *Fulton*, 5; *Water-Witch*, 2; *Arctic*, 2; *Dispatch*, 2; sloops-of-war, *Macedonian*, 22; *Constellation*, 22; *Saratoga*, 20; *Savannah*, 24; *Jamestown*, 22; *Plymouth*, 5; *Preble*, 16; brig *Dolphin*, 4—making a total force of 226 guns. The British force on the West India station is reported to consist of eighteen vessels, of which eight are steamers and four steam gun-boats, carrying in all 435 guns.

In Congress there was a remarkable unanimity of feeling as to the absolute necessity of arresting these proceedings of the British cruisers. In the Senate, the Committee on Foreign Relations presented a Report reciting that American vessels pursuing the paths of lawful commerce on the high seas, under the flag of their country, have been pursued, fired into, and compelled to stop by the public force of a foreign power; and in other instances American vessels anchored in the harbor of a friendly power, at the port of Sagua la Grande, in the island of Cuba, have been subject to a police inquisition by the same foreign power. It has occasionally happened heretofore, continues the Report, that under circumstances of misapprehension or misconstruction of orders, isolated cases of this character have occurred, but in such cases the honor of the country may have been sufficiently vindicated by a disclaimer of intended wrong, or by rebuke of the officer commanding. But the continuous and persevering character of the outrages now perpetrated "call for the most prompt and efficient measures to arrest at once, and to end, finally and forever, the commission of like indignities to our flag." In reference to the justification of these proceedings on the ground that they were necessary to suppress the slave-trade carried on between Cuba and Africa, the Committee say that it is a sufficient answer that the assent of the Unit-

ed States has never been yielded to any such system of police on the seas; and that by no principle of international law can a vessel under the flag of its country be visited or detained on the high seas by any foreign power without the consent of those over whom the flag waves. No right of visitation or search can be tolerated by an independent power but in derogation of her sovereignty. The Committee add that these proceedings of the British cruisers will afford an occasion to "end, now and forever, all future question as to the right of visitation at sea between the United States and the offending Power." They only refrain from recommending at once such additional legislation as will effect this object from the fact that "the President has already ordered all the disposable force of the country into the infested quarter, with orders to protect all vessels of the United States on the high seas from search or detention by the vessels-of-war of any other nation. These are preventive measures only, and temporary in their character, but go to the full extent of the power of the Executive in the absence of Legislative provision, and it is believed that they will arrest further offenses;" should this not be the case, the Committee declare that such legislation must be promptly supplied. The Report concludes with the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That American ships at sea, under the American flag, remain under the jurisdiction of the country to which they belong, and therefore that any visitation or molestation is an infraction of the sovereignty of the United States.

"Resolved, That these aggressions demand such an unequivocal explanation from Great Britain-as shall prevent their recurrence forever in future.

"Resolved, That the Committee approves of the action of the Executive, and are prepared to recommend such future legislation as circumstances may require."

Mr. Douglas introduced a bill into the Senate, placing at the disposal of the President, to be used when necessary to resist the claims of Great Britain, the naval and military forces of the United States, and authorizing him to call into service fifty thousand volunteers. The bill also puts at his disposal ten millions of dollars, with the right to borrow the same, and authorizes him, if he deems it necessary, to send a special minister to Great Britain; the powers thus granted to continue in force for sixty days after the next meeting of Congress. This bill is in effect a copy of that passed in 1839 conferring upon President Van Buren authority to act in the Boundary dispute.—Other propositions have been submitted to both Houses providing for a large and immediate increase of our naval force; but no decisive action has as yet been taken upon any of these measures.

Other business of considerable importance has been transacted in both Houses. The bill for the admission of Minnesota as a State was discussed at length. It experienced some opposition from the fact that its Constitution extends the right of suffrage to aliens, as well as on the ground of certain alleged informalities in the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention. The bill, however, passed both Houses by decided majorities, and Messrs. Shields and Rice were admitted to seats as Senators, and Messrs. Phelps and Kavanagh as Representatives. Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, presented certain charges against Mr. Rice relating to alleged frauds in the sale of public lands, and opposed his admission as a member. Mr. Rice pronounced the charges false, and demanded a Committee of Investigation, saying that he should resign his seat

if any thing inculcating him should be brought to light.—The bill for the admission of Oregon also passed the Senate by a vote of 37 to 17. Opposition was made to it on the ground that the Constitution of the State prohibits the introduction of free negroes and Chinese.—The joint resolution has been passed, authorizing the President to take proper measures in relation to the refusal of the Republic of Paraguay to make reparation for firing into the steamer *Water-Witch*.—The bill to repeal the act granting bounties to fisheries has passed; it is to take effect on the 31st of December, 1859.—A joint resolution was adopted giving to the family of Captain Herndon, who was lost on the *Central America*, \$7500—equivalent to three years' pay.—Various appropriation bills have been passed, as well as a bill authorizing the borrowing of fifteen millions of dollars to meet the current expenses of Government.

From the army in Utah there is no authentic intelligence of positive importance. Reports have been received that the Mormon leaders were anxious to treat, and had invited Governor Cumming to proceed to Salt Lake City, and that he had gone thither. This latter report is confirmed; but of the precise circumstances under which the visit was made, and the reception which he received, we have no reliable information up to the 8th of June.—The troubles with the remnants of the Seminole Indians in Florida, which were renewed some months ago, have been brought to a close. Billy Bowlegs, the Seminole chief, at length consented to leave Florida. He, with almost his whole band, embarked early in May, reached New Orleans on the 14th, and after a week's visit in that city set out for his new home in the Indian Reservation beyond the Mississippi. The old chief Sam Jones, now more than a hundred years of age, with perhaps thirty or forty warriors, are the only Indians remaining in Florida.

Hon. Josiah J. Evans, Senator from South Carolina, died at Washington on the 6th of May. His death, which was sudden and altogether unexpected, was occasioned by an affection of the heart; he occupied his seat in the Senate on the day previous to his death, and was apparently in his usual health.—Hon. James P. Henderson, United States Senator from Texas, died at Washington on the 4th of June. He was born in North Carolina in 1808. He embarked at an early day in the cause of Texas, was sent to Europe as minister to negotiate for the recognition of the independence of Texas, and subsequently held a number of high offices, among which was that of Governor of the State.—General Persifer F. Smith, recently appointed to the command of the expedition to Utah, died at Fort Leavenworth on the 17th of May, on his way to the scene of his duties. He was born in Philadelphia in 1798, was bred to the law, which he practiced in New Orleans until the breaking out of the Florida war in 1836. He then joined the Louisiana volunteers. In 1846 he joined the regular army, served with great distinction through the Mexican war, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General for his services at Contreras. He subsequently was ordered to California, where he held the command of the military department, and afterward occupied similar posts in Texas and at St. Louis. He had been in feeble health for some time previous to his setting out for Utah.—William Henry Herbert, known as a novelist, and more generally by his writings on subjects connected with sport-

ing, published under the *nom de plume* of "Frank Forrester," committed suicide at New York on the 17th of May. He was born in England in 1806, of a wealthy family; but having become involved in pecuniary embarrassments, came to America nearly thirty years ago. Here he engaged in literary pursuits. He was a man of considerable genius and large acquirements, but of passionate temper and dissipated habits. He was married only a few months before his death; his wife left him on account of his alleged ill-treatment, and took measures to procure a divorce. These domestic difficulties were the immediate occasion of his suicide.—Dr. Robert Hare, who had long been known as one of the most profound chemists in the country, died at Philadelphia on the 15th of May, aged about seventy years. His discoveries in chemical science were numerous and of high value; but during the later years of his life he became a convert to the doctrines of "Spiritualism," and finally passed much time in endeavoring to transmute the baser metals into gold, under what he supposed to be the guidance of the spirits.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Derby Ministry has passed safely through a crisis which for a time threatened its overthrow. Immediately upon the fall of Lucknow a proclamation was issued by Lord Canning, the Governor-General, dated some days previously, declaring that the rebellion, begun by the soldiery, had found support from the inhabitants of the capital and of the country at large; that they had subjected themselves to a just retribution; and that the time had come for the Government to make known the manner in which it would deal with the chiefs and landholders of Oude. Its first care would be to reward those who had remained steadfast in their allegiance. Six of the landholders are enumerated who were "henceforth to be sole hereditary proprietors of the lands which they held when Oude came under British rule, subject only to such moderate assessment as may be imposed upon them;" with these exceptions, "the proprietary right of the soil of the province is confiscated to the British Government, which will dispose of that right in such manner as to it may seem fitting." Those who should at once surrender are promised that "their lives and honor should be safe, provided that their hands were not stained with English blood murderously shed. But as regards any further indulgence which may be extended to them, and the condition in which they may hereafter be placed, they must throw themselves upon the mercy of the British Government." Upon the receipt of this proclamation in England the Earl of Ellenborough, President of the India Board, sent a dispatch to the Governor-General, strongly condemning this proclamation. After detailing the manner in which Oude became subject to British rule, the dispatch concludes thus:

"We must admit that, under these circumstances, the hostilities which have been carried on in Oude have rather the character of legitimate war than that of rebellion, and that the people of Oude should rather be regarded with indulgent consideration than made the objects of a penalty exceeding in extent and in severity almost any which has been recorded in history as inflicted upon a subdued nation. Other conquerors, when they have succeeded in overcoming resistance, have excepted a few persons as still deserving of punishment, but have, with a generous policy, extended their clemency to the great body of the people. You have acted upon a different principle. You have reserved a few as deserving of special favor, and you have struck with what they will feel as the severest of punishment the mass of the inhab-

itants of the country. We can not but think that the precedents from which you have departed will appear to have been conceived in a spirit of wisdom superior to that which appears in the precedent you have made. We desire that you will mitigate in practice the stringent severity of the decree of confiscation you have issued against the landholders of Oude. We desire to see British authority in India rest upon the willing obedience of a contented people; there can not be contentment where there is general confiscation. Government can not long be maintained by any force in a country where the whole people is rendered hostile by a sense of wrong; and if it were possible so to maintain it, it would not be a consummation to be desired."

The publication of this dispatch was made the occasion of a violent attack upon the Ministry. Notices of motions for a vote of censure were given, in the Peers by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and in the Commons by Mr. Cardwell. The Earl of Ellenborough took upon himself the whole responsibility of the dispatch, justifying the principle upon which it was based; but sensible of the serious consequences which had resulted from it, he had resigned his office. The Earl of Derby said, that while the Government disapproved of the confiscation in Oude, it could not approve of the dispatch and its publication in England, and determined to suffer the loss of a valued colleague rather than stake the existence of Government upon an issue which they felt to be in some degree indefensible. The Opposition would not consent that one member of the Ministry should be allowed to be the scapegoat for the rest, determined to hold the whole Government responsible, and pressed the motions of censure. In the Peers the debate lasted but one day, and the motion for a vote of censure failed by 167 to 158. So small a majority in the Upper House, where the Government is strong, was looked upon as nearly equivalent to a defeat. In the Commons the debate was protracted to some length. The dispatch was warmly defended by Messrs. Roebuck, Bright, and other Radical members; while the proclamation was attacked by Sir James Graham, who said he should vote against the resolution, although he did not altogether approve of Lord Ellenborough's dispatch. There, however, seemed every probability that the Ministry would be defeated, when on the day before the vote was to be taken dispatches were received from India, containing representations from Sir James Outram against Lord Canning's proclamation. These produced a decided effect, and Mr. Cardwell was urged by his party to withdraw his resolution. This was done, with the consent of the Government. This result was considered a complete triumph of the Ministers. Mr. Disraeli said that the Government consented to the withdrawal, not for their own sakes, but for that of India and the best interests of the empire. He added that, since Lord Ellenborough's dispatch, Government had communicated with Lord Canning, assuring him that he might rely upon their continued influence and support.—The proposition to change the Government of India is before Parliament. A motion to postpone the consideration of the subject till next year was rejected by a vote of 447 to 57; and a resolution affirming the expediency of transferring the Government to the Crown was carried without a division.—General Peel stated that previous to the Indian mutiny the military force of the empire consisted of 157,000 men, of whom 30,000 were on service in India. The present force consists of 223,000 men, showing an increase of 66,000 during the year. To supply the augmentation already arranged, and to fill up the losses from casualties, at least 50,000

recruits would be required during the year. No difficulty was apprehended in obtaining this number, since not less than 48,000 recruits had enlisted during the last eight months.—Mr. Layard, who has just returned from India, has delivered an important address in London on the rebellion. He argues, first, that the insurrection was not merely a military mutiny, but a real national or popular rebellion; and secondly, that this rebellion did not originate in a religious panic, but was caused by English misrule, especially and notably by their policy of annexation, their dealings with the land titles of great chiefs, their maladministration of justice, and general treatment of the natives.—Nearly all of the Atlantic telegraph cable had been shipped on board the vessels destined to receive it, and the fleet is about to sail on an experimental trip, preparatory to the attempt to lay the cable. Successful experiments have been made with the Hughes telegraphic machines, which transmitted messages through the whole line with more rapidity and certainty than has been attained by any other method.—The report of the *Leviathan* Steamship Company states that the total cost of the vessel is £804,552. The directors regret that it will not be possible to complete her equipment before autumn, when it is intended to make several preliminary voyages to America for the purpose of testing the capabilities of the vessel, and in the spring to commence her regular voyages to India or Australia.—The Duchess of Orleans died suddenly on the 18th of May, at Richmond.

FRANCE.

The French Budget has been made public. The total revenue of the Empire is put down at £70,929,313—say \$354,646,565; of this, £18,344,499 are derived from direct taxes, £43,270,320 from indirect taxes, and the remainder from miscellaneous sources. The expenditures, ordinary and extraordinary, amount to £70,668,290, leaving a surplus of £261,023, about \$1,300,000. The increase of public debt since 1848 amounts to about \$560,000,000, the interest of which at 5 per cent. would constitute a charge upon the revenue of \$26,600,000; about half of which was incurred by the Republic, and the remainder by the Empire. This excess, however, has been reduced to \$3,600,000, by reducing the rate of interest from 5 to 4½ per cent.

THE EAST.

Since the fall of Lucknow the superiority of the English troops in action has been abundantly proved. Two brigades under Sir Hugh Rose combined before Jhansi on the 27th of March. The enemy, 12,000 strong, retired to the fort. On the 1st of April an attempt was made to relieve the fortress. Sir Hugh, without raising the siege, attacked the relieving army, routed them with severe loss, and on the 4th stormed the town. The total loss of the mutineers, in the battle and the storming, was 3000 men. Other victories of considerable importance are reported. Still the enemy are in considerable force at Calpee.

From *China* we have intelligence that the European commissioners have succeeded in putting themselves in communication with the Emperor, having delivered their credentials to the Governor of Soutchou-fou, who is in close relations with the Imperial Court. The commissioners experiencing no incivility while on their journey to Soutchou-fou, were received politely by the Governor, who returned their visit on the following day.

Literary Notices.

The New York Pulpit in the Revival of 1858. (Published by Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.) The contents of this volume, which is designed as a memorial of the recent religious awakening in the city of New York, are made up of discourses contributed by several of the most eminent preachers of different denominations, and on topics suitable to the circumstances by which they were called forth. Although emanating from such a variety of sources, they are characterized, in the main, by a unity of sentiment, and, without exception, by a pervading sympathy of purpose. The opening discourse, by Dr. Alexander, is, perhaps, not surpassed in vigor and impressiveness by any in the volume. He argues the necessity of a special revival of religion, among other considerations, from the peculiar position of the American people among the nations of the earth. This country is destined to be the theatre of unprecedented revolutions. Our population, our government, our common language, our religious freedom, show that it is marked out for great things, but whether for good or for evil is yet an unsettled problem. The attempt to sustain religion with a general laxity of doctrine, in the opinion of Dr. Alexander, has been attended with pernicious consequences, which nothing but a new and wide-reaching impulse in the contrary direction can avert. The charity which attaches no vital importance to differences of belief has opened the door to a fatal religious literature, "in which, by a sort of universal solvent, all the doctrinal bones of theology are reduced to a gelatinous mass of ambiguous sentiment." The absurd dread of the Catechism and the definitions of the Church has involved large classes in ruinous errors, until at length there are thousands who have no theology, no family prayer, no catechising, no sound practical religion. Hence, Dr. A. insists, unless a true religious influence can be made to keep pace with the growth of our population, our rising States must be abandoned to infidelity and disorder, and the great West will send back on us the shocks of a practical atheism.—Some of the other more striking discourses in the volume are: by Rev. T. L. Cuyler, on being "Past Feeling;" Dr. Hague, on "True Repentance;" Dr. W. R. Williams, on the "War which knows no Exempts;" by Dr. M'Clinck, on "The Strait Gate;" and by Professor Hitchcock, on "True Religion a Service."

California Life Illustrated, by WILLIAM TAYLOR. (Published by Carlton and Porter.) The author of this volume is favorably known to many readers by his previous work, in which he relates the experience of seven years' street preaching in San Francisco. He here continues the inartificial but graphic sketches which compose the substance of that volume, and, by his simple narratives, gives a lively illustration of the social condition of California. During his residence in that State he was devoted exclusively to his work as a missionary of the Methodist Church, and, by his fearlessness, zeal, and self-denial, won the confidence of the whole population. He was frequently thrown in contact with gamblers, *chevaliers d'industrie*, and adventurers of every description, but he never shrunk from the administration of faithful rebuke, and in so doing often won the hearts of the most abandoned. His visits to the sick in the hospitals

were productive of great good. Unwearied in his exertions, he had succeeded in establishing a system of wholesome religious influences when the great financial crash in San Francisco interrupted his labors, and made it expedient for him to return to this region in order to obtain resources for future action. His book was, accordingly, written in the interests of a good cause, which will commend it to the friends of religious culture in California, while its own intrinsic vivacity and naturalness will well reward the general reader for its perusal.

Woman: Her Mission and Life, by ADOLPHE MONOD, D.D. Translated from the French. (Published by Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.) Dr. Monod's name is familiar to European Protestants as a devoted and faithful evangelical pastor. He shares this distinction with several others of the same family. For many years he was Professor of Sacred Eloquence in the theological seminary at Montauban, the only institution of the kind of the national Reformed Church of France, but the last portion of his life was passed in Paris, where he preached the Gospel with great success to large audiences. His death took place only about two years since. In this volume, which is marked by the simplicity and beauty of its style, he portrays the character and duties of the Christian woman with rare discrimination and force.

A new edition of *Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the past Sixty Years*, by JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., has been issued by Charles S. Roe, enlarged by a fresh selection from the copious storehouse of reminiscences which are treasured in the comprehensive memory of the author. They comprise a variety of interesting personal sketches of celebrities in different walks of life, and afford a racy illustration of the spirit and manners of New York in a past generation. Dr. Francis is an enthusiastic chronicler of the olden time—his experience has given him a wide circle of miscellaneous acquaintance—his genial temperament has made him every where at home—and, with a memory as retentive as it is impressible, he possesses no ordinary qualifications for his favorite antiquarian task of removing the dust from the tombstones of the contemporaries whom he has survived, and reproducing the figures that have departed from the stage in the living colors of the present. His book is much more than a collection of personal anecdote, and is entitled to consideration as a permanent and authentic memorial of by-gone days, which find infrequent parallels in our own excited and fermenting times.

Select Discourses from the French and German, translated by Rev. H. C. FISH and D. W. POOR, D.D. (Published by Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.) In addition to Dr. Adolphe Monod, of whom a brief account is given above, three celebrated German preachers, Krummacher, Tholuck, and Julius Müller, have contributed the materials for the preparation of this volume. Dr. Krummacher is the son of the author of the famous "Parables," which are almost as well known in this country as in Europe, and is himself the official preacher at the court of Berlin. His writings on the Christian doctrine and on the characters of the Old Testament have had a wide circulation in the United States. He

is described as a man of deep piety, of great energy of character, and of a genial, enthusiastic temperament. In personal appearance he is tall and of goodly proportions, his smooth light hair combed back over his ears, and his blue, expressive eyes losing something of their brilliancy through a pair of gold spectacles. When told by the Rev. Dr. Stevens of the popularity his writings had attained among the Americans even in the log-cabins of Oregon and California, and that he might find in New York whole squares inhabited by a German population, where he could drown himself in an ocean of lager beer, his laugh was like what we might suppose that of the lion, his mighty voice ringing into the adjacent apartments. He preaches, prays, makes speeches, and even says grace at table in the same manner. On a public occasion, at which Dr. Stevens was present, he introduced the dinner with a grace in German, which was roared out as if addressed to an army half a mile off. His sermons in this volume are considered among the ablest which he has published.—Tholuck has a high reputation among American readers as an eloquent, earnest, and powerful advocate of evangelical sentiments. He has exerted a great influence in recovering the University of Halle from Rationalistic principles, in which ancient seat of learning he has been Professor of Theology for over thirty years. He is distinguished for elevation and richness of thought, exuberance of fancy, and peculiar fervor, tenderness, and simplicity of expression. If with the lapse of years his eloquence has lost something of its keen and searching edge, it has gained a fresh accession of pathos and depth, "by the same process of development," it has been happily remarked, "by which the impetuous 'son of thunder' matured into the white-haired 'apostle of love.'"—The name of Julius Müller is probably not so familiar to most of our readers as those of the two preceding. He is a brother of the celebrated archaeologist, Karl Ottfried Müller, and, after remaining several years at Göttingen, was appointed Professor of Theology at Halle, where he still continues. He belongs to the same class of theologians as Neander, Nitzsch, and Tholuck, and is opposed equally to exclusive sectarian tendencies and to Rationalistic negations. A man of an earnest, reverent nature, he possesses a powerful and highly-disciplined intellect, addicted to scientific forms and to logical consecutiveness. With no less practical wisdom than moral worth and profound piety, he occupies the position of an umpire amidst the theological conflicts of the day.—The utility of a work of this kind can not be called in question by liberal minds. It affords new standards of comparison, enlarges the sphere of inquiry, furnishes novel illustrations of familiar thoughts, and by bringing foreign mental habits into contact with our own, tends to break up the petrifications of monotony and routine. Fresh and original points of view are thus gained, truth is clothed with new beauty and vitality, and the essential faith of the Christian is fortified by being presented under aspects which, however various in form, exhibit an intrinsic unity. As a general rule, the discourses in this volume are more remarkable for their unction of tone, vivacity of illustration, and naturalness of appeal, than for their argumentative power. In this respect they exhibit the characteristics of the European pulpit in salient contrast with the American. Sacred eloquence in this country is more chaste and sub-

dued in manner; reposes on a more solid basis of thought, challenges more directly the reason of the hearer, and aims more exclusively at demonstration and conviction; while in continental Europe it assumes the form of brilliant rhetoric, appeals mainly to the feelings and affections, and indulges in a latitude of fancy and illustration which is not in keeping with the taste of the more fastidious, but not less earnest, American mind.

The History and Antiquities of the City of St. Augustine, Florida, by GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS. (Published by Charles B. Norton.) St. Augustine is the most ancient settlement within the present territory of the United States. It was founded in 1565, a little more than half a century from the first discovery of its site by Ponce de Leon. Its establishment had its origin in the religious troubles experienced by the Huguenots under Charles IX. in France. A colony had previously been sent into Florida under the auspices of the Admiral de Coligny, but it was regarded with jealous eyes by Philip II. of Spain, who dispatched the brave, but bigoted and remorseless soldier, Menendez de Avilez, to take possession of the country. He landed on the spot where the City of St. Augustine now stands, September 8, 1565, and named it in honor of the eminent saint to whom the day of their landing on the coast, August 28, was dedicated in the Catholic calendar. Mr. Fairbanks has made assiduous research among the earliest contemporary documents, and woven his materials together in a narrative which, though of necessity somewhat fragmentary in form, is full of interest and information. It forms a valuable compend of rare antiquarian lore concerning a romantic epoch in American history.

The Bench and Bar of Georgia, by STEPHEN F. MILLER. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.) The legal profession in Georgia has been fruitful of eminent men. Of several of them the local celebrity was greater than their national fame, as, with less ambition than ability, they were content to labor in the limited sphere of ordinary duties. The reputation of others is the property of the country. Both classes are fully represented in these interesting volumes. Among the distinguished names which they commemorate are those of Berrien, Crawford, Clayton, Forsyth, Lamar, R. H. Wilde, and others. Besides the personal anecdote and pleasant reminiscences with which they abound, they contain many details and illustrations of general historical value.

The Life and Times of Hugh Miller, by THOMAS N. BROWN. (Published by Rudd and Carleton.) The mental development of the self-taught stonemason of Cromarty can not be more felicitously described than in his own unique narrative, "My Schools and Schoolmasters." In that collection of frank revelations we have an impressive picture of his progress from severe handicraft toil to a commanding position among the intellectual leaders of Scotland. As a description of a remarkable career the present work adds little to the confessions of his autobiography. It is rather a running commentary on a variety of topics suggested by the character of Hugh Miller than a consecutive and orderly narrative of his life. The author indulges in general reflections to an altogether unwarrantable prolixity, and often they have but a remote and impalpable connection with the subject-matter of the book.

Editor's Table.

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.—

The prolonged controversy respecting the ground and the extent of our obligation to observe the Lord's day as a Sabbath has of late been revived. The disregard of its sanctity in the great centres of life and population—London, Paris, and New York—as well as its increased profanation throughout the United States, has given a practical interest to the discussion. Puritan and Socialist, Catholic and Protestant, have entered the field; and each, from his own position, has labored to erect an impregnable barrier around this cherished institution. We thus derive an undesigned concurrence of testimonies to the profound wisdom of the Sabbatic ordinance, from men who, in all likelihood, would agree in nothing else. Prudhon, who sees in the code of Moses nothing more than an intuitive anticipation of the results of philosophy, eulogizes his Sabbath law, as being, in relation to the rest of the commandments, the keystone of the arch, by which all the parts are firmly compacted together. "Moses," he observes, "having to combine his laws into a whole, was at liberty to select, for the culminating point of his system, such a moral or economical idea as he desired. He preferred the hebdomadal division of time, because he needed a sensible and powerful sign for recalling the hordes of semi-civilized Israelites to sentiments of nationality, fraternity, and unity, without which all farther development was impossible. The Sabbath was, as it were, the field of réunion, where all the Hebrews appeared in spirit at the commencement of each week; it was the monument which represented their political existence, the bond which held together the fascicle of their institutions. Thus, public and civil right, municipal administration, education, government, culture, morals, health, the relations of the family and state, liberty, public order, are all represented in the Sabbath, which fortified them and constituted their harmony." And he argues strenuously, from his point of view, for the restoration of its stricter observance in France. The Abbé Gaume, writing in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, attributes the materialization of the people to the profanation of the day. Surely these are signs of good omen. But we conceive that the advantages of a day of rest can never be fully secured unless we settle the ground of its obligation. Is its observance commanded, or left to our judgment and choice; and in what spirit is its observance to be maintained?

The record of the institution of the Sabbath is, at the same time, the record of the creation of our world. "And on the seventh day God ended the work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all the work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it He rested from all the work which God created and made." We may conceive that this setting apart of a time for rest, after the exercise of creative energy, was designed chiefly as an example to us; for God needs no refreshment from labor; and with him there is no occasion for the sanctification of one day above another. The institution takes its beginning co-ordinately with the origin of the human race; and seems,

therefore, to contain a universal principle for the regulation of all human life. This view is confirmed by its subsequent enactment, along with other universal principles of conduct, into a law for the discipline of the Jewish people. It is farther confirmed by the acceptance which the Sabbath has found wherever known—a fact to which Prudhon himself eloquently bears witness: "Such has been the vigor of this institution that, from the Jews, it has passed to Christians and Mohammedans; that from them it has extended throughout the globe; so that it is destined to take in its embrace ante-historic periods and the most distant ages."

The history of Providence is the history of the education of our race, through successive stages, up to the highest moral excellence of which it is capable. The history contained in divine revelation is the record of this education conducted under the immediate superintendence of Deity. In it every seventh day is set apart, first, as a day of rest; second, as a day devoted to holy uses. The design, then, of the Sabbath appears to be, to recall man from labor to repose; from distracting cares to the contemplation of his moral and spiritual relations, and of his duties as a moral being. And so long as our race lives under its present conditions of existence, so long may we believe that the law of the Sabbath will be substantially valid. The transfer, therefore, of holy time from one day to another does not impair its obligation; but rather, being grounded in good and sufficient reasons, confirms it with renewed emphasis. As the seventh day of the week commemorated the completion of the creation, so does the first appropriately commemorate the completion of our redemption. As God had rested, pronouncing all his hand had shaped very good, so did our Saviour rest over his finished sorrow and toil. His work is described in Scripture as re-creation; right, therefore, is it that resurrection-day should, after the example of his apostles, be consecrated by us as our holy-day.

Much harm has been done, and the proper observance of the day made irksome, by the prevalence of an extremely narrow spirit in conceiving and enforcing its obligations. It is a method of view partaking largely of the features of Jewish Rabbinism. Carried into practice, it wreaths the day with sombre associations; the Sabbath becomes the prison-house of the week, and the young watch for the going down of its sun at even-tide, that, with a bound of joy, they may leap into freedom again. This theory regards the day most on its negative and prohibitory side, and fails to keep it before the mind as a precious gift for the supply of our needs. Because a day is holy we are not to be constrained and unnatural, but should rather seek to rise to the purer atmosphere of our better nature. Teachers of this class view man as a vagrant, whom it is their duty to catch once a week, and shut up in a pound, fenced in with a bristling array of *Thou shalt* notes. Whereas, in God's system, restraint is always coupled with the invitation—nay, the allurements—to something better.

We have called this mode of conceiving the obligations of the day Rabbinical, and we add that similar views were resisted by our Saviour, who

took occasion, in his contests with the Jewish doctors, to unfold the true spirit of its observance. Thus they held it wrong to rub, on the Sabbath, the ears of corn between the hands, and so press out the grains, judging this to be a species of threshing. They would not, on this day, try to heal the sick, contenting themselves with relieving their immediate wants. They narrowed down the extent of the journey that might be taken, without regard to its object, first to twelve miles, and, finally, to one. The law forbade buying and selling on that day; but the Rabbins had added even so much as the "touching of money." And this Pharisaic scrupulosity reached its climax when the very persons who murdered Jesus took his body from the cross, lest by suffering it to hang there they should desecrate the Sabbath.

In opposition to these overstrained views our Saviour appears, in the Gospels, as contending for a freer observance of God's day, but not, by any means, for its abrogation. The practical rules for our guidance he derives from the divine intention, declaring that "the Sabbath was made for man"—for his moral, intellectual, and physical good. Such modes of observance as exhilarate the body, but leave our moral nature unrefreshed, and even impaired, fail to meet the requisitions of the law. For certain it is that "the inquiry of truth, which is the wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature." The contemplation of Him who is announced to us as the Truth and the Life, and the summoning of our energies to follow Him, are, therefore, especial duties of this day. Such a style of observance as leaves out of sight man's higher interests as a candidate for immortality is faulty, and dishonoring to "the Lord of the Sabbath."

The difficulty of coming to an entire agreement upon the Sabbath question is aggravated by the fact that, from the period of the origin of Protestantism, two opposite theories have been maintained; the one held by the reformers of the English Church, and impressed by them upon the social life of England and America; the other—which asserts the abrogation, under Christianity, of the law of the Sabbath—cherished by the leaders of the Reformation upon the continent of Europe, and as strongly impressed upon the Christian communities founded by them. The former, sometimes called the Puritan view, is that which generally obtains among Christian men in the United States. Of late years, however, owing to the influx of foreign population, its application to social life has been stoutly resisted; and this has called forth equally energetic action on the opposite side. The decision of the question in England, though after a time final, and, as the event proved, irreversible, was not reached without controversy, and some swaying to and fro of the public mind. The Puritan, when in power, waged war against the Sunday May-poles, unstrung the bows of the archers, and gave the dancers an enforced rest from their labors in the public stocks. Archbishop Laud, in turn armed with the powers of law, set up the May-poles again, and proclaimed full liberty for Sabbath-day sports after the hours of church service. Most fortunately, as we believe, for the interests of the masses of England, these efforts did not prevail; and the Sabbath has become—wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has reared its home and church—a day sanctified by a thousand tender associations; a day gar-

landed with whatever wreath poetry could cull and frame for its adornment, and blessed by its devout observance, in the invigoration of the moral life of untold millions. How far the practical character of the Christianity of the Anglo-Saxon stock and its branches is attributable to the sentiment prevalent among them of the sanctity of the Lord's day is a question well worth the investigation of the philosophical inquirer.

But while Puritanism achieved a victory in securing the acceptance of its view of the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath as well among the partisans of the Established Church as among non-conformists, it recognized the need of, and abundantly provided for, the physical recreation of the masses, especially of the city population; as instance the following law, passed when the Puritans were in power:

In order that scholars, apprentices, and other servants might have time for recreation, "it was enacted by the ordinance of 1647 that they should have such convenient, reasonable recreation and relaxation from constant and ordinary labor on every second Tuesday in the month throughout the year, as formerly they had used to have on the festivals called holy-days. And by another ordinance, passed the 28th of June, 1647, it was enacted that all windows of shops, warehouses, and other places where wares or commodities were usually sold, should be kept shut on the said day of recreation from eight o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening; and that no master should unlawfully detain his apprentice from his recreation, unless on account of market-days, fair-days, etc."

This ordinance is a laudable effort to meet one of the wants of every city population, and so to meet it as not to sacrifice the Sabbath. The days of recreation were guards and outposts stationed for the protection of the citadel. It is the fevered excitement of our working life, carried to the very verge of God's day, that unfits so many who live by toil for its Christian observance. In ten thousand instances the chain which holds us down to labor is not unbound till the stroke of the clock proclaims that holy-day is begun. Men of business, as well, carry the anxiety and fret of trade far into its sacred precincts, or sink into the lethargy of entire exhaustion. We array, thus, one part of the human constitution against another; whereas it should be our study to meet all of its requirements. When we remember that, besides this physical prostration, there is in the mind of many an indifference to the moral improvement which it is the object of the Sabbath to secure, together with the false views unhappily engendered by a wrong system of social training, we need not be surprised at the increased desecration of the day.

City life is highly artificial, and demands a correspondingly thoughtful provision for its necessities. A rural population submits with greater readiness to the claims of the Sabbatic law; for six days of activity in the pure air are sufficient for the claims of the body, so that rest comes as a privilege, and the excitation of new and elevating trains of thought as an agreeable interchange, and these together are best secured by the observance of the day according to its strictly Christian idea. Yet the labors of John Wesley among the rustics of England prove how far such a population may be degraded by giving up the Sabbath mainly to recreation, without regard to its higher ends.

Let us, then, endeavor to place in orderly array some of the benefits which we may conceive to flow from a strict observance of the day of rest. If we look at the provisions made for our well-being, we will perceive how ample among them are those which look to compensating for the wear and tear of active life. When the pulse has become feeble, the step languid, the brain dull, God gently lulls the senses to repose, steeps us in forgetfulness, and hands us over to "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." By making the earth turn diurnally on its axis, he hides us from the light of day, swathes us in darkness, giving us only the distant tapers of the sky. The spell of care is broken, bright fancies visit the sad and the dispirited, the galling chain of circumstance is cast away, and we forget for a while our troubled condition here. But neither the fatigue of body nor the weariness of mind is sufficiently repaired by these stated seasons of slumber. Our Creator has therefore given us this one day out of seven equally for the restoration of the body and the improvement of the soul. Being a day, it is a season of conscious, intelligent relaxation. Being a religious day, we can be cheered, not with unsubstantial visions of slumber, but with the promises of immortality made by our Father in His Word. Man enjoys the returns of sleep in common with all animal existence: the Sabbath is his in virtue of his prerogative as made in the image of God.

It is physically beneficial; for no more labor is accomplished when this day's observance is omitted than when it is duly enjoyed. Our servant-of-all-work, the steam-engine, may pant and drive the whole Sunday through, the myriad wheels of factories may clatter and roll, the hives of trade may be populous with throngs rushing out and in, labor may ply its mattock and spade, or tug at box and bale, regardless of the rest appointed for the relief of man, but nothing will be gained. At the year's end no more will be accomplished than if God's day had been duly honored. On the contrary, the working-classes will be physically and morally degraded, and capital will have become more grasping and avaricious. This experiment has frequently been tried, and always with the same result.

But as the masses of men are, of necessity, bound to exhausting toil, it is well to look at the benefits of the Sabbath especially in relation to them. If this day was made for man, their experience will bring clear testimony to the fact; for they best represent the wants of our common humanity. Fortunately their testimony has been carefully collected. In the year 1848 a benevolent English gentleman offered three several prizes for the best essays upon the observance of the Sabbath, to be written by working men. In a short period a large number were offered. The authors of the essays selected for publication insist, in emphatic terms, upon the importance, nay, the necessity, to the classes they represent of this divinely-appointed rest. They urge that it is for them a heaven-built barrier against the encroachments of selfish capitalists, whose attention is fixed solely upon the amassing of money. As in a dense population wages come down inevitably to the point of a bare support, they argue that they would gain no more from seven days of work than they do now from six—that is, a mere subsistence. During the six secular days their bones and muscles, their thews and sinews are mortgaged, and must be rendered in faithful service; on this day, the toiler feels

that he belongs to no man. Tugging and heaving, he has rolled the mighty weight to the hill-top; shall he, without a moment's pause, follow its descent, and begin to heave and raise it again? Let him tarry a while on that blessed eminence, which the light of God's day crowns; let him catch a brief glimpse of heaven, and, if he will, cheer himself with the thought of the coming day when the weary may rest forever.

It is morally, socially, and politically beneficial. The obliteration of the sanctity of the Sabbath is the obliteration in the public mind of the distinction between things sacred and profane. The respect in which it is held may be every where taken as the measure of the prevalence of religious principle. The quiet and the peace of a consecrated Sabbath are the prerequisite conditions for the inculcation of the moral lessons, in which, according to the ordinance of God, it behooves men to be trained. The witnesses whose testimony we have adduced above, aver that on this day only can the families of the working classes, scattered by the necessities of labor, be united; that then only can kindly domestic feeling be thoroughly cultivated, and children thoroughly instructed in moral and religious truth. The love which they cherish for this Divine institution is visible in the affectionate epithets which they apply to it: "The pearl of days," "the light of the week," "the toiler's jubilee," "the slave's release," "the antidote of weariness," "the suspension of the curse." In answer to the assertion that the day may be advantageously used for pleasure and social festivity, they declare that such uses become abuses, ending in dissipation and excess; that they who go to labor after a Sabbath so spent, go to it with languor; that its Christian observance serves best for the recuperation of body and the invigoration of mind. In the United States, where every man is one of the depositories of political power, and has political responsibilities, moral intelligence and enlightened conscientiousness are indispensable to social well-being. The lessons of submission to lawful authority, of self-restraint, of self-respect inspired by conscious virtue, are too important to be left to hap-hazard; and how can the citizen be taught them save under the sanctions of religion, enforced during the quiet of a Christian Sabbath? It is the day so consecrated that the good Herbert celebrates in his exquisite verse:

"O day, most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and by his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way.

"The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;
The working-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King!
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife;
More plentiful than hope."

Let us now turn to a picture of society where the Sabbath is given up to recreation, with but little

regard to its higher uses; or where the effort is made to commingle in its observance worship and pastime. We are met at once with the phenomenon that much of the worship is a mere form; the appearance of devoutness is there, but the heart is not in it. At the same time thousands, choosing—as they are taught they may—between attendance upon church and amusement, devote the day to the latter, and as their cravings are keen for animal enjoyment, the results may be readily conceived. Moreover, where the idea prevails that the Sabbath need not be strictly observed as holy, another idea prevails also—that it may, when necessary, be appropriated to labor, and thus the protection afforded to the working classes, by its consecration to religion, is taken away. But we are not willing to rest the matter upon our testimony alone. Let us hear how the eminent Frenchmen, Prudhon and the Abbé Gaume, describe Sunday in France:

“Sunday, in the towns, is a day of rest, without motive or end; an occasion of display for the women and children, of consumption in the restaurants and wine-shops, of degrading idleness, of surfeit and debauchery. On Sunday the tribunals are closed, public business is suspended, the schools have vacation, the work-shops are idle, the army reposes—and for what? That the judge, laying aside his toga and his gravity, may have leisure for the cares of ambition and pleasure; that the *savant* may cease from thinking; that the workman may make merry; that the grisette may dance; and that the soldier may tittle or grow weary with lassitude. The tradesman alone is busy.”

Still more energetic is the language of the eloquent Abbé:

“Where do these men, women, and children—free now of their time—resort? They take, without doubt, the way to the temple; thither they go to repair, by a twice salutary rest, the forces of their bodies and the piety of their spirits. No, the prodigals do not know any more the house of their Father. Where, then, do they go? Ask the *barrières*, the theatres, the taverns, the places of debauchery. For them the tables of surfeit and excess have displaced the holy table; licentious songs are their sacred hymns. The theatre is their church, dances and shows engage them instead of instruction and prayers. The night brings no end to this fearful scandal. At this evil hour innocence is most frequently seduced; and, under the shadow of evening, the mysteries of iniquity are finished. On the morrow they return to labor with bodies worn-out by the intemperance of the night, with spirits fatigued by dissipation and intrigue, with hearts corrupted, with consciences stung by remorse, and the week begun with the curse of God. Thus, by a disorder which cries for vengeance to Heaven, the holy-day is the day of the week most profaned.”

From such a Sabbath may a kind Providence ever deliver us! But already its desecration has been imported into our midst; and it behooves all true men who value the public welfare, to resist the pulling down of the barriers by which, in our land, it has from time immemorial been girt. A good work has already been done in the suspension of Sunday travel on many of our great railroads; and, as might be expected, the operatives work better, and human life is all the safer, for this devotion of the day to rest. Much more

remains to be done in the enforcement of State and Municipal laws, many of which are the ripe fruit of the wisdom and piety of our ancestors. The unbelieving and dissolute may scoff, and the sophistical plead for the privilege of turning liberty into licentiousness; but let us remember that “the profanation of the Sabbath is the materialization of the people; that a people materialized is a people destroyed.”

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE are now eighty-two years old! (The Easy Chair does not mean itself, venerable as it is, but its country.) Born of very poor but respectable parents, we have pushed on through a thousand vicissitudes, until now the completion of our century stands full in view. The duration of the highest prosperity of Greece was not so long as the time we have already lived. The prime of Greek power lasted about seventy years, and thence through rapid changes it fell into chaos.

Is our age youth, or maturity, or decline?

The Easy Chair suggests the theme for all Fourth of July orators. After the bells have “ushered in the auspicious day”—after the cannon have roared with contagious voices from Maine to California, and the Atlantic and Pacific have heard the happy music pealing across a continent—after the young ladies in white have cast their blooming wreaths upon the orator's platform, and the long hot dusty procession has passed into the meeting-house, and sits fanning with bandanas its moist brows and warm necks, exposed by the loosened collar—when the band have played “Hail Columbia!” and the choir have sung in resonant chorus “the Star-spangled Banner”—when the Declaration that all men are created free and equal has been read, and the solemn prayer offered—then let the orator rise and answer the question, in which every one of his hearers, from the same Maine to the same California, is profoundly interested—Is our present age of eighty-two years youth, or maturity, or decline?

The question might lead him into the domain of politics, whither the Easy Chair does not follow him. Yet, whatever he said, he could not omit to mention the sublime opportunity offered to mankind and the great ideas of all ages, upon this continent. He could not fail to mark the wonder, never sufficiently noted, that for such long, long centuries this continent was hidden from human knowledge, and to trace in that fact some clew to the divine purpose in American civilization and history.

What might he not do and say, the Fourth of July orator, to redeem his subject from triteness and restore it to its profound interest and charm? It is the day for an appeal to the national conscience, to be worthy of ourselves, of our condition, and of our destiny. It is the day to be brave and bold. It is the day when the popular heart demands as its fit orator no maker of phrases, no mouther of commonplace platitudes, but a man whose words shall be like lightning to purify and illuminate. A brave and honorable nation, like an honorable and brave man, looking clearly in the eye of its friend, challenges his criticism, defers to his rebuke, and kindles under his praises.

Are not we a brave and honorable nation? Listen to the orators, and judge. Harken to the after-dinner speeches, and answer. If they tell the truth,

no man who is to speak need to fear speaking plainly. If we are great in all the elements of true national greatness, need we tremble to know it? If we are *not* great, but weak and in danger, ought we not to tremble *not* to know it?

Of course all the people will say, Amen.

THE week of Anniversaries is long past; but it is the pleasure and privilege of an old Easy Chair to chew the cud of remembrance and reflection, and when the immediate event is passed, to consider its bearing and influence. So after the seed is sown, we walk over the smooth fields, in whose bosoms such universal germination is going on, and meditate the possible blight or foresee the golden harvests.

The week was never more exciting and interesting than it was this year, and it will undoubtedly grow in interest with time. For it is a grand tournament of oratory and debate. It is getting to be our great central intellectual festival, corresponding to the games of old Greece. The public that throngs the meetings during that week is no longer content with the sapless speeches of dry divines, but requires—and now generally obtains—speeches of marrow and pith from real men, from speakers on whose tongue the fiery touch of eloquence has been laid, whose lips the Attic bees have stung into intensity and power.

And the week shows what oratorical force is yet left in the clergy. The American people is such a speaking race, it has such a gift for public oratory, that the almost universal habit of our preachers to write their sermons seemed to threaten seriously to interfere with extempore eloquence, and that immediate sympathy between speaker and audience which is the best thing in oratory, and so to leave the laity probably the chief orators.

But, unquestionably, the most effective orators we have are among the clergy. Not exclusively, certainly, for Edward Everett is not a clergyman, although he was clerically bred, and Wendell Phillips is not a clergyman. But Dr. Tyng is, and Mr. Beecher is, and so are Bethune, and Chapin, and M'Clintock, and Cheever, and Starr King, and Cuyler, and Clark, and Milburn, and Bellows, and Thompson; and these are all eloquent men, some of them as eloquent as any orators we have in our history, and all of them are to be heard in the great days of May, when from every quarter of the country men and women come up to the anniversaries.

Yet if a man, in the hope of discovering the secret of eloquence, should go from one meeting to another in the anniversary week, and listen patiently and critically to all the speakers, how little after all he would have found what he sought! Eloquence is as subtle and indescribable as fragrance or music. How many a flower which seems to you lovely or gorgeous as it hangs upon its stem, and which you would pass by, only admiring it, suddenly enchants and retains you, and lingers forever in your memory, the moment you perceive its fragrant breath! What were the rose without its odor! How poor is the bird of Paradise beside the lark!

"That from heaven or near it,
Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

So indescribable is eloquence and so fascinating. It does not belong necessarily to scholars and polished periods. It does not depend upon brilliant

rhetoric, nor even upon imagination. It is the growth of the particular time and circumstance; it is the peculiar sympathy between the speaker and the hearers. You feel it tingling in your fingers, perhaps, before you suspected it to be eloquence. It was a beautiful glittering stone, suddenly it was lava.

But who shall give rules for this electric touch, or teach the power with which the enthusiasm of crowds is kindled? The eloquence of some orators gathers as rapidly and suddenly as a summer shower, lightens, strikes, and passes on; that of others rises like a storm at sea—slowly and slowly, with changing winds, with a hazy sun, with thickening clouds, with increasing roar, until, after many days, the gloomy majesty prevails and overbears the horizon. For fifteen years Isocrates—"that old man eloquent whom the dishonest victory of Cheronea killed with report"—was engaged in preparing one discourse. How Demosthenes labored tradition is never weary of telling. Cicero was "a dig," and, not without justice, perhaps, he called the orator a rarer product of nature than the poet. Mirabeau, the most famous, fiery, and effective of French orators, sometimes took the brief of an oration, so to speak, from the hands of a friend, as he mounted the tribune, and spoke some of his most piercing and persuasive discourses from the manuscript. Lord Chesterfield, whose oratorical excellence lives chiefly in tradition, had long accustomed himself to a sharp drill in the English language, choosing only the best and most expressive words, so that he said it was harder for him to talk improperly than well. Lord Chatham was neither a man of deep thought nor of wide learning, but his voice was musical and his action dramatic. Burke, whose orations are the greatest orations in English literature, began by surprising Parliament as a prodigy, and ended by emptying the House. Was it not Fox who said that a speech was not a good speech if it read well? But Dr. Chalmers, the greatest of modern English pulpit orators, spoke from manuscript.

In our own country John B. Gough, who is the most popular and effective speaker with the great mass of the people, is a person of ordinary mind, of small learning, not graceful in manner nor of musical voice, yet he collects crowds every where, who pay to hear him upon the subject they have always heard him treat, and who hang upon every word with tears and laughter and delight. He is an oratorical actor. He reels and staggers and falls—he smiles and sighs and grins—in delineation of his theme. Gough was engaged for fifty thousand dollars by the English Temperance Society to work for them in England. The sum is a practical, substantial statement of the value of his oratory. On the other hand, Edward Everett is a person of large scholarship, of elegant and cultivated intellect and taste, of the highest refinement of association and manner. Singularly timid, fastidious, and cold, he is entirely undramatic. He has a studied grace of gesture, never vehement, too characteristically quivering, a musical voice carefully modulated, and a sublime propriety of demeanor. His discourses are most carefully elaborated and committed; the constitution of his mind and his character prevent his taking any side, or pressing a powerful conviction or view which might be distasteful to any hearer; he has, consequently, neither the stimulus of opposition nor the glory of victory and triumphant assertion. Yet he is called the greatest

of our orators. He it is who fills the great buildings and draws the admiring crowds. He is the very contrast of Gough; who, then, shall tell the secret of oratory?

Upon the whole, this age and our own country have shown the most striking spectacle in the long history of oratory and eloquence. Kossuth's reputation as a speaker is not surpassed by that of any man who has spoken among us. The power and persuasion, the fire and pathos of his speeches are traditional. They had this farther value that they were not passionate rhetoric only, beautiful and seductive, but they were full of principles and thoughts. They were worth reading, which can be said of very few good speeches of the kind. And yet when you reflect upon his great fame—when you reflect that he is not unjustly classed by English critics with the greatest orators in history, is it not startling to remember that this effect was all produced in an utterly foreign language, mastered in prison? If the exile Kossuth, speaking in England or in America, led every listener captive, what must not the effect have been, when, in his own country, upon the kindling, longing, breaking hearts of his countrymen, he lavished all the enthusiasm of his own soul in the pliant, melancholy Magyar dialect?

But it is with eloquence as with other of the fine arts. You can not say how much of the effect is in the orator, and how much in the hearer. Men hear with their hearts a man whom they love. So they hear with a pre-assumed admiration a speaker who is very famous. People who listen to an orator like Spurgeon, go in an excited state of mind. They are apt to like him extravagantly or to be repelled entirely. His speech is like the new book of a popular author. The public accepts it with a smile before it has read it.

If a man, therefore, should attend all the anniversaries next year with the intention of studying eloquence and finding out its secrets and its laws, how completely baffled he would be by every speaker! Every thing that could be taught him of the method would be merely mechanical—and he would not have come in vain, if he should have learned that it is foolish to talk of *making* an orator. A speaker may be taught to open his mouth and pronounce his words audibly and use them grammatically. He may be taught propriety of action—not grace, unless nature has made him graceful. He may be taught to acquaint himself thoroughly with the subject in debate, and long habit may give even a nervous man coolness and self-possession. But when you have taught him all, he is as far from eloquence as any scholar in Titian's studio, who had faithfully learned to draw and to mix his colors and lay them on, is far from being Titian or a great painter. In oratory, as in every other department of human labor and expression, the essential secret is a gift of God, and we try to describe it and grasp it by seizing the mere forms.

A FRIENDLY and sensible correspondent writes:

"CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.

"MY DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Let us converse about that which you style 'very Jewish.'"

He then continues in a generous and calm and intelligent way to call to account the common habit of using the word Jewish as a stigma of selfishness and meanness; and quotes many curious facts from the statistics of the race, in this country

and in others, and with many a kindly cogent argument invites the Chair to be more thoughtful and just hereafter.

Now, in the first place, the Easy Chair, without recurring to its printed pages, but conscious only of its general spirit, feels very confident that it has not used the expression in any sense that could convict it of guilt from its correspondent's point of view. But the question suggested is a fair one and worthy of consideration, as the letter is of a candid answer.

And, in the second place—distinguishing our correspondent as X.—has X. reflected upon the reason of the universal prejudice against his race in Christendom? Is it surprising that a civilization called from the name of Christ should hold under perpetual ban of dislike and partial ignominy the whole race which is descended from those who rejected the leader of Christendom as the Messiah, and who refuse him to this day? The Easy Chair does not express any opinion of the charity of such a wholesale judgment, but, taking human nature as it is, is it not a very natural and obvious prejudice?

That feeling accounts for the general odium which hangs over the Jews in Christian countries. It has passed now, of course, into a traditional prejudice. Very few people who call a man who is a hard trader a Jew really understand why they do it.

The reason, in addition to the first one, is, that after the exile of the Jews into a world in which Christendom was constantly growing, they were obliged to earn their livelihood, as they best could, under the immense disadvantage of this prejudice. Compelled to the strictest economy, all their shrewd, sharp faculties were developed—the prejudice against them begot in their minds a retaliatory hatred of the Christians—they came to deal naturally in coin which was of absolute value every where—and thus they were of the greatest necessity and use to those who most heartily despised them. In turn they extorted all they could. They became sour and sordid. They lived to accumulate money, and became naturally a by-word. The Jew passed into literature. The legend of the Wandering Jew was treated in a hundred ways. He was the type of the sin and suffering of the race. Shakespeare created Shylock; Scott, Isaac of York; Dickens and Thackeray, Fagin and Mr. Moss: besides, all the other money-lenders and usurers in every literature.

These things surely explain the traditional treatment of the Jewish race. Of course they do not justify it. But X. will easily see how and why a man is called "a Jew" as a term of reproach. That the general character and conduct of the race in the world at the present time at all corroborate this reputation the Easy Chair is far from saying; and that a nation is very likely to be estimated by its worst individuals is, unhappily, too true. X. asserts that "wherever the Jew has gone he has taken with him morals, cultivation, education, and intelligent enterprise. He has kept pace with the pioneer, and he opens his door, his hearth, his purse to the distressed with genuine philanthropy." He then instances Judah Touro as a true patriot and a good man, rich in good works. He informs us that the Jewish population of the City of New York exceeds in number that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. He invites us to the "palatial mansions" in which they reside—

to visit the Jew mechanics of every kind—to observe the Jews upon the police—to consider some twenty benevolent mutual aid societies. He bids us scan Chatham Street closely, and we shall find as many Christians as Jews among those merchants, and shall discover that there are but *about fifteen pawnbrokers of that ilk*. Farther down town we are instructed that we shall find them in the California trade, in wholesale furs, dry-goods, caps, boots and shoes, and woollens, and some just launching in the shipping business. They have “stood the panic” well; have employed, and employ, thousands of hands, at regular wages; some are directors in banks, and others in insurance companies. In the doubtful region of Wall Street there are but two bill-brokers and two bankers of the race, and X. knows of no “shaver” there. In the City Hall we encounter various high officers who are of Hebrew descent. In the courts of law, says X., “we bow to the City Judge, recognize the associate United States District-Attorney (the letter was dated early in May), shake hands with the best criminal lawyer of the city, say good-day to one of the Record Commissioners, and notice some seven other gentlemen of the long robe, all of whom are professed Israelites. There is a military review, and the troops are passing in front. Notice these troops of cavalry—these other companies of infantry—all of them, officers and men, avowed Jews. . . . The *Macedonian's* newly-appointed commodore is a Jew.” They have their newspapers, scores of physicians and apothecaries, teachers, preachers, artists, and “that noble institution, the Jews’ Hospital.”

X. concludes his interesting letter:

“We are not better, but certainly are not worse, than the society in which we live. You are tired, dear Easy Chair. I confess we have had quite a laborious journey. I hope that you will now have the opportunity of defining the real meaning of your ‘sharp practice’ and ‘very Jewish.’” (The Easy Chair has already stated that it is a mistaken supposition that it used these words.)

“Now is there any thing more? You tell me that we keep ourselves as a close corporation, and do not mix with the world. I rather fancy the world—that is, the fashionable Misses M’Flimsey and the respectable Gunnybags—don’t desire to mix with us, and we cheerfully accommodate them. *That* world has a prejudice, which *you* keep up, against these Jews, with whom I now have made you acquainted. And don’t you think that to withstand such prejudice, and to occupy the position which I have now shown to you, requires honor, integrity, industry, perseverance, intelligence, *morality*, and religion, and could never be obtained by a population of ‘shavers,’ ‘usurers,’ ‘fences’—by ‘JEWS’ in the sense in which litterateurs, and even Easy Chairs, sometimes apply the term?”

Certainly our Hebrew friends could not demand a more hearty statement of their side of the question. But they can not expect a world-wide prejudice, ingrained by religious fanaticism, to perish rapidly. The feeling is almost beyond the control of reason. And yet this century has given us old Mendellsohn the philosopher, and young Mendellsohn the musician, Meyerbeer and Rachel, Heine and Disraeli; and at this moment, as power is estimated, a Jew is the most powerful man in the world. Rothschild holds in his pocket the peace of the world. Louis Napoleon recently call-

ed him to consult about the safety of his empire. “Rothschild bluntly told him that the best measure would be to suspend the *Moniteur* and semi-official papers for a few months, since the fears of the moneyed classes are continually excited by the indiscreet and bullying articles against either Austria or England. Accordingly, the papers have been ordered to abstain in future from similar attacks, and to pocket the insult offered by the English jurymen and press in the case of Bernard.”

That is to say, Rothschild is of more weight than all the Cabinet and the Generals. And, indeed, however many Jew knaves a man may remember to have seen, he can not very readily recall a Jew fool. The feeling of the Easy Chair’s correspondent is most natural. Only let him and his friends remember this: that no thoughtful, honorable man is seriously and permanently prejudiced against another for the reason of his race. He may not be entirely free from the effect of the universal feeling—he may even sometimes incautiously use the name of the race as a reproach, but it is a carelessness for which he will express his regret the moment it is brought to his notice. In this country—and, indeed, in others that the Easy Chair knows—it may most truly be said that the Jews do not commit the crimes, do not fill the prisons, but are orderly and sober citizens. But so strong, so ineradicable is the stain of prejudice, that the present English House of Lords has refused to remove the Jewish disabling clause at the same time that the Commons passed the bill to grant supplies to Maynooth College. Let X. remember what a long and bitter battle was fought upon the Catholic question, and believe, with the Easy Chair, that the Jewish disabilities will at last be removed, not only to an equal seat in the English Parliament, but to an equal place with all other people in the charity of Christendom.

THE Easy Chair has received another letter of another kind—a letter in print, in the *Mound City Emporium*, in Kentucky—and as it read it the sap of forgotten springs seemed to stir once more in its old wood, and, except that the tree has “died into a” chair (not a desk, as Lamb said), it would have blossomed all over in recognition of the generous feeling of the letter. “It makes me sad sometimes,” it says, “to think that the Chair, some morning, will be found vacant, and stiff, and staring, and will finally be carried silently away to the garret, or some dark corner!” Yes; but so to have lived as to make itself so missed when it is gone is a fate fair enough for any Chair, or for any man. What a sacred charm, what a tender value it gives to life, to know that if you suddenly ceased to live there would be—were it only one person—to whom the sun would never again shine quite so brightly; in whose eyes the flowers would have lost something; to whom all the beauty and grandeur of the world would be a little sobered and changed; and whose hope and faith, reaching out after you, should take hold of that divine love which sustains the seen and the unseen!

In the March Number of the Magazine the Easy Chair tried to show that Thackeray had not unjustly represented the youth of Washington. It has received a great many public and private replies to what it said, but it is useless to prolong the debate. Whether the *Virginians* is interesting or not, whether Thackeray is a man of talent or

not, whether the American people like him and his treatment of Washington, are comparatively unimportant questions in view of the chief inquiry which has been suggested by the debate. This is logically stated in a letter from "Calafornia" to the "Renowned Easy Chair," which subjoins a few passages. ". . . . Nor can we make too nice a point of it. From the fact that the Americans hold Washington as too sacred a character to be handled in this trifling manner. With almost an equal propriety might Thackeray have manufactured a novel from the Bible, and have made the Saviour and St. Paul its leading" characters.

"When has the world produced his peer? Has Greece, with all her commanding talents? Has Rome, with her magnificent display of genius? Has England, with all her boasted array of profound intellects, equaled him?"

"Had the Greeks half as much occasion to have admired the character of Achilles as we have that of Washington they would have been justified to have ranked him in their imaginations as a full-grown god.

"Washington should be represented as history proves he was, the heaven-chosen, miraculous founder of our nation. . . . Then can we be like him? Impossible! There is no more Americas to found, although there is one to preserve."

This is the logical result of the argument. Washington is too sacred to be mentioned except upon bended knees and with hushed voice, as we name a deity. And this is the lesson that is to be taught the children. Washington and our fathers were not honest, brave, wise, and great, striking bravely and steadily, through gloom and long delay, for their country; but the chief of them was a miraculous leader, and, of course, not only was there no possibility of any other result—but being a supernatural personage, he is no kind of prototype or example for any body else. His patriotism was not the simple love and faith and power which reside in the heart of every man, but was a peculiar gift. The rest of us may be pretty good patriots, but not so excellent lovers of our country as he.

But will "Calafornia" not confess that when he tells his son of our great Washington he practically says to him, "Here, my son, was a Virginia gentleman, of good fortune and fine promise, of a singularly calm and balanced mind—of a remarkable prudence and wisdom, who used his good sense, and his military skill, and his vast moral influence, derived from the purity and nobility of his character, to lead his fellow-countrymen through a long and weary war. He sometimes lost battles, he sometimes won battles; but his love of country and his confidence in God and justice were unswerving, and, at length, by wisely using the means he could collect, he succeeded in driving the enemy from our shores. My son, his chief greatness was a greatness of character. That made him an incorruptible magistrate and general, and an honest citizen. Go: contemplate his virtues and make them your own; you may be as incorruptible and honest in your degree as he. He had no assistance that every child of God has not. If you are less single-minded than he, you betray your country and you invite the scorn of every generous soul."

That is the honorable lesson of Washington's life. When you make him a demi-god you lift him out of human sympathy. You can no longer appeal to his probity and fidelity as a pattern and spur, be-

cause they were supernatural endowments. Men will excuse themselves from sacrifices for liberty, even from loving liberty with that absorbing passion which becomes every American, upon the plea that Washington had peculiar assistance and light. "It is no merit of his," they will say—and justly, if this assumption be allowed—"that he was what he was. If he had been like the rest of us, we should feel the force of his wonderful calmness and patriotism. As it is, he was the miraculous founder of the State, and you have no right to expect in me, plain Andrew Jones, the virtues and self-denials and so forth of miraculous personages."

Plain Andrew Jones has the best of the argument, and will put you down. Whoever talks about the peculiar sacredness of Washington's character, in a manner to convey that it was different from the peculiar sacredness of the characters of other great and good men, puts a club into the hands of traitors to strike at liberty and our country. Among all figures of human history none certainly stands more serene and lofty than Washington. His memory is our precious national treasure. His life was the very model of republican integrity and simplicity. He loved liberty no less wisely than well. He was greater than he that taketh a city, for he ruled his own spirit. Among generals, a great general; among statesmen, a wise and sagacious governor; among men, a good man, there is no wonder that he was unanimously called to the Presidency, or that a whole people literally wept at his death. His life was an illustration of noble manhood; and all his fellow-citizens are men.

THE "Editors" of this Magazine were recently informed by a courteous communication that they had been elected honorary members of the — Platonic Association.

When that highly respectable body embraced in the foregoing plural were so kind as to apprise the Easy Chair of the honors that had befallen them, the Chair, standing upon all its four legs, was commencing a speech of congratulation, when he was interrupted by thirteen of the "Editors," who begged him to restrain his eloquence for a moment, and listen farther.

"For," said they, "our election is attended with conditions. The object of the — Platonic Association, as we are informed, is the acquisition of knowledge and the improvement of mind."

"Well, certainly," interrupted the Easy Chair, "nothing could be more—"

"Stop, we beg you," cried the thirteen in a breath. "The Association hopes that when we have received the announcement of our election we will acknowledge the acceptance of its highest honors by forwarding a copy of our valuable Magazine, which will not only tend to the advancement of science, but will also give a larger circulation to that periodical. And this is 'the condition precedent,' as the Kansas debaters say; for they hope to receive the Magazine in order to have the pleasure of enrolling our names upon the Society books. That is to say, No Magazine, no membership."

"Very well," said this Easy Chair, "are you going to accept?"

"Dear Easy Chair, we came to beg you to write a reply for us."

"What shall I say?"

"Just what you choose."

"You confide in me?"

"Absolutely."

So the thirteen seated themselves around the Easy Chair, and busied themselves with their editorial duties, while we wrote as follows:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE PLATONIC ASSOCIATION—We have received your very courteous announcement of our election as honorary members of your Society, on the condition precedent that we send you the Magazine. The annual subscription to the Monthly is three dollars, the annual postage amounts to thirty-six cents. We accept with gratitude the honor you propose—upon one condition precedent—namely, that you send us three barrels of superior winter apples annually, at one dollar a barrel—we agreeing to pay the freight. We hope at the earliest moment to receive a bill of lading of the apples, that we may have the pleasure of having our names enrolled upon the books of your Society. Very respectfully,

"THE EDITORS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

When the Easy Chair read this draft of a proposed reply, Mr. Lambkin Veally, the most tender-hearted of all the editors, blushed and stammered and inquired whether his friends did not think the reply might wound the feelings of the gentlemen of the Association, and suggested that the Editors should respectfully thank the Society and send the Magazine.

"Not at all," shouted out Batt,* "not at all! Why, what have they done? They want the Magazine. They don't want to pay for it. They send us a lubricating letter (treating us as the anaconda treats a donkey, in order to swallow him more easily), and inform us they have made us a member of their Society. But if we don't send them the Magazine we sha'n't be members. That is to say, the price of membership is three dollars a year. It is an insult to send us such a letter. I am for publishing it in the newspapers with the names in full. There are about six hundred literary and miscellaneous periodicals published in this country, and the Platonic Association can get the whole of them by electing the editors members—on the same condition—if the editors are to be so easily gulled."

Mr. Batt sat down on the edge of the Table, and Mr. Sirius (who "does" the *Summary*) rose and remarked,

"It's all honey-fuggling"—and sat down again.

There was a moment of profound silence, when twelve of the thirteen shouted in chorus:

"What's honey-fuggling?"

"It's cutting it too fat over the left," replied Mr. Sirius.

The meeting became uproarious at this point, and amidst confusing cries of "Order, order!" "Question!" "Pitch into 'em!" "Question!" "Gentlemen one mo—!" "No, no!" "Down, down!" etc. etc., Mr. Crease (the Literary Notices) got the floor, and said that he had no doubt the letter was sent to the editors in perfect good faith. He was willing to believe that the Society was composed of very young men, and that they had not appreciated the absurdity of their action; for what honor can they think it to be made an honorary member of a Society on condition that you send them a Magazine? It is their own purses they are looking at, not our eminent talents. [Long and deafening ap-

plause.] Mr. Crease, therefore, moved that the Platonic Association have leave to withdraw, and sat down amidst three times three.

Mr. Veally inquired why they could not send them the Magazine as requested. It's only three dollars; and certainly the twenty-five editors, thirteen of whom only were present, could afford that.

Mr. Byle (the author of the Jokes in the *Drawer*) rose in great excitement, and said:

"Sir, Mr. Easy Chair, it makes me furious to hear such disgusting sentiments. How do we know there is any such Society? What is to prevent John Smith writing from any where, and informing us that we are made members of the Shaving of Shagpat Association on condition that we send the Magazine? Smith is the whole Society, and bags the Magazine and us at the same time. I don't know any such Society or persons as appear in this letter. If I did, the principle is equally wrong. I move that the reply, drafted by our venerable friend on four legs, be adopted by acclamation and forwarded post-haste."

Upon putting the question, the vote was enthusiastic and unanimous. Even Mr. Veally voted Aye. "If the gentlemen really want it so," said he, "why I may as well join them; for I don't want to hurt the feelings of my colleagues."

So the Editors of Harper's Magazine are not H.M.P.A.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LAST month we traveled, and chatted from our curricule; this month we stay at home, and gossip from our Chair. Shall we be dull if we begin with politics, and give the color of feeling—Continental feeling—in view of the acquittal of Bernard and of the British status generally?

The first fires of French indignation, which found hottest vent in the Catholic journal of M. Veuillot (the *Univers*), have subsided; the *Moniteur* is silent; the *Constitutionnel* has given over discussion which might prove provocative of rupture; but yet conversation turns that way, and conversation has this color: The English are not to be judged like other people; to suppose them capable of those passions and sentiments which control the Continental nations, is to err very gravely. Great Britain is a planet apart, which gravitates in its special orbit, obedient to no influence but that of SELF-INTEREST. When it is convenient for her to surround herself with satellites, she chooses them from among the Continental nations as her necessity may demand. Now it is an alliance with Russia, now with France; again it is a close communion with Austria, or a tender fellowship with Prussia, and anon an earnest lien with Sardinia. Her alliances are formed and broken with a facility that amazes; and the allies of yesterday are the foes of to-morrow, without disturbing or wounding the British self-love. To remain on good terms with Albion, her Continental neighbors have but one course to pursue—they must abandon all self-respect, and accept the pretensions of the haughty islanders; at such cost they may hope kind words, and that gracious protection which Albion bestows upon her colonies.

What boots it to call in question her tergiversations? "Your Excellencies decide to-day in a manner diametrically opposite to your decision of yesterday, but your Excellencies always decide justly," was the speech of an advocate to the old Seignury of Venice. England expects the same

* The author of the Editor's Table. [This note is strictly confidential between the reader and the E. C.]

regard, and the same faith. To-day she approves the seizure of the *Cagliari* by Naples; to-morrow she abjures the opinion, and sides with Sardinia—but who can doubt the wisdom of a British decision?

That great country is not so weak as to yield to a sentiment of honor or to heed the calls of gratitude. Yesterday how grandly, in the eyes of Europe and the world, she assumed defense of Turkey, and became the guardian of that desolate Isle of Serpents, in the mouths of the Danube, which Russia coveted; to-day she fastens her clutch upon Perim, and does not hear Turkey, if Turkey dare to rebel.

Yesterday she bids the Sultan fling away the barbarian rags of intolerance, and give citizen rights and immunities to Christian as well as Moslem; to-day, in her gorgeous hall of peers, by the lips of a Derby and Cashel, she stigmatizes the Jews, and denies them the privileges of a ten-pound Protestant commoner—but England always decides righteously!

The duty of her ministers is to weigh well each act of theirs in the scale of the national interest, and then to decorate their resolve with sonorous euphuisms about the humanity, and generosity, and loyalty of England—all these virtues being her special inheritance.

There may be reproaches, indignation, bold reports upon this side the Channel; but do they reach through the fog and phlegm that reign beyond the straits? Is not England above assault? Do they not, every man of them, possess glorious immunities, to do what they choose, to say what they choose, to plot what they choose—they, and all refugees who live under her flag?

There is something grand in this, to be sure; a nation must needs be great and strong to break and make alliances as she will—to give the law to Europe.

And how does she retain this power? If France threaten, has she not, under cover of her hospitality, the representatives of an Orleans dynasty and of a Republican rule to set loose? If Spain be restive, can she not reinstate the Carlists? If Austria, would not a word of hers light up Hungary and Lombardy? And for Europe entire, has she not the Chartist-socialist element, which (she being first victim) would put all the Continental States in a blaze?

Yet, so strong as she is in these moral allies, there are times when she goes into a tremor lest her nearest neighbors should steam over from Cherbourg; but France quiets her by her openness. We never make aggressions by stealth, she says. There is courtesy in war, and the French nation does not forget courtesy.

But—say the Continental talkers—with all its apparent steadfastness, there is need for England to beware. Her Continental sisters are learning her character, and the secret of her diplomacy; they are fast discovering that their only immunity from her haughty dictation must lie in good-fellowship among themselves. With this consummated, the grenades and poniards which are secretly fabricated in England will do their work at home, and the vast explosive material which English hospitality shelters, and which a haughty pride ignores, will break up the very foundations of the oligarchy.

This is the way people talk on this side the Channel.

On the other side, see how coolly, half-arrogant-

ly, and withal quite sensibly, the spokesman for England talks (the provoking topic being still the acquittal of Dr. Bernard):

"We should be sorry to libel our nation, but, with all their love of fair play, Englishmen do not expect absolute justice. The very cost of our law, which compels the surrender of many small rights, and disables the smaller class of claimants, is practically a denial of justice. We all think it better it should be so, rather than have England filled with petty litigation. Nobody supposes that town or country magistrates, courts-martial, ecclesiastical courts, or even the House of Lords, put altogether out of sight the expediency or in expediency of a decision. When O'Connell's sentence was reversed by the last-mentioned tribunal, people were satisfied—not because they thought it law, but because they recognized the wisdom of that course. We have recently created County Courts, in which several hundred barristers of no great pretension decide at the rate, sometimes, of a hundred suits a day. It must, of course, be rough justice; but it satisfies the purpose, which is to stop quarrels. This intrusion of practical principles into the realm of justice is of a piece with our whole social system. *Discretion, management, and address lord it every where with every body's connivance. There is not such a nation of 'jobbers' under the sun.* The unit of English society is a 'good fellow,' and a good fellow is always ready to do a good turn for any body. At an infinitely small cost to every body else he will always give a 'poor fellow'—that is, another good fellow not so well off as himself—a 'lift,' or a 'push,' or some other palpable advantage. Nobody objects, for every body does the same thing in his way and in his turn. The most cynical objectors to the system are the worst jobbers themselves. Such is the alliance of law with grace, justice with discretion, in the general practice of society. It naturally mitigates the severity of our courts. As far as we are concerned, confining ourselves to our own country, and having regard to our own prepossessions, we might have been very angry at some of these verdicts. We might have resented warmly the decision of the Lords in favor of O'Connell, or what a few years have reduced to a very diminutive event—the refusal of the jury to convict Mr. Duffy. It is not pleasant to see a riot raised, a town sacked—half-burned, perhaps—and a man or two killed, and then hear that the undoubted perpetrators have all been found not guilty. So again of more deliberate wickedness. Either the jury thinks harm enough has been done already, or they are simply afraid, or they really think there is much to be said on both sides of the question, and they simply refuse to convict. We, who stand up for order, generally protest against such verdicts, if only to hold juries to their duty. But in a very few years the thing is forgotten, and nobody is the worse for a particular individual not having been hung, or shut up in prison for the rest of his days. The common impression south of the Tweed was that Madeleine Smith 'served him right,' but the exploit has not been repeated. The exposure and the terrors of a long investigation and trial are lessons enough to most people. Some years ago a surgeon was tried for poisoning his young wife by putting prussic acid into the tumbler of water placed for her first morning draught. Nobody doubted his guilt, but he got off. Nothing of the kind, however, has happened since. So, for the

comfort of our neighbors, we beg to express our opinion that not only will Dr. Bernard think he has put his neck far enough into the halter, but that in general the manufacture of grenades and fulminating mercury on this side the Channel is likely to cease for the present."

But you are tired of Bernard, and of the talk which has grown out of his trial.

Meantime how shall we account for the success of the Government candidate in that arrondissement of Paris where, last year, the Republicans elected the General Cavaignac? Partly, no doubt, by reason of the lesser repute and authority of the Republican nominee, and partly by reason of the new Imperial edict, which demands of every candidate an oath of fealty to the Emperor. It is not by sending its orators to the present legislative assembly that Republican France is to make itself heard again. Even Jules Favre (elected, as you will see) will talk vainly under the presidency of De Morny. Republicans must prove the virtue of waiting.

The new Congress of Paris is just at hand, wherein is to meet final settlement that old, vexed, and tedious question about the Principalities—of which you have had already enough. Possibly, too, *Périm* may come up; and the present visit of Lord Cowley to London may be for comparison of views on the ground to be taken with the new Foreign Secretary.

You will not fail to have remarked the wide sweep of old British diplomatists which the present Government of Lord Derby has made. Normanby is withdrawn from Florence; Lord Wodehouse from Petersburg; Lord Howden from Madrid; Sir Hamilton Seymour from Vienna; and it is rumored that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has only saved himself from decapitation by voluntary retirement. It is singular enough, too, that while most of these incumbents were peers, they have been replaced, at the hands of a high Tory administration, by commoners.

Lord Normanby alone has resented what he has counted ill-usage, and has shown the bad taste to assert his capacity and fidelity in a letter to the *Times* newspaper; whereupon that journal, with most impudent independence, responds thus:

"We should be grieved indeed to write a word which could give a moment's pain, on personal grounds, to so amiable and deservedly popular a man. Considering what our Italian diplomacy has been for some time past, we thought we were adopting the more merciful supposition in presuming that the popular rumor which spoke of Lord Normanby's failing strength was correct. The explanation invariably given of his Tuscan mission was that the real business was transacted at Vienna, and the mere ornamental duties at Florence. From his duties Lord Normanby tells us he has never been absent, and his word is worthy of all respect. We may add, with perfect sincerity, that, when we compare our late representative in Tuscany with his successor, we are heartily sorry that he has been displaced. By the side of Mr. Howard Lord Normanby is a Richelieu or a Talleyrand. This, however, is the only ground on which his removal can be regretted; for it is clear enough that, with the turn things are now taking on the continent of Europe, there should be a man of vigorous character, of firm will, and of keen intellect, to act as watchman for England in the Italian Peninsula. This Tuscan mission has ever been treated as an

arm-chair by the Foreign Office. The post is so very agreeable; the city so pleasant, the works of art collected in it so interesting, that there is really no spot on the continent of Europe where an elderly gentleman can spend the autumn of his days more entirely to his own satisfaction than at the capital of the Medici. With the Neapolitan mission canceled, the Roman mission non-existing, and Lombardy, diplomatically speaking, a blank, it is obvious that, if diplomacy be not an idle farce, we ought to be better represented at the Court of Tuscany than we are, or have been for some time past. This we say on public grounds. If we were allowed to consider the question as one of private relations, we should be happy to bear witness to the fact that a more courteous gentleman than Lord Normanby was never engaged in the service of the country."

Lord Normanby, good and popular as he is, weakened his reputation very much by his tell-tale book about his diplomatic career in Paris; by his *Times* letter he has demolished it altogether.

The Mr. Howard, of whom the *Times* speaks in no very complimentary manner, was for some time attaché to the British Embassy of Paris, and while in that capacity was the earnest suitor of an exceedingly beautiful young lady—Miss Sneyd—who has just now married another attaché, and still graces the balls of the metropolis as Mrs. Petre.

While talking of diplomacy we must not forget to say that poor Lamartine has been latterly arraigned and ridiculed in the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, by no less a person than General de la Marmora.

Surely Italy could spare her taunts for the author of the eloquent and hopeful manifesto of Republican France!

Lamartine might have passed the wrong in silence, and the people would have translated the silence into eloquent indignation. But, unfortunately, the statesman-poet has a share of Normanby weakness. He writes to the journals:

"Respect to the powers that be, and poor witticisms on those that were—such is the maxim of many statesmen on both sides of the Alps. I have not the honor of knowing General de la Marmora; I thought him a sensible man, but in his heroic speech in the Chamber of Deputies at Turin he accuses me of absurdities and puerilities which one would blush to attribute to an idiot of the valley of Aosta. According to that statesman, I, in passing by Alessandria in 1846, mistook the Piedmontese sappers in their shirt-sleeves for Austrians. The Chamber laughed, says the report of the debate; but it would have laughed much louder had it known that I never set foot either in Alessandria or even Piedmont since 1822, when one of my friends, General Marquis de Faverges, who commanded the garrison of Alessandria, gave me an opportunity of admiring the fine Piedmontese troops under his orders. According to the same General La Marmora, I replied, in 1848, to an envoy of King Charles Albert, who applied to me for French intervention in Italy, 'No, I will never allow the Mediterranean to become an Italian lake!' Instead of laughing, the Chamber of Deputies, on hearing this, must have been struck with admiration at such extraordinary foresight! What a prophetic genius must be that which can view with uneasiness the sea monopolized by the three steam frigates and five brigs of the Sardinian navy in the face of the innumerable French and British fleets

which cover those seas with their flags. It is something like the sublime foresight of the English newsmonger who apprehended that the ocean would be monopolized by the galliot of St. Cloud. There must be great credulity in a Minister of War at Turin, who can in good faith attribute such nonsense to a minister of the French Republic at Paris. The truth is, I never had any relations, either officially or unofficially, with King Charles Albert in 1848, except through the medium of the respectable and loyal Count Brignole, the minister of that unhappy prince to the French Republic; and had I ever said such foolish things to that gentleman he would have thought himself at a Congress of Charenton. Let us speak seriously. The whole foreign policy—an irreproachable one—of the Republic, while I directed it, was developed in what has been called my manifesto to Europe. The whole private policy of the French Republic with regard to Piedmont—a still more scrupulously irreproachable one—consisted in these two facts: 1. Not to advise King Charles Albert to wage an offensive, inexpedient, and unequal war with Austria, because a great power like France is morally and jointly responsible for the acts to which it may have impelled a weaker allied power. 2. If Piedmont, following evil counsels, were to declare war, and, after an aggression of great risk, were exposed to the danger of losing its existence as an independent power, then we were to cross the Alps to succor it, and to assume the part of an armed mediator between Austria and Piedmont. Else why had I, the day after the revolution of February, 1848, assembled the army of the Alps, but for this same policy? That is the whole mystery. As to the different policy of General Cavaignac, who came after me, I am not answerable for it, however I may respect his motives, which I do not know. I said myself at the time that there was 'the thickness of the Alps' between General Cavaignac's foreign policy and mine, as far as Italy was concerned. That meant that he kept the army of the Alps on this side of those mountains, and that I should have sent it over at the proper moment. But if I am to judge of the faithfulness of General La Marmora's memory from what he has said at the tribune about me, I doubt not but his recollections, which I refrain from calling into question, will be one day rectified or commented on by those who are the natural guardians of General Cavaignac's memory. He is dead, but in history it is the tombs that speak best.

"PARIS, April 21, 1858."

"LAMARTINE.

Some men die too early; others too late. If Lamartine had been shot down in that terrible June insurrection (and upon its first day he exposed himself to the risk of it), what glory would have covered him!

Now he has become a magnificent suppliant—not only for flattering words, but for the means to pay his debts, and to keep his old Burgundian homestead out of the hands of eager creditors.

The truth is, the eloquent poet knows nothing of money, save to spend it faster than he gets it. Let us represent this matter of the wants of Lamartine somewhat more definitely: he is the nominal owner of a large wine estate near to Macon—most of it patrimonial—which might sell at the present day for some \$250,000. For years this has been heavily mortgaged; he is a man of elegant and luxurious habit; he chartered a vessel for a

trip eastward through the Mediterranean; large of imagination, he shows equal largeness of disbursement; but the crediting wine-factors of Burgundy, much as they yield to the beauty of his "Meditations," do not yield to his procrastination. Twelve years ago he wrote his "Confidences" to shield his mother's home from their grasp; the "Confidences" every body bought and every body read (exquisitely sentimental in the original, but namby-pambyish in its English translation); it saved his homestead for the time; but the man who allows debts to accumulate, be he poet or what-not, knows no final reprieve but the grave.

Lamartine has now (the papers say) 2,000,000 francs of indebtedness (\$400,000), and yet he would save his homestead. Stronger men would ask for less; his sentiment is not ballasted by good sense. If work only would save the old inheritance, we could applaud the resolve, and the energy that forbade sacrifice; but we can recognize no heroism in an alms-asking that is backed only by sentimental longings. There was once a Liverpool banker and poet of the name of Roscoe (every lover of Italian history knows what rare, scholarly accomplishments belonged to him), and to him came reverses in business; and the home which he had loved so well, and which he had lighted with a thousand charms, was seized; and the books which he had collected with infinite pains, and had guarded with scholarly fondness, were sold and scattered. There was no appeal to save them; only this little sonnet (you will find it in your sketch-book), to show what grief the man had, and how he mastered it:

"As one who, destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
 To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers as he may affliction's dart;
 Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
 I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;
 For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore;
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

Lamartine could write better poetry than that at an hour's notice; but courage in a poor sonnet is better than a fine one without it.

Yet let us not be unjust to Lamartine; we can not forget the honeyed ecstasies of the poet; we can not drive from our recollection the brilliant periods whereby imagination lights up the gloomy Girondin annals with an auroral splendor; we can not forget the Revolutionary orator, whose fancy emblazoned truth, and whose humanity, at a time of drunken riot, conquered a peace.

Lamartine has the weakness which belonged to Chateaubriand—an inordinate vanity—a conceit that almost sublimates the man. When he asks alms, it is Cæsar asking tribute.

And now that we have glided into literary talk from diplomacy, let us tell you how bravely fortune is favoring the younger Dumas. You know what successes belonged to the "Lady of the Camelias," and to the "*Demi Monde*;" now it is the "*Fils Naturel*," which is giving fame and gold. For his author's interest in the representations he has already received from the Paris theatres 27,000 francs; for the privilege of printing the play, 6000 francs; a bonus on its first representation, 5000 francs; bo-

nus upon the fifth representation, 5000 francs; for tickets furnished him (subject to sale at his option), 3500 francs; making a charming total, thus far, for his play (independent of the provinces) of 46,500 francs (\$9000).

Needless to say that Dumas, Jun., is enjoying himself largely.

But all playwrights are not so fortunate. We hear just now of the author of a tragedy (which has been highly commended by the critics, and which has had its representation upon the boards of the Théâtre Français), whose whole profit, after deducting proper *douceurs* for the *claque* and the scenic machinists, does not amount to a hundred francs. Yet, possibly, he may become an Academician; and for Dumas there is little hope.

Another word about Balzac and his writings: a recent trial has brought to light the facts we give. Madame Balzac, upon her husband's death, entered into engagements with a literary gentleman to superintend an entire re-issue of the great novelist's writings. By the terms of the engagement, the literary executor was to receive twenty per cent. of the profits that might accrue. This literary executor died a year ago, and up to the time of his death he had paid over to Madame Balzac, as her share of the profits, the sum of 300,000 francs. Since that time Madame Balzac has claimed all the returns; but the family of the deceased executor brought an action for the recovery of their share, as the legal representatives of the other party to the contract. The decision of the court has been (looking more like equity than law) that the complainants retain a right to sixteen per cent., in virtue of the old engagement. Yet Balzac was always in debt.

Guizot is working steadily at his "Reminiscences;" he rises at four o'clock in the morning, works till ten, when he breakfasts; sleeps two hours, and works again until an hour before dinner, which hour he gives to a drive or a walk. This, for a man now passed seventy-one, is close working. The old gentleman has been latterly much disturbed by the prospect of losing his home, where he has long lived very quietly in the *Rue de la Ville l'Evêque*. A new Boulevard which has been projected cuts down his home. He lives in no style there; it might be the house of any Bourgeois gentleman. You pass through a quiet court before you reach his door. He has the English regard for carpets and quietude; his footman might be the body-servant of a British dean; his rooms are home-like—comfortable. He knows better than most Frenchmen the meaning of that word. His study is thickly carpeted, and surrounded with plain book-shelves overburdened with great folios. A long table, covered with green baize, stretches through the centre of the room. Proof-sheets, manuscript, the last scientific books, German or English, the last *Conte-rendu* of the Academy are lying upon the baize—each in its place.

He is a small man and thin—much smaller than his portraits would have led you to suppose; his eye extremely large, gray, and full of vivacity. When he greets you the Englishman vanishes, and you see the ceremonious courtesy of the old school of Frenchmen. He talks as if he loved talking; his English is perfectly correct and fluent, though showing strong accent.

He interests himself at once and with cordiality in the object of your visit (so it be no idle one), gives you a mass of information in as many sen-

tences, and yet with the air of a man whose time is valuable.

We close this mention of him, with this little sketch of Talleyrand from his forthcoming *Mémoires*: "He displayed, in a very superior degree, the qualities of sagacity, cool determination, and preponderating influence; and others even more rare and apposite, when representing the House of Bourbon and the European interests of France. But except in a crisis or a congress, he was neither able nor powerful. A courtier and a politician, no advocate upon conviction for any particular form of government, and less for representative government than for any other, he excelled in negotiating with insulated individuals, by the power of conversation, by the charm and skillful employment of social relations; but in authority of character, in fertility of mental resources, in promptitude of resolution, in command of language, in the sympathetic association of general ideas with public passions—in all these great sources of influence upon collected assemblies he was absolutely deficient. He was at once ambitious and indolent, a flatterer and a scoffer, a consummate courtier in the art of pleasing and of serving without the appearance of servility; ready for every thing, and capable of any pliability that might assist his fortune, preserving always the mien, and recurring at need to the attractions, of independence; a diplomatist without scruples, indifferent as to means, and almost equally careless as to the end, provided only that the end advanced his personal interest. More bold than profound in his views, calmly courageous in danger, well suited to the great enterprises of absolute government, but insensible to the true atmosphere and light of liberty, in which he felt himself lost and incapable of action."

From royal ministers it is but a step to royalty; and we approach it without leaving our general topic of literature. The Prince of Wales is engaged upon a Manual for Young Entomologists! And why not? His father writes both music and songs, and Professor Owen is his teacher and would be his proof-reader. Surprising as it may seem to lazy young democrats, the children of Victoria are thoroughly taught; they do not shirk their lessons. Indolence has never been taught or allowed. Has not this old prerogative of royalty passed into the possession of rich Young America? How many rich merchants' sons—born to our Western franchise—are accomplishing themselves in science, eager to add somewhere, or somehow, to the public sum of knowledge? When kings' sons read them a lesson, let them listen.

From a Queen's son it is but a step to the son of the Emperor. The little heir to so much of doubt—whose inheritance may be a great dynasty, but, more probably, nothing save the chateau which the father has latterly purchased in Spain—is growing bravely. The nurses claim that he must have more air, and longer walks; hence a proposition to encroach still farther upon the Tuileries garden, and to wall out Paris from near one-half of its old haunt of the fountains.

When Louis Philippe took only the southern terrace for his morning walks there was great outcry. The journals were not so sharply muzzled in that day; but will there be no street murmurs now?

And yet there is not a monarch in Europe who has not more open space for private meditation than the French monarch. Victoria has a walled

park behind her palace at Buckingham. The Emperor Francis has his private garden under a bastion of the palace; Alexander his hanging garden of the Hermitage; the Pope his private range behind the Vatican; while the court in the rear of the Tuileries is but a parade-ground for soldiery, the parterre in front altogether under the public eye, and the Elysées garden is too far removed for an after-dinner lounge, or for the revels of the young prince. We, who saunter every morning under the linden trees upon the terrace, or watch the carp disporting in the fountain pools, or study every day's new bloom of the verbenas and geraniums, have more right of enjoyment to the Tuileries garden than the pretty Empress Eugénie.

Was it not Alphonse Karr who told so good a story, some years ago, of a great garden in his possession, situated in the midst of the city—of the admirable order in which it was kept—how his gardeners changed the flowers every week as their bloom faded—how the paths were sprinkled every morning before he walked there—how a corps of musicians sometimes came, on summer evenings, and played for him gratis—how every dead and unsightly thing was borne away before it could offend him—how economically the whole affair was managed for him—how, in short, people called it the Tuileries garden?

And this reminds us (since we are living now in the month of gardens) of that other pleasant story of Alphonse Karr which the reader will find, if he will take the trouble to look, in that letter of his addressed to *Louis Van Houtte de Gand*.

The scene is Holland; tulips are in bloom; an amateur is pointing out his floral trophies with his cane. There is *Gluck*, an admirable plant; and *Joseph Deschiens*, violet and white—admirable; and *Czartoryski*, a splendid flower; and another, before which he stops, designates it with a flourish of his cane, and turns to us, who are looking on, with an ineffable smile.

"And the name?" one of the party asks.

Our amateur friend puts his finger to his lip: "Only see what magnificent color! what an outline! what a carriage! what distinctness in the stripes!"

"And you call it—?"

"Ah! there is but another tulip in the world like it!"

Some one asks the name again.

"Ah! it can't be told; I should be proud, I should be happy to call its name; 'tis a name known and honored, but—I can not."

It is indeed a beautiful flower.

The amateur renews: "I should have said less to those of whose judgment I think less; with most people I pass it without observation; I call it sometimes Rebecca—'tis not its true name."

The visit ends; but Alphonse returns. He has a mania for tulips—he has a mania for mysteries.

"It's very odd about that tulip of yours."

"Very."

"I love tulips."

"And I."

"And mysteries."

"And I; *tenez*—you shall hear."

And the amateur goes on thus:

"This tulip—we will call it Rebecca ('tis not its name)—was the property of a man who had paid for it enormously. He heard of one similar in the north; he made a long journey to find it; bought the duplicate, and destroyed it. He owned the

only one in the world. Every year he tantalized all the tulip fanciers in the country with his show of that flower. Every year he plucked off carefully all the offshoots from the tuber, and ground them in a mortar. I can't tell you how much I would have given for one of them.

"My collection lost all its charms while that queen of tulips (I can not name it) was so near. He gave me free permission to come and study it as much as I would. Bah! he knew it was torture to me. But he never left me alone with it; he feared my passion. When Candaule had once shown Gyges his wife, Gyges swore to win her or die—and he did. I should have stolen the flower or destroyed it.

"I was spared either. The owner of the tulip had a nephew who counted on the inheritance. He feigned a passion for flowers to keep his chances good. He aided the uncle in planting, in gathering, and resetting his bulbs. But the nephew had contracted a debt; his creditor threatened to appeal to the uncle; the nephew dreaded disclosure, and appealed to me.

"I exaggerated the probable anger of his uncle, but I promised relief—to pay his debt in full—provided he would furnish me with a little offshoot of the tulip.

"He was horror-struck: it would be madness; the uncle would disinherit him.

"But if he does not know it? Will he discover it so easily as your debts?"

"In short, I played upon his fears: it was a long struggle. He exacted an oath that I should never name the—tulip (what I call Rebecca) until the uncle's death. He promised a root when the bulb was lifted in the autumn.

"In exchange, I paid the debt. Both our promises have been kept.

"The first time it bloomed in my garden the uncle came to see my flowers—it is a usual courtesy among amateurs; I had something new. He looked, and grew pale.

"How do you name this?" said he.

"Ah! I should have been glad to pay him again for all he had made me suffer—but I remembered my oath; the nephew, too, was present, and was in an agony of fear.

"I called it 'Rebecca.'

"He thought he saw a certain resemblance in it to his own; he praised all my other flowers; he said nothing further of the—'Rebecca.'

"The next day he came again; there was one he wished to see again; I knew which it must be, though he tried to blind me by looking over all my collection; when my back was turned I knew where his eye fell. He thought he found differences between Rebecca and the—you understand me? They were only imaginary.

"And yet I am not happy in owning that tulip; I can not name it; the best connoisseurs are not shrewd enough to tell me I am falsifying when I call it Rebecca: I wish from my soul they were. The other day—once only—I called its name aloud to a visitor; but the man was deaf. I had a moment's pleasure in it—but I had kept my oath.

"Only see its beauty! If I could only—*tenez monsieur*, I know you are true; promise me—swear!"

And Alphonse takes pity on the poor gentleman, and swears never to reveal its name.

And the poor gentleman grasps his hand, flour-

ishes his cane toward the tulip—lowers his voice—
“Voici —!”

Alphonse Karr can not, of course, reveal the name.

Nor we.

From Monsieur Karr we take a long leap to Mr. Actor Buckstone; we are out of Holland, out of tulip gardens, out of sight and hearing of the pretty *tournure* of a French *feuilleton*.

We are in the Shakspeare club at Stratford-on-Avon; it is holding its thirty-fourth anniversary; a Rev. Julian Young, son of a tragedian of the last century, has read a play of Shakspeare and a dinner follows at the Shakspeare Hall.

Mr. Buckstone of the Haymarket Theatre presides, and as he gives the principal toast, “The immortal memory of Shakspeare,” he says:

“I can not forbear relating a story of certain passengers by a Warwickshire coach that years ago used to pass through this town. It was the custom of the coachman, on arriving here, to stop with his load before the house in which Shakspeare was born, so that any of the passengers might, if they pleased, alight for a few moments and inspect the edifice. Now it happened at one of these stoppages, when the old coach had its compliment of ‘four inside and twelve out,’ all the passengers expressed a wish to see the house except ‘one inside.’ He was a sallow, demure person, in black. His cravat was orthodox. But, gentlemen, don’t be alarmed, he was not a clergyman; he was an accountant, a resident of some neighboring town. The passengers entered the dwelling, were soon rapidly writing their names among the thousands already inscribed on its humble walls, while the coachman had to wait longer than usual. At this the sedate ‘one inside’ began to rate the driver for his delay, when the delighted passengers reappeared in front of the house. Seeing this, he turned his wrath upon them, denounced their proceedings in strong conventicle terms, and doomed all the ‘three insides and twelve outs’ to eternal perdition; to which prospects they good-humoredly submitted, until he had the temerity to assert that our poet was, at that moment, in that place not to be named to ears polite. [Laughter.] It was only then that the ‘three insides and twelve outs’—with ladies among them—immediately formed a phalanx of indignation, and declared they would not travel any further with the fellow, and insisted upon the coachman dropping him. He threatened legal proceedings—he was going on important business; but the ‘fifteen’ did not care, they would have him out, and they did. They gave their names and addresses to the coachman, undertaking to guarantee him and his employers against harm. The ‘fifteen’ resumed their seats in and on the vehicle—the coachman gayly cracked his whip—the merry rattle of his horses echoed through the quiet street—and the old coach went on its way, leaving the angry ‘one inside’ alone in his glory on the pavement.” If this was not as good and as hearty Lynch law as they have in Wisconsin, what is?

Speaking of Stratford brings to mind the sweet May-day when first we saw its graceful church-spire springing from the willows that skirt, and, with their dipping tendrils, touch the Avon. We had come over a long day’s walk from the little town of Chipping-Norton where we slept; through Shipston (wetting the morning with a glass of home-brewed at the Royal George) we had loitered

on along the rich valley of the Stour; the hawthorn had lost its bloom, but its fragrance lingered; yet hedges, and Stour banks, and gray old houses, and dainty villages, and deer-dotted parks, and shining fragments of river grew wearisome, until Stratford spire—at four of the afternoon—lifted in the distance.

Twenty-two miles we had walked that day, and as yet no dinner; but Stratford, as we saw it, looking westward, in the sun’s slant, brought strength and cheer, and visions of Dame Quickly, and tavern reckonings:

“Item, a capon;

Item, sack—two gallons;

Item, anchovies, and sack after supper;

Item, bread,” and “any pretty little tiny kickshaws.”

So, with stomach faint, but head light, we strolled that weary day into the dusty streets of Stratford. We turned into the first inn court we found—no matter what. We bespoke a room, and ordered our dinner.

May evenings are cool upon the Avon, and a brisk fire was kindled in the grate of our little parlor. It was dingy, dusty, the carpet old, the sofa old—only one window looking upon a back court; but the fare was fresh: in place of the anchovies of Peto—salmon; not sherris-sack, but brown sherry; and in lieu of capon—porter-house steak garnished with snowy curls of horse-radish.

After all—slippers. Our tired feet to the fire, and to while away the half-hour before bed, we call for what guide-book they may have descriptive of the town.

John says, “Yes, Sir—directly, Sir!” And what think you he brings us? A dirty, tattered, thumb-worn copy of Mr. Irving’s *Sketch-Book*—most worn of all through the chapter “Stratford-upon-Avon.”

And we have fallen inadvertently upon the same tavern which Mr. Irving so pleasantly describes. We are in a parlor of the Red Horse Inn.

“Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?” thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Perhaps the very poker was still upon the hearth—who would doubt it? And the elbow-chair (it was surely old enough) may have been the very same.

All this, as we dozed there before the fire, with the thumb-worn volume in hand, made charming prelude to our morrow’s walk to the cottage of Ann Hathaway, and to the great poet’s tomb.

Again we swoop back to Paris, to catch up this queer story of a Chinese foundling:

“As a patrol of police agents were, a few nights ago, passing along the Boulevard de Sebastopol, they saw a young female weeping bitterly, and on approaching to question her as to the cause of her grief, they observed that she was a foreigner. In answer to their questions, she replied, in good French, that she was a Chinese, and that in consequence of the person with whom she had lived as servant having left Paris she was without an asylum. She was taken before the Commissary of Police, to whom she gave the following account: In 1836 a French merchant-vessel was in the river at Canton. One evening some of the crew, when about to return on board from an excursion on shore, found on the beach a basket in which was a female child wrapped up in fine linen and having

round its neck a gold locket with some Chinese characters engraved on it. (This locket the girl still wears round her neck, and she showed it to the Commissary.) The sailors carried the child on board and took care of her, and when, in 1837, their vessel returned to Africa, they had her christened by the name of Constantina, in honor of the capture of that city, which had just taken place. She was placed by the men in charge of some Sisters of Charity, who some years after sent her to the hospital at Cherbourg, whence she went to the Convent of Avranches, where she remained until she was eighteen. She left the convent to enter the service of a rich English Roman Catholic family, with whom she came to Paris. In this family was a young and pretty *femme de chambre* named Antoinette, who captivated a gentleman, and he took her under his protection, and she became, under the name of Mariana de Cerny, an *élégante* of the *demi-monde*. She took Constantina to live with her, and for two years all went on smoothly enough, but at the expiration of that time Antoinette was abandoned by her protector, her furniture seized for debt, and she herself obliged to fly, leaving Constantina without a home. She endeavored to find the family with whom she had before lived, but they had left France. She had been wandering about Paris for several days when met by the patrol. The girl appears very intelligent, speaks and writes French well, and, notwithstanding her complexion and the peculiar cast in her eyes, her countenance is pleasing. She has very fine hair, and the *ensemble* of her person has a certain air of distinction. It is supposed that she is the fruit of some intrigue on the part of some lady in a high position in Canton, and it is thought that the inscription on the locket, which is about to be translated, will unravel the mystery."

When the mystery is unraveled, we shall have more gossip to tell.

Editor's Drawer.

INDIANA is waking up, and sends us several very clever stories. Among them here are two from a gentleman who has read every number of *Harper* from its beginning:

"Ben Holmes had an impediment in his speech—not a stammer, but a sticking fast when he wanted to speak quick. He was a horse-trader on the Mississippi: went down to New Orleans with a flat-boat load: finally succeeded in getting clear of all his stock but one inferior pony, which he had concluded, rather than be longer detained, to sell for the very low price of sixty dollars. In a short time a Frenchman came to the boat and asked the price of the pony. Holmes worked his lips and face violently, endeavoring to say "Sixty dollars," but no word could he get out. The Frenchman, becoming impatient, said,

"'I'll give you a hundred dollars.'

"This loosened Holmes's tongue.

"That is just what I was going to say!"

"This, Mr. Holmes says, is the first and only instance in which his impediment was a profit to him; but he lied about it at that."

The other is a "colored" anecdote.

"Jones was 'coasting' on the Lower Mississippi with a trading boat. A colored woman came on board to buy a dress. Jones having some unsalable remnants, offered her a piece of calico at a

price which he assured her was less than cost. The darkey was not to be taken in that way; and took Mr. Jones entirely aback with the remark,

"'O lor! massa, wonder you sto'-keepers isn't all broke up long 'go; youse allers sellin' less 'en cost!'"

The old nigger woman's wit is quite as applicable in the chief city of the continent as on the shores of the river of the West.

A BUTLER COUNTY (Pennsylvania) man draws a picture of that department of creation for which he must be responsible.

He says that "from the beginning," and ever since, Butler County has been made the scape-goat for all the poverty-stricken sons of Pittsburgh, it has been made the local habitation for every thing low, mean, and pusillanimous; the receptacle of whatever lacks fat and unction; the abode of every destitution of grease and grace; the superlative of diminutive; the shadow of tenuity; the spirit of attenuation; the skeleton of starvation; and the 'ghost of exility. Butler County is the target of jokes and gibes of every calibre, from that of a pop-gun to a cannon; the mark for stale jest, retailed in every dialect, from the "rich Irish brogue" of Kildare to "the sweet German accent" of Schleswig-Holstein, down to the whining Yankee who swans that Butler County is the leetle eend of nothin' whittled eout to a pint.

All this is merely preliminary to saying that, not long since, at a public table in this region, a Beaver County man was speaking of the superior athletic powers of the men of his county; they could outrun, outjump, outlift any thing in the State. A little weasen Butler County man, with a face like a stewed apple, looked up and said,

"That's a fact. I've allers hearn tell that a Beaver County man could jump over a higher fence, with a sheep on his back, in a moonlight night, than any other man in Pennsylvania."

Butler County looked up after that.

THE lawyers are among the most valued contributors to the Drawer, and, next to the reverend clergy, are the most liberal. One of the gentlemen of the bar, who writes from Cincinnati, sends us several anecdotes of a brother barrister, whom we have the high gratification of introducing to our readers. Our correspondent speaks:

"We have a lawyer here who furnishes amusement, as you do, for the million. He is a native of the Emerald Isle, and, as you are not, he is a perfect masculine Malaprop. The more excited he gets the stronger is his brogue; the greater the laughter about him the more he seems flattered. A short time since he had a suit against a railroad company on whose premises a *hole* had been left open, and into which one of his clients had the luck to fall.

"In arguing this case great was his pathos (so he thought), wonderful his figures of speech, and entranced his hearers; but he capped the climax and brought down the house when he stated that the 'defendant had erected this hole.'

"Again, he had a client who was put off the cars of this same railroad company for some reason or other. Our hero was in his glory at the trial, and most glowingly depicted the wrongs and injuries of his client; but, as usual, he excelled himself in the peroration, for he wound up with, 'And, gentlemin of the jury, this brutal conductor, with

fiendish fury in his face and a perfect *animo furandi* of the mind, kicked my unoffending client off the platform.'

"For the benefit of your *illegal* readers (as he would say) it would be well to explain that '*animo furandi*' is the Latin for 'with the intention of stealing;' but our Milesian, being not well up in the classics, presumed that '*furandi*' must be akin to 'furious.'

"The same gentleman being interrogated by an acquaintance concerning the cause of a young lawyer's death which occurred here, replied, 'Why, he was very much interested in a case he had, and took a brain fever, and thin, ye see, the blood cogitated about his heart, and that killed him.'

"He's not easily put out of countenance either; for the other day he filed a petition for a bill of divorce for a female client, and when the time for trial came it was discovered that the husband had been dead some time. Nothing daunted, however, he coolly asked leave of the Judge 'to change the petition for divorce into a petition for dower.' There's a man for an emergency!

"I heard the other day an excellent story, all the better for being true (it was told me by one who knew the parties), which perhaps is new to you. In one of the sea-board States resided a Mr. Smith, since a Senator, who carried on the practice of the law with a partner named Robinson. Mr. Smith had a brother in the country in partnership with Mr. Jones in the 'dry-goods and grocery' line. To Mr. Smith, the lawyer, came a letter one day, and as he was absent his partner opened it. It proved to be a private letter from his country brother, signed 'Your affectionate brother, Smith and Jones.'

"P.S.—If Mr. Smith is out of town, Mr. Robinson can open this letter.' A Yankee Irishman, was he not?"

ANOTHER Justice of the Peace is presented to the readers of the Drawer, but his locality is withheld from the public. The case before him was one in which the people were plaintiff, Johnson, "a gentleman from Africa," was defendant, and the principal witness was a Celestial, or John Chinaman. The Squire, however, had seen the occurrence to be investigated—the assault of Johnson upon John Chinaman—and by consent of parties the Squire was called on to state the facts to the jury. He thought he must swear himself before giving his testimony; and so the Court stood up before himself and said, "I solemnly swear that the testimony I shall give in this case, wherein the nigger is on one side and the Chinaman is on the other, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and if it ain't may I never see my wife and children again."

ONE of our many California readers and writers says:

"In the 'campaign' of 1855 a distinguished gentleman was a candidate for a high office. The Know Nothings were strong, and had every prospect of carrying the State election. The candidate alluded to had been in office some time, and his opponents were abusing him on every stump and through all their presses. He started out to set himself right before the people, and made good headway by his effective and able speeches. He could look the martyr while speaking, and frequently put on the countenance of injured inno-

cence while he harangued the 'honest miners.' One night he was announced to appear at San Andreas, famous on account of the couplet,

'San Andreas

Is a very hard place:'

and he did appear. He reviewed the charges brought against himself by the Know Nothings, and then, folding his arms and looking like a much-abused man, he solemnly asked the question, 'Now, fellow-citizens, do I look like a man who would be guilty of such conduct?' then paused for a reply.

"A specimen of 'Pike' standing back in the crowd, with great solemnity and loud voice replied, 'No! you look like a poor old pudden head!'

"San Andreas shook with the peal which followed the reply."

"A DISTINGUISHED gentleman, Ex-Governor of an Atlantic State, was employed for the defense on a trial for murder. The Governor found it necessary, in the course of his speech, to comment with some severity on the testimony of a witness for the prosecution. In the midst of a most searching and logical sentence, wherein he was convincing the jury that the witness had sworn to more than the truth, he was interrupted by a jurymen—a tall, lank fellow, evidently from the backwoods—who, rising, addressed the Governor:

"See here, Mr. Lawyer! I don't want you to go on that way abusing me; I won't stand it; I'll break up the court if you do; I didn't come here to be abused!"

"My dear Sir," replied the Governor, in his politest manner, 'I was alluding to the witness, not to you; my remarks were not intended to apply to any of the jurors.'

"Well, then," said juror, 'just quit a *pinning* your finger at me when you talk that way.' His Honor smiled audibly, for the first time in his life, as he sat on the bench."

ONE of the distinguished American citizens who was born in old Ireland, through no fault of his own, has a boy who is deeply imbued with Native American feelings. He has high words with his father sometimes, and one day words came to blows, and the old gentleman gave the youngster what he deserved, a sound thrashing. The young rascal went off muttering that he didn't care for the whipping, but he would "be hanged if he would be ever whipped again by a blamed old foreigner!"

AN Iowan writes to the Drawer:

"Judge Thayer, of this Judicial District, is a man of whom many good stories are told, but none are better than the one I am about to give you. The classical education of the Judge was sadly neglected; and one of his peculiarities is that prisoners brought before his tribunal often receive severe justice. At a late term of court, in one of the interior counties, a man named Weal was on trial for murder. The name in the indictment was written *Wear*, and the respondent's counsel moved to quash the indictment on that account. The prosecuting attorney, in reply, read the law of *Idem sonans* (similar sound), as applicable to the case. The Judge, somewhat impatient under the delay, cried out, 'Exactly, Sir—exactly—just so—just so. The counsel will proceed to trial. The law of *Sonans tonans* applies to this case!'

"DID the Drawer ever hear the expression, 'I

want 'em now, as Joe Waring wanted the cucumbers?" I am to tell you how and whence the saying came into the world.

"It was away up out of the world, somewhere near the Saco River, in the Pine-Tree State, that Major Waring lived. He raised heaps of melons, cucumbers, and other garden truck. His nephew, Joe, who lived a mile off, was given to stealing. One night Joe crept into the Major's melon-patch, and filled his pockets with cucumbers, tied up a lot of melons in his handkerchief, and was about decamping, when the hand of the Major was laid on his shoulder, and Joe stood. The Major spoke: 'Joseph, Joseph! what have you to say for yourself? Joseph, you thief, you rogue; to come here and rob your uncle, when you might have had all you wanted for the asking! When you want cucumbers or melons don't steal 'em; come and ask for them, and I'll give you all you want; only ask for them whenever you want 'em.'

"Joe felt very melon-cholic, but managed to cry out, 'Well, I want 'em now!' And that saying has passed into a proverb up in these lumber regions."

A CLERICAL correspondent, to whom we have been previously largely indebted, lets down a sheet full of good things, which we find in the Drawer all ready for use. May his drawer always be full, and its overflow come into ours! Thus he discourses:

"The Associate Presbyterian Church, in common with some of the other bodies of Scottish origin, has always opposed what is called the *consecration* or *dedication* of church edifices, as savoring of popery and superstition. In some of our city churches, however, it is customary, when a new building is finished, to announce that it will be opened for public worship on such a day, the pastor preaching in the morning, and two of his brethren occupying his pulpit in the afternoon and evening, all the sermons being usually more or less appropriate to the occasion. Some of the good brethren, however, were not altogether satisfied when they heard of this; and, at a late meeting of the Synod, took occasion to express their disapprobation. After several speeches had been made on both sides, a young brother, whose waggish spirit is always on the alert, arose and said, 'Mr. Moderator, I move, in order to settle this question, that hereafter *there shall be no preaching on the first day* in any of our churches.' This motion *did* settle the question. The members were reminded of the old farmer, who, finding that the depredations of the squirrels on his corn were mainly confined to the outside rows, proposed, as the best remedy, that *no outside rows should be planted*."

"We believe it was at the same meeting that the following laughable incident occurred: A member was speaking very fluently and earnestly on some question in which he felt deeply interested. In the mean time a very inoffensive brother, who sat on the side of the Moderator opposite the speaker, and who suffers extremely from headache, had been for some time much annoyed and sickened by the escaping of the gas from a defective burner near his seat. Unable to endure it any longer, he suddenly arose, and directing his hand, really to the Moderator but apparently to the speaker, exclaimed, 'Mr. Moderator, *this gas must be stopped!*' Quite a *contretemps* was the result, and it was some time

before the unconscious offender could explain himself, and appease the very natural indignation of the brother who imagined himself to be so rudely interrupted."

"At another meeting of the same body the appointment of a missionary to Oregon was the subject under consideration. A prominent member of Synod, in the course of his remarks, entered into a lengthened argument to prove that *willingness to go* was an essential qualification of a missionary. He made out a pretty strong case, but the whole of his reasoning was overthrown by the simple observation of another member: 'Mr. Moderator, Jonah was the Lord's appointed missionary to Nineveh, and he had to be swallowed up and vomited out again before he would go!'"

"ONE more incident, and we shall adjourn the Synod for the present. A great deal of time was consumed at one of their meetings in the trial of an appeal from one of the inferior courts. It was a difficulty about a sheep, and was altogether a very trifling affair, and was finally laid on the table. At tea, in the evening, some of the brethren were conversing about the case, when one of them observed that it was a very *sheepish* proceeding. 'Yes,' said another, 'it was indeed a very *lamb-entable* affair.'"

"WE shall have to give the name of this brother, and also of another one, in order to disclose the point of another pun of which he was guilty not long since. His name is *Story*; and, in a company of ministers, a widower named *Smart* was rallying him on remaining so long a bachelor. 'What's the reason,' said he, 'that you don't attach another *Story* to your house?' His immediate reply was, 'I would, if I was *Smart*.'"

"AN old Scotch divine, not remarkable for his gifts as an interpreter of Scripture, was once endeavoring to expound one of the Psalms, when the expression 'ten-stringed instrument' came in his way. 'Noo, my friends,' said he, 'div ye ken what that means—"a ten-stringed instrument?" Some say it means ane thing, and some say anither; but I hae aye a notion that it jost means *the ten commandments!* But that's only a thocht o' my ain.'

"On another occasion he seemed a good deal perplexed to understand what the Psalmist meant by 'the noisome pestilence.' 'I dinna richtly ken,' said the good old man, 'what David means by calling it 'the noisome pestilence;' but I'm aye thinking it would be because the folk would be aye weepin' and wailin' over the dead, and makin' a great noise.'"

"THERE was a wag at college with me who used to amuse the class by the odd answers he would give to the questions of the Professor. It used to be the custom—and a very necessary one it was—to spend Saturday morning in drilling the class in English grammar. On one of these occasions the following passage occurred between Jones and the Professor:

"PROFESSOR. 'Well, Mr. Jones, what do you understand by *masculine*?'"

"JONES. 'That means *the men*.'

"PROFESSOR. 'And *feminine*?'"

"JONES. 'That means *the women*.'

"PROFESSOR. 'And *neuter*?'"

"JONES. 'Ahem! that must mean *the children*!'"

"PROFESSOR. 'Ah! Mr. Jones; where did you get that information?'"

"JONES. 'Well, Sir, I am not certain; but I think you will find it in some of *Paul's miscellaneous writings*.'"

A VENERABLE clergyman, who, fifty years ago, was the pastor of a church in one of the sea-port towns on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, has furnished us with the following quaint reminiscences of his parochial experience at that time:

"I was once called up at midnight to visit a good woman, a member of my church, who was thought to be dying. She did die while I was there. Her husband, whose name was Thomas G——, a real old salt, was overwhelmed with sincere sorrow. In reply to a few words I said to him before I returned home, he said, with his heart in his mouth, 'It is indeed a tough time, but I hope I shall neither grumble nor growl.'"

"Another very respectable man, in reference to the loss of his wife whom he dearly loved, made use of this beautiful expression: 'I feel, Sir, as if I had lost my *salt*!' Of course, to a Newfoundland fisherman, accustomed to measure the value of the various stores required in his vessel during his long sojourn on the banks, very exactly according to their relative importance, the loss of the salt was the type of absolute ruin. We smile at the quaintness of the conceit; but it was a compliment to his wife of the highest character, and such as not every wife deserves."

"How often is a man's ruling passion visible and strong in death! An aged parishioner, and what is more lamentable, a professor of religion, was actually dying, and lived but a few moments. He made a great effort to enable me to understand something he wished to say to me. He was so earnest that I thought it must be a matter of special importance. After a desperate effort he made me comprehend, and I know not that I was ever more shocked. He wanted to know whether a *dividend* had been declared by the Insurance Office, and how much!"

FROM a splendid volume recently published, but which shall be unhonored with a name in the Drawer, we take the following extract, furnished by a reader who thinks it matches any "*highfalutin*!" writing he has seen in many a day:

"If Time disaggregates material, it does not deny a compensatory medium to the association of the past with the future; nor can it, for if even records fail, Memory, invigorated by age and strengthened by exercise, comes to the rescue, lights up the past, and rejuvenates among the ruins, or their shades, of the wisdom of our early fathers!"

And again:

"To all appearance, he passed Time's ordeal without the care of much wealth, or the risk or fear of bankruptcy; and *shed his mortality under Oriental tints of an unclouded sunset*."

A CORRESPONDENT in the State of Vermont sends us a few anecdotes, the most of which have been published before. Perhaps these are new to some of the readers of the Drawer:

"When the Rev. N. Levings was a pastor in this town, about thirty years ago, a man by the name of Jones was called before the church to answer to

the charge of profanity. He plead 'not guilty,' said he had not taken the name of the Lord in vain so much as to say *Devil*!"

"When the British invaded Plattsburg, old Mr. Wooster, then preaching in Franklin County, Vermont, joined some volunteers who joined our army, much against the wishes of his parishioners, who were opposed to the war. The next spring they appointed him *hogherd*. He thanked them for the appointment, and added, 'When you were *sheep*, I was willing to be your *shepherd*; and since you have become *swine*, I am willing to be *hogherd*!'"

"A Mr. Elliot having company one day when his children did not appear *à la mode*, called to his wife, saying, 'I wish you would give these dirty children something to eat, and send them home; I can't bear to see them round here, they are so ragged and dirty.'"

"'Father,' said a little boy, '*where shall we go*?'"

"In the old Bay State, many long years ago, Ralph Owen lived, a well-to-do farmer, who was much given to expounding the Scripture. He was holding forth at one time in meeting, and reading the passage in Luke where it is said that Zacharias was dumb and continued so until the child was named John. And his mouth was opened immediately, and his tongue loosed, and he spake."

"'There,' said Owen, 'see what a miracle! Here was a little infant, only a few days old, and just as soon as he was named, he broke right out and went to talking. What a miracle!'"

"In the pleasant little town of F——, in the good State of Tennessee, lives a serious, sober-sided Scotchman, noted for his eccentricities: who, by virtue of an election held some few years since, bears the title of Esquire C——. A suit of minor importance was brought before him for trial. When the first witness was brought up he administered the oath, thus: 'You solemnly swear that you will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as long as you live'—a promise that might be made with advantage by the community in general."

"THE anecdote of Joshua R. Giddings reminds me forcibly of a similar occurrence of 'sticking' at a military entertainment in Cincinnati."

"In giving the regular toasts 'The Army' was not forgotten, when a distinguished Colonel rose, and commenced by saying,

"'Here's to the Army—may it never want!'—and there he rested, colored, stammered, and was completely lost; when a shrewd one sitting at his side whispered, 'And may it never be wanted!'—which the Colonel repeated in a clear voice, and which produced the effect of calling down the house."

"SEVERAL years ago there lived in Kentucky an eccentric specimen of humanity, a Methodist preacher, named George Hall. In a suit of buckskin leather, which had become glossy from long use, he once visited Louisville, and in his wanderings through the city entered one day the Catholic Cathedral during the celebration of mass. While looking at the various paintings on the walls he came to a picture of the Crucifixion. This attracted his attention at once; and, unconscious of outward objects, he was soon lost in contemplation of the wondrous event, till at length he gave vent to

his feelings by a loud and sudden exclamation of 'Whew!'

"The officiating priest looked quickly round, surprised at the interruption of the solemn service, but seeing nothing, proceeded. Mr. Hall still gazed at the picture, and once more, moved by the mighty thoughts within, cried, in a louder voice, 'Whew!'

"'Who's that?' said the astonished priest; and was instantly answered,

"'I, George Hall, praising the Lord.'

"The priest, indignant at his presumption, cried out,

"'You George Hall, go out of this house if you want to praise the Lord!'

"Hall immediately answered,

"'You're right. All that want to praise the Lord come out of *this* house!'"

THE Florida bar will be heard. A correspondent writes:

"Many years ago, when Florida was still a Territory, justice was administered there by one Judge Douglas, more noted for his claiming descent from the great Scot than for his judicial ability. On one occasion, when holding court at Tallahassee, a man by the name of Whiteman was arraigned for horse-stealing. Mr. Wescott, afterward United States Senator, counsel for the prisoner, moved for the discharge of his client on account of the false spelling of Whiteman's name in the indictment. The Judge overruled the motion, remarking that general reputation as to a man's name is all that is necessary in an indictment for a criminal offense, and that the addition or omission of a letter makes no difference.

"'For instance,' illustrated the Judge, 'if you were arraigned before this court, Mr. Wescott, for murder, do you suppose because your name might happen to be spelled Waistcoat, or Waistcoat, or Westcoat, instead of Wescott, you would escape punishment? No, Sir; you should be hung, Sir—you should be hung, Sir!'

"This was an illustration but little relished by Wescott, who, in reply, admitted that, for all he knew, *Whitman* who was here indicted might have stolen the horse, as charged in the indictment; but it was unfair, he thought, to make his innocent client, *Whiteman*, suffer for *Whitman's* offense. 'As for the right of the community to make names by which men are to be known in law, or to change the orthography of a name, it can not be maintained,' said Wescott. 'For instance, your honor's name is Douglas, and I believe you are very careful about the orthography—D-o-u-g-l-a-s-s; yet, if the right of the community to alter names, or their orthography, be granted, I believe nine-tenths of the population of this Territory would come into court and swear that your honor's name should be spelled—D-o-u-g-l-a-s-s.'

"'Mr. Clerk,' roared the irate Judge, 'enter a fine of fifty dollars against Mr. Wescott for contempt of court!'"

A VALUED correspondent, a lawyer, near Boston, always welcome, says:

"A few days since, as I was sitting with Brother D——, in his office in Court Square, a client came in, and said, 'Squire D——, W——, the stabler, shaved me dreadfully yesterday, and I want to come up with him.'

"'State your case,' says D——.

"CLIENT. 'I asked him how much he would charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Dedham.

He said one dollar and a half. I took the team and went, and when I came back, I paid him one dollar and a half, and he said he wanted another dollar and a half for coming back, and made me pay it.'

"D—— gave him some legal advice, which client immediately acted upon as follows:

"He went to the stabler and said, 'How much will you charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Salem?'

"Stabler replied, 'Five dollars.'

"'Harness him up!'

"Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, went to stabler, saying, 'Here is your money,' paying him five dollars.

"'Where is my horse and wagon?' says W——.

"'He is at Salem,' says client; 'I only hired him to go to Salem.'

"This brought him to terms."

A FRIEND in the city says:

"Our office, which overlooks the North River, has been undergoing some repairs. For six whole days we had a brace of real Irishmen, who kept up a constant flow of the 'rich brogue,' unsuspicious of listeners. In that time they perpetrated a whole herd of regular Irish bulls, none, however, so readily taken by the horns as the following.

"At noon, one of the Cunard steamers going out fired the usual guns.

"'Do ye hear that, Larry?'

"'The goons do ye mane? certingly. What is it?'

"'Why, ov coorse, it's an *arrival goin' out!*'"

MRS. MALTBANE, in New Haven, is troubled with the dyspepsia and has bad dreams. One morning at breakfast she was complaining sadly, and described her sensations to her sympathizing husband.

"I was all the time climbing up, up, up hill; every little while I stopped to rest, and then up, up, up. Oh, I was so tired! The fact is, I had a real nightmare."

"Then why, my dear," said the affectionate husband, "didn't you get on and ride?'"

"ANOTHER Philadelphia lawyer," after a very complimentary notice of the Drawer, which we have no doubt is a sound legal opinion, expresses his determination to "make a note" of the best things at the bar and send them to the Drawer. He makes a good beginning in giving us the following:

"Rather a funny incident occurred at the Nisi Prius Court the other day, in a case which excited considerable public interest. Quite an 'array of talent' was presented on both sides, and, as the case progressed, counsel would occasionally (as counsel sometimes do) get rather warm, and snap each other up in a way that was quite edifying to the bystanders.

"Mr. C——, one of the 'big guns' of the defense, was cross-examining a witness in tremendous style, when, from some cause or other, Mr. R——, the junior counsel for the plaintiff, who was sitting immediately behind Mr. C——, gave reluctant vent (it must have been reluctant) to a subdued sound, resembling that called in vulgar parlance a 'snicker.'

"Mr. C—— turned sharply round, and fiercely demanded,

"Mr. R——, have you any *objection* to my examining this witness?"

"Oh no, Sir, none at all, Sir," was the prompt reply.

"Have you any objection to the *questions* I have asked this witness?"

"No, Sir, certainly not."

"Have you any objection to the *manner* in which I have asked those questions?"

"No, Sir; no, Sir; none whatever."

"Well, Sir," continued Mr. C——, with the air of one about to complete a sort of annihilation of the offending counsel, "have you any objection to the *tone* in which I have asked those questions?"

"Oh no, Sir, not at all," responded Mr. R——, with a gracious bow; "I've no doubt you're doing the best you can."

"Whereupon the by-standers laughed, of course, and Mr. C—— subsided, perceiving that he had carried his inquiries a *little* too far."

The next is also of a professional stripe:

"Some years since, a Mr. Smith, a member of our bar, was executing a commission for the examination of witnesses, and one of those called before him was an old, stiff-necked Quaker Conveyancer, whom I will call Wilkinson. The examinations were rather tedious, and Wilkinson, his patience (of which article, by-the-way, he had no great superabundance) being quite exhausted, rose to leave.

His departure was strenuously objected to, but he said he didn't think the Commissioner had any right to detain him, and asked to see his authority; whereupon the urbane Mr. Smith read to him the commission issued from the court, authorizing him, in usual form, to take the depositions of 'ancient, infirm, or going witnesses' in the case of A B, vs. C D. Friend Wilkinson let the commissioner read the paper through, and then, with a perverse nasal drawl peculiar to him, replied: 'I don't think I can be called an *ancient* witness' (his age was about sixty), 'and I know I'm not an *infirm* witness; but,' said he, suiting the action to the word, 'I'm a *going* witness'—and he went."

"A GOOD many years ago," writes a valued friend, "when Dr. D—— was President of T—— College, and Prof. K—— one of its Professors, the Doctor inquired, one day, of the Professor as to the character of the class that was about to come under his instruction. The Professor spoke highly of them, but added, 'you will find in Roice a droll chap.'"

"The term commenced, and all went on well for several days, when the President meeting the Professor, observed,

"I see nothing peculiar in any of the class; I am much pleased with them."

"The short answer was, 'Perhaps Roice has not come.'"

"A day or two after, at the close of a forensic disputation, in the course of which severe strictures had been made on some of the laws of Connecticut, the Doctor took occasion to say, in deciding the question, 'I rejoice that that barbarous custom, whipping at the post, has been abolished in Connecticut,' when a member sitting just behind, interrupted him:

"You are mistaken, Sir. It is not two months since I saw a man whipped at the whipping-post in this city, thirty lashes on his bare back."

"The Doctor, of course, stood corrected. On

leaving the recitation-room, he saw Mr. K—— crossing the yard; speaking in a low voice not to be heard at a distance, he called out,

"Mr. K——! Mr. K——! Roice has come!"

TOM PAINE corresponded with a lady, and dated his letters from the Castle in the Air, while she addressed hers from the Little Corner of the World. For reasons he knew not their intercourse was suddenly suspended, and for some time he believed his fair friend in obscurity and distress. He wrote the following to her; and it has been sent to us on an old sheet of smoked paper:

FROM THE CASTLE IN THE AIR

TO THE

LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD.

In the regions of clouds where the whirlwinds arise,
My Castle of Fancy was built;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes, in its beautiful state,
Enameled the mansion around;
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoes, and fountains, and orange-tree groves;
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves;
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not had risen and rolled,
While wrapped in a slumber I lay;
And when I looked out in the morning, behold!
My castle was carried away.

It passed over rivers, and valleys, and groves—
The world, it was all in my view;
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene
That Nature in silence had made:
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,
And checkered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied with painful good-will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air;
When all of a sudden my castle stood still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down,
And placed me exactly in view;
When whom should I meet in this charming retreat—
This corner of calmness—but you!

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,
I felt no more sorrow nor pain;
And the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my castle again."

A GAMBLING Judge is shown up by a friend of his:

"Judge D—— was fond of card-playing, and occasionally indulged in the amusement. During the period he occupied a seat on the bench the Legislature of Georgia passed very stringent laws to prevent gambling, and made it imperative on the Judges to charge the Grand Juries, at the opening of each session of the court, to present all who were known as gamblers, etc. The Judge had conformed to the requirements of the law, but none were presented, and gambling seemed to flourish as it ever had. On an occasion when the Judge was on his circuit, and after his usual charge to the Grand Jury, and as usual no notice taken of the charge, Judge D—— ascertained there was a faro bank in successful operation in the very precincts of the

court. The Judge thought he would indulge his propensity for play, and visited the bank. He played, and was very successful, as was his wont; he won all the money and broke up the establishment. After he had pocketed his winnings, and was about retiring, he perceived several of the Grand Jury in the room, who had likewise been engaged in the game. Judge D—— observed to them,

“Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, the law requires me to do all in my power to suppress the vice of gambling. I have charged the Grand Juries upon the subject time after time without any good effect. It was time for me to act, and see if I could not enforce the law. I have done so; and the most effectual way of doing it is to break the bank, which I have done to-night. I do not think these fellows will trouble the public for some time to come, and the law in me is vindicated. Gentlemen, I bid you good-night.”

“BILLY O'NEALE was a well-known boarding-house keeper, in his time, in Washington, with whom Randolph had frequently stopped. Billy was visiting in New York, where he happened to spy Randolph on the steps of a hotel; and supposing that Randolph would be glad to see him, went up to him and offered his hand, at the same time extending the usual compliments.

“I don't know you,” said Randolph.

“Billy was rather taken aback, but recovering himself, said,

“What! you don't know me!”

“No,” replied Randolph; “I can't say that I ever saw you before.”

“Why, I am Billy O'Neale, boarding-house keeper in Washington.”

“Oh! that may be,” replied Randolph, in his usual sarcastic tone. “I may know you in Washington, but I don't know you in New York.”

THE late Rev. Dr. H——, of New Jersey, was eccentric, but always genial and good-humored in his oddities. A friend sends two or three anecdotes that are very characteristic:

“A dark, stormy night he was called away from home to marry a couple. He went reluctantly, performed the ceremony, and was leaving the house, when the groomsman handed him a two-dollar bill. The Doctor looked at it, saw the small amount, and returning it, told him to keep it till it grew bigger. It grew to an X in the course of a week.”

“At another time he was called to marry a female relative of his own to a gentleman in moderate circumstances. The fee, a twenty-dollar gold piece, he handed over to the bride as a present from himself. Soon afterward he performed the same service for another relative: her husband was rich, and gave the Doctor fifty dollars, supposing he should get the credit of a handsome fee and the Doctor would make a present to the bride. But he very quietly placed it in his pocket.”

THE correspondent who sends the following very amusing story, asks if it is not the thread on which Lover strung the pearls in his “Geography of an Irish Oath?”

“Some Irish road-contractors and others were spinning yarns around a blazing pine-wood fire, one frosty night, and had nearly run out of raw material, when a modest bog-trotter stepped out from a corner of the room, and asked,

“‘Did ye iver hear tell how Luke Malone kept his oath? Well, I'll tell yez. Luke was a shmit in the County Terry, and a very good shmit was Luke, an' a good man widal, barring the love of the liquor, but that overcome Luke intirely, till at last Fahder Flanagan tuk notice to it; and one day as he was ridin' by he got aff his horse and went into the foorge, an' what he said to Luke I niver rightly knew, but he must have giv' him the goin' over intirely; for, anyhow, Luke swore an oath to the Fahder that he would nivver take another drap of the critter, barrin' it was inside his own foorge-door. Ye see Luke had a jug in the corner at the time, wid two or thre jiggers in the bottom; so he got on well an' aisy for that day. But the next day came; not a dhrap in the jug, and the dhry upon Luke intirely; and the day passin' on, an' no naber drappin' in wid a comforter in his pocket, an' Luke growin' worse an' worse, till at last—what do you think he did, the spalpeen! but go out av de foorge, take de door av de foorge aff its hangins, an' away, wid de door of de foorge on the broad of his back, half a mile down de road to Judy Mehan's sheelin, an' he put de door of de foorge in door-way of de house, an' crep in under de door of de foorge into de sheelin, an' in less nor an hour he was dhroonk as a pig—de blaggard. An' dat's de way he kep his oath!’”

“The narrator had never heard of Samuel Lover, and had never read his novels, ‘seein’ he couldn't read.’”

THIS story, that comes from an Eastern correspondent, deserves a cut illustrative. Picture a fat Yankee, over a dinner-table, eating corn after the fashion herein described, and you are ready to ask the pertinent question below.

“The very respectable tavern kept by the late Lot Dean, in Hartford, Connecticut, was much frequented by dealers in horse-flesh, among whom one Pollard was a frequent guest, and a favorable representative of the trade. At one time, while at the dinner-table, a person seated opposite Pollard attracted the attention of all by the voracious manner in which his teeth cleaned the luscious hot corn from the cob. Ear after ear was taken from the plate, and made to travel across his broad face. No four-legged gourmand of the porcine tribe could have rivaled him. Among the rest, Pollard noticed him, laid down his knife and fork, stretched forward over the table, and, while the other guests were on tip-toe of expectation as to what was coming, abruptly interrogated our corn-eating friend with, ‘Why don't you put your foot on it?’”

A VERMONT who was passing through Chicago last summer concluded to purchase a cheap lot, having been advised by his friends that he could not touch real estate in that town without making a profit. His means were limited, but he wanted “to invest.” With this view he walked into Marshall's office, where the auctioneer was crying the “best kind of a bargain” with eloquence usual on such occasions. As our friend entered the door a well-known “West side” operator made his bid at two hundred and ten dollars, and there it stood until Vermont cleared his throat and modestly offered two hundred and twenty! Every body was astonished, and every body looked him over from head to foot; the bidder was indignant, buttoned his coat, and looked fierce. At this moment the operator, who seemed to be the only com-

petitor with Vermont, approached him, and inquired if he really wanted the lot? He replied that of course he did. The auctioneer cried, in his loudest tones, "Two hundred and twenty dollars!" The dealer in property was evidently in a sweat, and he hastily asked if Vermont would divide his purchase with him in case it was struck off to him? He wanted the whole or none. Things were getting desperate; and finally the Chicago man hastily offered to Vermont that, in case the lot was struck off at that bid, he would give him one thousand dollars for his bargain, or if he would not sell out at that figure, he should "go in" and try to bid it from him. Vermont accepted. In a moment the auctioneer cried "Gone!" the operator passed over his check for the thousand, which was pocketed instantaneously, but not before the unsophisticated but fortunate man discovered that his purchase amounted to forty-four thousand dollars, his bid being by the *front foot*, instead of the whole concern, as he supposed. Vermont took the first train toward the Green Mountains, and will never trust himself in an auction-room again.

IN by-gone days there lived in one of the northern villages of South Carolina a Frenchman by the name of Balzell, who kept a candy shop and general doggery. The Frenchman was well-made and very athletic, but knew nothing of the rough-and-tumble fights of the South and West. In the neighborhood lived a drinking, overbearing bully, who disturbed the peace of the country by always exciting and getting into fights, and who had never yet found his match in a fisticuff fight. This bully coming into the village on a certain occasion, the young men of the place put their heads together for the purpose of getting up a fight between Balzell and the countryman, partly for mischief, and hoping, on account of Balzell's great strength, that he would punish the countryman, who was not very popular. By making and carrying tales back and forth between the parties, they finally accomplished their end, and got them hitched in a fight. The countryman soon got Balzell down, and for a time thumped him severely. Balzell's friends, to encourage him, cried out continually "Hurrah, Balzell, hurrah! Balzell, give it to him! hit him hard!" but he did not pretend to act either on the offensive or defensive, but cried out louder than the loudest, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Finding, after a time, that he got no help, and that it was altogether a one-sided game, he turned on the bully, and commenced pommeling him severely, who (being by this time out of wind) soon cried out "*enough!*" The moment he said "*enough*" Balzell jumped up, and cried out, "Enough, ha! by gar dat de ver word I try for say meself ven I say *hurrah!* Enough; I not forget dat vord no more, nevare so long as I live!"

DURING the exciting race between Wise and Flournoy for the Governorship of Virginia, and when the contest between the Democratic and Know Nothing parties waxed warm and brought the people together in great crowds to listen to the "stump orators," who were haranguing in every county, an incident occurred in old Harrison which a correspondent of the *Drawer* draws admirably:

"A Democratic speaker was addressing a large audience, and descanting with great vehemence upon the proscriptive tenets of Know Nothingism with regard to foreigners, when his eye fell upon a

little German Jew, a peddler of ready-made clothing, who seemed to be very much impressed with the argument of the orator, and greedily swallowing every thing he uttered. This was too good an opportunity not to be made the most of. Looking the little peddler in the eye, he exclaimed,

"'Furriner, didn't you come to this country to escape from tyrannical, down-trodden, and oppressed Europe? Didn't you flee to these happy shores to live in a land of freedom where the great right of suffrage is guarantied to all? Didn't you, furriner?'"

"He paused for a reply, when the little peddler squeaked out,

"'No, Sur; I comes to dis countrie to sell sheap ready-made clothes.'"

"The astonishment of the orator, the shouts and roars of the multitude, can not be described. The speech was finished, and the orator quit the rostrum cursing all foreigners generally, and clothes-peddlers in particular."

"'You are very welcome,' said the exulting Governor Berkeley, with a low bow, on meeting William Drummond as his prisoner; 'I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia; you shall be hanged in half an hour!'"

"A PRETTY little fellow was reciting in Brown's Catechism; and after saying that those ungodly people who go to hell after death were such as would 'lie, steal, curse, swear, profane the Sabbath, and disobey their parents,' he was asked whether he would be willing to tell Christ what a naughty boy he was, and ask Him to forgive him?"

"'No!' said he, 'catch *me!* Catch me telling Him all that!'"

"'Why not?'"

"'Because if I should begin to tell Him how I would lie, steal, curse, and all that, before I could get through and tell Him I was sorry, he would say, 'Somebody come and take that naughty boy right off!' No, Miss Mary, catch *me!*—catch me telling Him any thing like that!'"

THE late Dr. Augustus Taylor, of East Feliciana Parish, Louisiana, took his little son of some eighteen or twenty months of age, to an artist for his daguerreotype. While in the chair he was restless and out of humor. The likeness was taken, carried home, and handed to his little sister of some three years. She was asked if she knew who it was.

"Yes, 'tis Buddy, but him's mad."

"A FEW days before Christmas I took a 'three-year old,' a distant relative, without having intimated to him what I was about, to a store and purchased a pair of boots for him, which were put upon him and he sent home. It was amusing to see and hear him. Every acquaintance he met he'd pull up his pants and 'See my new boots!' was his cry. It was with the utmost difficulty he could be persuaded to take them off when he was put to bed.

"A week or two after he had the boots his mother observed him in a great study, when he woke up and said,

"'Mudder, when I die, will you give my boots away?'"

"'Well, I suppose I'll have to give them to some little boy.'"

"'Den, mudder, I'll die mid dem on.'"

Grab's Great Gift Enterprise.



Mr. Grab, being "hard up," plans a "Gift Enterprise."



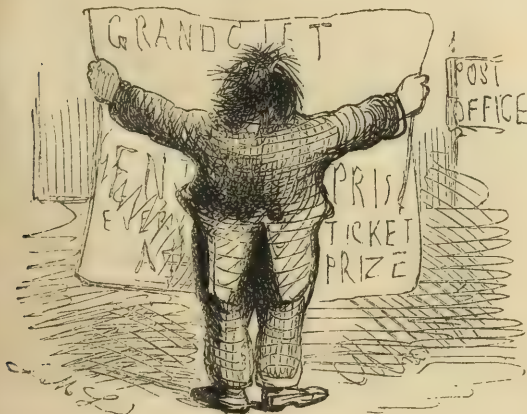
Prizes: \$60,000,000 in Cash, besides Watches, Jewelry, and Books.



Tickets, One Dollar.—Lowest Prize, Four Dollars.—No Blanks.



References: The Mayors of New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans.



Sends Circulars, with Tickets, to Postmasters—



And to Editors throughout the Country.



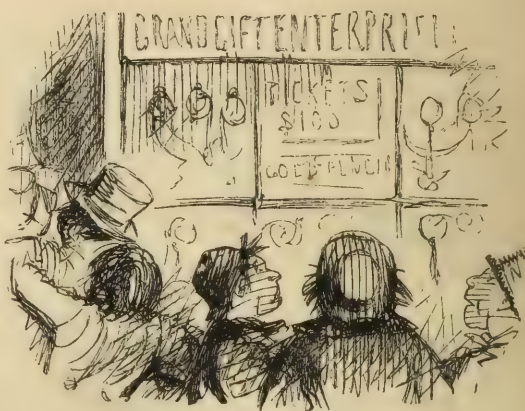
Buys a lot of Galvanized Jewelry—



And a quantity of damaged Books.



Contracts for Ten Barrels of Brass Watches: Fifteen Cents each.



Procures an Office, and displays the "Magnificent Prizes."



Takes it very easily, while waiting for Customers—



Who soon begin to pour into his Office rapidly—



Besides Letters from the Country—



When he springs the Trap—



And leaves for parts unknown, taking the Cash—



Leaving the Public to find out that they are "sold."

Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1, 2, AND 3.—COUNTRY COSTUME AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



FIGURE 4.—STRAW HAT AND VAIL.

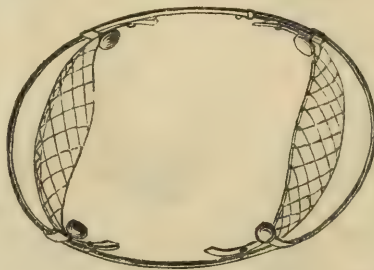
THE dress represented on the preceding page is designed either for traveling or for wearing in the country. It is composed of *poil de chevre*, of a small checked pattern, and trimmed with *passementerie* to match. The corsage terminates in front in two small points, forming lappets; behind there is but one, which is deeper; it rises considerably

at the sides; is cut square, half-high, with an inside plain fichu. At the back, the *bretelles* end in a point at the waist. The skirt is double, the upper one bordered with *passementerie* to match. The sleeves are full below, with five hollow plaits, headed by pointed caps. The under-sleeves are in longitudinal *bouillonnées*. The collar of Valenciennes. The hat, which is illustrated more in detail above, is of colored straw, trimmed simply with ribbon, with a deep lace fall, which forms a veil, reaching nearly to the shoulders. This is sometimes *ruched* below.

The BOY'S DRESS is a blue merino tunic, faced with maize-colored silk; the tabs edged with blue cord. Nansouk pants; short sleeves and cuffs à l'Anglais; straw cap.

The GIRL'S DRESS is a bayadere tarletan basque, pointed at front, back, and sides. These points are trimmed with *brandebourgs*, in which are fastened small weights, to keep the drapery in place.

The SKIRT-SUPPORTER, which we illustrate separately and as worn, is a novel and exceedingly



useful article, designed to relieve the person from the burden of the skirt. The weight of this, it will be seen, is borne by the projecting fender, that

is sustained upon the hips by netted pads. The value of this invention, in a hygienic point of view, can hardly be overrated. It is applicable to every description of skirt.



FIGURE 5.—SKIRT-SUPPORTER.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XCIX.—AUGUST, 1858.—VOL. XVII.



LOADING CORN, ON THE TENNESSEE.

A WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

Sixth Paper.

AS a man grows old he naturally takes to grumbling and fault-finding. Government, morals, manhood, and beauty, all seem to have degenerated since his day. The green soda-biscuit and patent-yeast rolls of the present are compared with the crisp Johnny-cake of forty years ago. The clean-shaven past of wigs and queues is vauntingly pitted against the bearded and mustached present; powder and pomatum against hair-dye; the cocked hat *versus* the

wide-awake. How vastly superior the "tweedledum" of the old times to the "tweedle-dee" of the new!

Even in Tennessee we hear the voice of lamentation over a State grown effete in its civilization before the stumps have rotted out of the streets of its cities.

Here's something on the subject of the fashions:

"The plain, old-fashioned sons and daughters of this country at that day had no knowledge of such gaudy trappings and ostentatious flummery as bedeck our bucks and belles of the present age. If the first settlers in the then wilds of Tennessee had met with one of our modern

dandies, with his superfine cloth pantaloons strapped on at both extremities of his person; his shirt manufactured in four or five different parcels, and fastened around his delicate and sickly-looking frame with tape, ribbons, and gold buttons; a superfine cloth coat upon his back, cut and made after our fashion; a dandy silk hat, with a rim three-quarters of an inch wide, upon his head; and right and left calf-skin boots upon his feet, they would have caught and caged him, and carried him about as a natural curiosity. And if the old ladies of that day had met with one of our slender, pale-faced, fashionable belles rattling in silks and satin; her clothing drawn over her delicate limbs as tight as the skin upon a lean weasel; her waist belted up in buckram until compressed within the circumference of six inches; her snow-white bosom peeping over the top of her outer garments, protected only by the slight covering of gauze, ribbons, and lace; a monstrous staked and ridged bonnet upon her head, streaming with flounces and furbelows; a green veil, half as long as her whole person, hanging over her face and fluttering its ample folds in the winds as she journeyed onward; a bunch of jewelry as large as a wagoner's horse-bells suspended from each ear and dangling from her shoulders; her dress cut and made according to the fashions of the present day; her delicate ankles covered only by a pair of thin flesh-colored hose, at that day called stockings; and her tender little trampers encompassed within a pair of prunella slippers, they would have set all the bear-dogs upon her, and ran off and reported that some nondescript monster or unknown wild beast was running at large in the forest."

"The old gentleman has had but a limited acquaintance with fashion-plates and millinery, I should judge," said Mrs. Broadacre.

"What an old-fashioned fright he has described!" cried Annette. "I would not wonder if they had set the dogs on her."

"Ah!" replied the Squire, "it was only written fifteen years ago."

Mrs. B. observed that they sounded very much like some of Mr. Broadacre's own reflections.

Here's something more. Speaking of the times of the early settlement of the State, he says:

"They were then content with the plain substantial of life; cultivated social and friendly habits; lived economically; enjoyed health and happiness, and died in old age at peace with each other and their God. In the administration of public affairs they selected the most competent and trustworthy individuals, without regard to the solicitations of aspirants; for electioneering was wholly unknown among them, and the citizens made choice of public functionaries with no other view than that of promoting the public weal. These were days of primeval simplicity, happiness, and delight; when virtue stood erect in the land, and walked with majestic stride through the public sanctuaries of the country."

Larkin said that Ovid had written much to the same purpose some eighteen hundred and fifty years ago:

"The golden age was first, when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And with a native bent did good pursue;
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere;
Needless was written law where none oppressed—
The law of man was written on his breast;
No suppliant crowds before the judge appeared,
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard,
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard."

"Thus sages have written and poets have sung to the same tune from time immemorial."

"And do you not believe they have reason?"

"Quite the contrary," replied Larkin. "If we are to put any faith in the teachings of history, we can not but acknowledge that the political, social, moral, and physical condition of mankind has exhibited, from age to age, a gradual but decided tendency toward improvement. While I am by no means credulous in regard to historic details, it seems that this great truth has been established beyond all controversy. Admit it, and then what are we to think of all these stories of the good old times?"

"Admit it? I admit no such thing."

"Papa," said Tiny, "this is Christmas eve, but I sha'n't hang up my stocking for Santa Claus to-night."

"And why not, my daughter?"

"Because I hung it up last Christmas, and when I came to look at it in the morning, instead of toys it was filled with corn-meal."



SANTA CLAUS DISHONORED.

"That was most shameful in Santa Claus!"

Tiny replied that she didn't believe in Santa Claus at all; it was just a story they told children.

At this point Jim Bug entered with a waiter of cakes and egg-nog.

"Jim," said the Squire, "do you believe in ghosts?"

Jim answered that he had been too 'spectably raised to believe in any such foolishness; that if a weakness did sometimes come over him of nights in lonesome places, he was ashamed to acknowledge it in day time.

The Squire looked significantly at Larkin.

"That is progress, is it not? Children and negroes too smart to credit the supernatural, while grown-up white folks dote on Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and other isms. In my young days it was different; it was the children and negroes that swallowed the nonsense then—but fill my glass again, and I'll tell you a story:

"When I was a boy there lived on my father's estate an old negro that we called Uncle Ned. At the time I remember him he was old enough to be on the invalid list, and spent his days between his pig-pen, his patch, and his prayers. In his youth he had doubtless robbed many a hen-roost, and swallowed many an unlawful dram. Indeed, there was a story current of his having once been caught in a neighbor's turkey-house, and of his having adroitly excused himself by saying that he had come over to visit the colored ladies, and had mistaken that building for the kitchen. However, as he advanced in years he became extremely devout. One could never address him without hearing the tag end of a sermon, and you rarely passed his cottage without hearing his prayers, interrupted with frequent groans. He was continually wishing for death, and lamentably declared his belief that he was grown so old because the Lord had forgotten to take him.

"Now Aunt Betty, Ned's wife, was a capital cook, and I often applied to her to dress eggs that I had filched and birds that I had killed; and with the addition of an ash-cake of her own baking, many a savory meal have I made in her cabin. My feasts were so often troubled by Uncle Ned's importunate sermons and admonitions that I got very tired of them." I got quite enough of such things from legitimate sources; and besides, I suspected the old rascal, with all his devotion, of being little better than he should be. I never approached a certain old wooden chest in his house without sniffing a strong odor of whisky, and I often saw heaps of chicken feathers under his bed, without perceiving that his stock of live fowls ever diminished. There was also a question of a pig between us; but that is not to the point.

"Uncle Ned's life, although an easy one, was

not free from troubles and trials. The arch-enemy of souls, it seems, had an especial spite at him, and had personally appeared to him in a variety of forms. His experiences on this head were wonderful to hear. He had followed him in the shape of a black cat; had crawled into his cabin like a copper-snake, and tried to bite him; as a huge owl he had perched upon the roof, and scared him with his hootings. When he could do no better, he manifested his disapprobation of the old martyr by spitting at him from among the coals in the fire-place. At length, about Christmas time, the fiend hit upon a more effectual mode of troubling his ancient enemy. That was by whispering a suggestion into my ear. I eagerly adopted the proposition, and lost no time in putting it into execution. As soon as it was dark I slyly possessed myself of the big powder-horn, and approaching Ned's cabin, with cat-like agility crept upon the roof, and leaned over the big stick chimney. The hearth was glowing with a fine bed of coals, upon which sat a coffee-pot and a skillet frizzling with fat sausages. The old woman was fidgeting about the supper-table, while the old man was sitting in front of the fire enjoying the prospect, and, possibly, reflecting on his sins.

"As I carefully dropped a few grains of powder upon the coals, he suddenly drew back his chair.

"'Betty, look da! See debbil sparkin' in dat fire da?'

"'Tain't nothin'; jis' a sign of snow.' And Betty went on with her preparations.

"'Betty,' cried old Ned, drawing still farther from the fire, 'pears to me I smells brimstone!'

"'Tain't nothin',' replied Betty, with less assurance than at first.

"A more decided blaze and smell of brimstone drove the old couple into the remotest corner of the room, where Ned, too much terrified to articulate a prayer, began to groan lustily. In my efforts to repress a sneeze, the next moment I let fall the horn. Whether I rolled or was blown off the roof of the cabin I can not tell, but in my bewilderment I gathered up and ran to the great house as fast as my legs could carry me. I slipped into the sitting-room where the family were gathered, and took a back seat, that my agitation and rapid breathing might not be noticed.

"The next moment there was a sound of hurrying footsteps through the yard, on the porch, in the hall; the door burst open, and in rushed Uncle Ned, staring and speechless. The inmates of the room started to their feet, when the old man's knees



MISCHIEF.

gave way, and he sunk at his old mistress's feet, grasping her gown with both hands. Aunt Betty followed, blown and frightened, but not speechless.

"'Oh master! oh mistis! Debbil—debbil arter us, sure enough!'"

"The old negroes shook as if in an ague fit; but soothing words, with the assistance of a glass of cordial, partially restored their incoherent wits, and Aunt Betty was presently enabled to communicate the cause of their alarm.

"While she was cooking supper her old man had observed some signs in the fire he did not like; there was an onaccountable spitting and sputtering, and a strong smell of brimstone, which, he too well knew, indicated the presence of the Evil One. Ned tried to pray, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; when all at once, with a clap of thunder and a cloud of fire, the foul fiend came down the chimney. With one hand he shied the coffee-pot at her head, and with the other hurled the skillet of sausage at her husband; then began with his shovel to toss chunks and coals over the room; and wound up by seating himself, cross-legged, on the old chest, and spitting streams of fire at them. 'On dat very chist whar de whisky was,' sobbed Aunt Betty. 'I often told Ned dat whisky ought'nt be dar. Debbil knowed dat whisky no business dar.'

"'They're drunk!' cried my father. 'Get out, you old sinners! How dare you alarm the house with such nonsense?'"

"'Their terror is real,' replied my mother. 'George, Sam,' said she, addressing two negro



UNCLE NED.

men, 'go down to the cabin directly, and see what is the matter.'

"'Mistis,' answered George, 'I'se afeard.'

"My father took his hat and stick, and, followed by a trembling posse of whites and blacks, went himself to examine the premises. Things were found in the cabin pretty much as Aunt Betty had described them, except that the notorious individual who had made all the mischief was gone. The cooking utensils and supper were scattered over the house, mingled with coals and chunks of fire, and a cloud of sulphurous smoke not yet dispersed. My father looked bewildered, and the teeth of the negroes began to chatter at these unmistakable evidences of the recent presence of his Satanic Majesty.

"Presently Sam stooped to examine an object lying on the floor. 'Merciful Fathers!' he exclaimed, suddenly jumping back, 'it's one of he's horns!'"

"'What is it?' asked my father. 'Hand it to me.'

"Sam shuddered. 'Master, tell me to kill myself, and I'll do it; but I wouldn't touch dat—not for my freedom.'

"My father picked it up himself, and on examination it proved to be a veritable horn, much splintered and powder-burned.

"'I smell brimstone orful,' said Sam, staring at the terrible relic.

"'I smell a rat!' said my father, putting the horn in his pocket, and quietly leading the way back to the house.

"As I expected, I was presently called aside.

"'Tony, this is the remnant of my big powder-horn. Explain this matter immediately.'

"I could not tell a lie to my father, even if I had been so disposed; so I told him the story from beginning to end without apology or circumlocution. He tried to look stern, but was evidently at some trouble to repress a laugh.

"'You have committed a grave fault,' said



WHAT AUNT BETTY SAW.

he, 'partly through inconsiderateness, and partly from a spirit of mischief. You have wasted my powder, ruined the horn, and narrowly missed killing a couple of worthy old servants. You must now go and explain to them how this thing occurred, that they may return to their cabin in peace.'

"By this time the whole community, white and black, was in a ferment. The affair was circumstantially explained; the powder-horn was exhibited in confirmation. Some of the negroes shook their heads incredulous; some laughed, and said they knowed Mass' Tony was at the bottom of it. Sam mustered up courage to take the horn in his hand. But the general feeling was one of disappointment that such an eye-stretching story should turn out a joke. As for Uncle Ned, he listened to all this with the air of a man whose perceptions have been obfuscated. Neither bribes nor assurances elicited any further response from him than a mournful shake of the head. He was escorted over to the big kitchen, where, in the course of time, he recovered his usual appetite and spirits; but thenceforth gave up sermonizing, and never could be induced to cross the threshold of his cabin again."

The young people were highly amused with this story, but Mrs. B. took occasion to thank Providence that she had no boys, and also to observe that children who had been spoiled showed the effects of it to the end of their days.

The glasses being replenished, the Squire called on Larkin for a story, who, nothing loth, narrated the following:

"The first Tennessean I ever became acquainted with I met in Rome, while I was there a pseudo-student of the fine arts. In my free-and-easy intercourse with the artistic fraternity I had frequently observed a tall, fine-looking man, with a mild, intelligent countenance, but withal so silent and reserved that for a time our acquaintance went no farther than a simple salutation when accident brought us together. One evening ten or a dozen Americans happened in, as they say, at the room of a friend. Without, the air was damp and chilly; within, the uncarpeted tile floor and dingy walls were scarcely more suggestive of comfort. There was no fire in the room, except, indeed, our host's *scaldino* (an earthen pot filled with lighted charcoal and ashes), which was civilly handed from guest to guest to thaw their benumbed fingers. Orders were dull with the artists, funds were low, and conversation took a sober turn, until some one remembered it was Christmas eve, when, with one consent, it was determined we must have a spree in honor of the occasion. The *paoli* were accordingly posted up, and a servant dispatched for refreshments. These were presently set before us: a few bottles of thin sour wine, some dry rusk glazed over with white of egg, and a hatful of the sorriest dried figs. The appearance of the entertainment was rather calculated to dampen the spirits it was

intended to cheer; but we strove manfully to make merry over it.

" 'Friends,' said one, 'what a contrast between this and Christmas in our own country!' And with that there was a flood of reminiscences poured forth, a gallery of Christmas pictures sketched by lively and graceful fancies.

"My tall acquaintance sat apart, saying nothing, with his head sunk upon his breast, and an expression, not of sadness, nor of despondency, but a dreamy look, as if his thoughts and heart were far away. I felt drawn toward him irresistibly, I don't know why; perhaps there was something sympathetic in his face, perhaps it was simply because I saw he could not even pretend to be merry like the rest of us. Deep down in that unrevealed breast, thought I, there are, doubtless, chords that will ring responsive to a skillful touch. Those who had spoken were from the North, and town or city-bred, and the joys they had pictured were such as they knew of. But it was now my turn; so I painted them a picture of an old-fashioned Christmas in our region. I drew it lovingly and truly, with heart as well as words.

" 'Comrades,' I began, 'let me invite you to a country Christmas eve in the mountains. Take a peep into the roomy whitewashed parlor, lighted with flaming tallow-candles, and floored with a striped carpet. In the wide-mouthed fire-place a hickory fire roars and glows like a furnace. A black and turbaned damsel is present, whose time is occupied snuffing the candles and sweeping up the hearth with a turkey wing. Two swarthy elves bring in alternate armfuls of wood to keep up the blaze, always leaving the door wide open behind them. In rushes the wintry wind, flaring the candles, and whirling the hickory-ashes over the hearth-rug; in rushes a brace of shivering dogs, and with them "a sound of revelry" from the kitchen across the yard: squeaking, booming, and clattering in mingled cadence. The dogs are turned out, the wind is shut out, and with it the merry noise of the fiddles; the candles snuffed, the hearth swept, and then "*da capo al fine*." On the right hand sits the landed proprietor, plainly clad, strong-featured, and bronzed; a face that can easily assume the sternness of command, for he has smelled powder on the field of battle, and rules his estate like a feudal lord: yet the companionship of a loving wife and a troop of coaxing daughters has smoothed away all trace of harshness. Opposite to him sits the comely dame, knitting a gray yarn stocking; her demeanor nicely balanced between placidity and fidgetiness; observing sparks on the carpet, ashes on the rug, thieves in the candles, and quietly signaling "Cassy" on the subject. There are some good-looking, gawky boys, or would-be young men, sitting around, talking about horses and guns. There is a great stone pitcher sitting by the fire, covered with a plate. This appears to be under the charge of the proprietor, and nobody knows what is in it; but when he takes the plate off



CHRISTMAS.

to stir it, as he does occasionally, you may smell hot apple-toddy all over the room. You are disappointed at not seeing the girls, your cousins, of course. The good dame smiles—they are in *déshabillé*—not visible yet; then she leans over and whispers confidentially, “Go in the next room and surprise them.” This is a sufficient hint. You open the door, and glide into the presence of half a dozen bouncing, blooming girls, gathered about a table with crocks of milk, bowls of sugar, eggs, and various *et ceteras*. Now for a moment you may look on and admire that exquisite, unstudied grace of movement and expression which our dear girls are careful never to exhibit in general society. But your heart thumps like a pheasant drumming. You had secretly hoped, but had hardly expected it—but there she is, her face flushed with the frolic, the comb just falling from her hair, which tumbles in luxuriant confusion upon her shoulders, her rosy tapering arms quite bare—beating, with all her might and main, the whites of two dozen eggs into a foam—Cousin Mary, with whom you have walked, and talked, and ridden, and danced so often—she that is such a mad-cap that the old folks are outdone with her; and so shy and prudish withal that you have often been outdone with her yourself—she that will fearlessly mount the most mettlesome steed and scream so prettily at the sight of a mouse; who sometimes bears herself so proudly that a prince would hardly dare to woo her,

then with such winning, girlish gentleness that you think she might be had for the asking.

“In short, there sits the little maiden who can tweedle you between her finger and her thumb as easily as she twirls that same egg-beater—can bind you with a thread of pink worsted, and lead you, blind and helpless, as Samson was of old. You forget you are an intruder, but are presently reminded of it by half a dozen affected little screams. Then all the sweet little coquetries, simperings, and pretenses which the engaging sex always puts on in the presence of an admirer are immediately resumed. They try to hide their handsome arms, but don’t succeed; to arrange their frolicsome ringlets, but only toss them about the more charmingly. You

are scolded, menaced, ordered to retire (a pretty sneak would you be to go!), but you know better, and join the gleeful bevy with laughing assurance.

“Then the egg-nog is mixed, and poured into the mighty glass bowl, and crowned with whipped cream; the great silver ladle is pro-



THE MAID.



TUNING UP.

duced, a regiment of glasses is mustered, and numerous plates with cakes, nuts, and apples. Then the company unites, and the refreshment is paraded into the parlor.

"Then the lass with the turkey-wing and snuffers grins as if she had an ear of corn in her mouth; the swarthy elves grin as they bring in fresh wood; the shivering dogs yelp with eagerness as they rush in for the fiftieth time; the sound of revelry from the kitchen comes fast and furious.

"Then the healths go round—first to absent friends, then to the smiling present. The host's apple-toddy is steaming hot and potent. You are now brave enough to whisper sweet things to Cousin Mary, and she looks down and smiles and blushes most bewitchingly. "Now," cries the master, "we must have a dance! Bring in the music." "But," says the considerate matron, "the poor souls in the kitchen—it will spoil their frolic." "What!" replies the master, "because we have the misfortune to be white, shall we never forget our cares and troubles? Bring in the fiddlers! Young folks, take your partners." Yours, doubtless, is already engaged. In come the joyful musicians,

grinning from ear to ear, and bowing until they sweep the floor with their greasy hats, anticipating extra drams and half-dollars for their holiday spendings.

"Then the dance—
No apish polka, new from France,
But jolly old Virginia reels—
Put life and mettle in their heels."

"During this description I had watched my tall friend. At first he pricked his ears, then sat bolt upright and listened with kindling eye. When we came to the dance he leaped to his feet.

"Whoop-ee! hurrah! Countryman, your hand! Surely you're a Tennessean?"

"Next thing to one," I replied, endeavoring to return the overpowering grip.

"That sketch," said he, "was worth more to me than all the cartoons of Raphael!"

"The subject," I replied, "is nearer to our hearts."

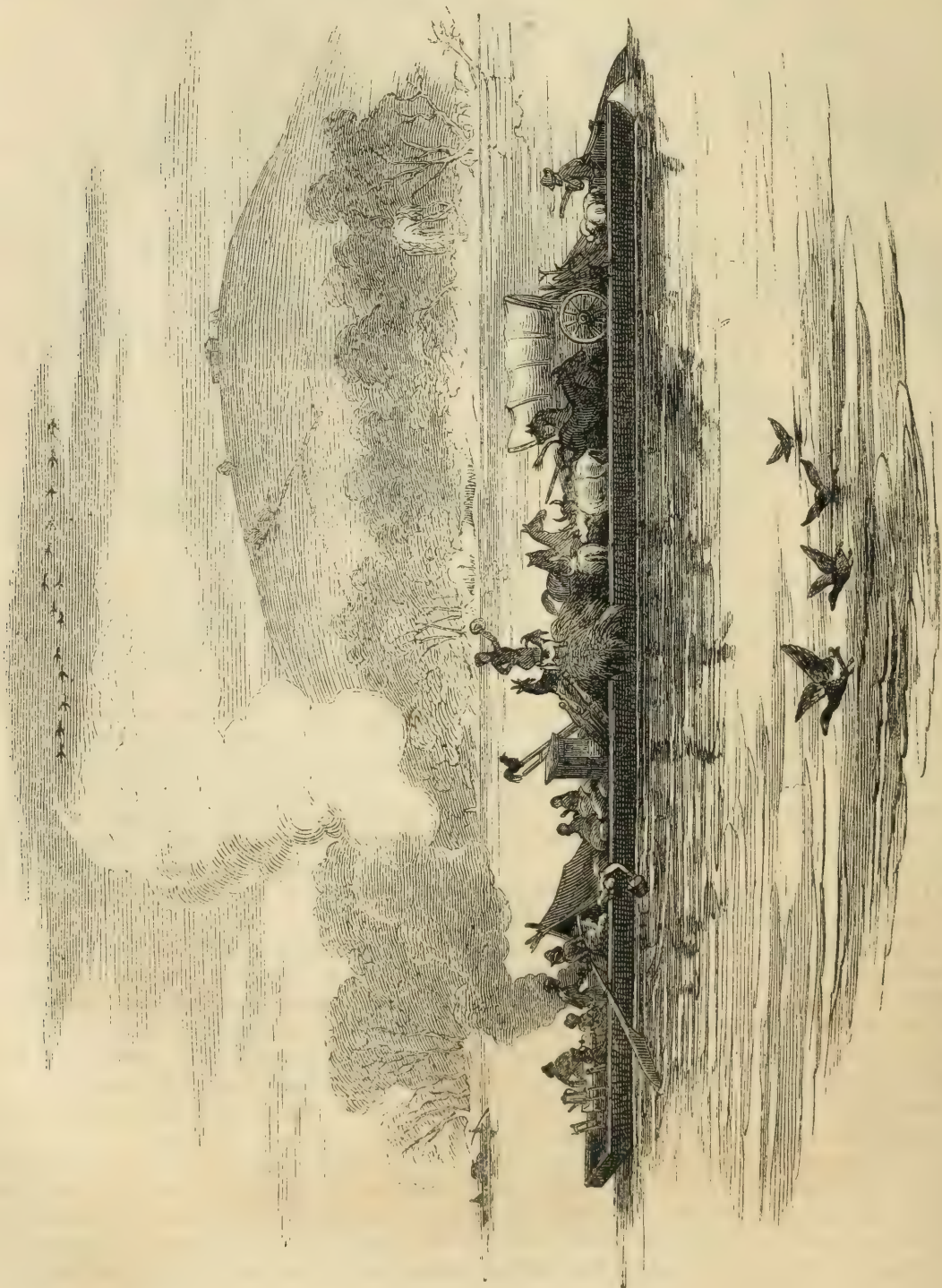
"From that hour C—and I were fast friends, and I found him a man as true as steel. Many a rough adventure we had together afterward—one of which I started to relate; but having used up my time in the preamble, I must

defer it until another opportunity occurs. So good-night to all."

With regret our travelers concluded their pleasant sojourn at Knoxville, and embarked on the steamer *James Williams* bound for Chattanooga. The scenery on the river is bold and pleasing without ever rising to sublimity. But the weather was delightful, the stream was full, and the stern wheel-boat made good speed, and as she frequently landed to put off or take on freight the artists had opportunities of sketching characteristic scenes on shore. At night the young folks had the privilege of the promenade deck by the light of a glorious moon while the elders stupefied themselves with cards and dominoes in the cabin.

The first night on a Western steamboat is not

usually an agreeable one. The thundering explosions from the escape-pipes, the jar of the machinery, the rush of the wheels through the water, the frequent signals from the bell, the shouts of command, all confused and half understood, are little calculated to soothe the nerves of those unaccustomed to such sounds, especially if the imagination has been properly stimulated beforehand by newspaper accounts of fires, snags, and bursted boilers. One who has been well brought up, is apt on such an occasion to say his "Now I lay me down to sleep" with especial fervor and emphasis, and to welcome the coming dawn with uncommon thankfulness. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that some of our friends looked a little haggard and sleepy, when they appeared at the



EMIGRANT ARK.

breakfast-table next morning; nor is it strange that they laid all the blame upon the narrow, uncomfortable beds which they occupied. All travelers do the same thing. But people soon become accustomed to any thing. The imaginary dangers disappear, the real are forgotten, and in less than twenty-four hours after embarkation the most timid traveler sinks to sleep as free from apprehension as if he were in a church on shore.

That day the *James Williams* passed an ark floating down the river containing an emigrant family and their fortunes. This craft we believe is peculiar to the Western waters, and merits a particular description. It is a huge, flat boat, perhaps a hundred feet in length, furnished with sweeps at each end and a pair at the sides; not used for the purpose of simply propelling her but merely to keep her in the stream, the current being the motive power mainly relied on. In the forward part of the boat the housekeeping for the family was going on. A sallow but resolute-looking matron was stirring the big pot, a buxom girl of eighteen was setting the table. Near the fire sat an aged couple whose bent figures and snowy locks seemed sadly misplaced in a scene that told of hardship and adventure. Around were numerous tow-headed children of various sizes, some assisting in the work, some lolling about on the heaps of hay and provender that occupied the centre of the boat, and two or three little ones sleeping beneath a canvas tent which protected the bedding of the party. Around was stacked in piles a complete inventory of household and kitchen furniture. Chairs, tables, pots, kettles, bedsteads, cupboards, churns, and spinning-wheels. Barrels there were, filled with flour and bacon, with a good store of comfortable quilts and blankets, and a heap of cabbages in one corner.

Toward the stern of the boat the space was occupied by horses, cattle, and farming utensils enough to stock a small farm; chickens, dogs, and a pair of goats completed the motley equipage.

"There," said Squire Broadacre, drawing attention to an athletic figure clad in a hunting shirt of tawny jeans and leaning on a rifle—"there is the representative of a race who have been moving out West for the last two hundred and fifty years. From the day that the first feeble and puling colony was planted on the banks of the Powhatan to the present have they been moving; crawling at first with slow and uncertain progress up toward the sources of the Atlantic rivers, then with more vigorous tread scaling the blue ridges of the Appalachian mountains; adventuring from valley to valley, until from the last summit their eyes beheld the vast fertile plains of the West unrolled like a map of the Land of Promise. These they occupied, advancing, as they grew older, with giant strides; leaping the mighty Mississippi—still onward without a pause, pressing toward the snow-capped peaks of Oregon. Westward, still westward, until the dark rolling surges of the Pacific shout in tones of thunder, 'No more, no more, no more beyond!' The Western country is run out. What a thought! What a bewilderment, a stultification to the American mind to find the leading idea of more than two centuries thus suddenly quenched in a remorseless ocean! Unhappy denizens of the Columbia and California, who have no west. Where will they send their frolicking sons, or where marry their superfluous daughters? Where poke off their old-fashioned store goods or young doctors? Where, when debts become pressing and credit fails, will they emigrate to? In short, when the contemplation of realities around them has become wearisome, where will they locate those bright illusions so essential in helping us through this stale, unprofitable life?"

"Ah," sighed Mrs. B., "I can't see the use of living at all in countries where there is no society, no distinctions—"

"And no fashions," suggested Annette.

"Silence, Miss Pertness!" replied the lady. "I was thinking of nothing of the sort. Yet



I've often wondered how the women occupied themselves in their leisure moments."

"It must be awfully lonesome," said Annette. "It would require an uncommonly handsome beau to persuade me to lead such a life."

"There is a dash of adventure in the life," said Larkin, "which is doubtless the principal attraction for those who embark in it."

"And you, my fair and thoughtful daughter"—the Squire tapped Leonora on the cheek—"what have you to say? Can not you improvise some verses on the subject?"

"I have remarked," replied she, "that while the fire of hope and courage lights the eyes of the men, the women almost invariably look sad, care-worn, and regretful. And as for the verses, I could never think of touching a theme upon which Mrs. Hemans has written so beautifully."

"Then let us hear her verses by all means, if you can recall them."

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

There was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away, o'er the foaming main!"
—This was the free and joyous strain—
"There are clearer skies than ours afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But, alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homesteads, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen."

"We will rear new homes under trees that glow
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds as they range at will
Through the green savannas all bright and still."

"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard trees,
Where first our children played
Midst the birds and honey bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free!
None shall say, 'Hither no farther pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass,
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."



IRON WORKS CHATTANOOGA.

"But oh! the gray church-tower,
And the sound of the Sabbath bell,
And the sheltered garden bower,
We have bid them all farewell."

"We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods
And the path of our daring in boundless woods;
And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay alone before."

"But who shall teach the flowers
Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?
—Home, Home, and friends, farewell!"

On the second night of their voyage our travelers retired early and slept soundly, and on awakening next morning found the boat moored at the Chattanooga landing. A carriage was procured to convey the ladies and baggage to the "Crutchfield House," while the gentlemen followed on foot. The hotel swarmed with people arriving and departing with the trains, east, west, north, and south, hurrying to and fro with eager and excited looks, as if lives, fortunes, and sacred honor hung upon the events of the next hour. All the corners and by-places were filled with groups in earnest conversation, some were handling bundles of papers, others examining maps. Rolls of bank-notes were exhibited, and net purses with red gold gleaming through their silken meshes. In the confusion of tongues the ear could catch the words, Lots—Stocks—Quarter-section—Dépôt—Dividends—Township—Railroad—Terminus—Ten thousands—Hundred thousands—Millions. The Squire, impatient to get his coffee, peeped into the breakfast-room. The waiters were trading coats.

"I tell you what—I'll give you dis coat for a dollar and a half and take your paper at nine months, or ef you like better, one dollar cash on de button—"

"Dem 'rangements don't zactly suit me jis now. I mought be able to raise dat money,



DIDN'T SELL.

and den agin I moughtent—but I'll gib a dollar and a quarter—thirty-one cents cash down and trust for de rest."

"Hum—what skurity on de 'furred payments?"

"Well lem'me see. You 'member dem boots gemmen give me? I let Ike have 'em; he owes me half a dollar on 'em."

"Don't talk to me 'bout Ike; he's worse'en broke; got no karacter. He done niggered me already outen a good hat and a pair of pants."

"How you like an order on boss?"

"Tatch your wages?"

"Dat's it."

"Done."

Having at length accomplished a comfortable breakfast, the gentlemen sallied out to see the town. At a short distance from the hotel they

were accosted by three boys who offered some black bottles at a bargain. The Squire was indignant: "What the devil," said he, "should we want with empty bottles?"

"They'll hold beer," replied the leading juvenile; "and only five cents."

"Go about your business," said the Squire, with an impatient gesture. "I perceive, Robert, we are in a nest of speculators, where any thing may be had at a bargain, ranging from a man's soul down to a beer-bottle."

"Well, mister," persisted the merchant, "if you don't like beer, they'll hold whisky jist as well."

The Squire turned fiercely and shook his cane; at which the smallest boy took to his heels, but the others, being better physiognomists, only drew back a little.



A BARGAIN.

Larkin now begged permission to take them in hand, and, under the pretense of trading, enticed them over to a little knoll where the stumps afforded convenient seats. Here he made a ragged sketch, and dismissed the pertinacious speculators with a dime each, and still in possession of their merchandise.

As they departed, shining with contentment, the junior observed to his friend, "Wasn't Jack a fool to get scared and turn back when he might have made ten cents just as easy?"

Chattanooga is a new place, apparently just cut out of the woods. It has lately sprung into importance as a point on the great railway thoroughfare connecting the Mississippi River at Memphis with the Atlantic Ocean at Charleston, South Carolina. It contains four or five thousand inhabitants, and has some pretty and substantial buildings dotted about on its strag-

gling and irregular streets, which are often interrupted by stumpy fields, ponds, and patches of forest timber. Such towns usually can not boast of many attractions, other than those of a commercial and speculative character; but the site of this place is associated with many of the most interesting incidents in the early history of Tennessee, while the natural beauty of its surroundings make it a spot where an artist would love to linger.

It is situated at the mouth of the Chickamauga, on the south side of the Tennessee River, at the point where this stream enters the Cumberland mountains. Behind the town rises the imposing form of the Lookout Mountain, from whose top may be obtained one of the most beautiful and varied views in all the West. Below one catches romantic glimpses of that savage pass called the Narrows, through which, for



SPECULATORS.

a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, the hitherto quiet and navigable river winds foaming, boiling, and roaring, in its frantic struggles to find an outlet to the lower country—an elysium for the tourist, but a terror to navigators.

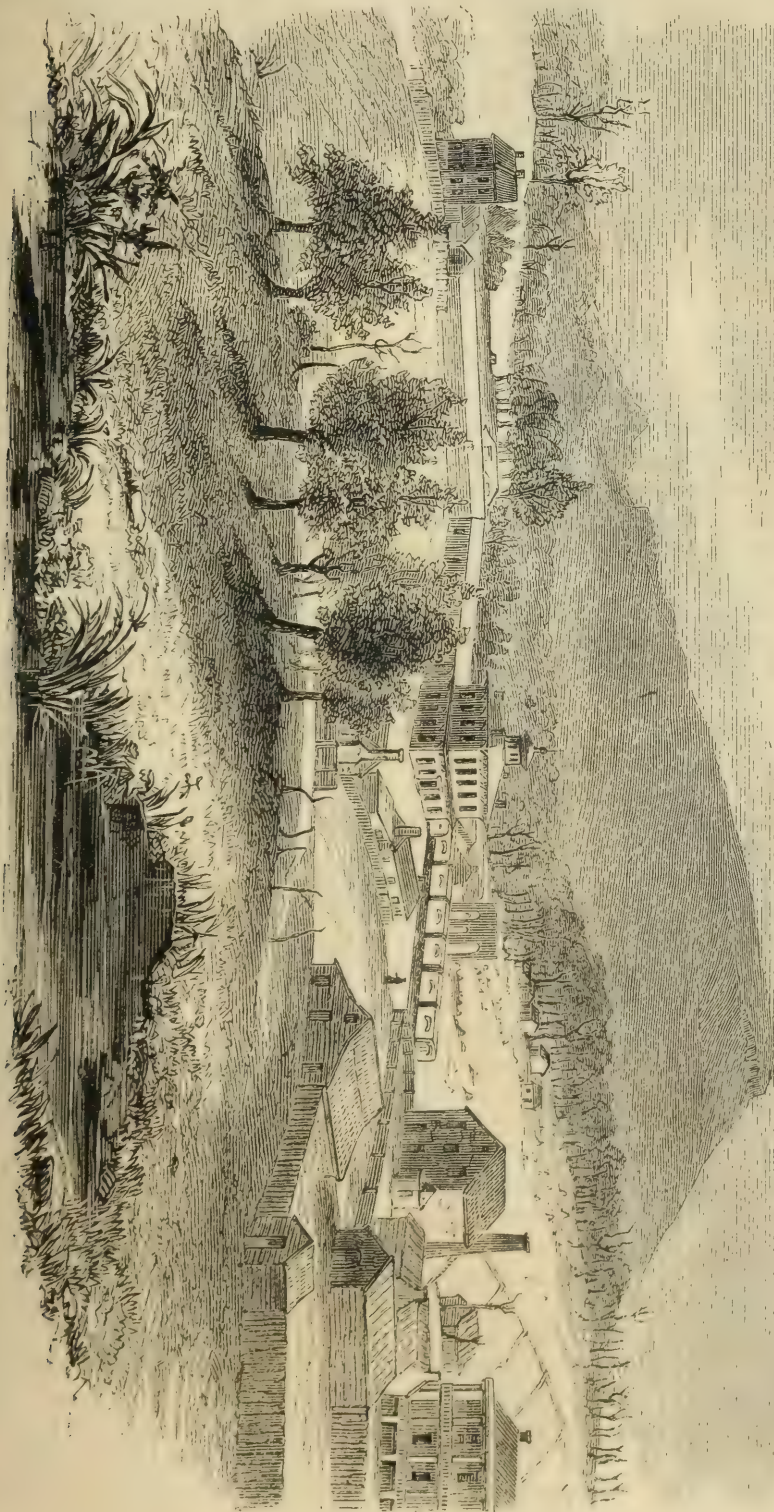
The view of the long ranges of grinning precipices marking the course of the stream, and stories of danger connected with the passage, so fired the imaginations of our travelers that they determined, if possible, to make the trip. After many unsuccessful attempts to procure a conveyance and a pilot, they at length chanced upon a rough waterman who promised to take them through in a row-boat; not, however, without bribes and persuasion was the promise

obtained. The hour for departure was fixed, and the gentlemen hastened to make preparations for the voyage. The ladies were to remain at the hotel, and the Squire went forthwith to inform them of the arrangement, while Larkin looked about for some boat stores.

At the end of an hour the gentlemen met again on the landing, with their countenances somewhat fallen. The ladies had positively refused to be left alone, in a strange tavern in a strange town.

"If," said the Squire, "I had known what a set of ridiculous, perverse—"

"It makes no difference," interrupted Larkin. "The boatman is as drunk as a fool, and





ENTRANCE TO NICK-A-JACK CAVE.

now says he won't take us; nor is he able to do so if he was willing."

This report the boatman himself presently verified by staggering up to the speakers and inquiring, if they thought he was going to *resk* his life to satisfy the kuroosity of a couple of d—d fools? Larkin answered that, from appearances, such a loss would be irreparable both to his family and society in general, and, in consequence, they would excuse him.

"But," continued the boatman, "I can tell you a good story about the first time I ever went through them Narrows."

The artist intimated that, if the story was a good one, he would feel compensated for the disappointment.

"This was the way of it," said the mariner, balancing himself, and looking wise: "There was a man and his family come from above somewhar, in a flat bound for Arkansaw. He was pretty well loaded with farm-stock, women, children, and truck; and having heard tell of the Narrows, he was afeared to go through by himself, but wanted a pilot. So, after considerin' a while, I agreed to put him through for two dollars."

"But I thought you were telling of the first time you went through?" said Larkin.

"So I am, hoss! if you'll only let me talk. I never had been through there, but I had heard people talk about the Skillet, and the Sleek, and the Bilin' Pot, and all that; and I thought I could shoot her through, and if I sunk her I'd lose my money—that's all. So we tuck a few drinks and put off, and I takes the steerin'-oar and put her head down, and let her rip. Night come on pretty soon, but that was all the same to me; so we tuck a few more drinks, and let her slide. And we went over some rough

places, and, after while, come to a pretty smart current 'runnin' smooth. 'Now she goes it slick as goose-grease!' says he to me. So, by-and-by, we see lights on the shore, and passed by a house where a feller was playin' 'Old Zip Coon' like a saw-mill, and people dancin'. 'Here's good fun to you!' says he, and we tuck another dig. So we went on pretty sprightly: and, by jingo! before we got well out of sight and hearin' of that house we went past another, whar they were dancin' to the same tune. 'Success to 'em!' says I. 'Hand us that bottle; while fun is goin', we might as well have our share.' So we drank a mouthful, and before we were done talking about it we went past another place, fiddlin' and dancin' like the rest.

"'Mister,' says he to me, 'this here's the jolliest settlement ever I traveled through—all agoing it to the same tune.' 'Pears to me,' says I, 'I hear another fiddle and fellers a laffin';' and, presently, sure enough, we streaked past another house whar they ware goin' it a leetle more extravagant than the others—tune about the same. 'Mister,' says the boss to me, 'this rather beats my time. Do the people along this river mostly spend their nights fiddlin' and dancin'?' 'Certain,' says I; 'that's their reg'lar business.' But now, I tell you, I was beginnin' to get bewildered and oneasy myself. So, pretty soon we passed another house, and another, and another, all dancin' and fiddlin' like blazes. The boss he set quiet, and didn't say a word for a while, but tuck a swig now and then. Next house we passed they were goin' it on Old Zip Coon with a will. Then the boss spoke up. 'Pilot,' says he, 'there's one of two things—either we're drunk, or there's hell's doin's goin' on along this river to-night!' 'What time o' night is it?' says I. 'About

two o'clock in the mornin' by the stars,' says he. 'How many houses have we passed?' 'I've counted nine,' says he, and his voice began to shake a little. 'Now,' says he, 'it might be that the hellish thing is a follerin' of us.' 'Nine,' says I, 'is the devil's number,' says I, pretty badly skeered; 'if the thing appears agin, go call your wife, and if she can't see it, we're drunk, certain.' 'Listen!' says he; 'don't you hear 'em? thar's the lights! ten times! we're drunk, sure. Katy! Katy! sweet-heart, wake up!'

"This time I headed the flat a little in nearer shore, and we could hear 'em plain, cussin' and swearin'.

"'Katy,' says boss, 'do you see or hear any thing over there on shore?'

"'I see lights,' says she, 'and hear a passel of drunken boatmen dancing Old Zip Coon.'

"'I wanted to put in, but boss says 'No; but sure as I'm a man, if they're carryin' on at the next house we pass we'll tie up and make out the night with 'em!'

"'In about half an hour, as I expected, we come upon another spree.

"'Head her in!' says he. So we tied up at the landing, and went in the house.

"Now, stranger, how do you think it was? Why, this was old Jack Cogles's house, down thar fornense the Bilin' Pot, whar some fellers and some gals were dancin' all night; and we went bilin' around and around, passin' by the same place over and over agin! Now at fust it come to me like a sort of a dream; then it was all clare; and without waitin' to be cussed or laughed at, I streaked it. But it's all true, jist as I tell ye."

Obliged to abandon the idea of passing through the Narrows, the travelers consoled themselves by planning a visit to the Nick-a-Jack Cave. This was accomplished by taking the Nashville cars next morning and going to Shell Mound station, a point about twenty miles distant from their starting-place. The station is immediately upon the Tennessee River, and is named from the immense banks of fossil shells found on the spot. From this point the travelers proceeded on foot across a cultivated flat called the Old Fields, and, at the end of a half or three quarters of a mile, found themselves at the base of the Racoon Mountain, which rises abruptly to the height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the low grounds. In



NICK-A JACK CAVE, LOOKING OUT.

the face of a perpendicular cliff immediately before them appeared the yawning mouth of the Nick-a-Jack Cave. It is not arched, as these subterranean passages usually are, but spanned by horizontal strata resting on square abutments at the sides, like the massive entablature of an Egyptian or Tuscan temple. From the opening issues a considerable stream, of a bright green color, and of sufficient volume to turn a saw-mill near at hand. Having neglected to provide themselves with lights of any kind the gentlemen procured some pitch-pine boards from the sawyer, and, splitting them into strips, made torches sufficient to serve for the intended exploration.

The height of the cliff is about seventy feet, that of the opening forty feet, and about one hundred in width immediately at the entrance, and of this the stream occupies about one-third. The roof of the cave is square and smooth, like the ceiling of a room, but below the passage is rough and irregular, with heaps of earth and huge angular masses of rock, making the exploration both difficult and dangerous. There are no incrustations of any kind upon the walls; and, altogether, the appearance of the cavern is

gloomy and repulsive, and well calculated to give effect to the dark traditions connected with its name. It is said in early times to have been the resort of banditti, composed of Indians and desperate white men, whose crimes and bad passions had induced them to join with the savages. Their favorite pursuit was plundering the boats of the emigrants and traders, as they descended the Tennessee River, murdering and making captive the unfortunate whites who fell into their hands; and this cave was a convenient hiding-place for the booty.

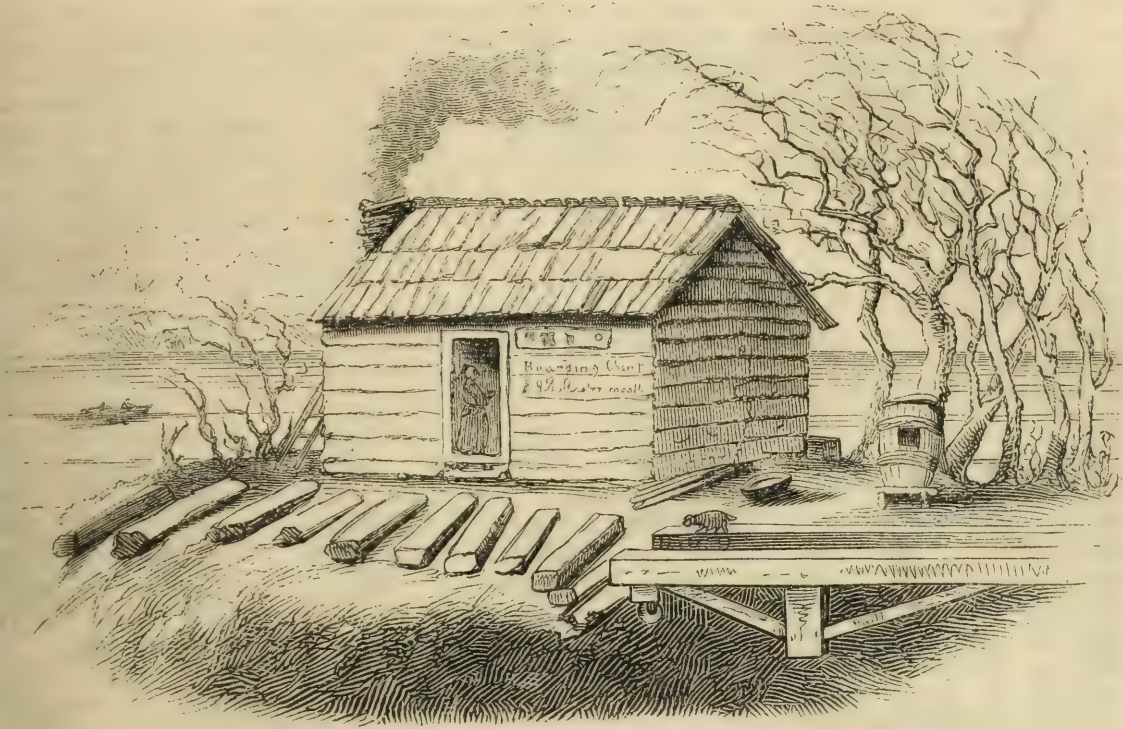
"And if any one doubts it," said Larkin, stooping to pick up something from among the rocks, "here's proof positive. I've found a piece of their money."

"Bless me!" cried Annette. "It doubtless belonged to some poor emigrant who was murdered by the robbers! Let me see it. Is there blood on it?"

"There's mud on it, cousin. Come, now it's bright."

"I should like to wear it as a charm," continued the young lady; "a coin so full of historic interest, dark and bloody associations."





CHEAP BOARDING.

"Humph!" said Squire B., "it is a five-cent piece."

"Now I've punched a hole in it, Cousin Netty, let me hook it to your bracelet, and you'll wear it as a remembrance—"

"Of the cave and the robbers," said she, significantly.

On a level spot near the entrance was a blacksmith's forge, where they kindled a brisk fire to keep off the damp air while the party lunched. When this was over the gentlemen took their torches and started for the interior, leaving the ladies at the forge.

Outside, the day was balmy and beautiful; and lingering by the way, they at length found their way back to the station. Here it occurred to them that their lunch had been rather a light one; for exercise in the fresh air is a marvelous appetizer. As the train by which they were to return to Chattanooga was not due for two hours, their attention was directed to a shanty opposite the station-house, where "Cheap Boarding" was advertised in white chalk letters. As the occupants of the establishment, an old black woman and a pup, appeared to be well nourished, the Squire ventured over to explore the premises,

and in a short time a meal of bacon and eggs, biscuits and coffee, was prepared — smelling so savory, and so neatly served withal, that the whole party, even including Madam B., were glad to go over and partake.

Aunt Hannah seemed to appreciate the honor done her, and flew round with the sprightliness of a maid of sixteen. She informed her guests that she was quite at home in good society, as she had been brought up in Huntsville, Alabama, and had formerly belonged to some of the high folks in that place. Having become dissatisfied with her position, she scraped together a hundred dollars, bought her time, and was now keeping tavern on the Nashville road.

Larkin drew her portrait, and the travelers took leave, promising to recommend her establishment to all their friends.



THE LANDLADY.



DIAL ROCK.

THE ROMANCE OF WYOMING.*

THE beautiful Susquehanna, the "Wind-ing River" of the Delawares, ranges back and forth seeking a passage through the Blue Mountains of Northern Pennsylvania which bar its way to the ocean. At length it forces a passage by a deep gorge rent through the solid rock. The mountains then sweep away to the right and left for twenty miles, leaving between them a valley three or four miles broad, through which the river winds in gentle curves. They then close again, and the river, bursting once more through its rocky barriers, pursues its way unobstructed to the ocean. This valley, nestling among rugged mountains, was named by the Indians Maughwau-wame—"The Big Plains." The white settlers dropping the first syllable, gradually changed the name to WY-OMING.

There are few scenes more lovely than that spread before the eye of one who stands upon Prospect Rock, which juts boldly out from the rugged eastern barrier of Wyoming. The valley, a thousand feet below, green with corn-fields, meadows, and gardens, dotted over with trees, farm-houses, and villages, stretches away to the foot of the wooded western hills. The mountains, furrowed by deep gorges worn by the everlasting streams, are broken here and there into precipitous crags. The river winds through the centre of the plain; its bright waters, fringed with a protecting screen of willows, maples, sycamores, and walnuts, inclose

low green islands. To the north the gray front of Dial Rock marks the head of the valley.

The Big Plains were from time immemorial a favorite residence of the Indians. The mountains abounded with game, the quail whistled in the meadows, the pheasant rustled in the leafy coverts, the wild duck reared her timid brood in the reedy inlets. The streams swarmed with fish at all seasons, and in the spring were filled with the migratory shad of a size and flavor unknown nearer the sea. Wild fruits and grapes covered the hills and river banks, whose fertile soil gave a rich return to the rude husbandry of the Red Men.

A century and a quarter ago the valley was occupied by portions of the Delaware and Shawanese tribes, to whom it had been assigned by the haughty Iroquois, who claimed supremacy by right of conquest over all tribes from the great Lakes to the Mississippi. But these were not the original inhabitants. The remains of earth-works and fortifications, of whose origin they knew nothing, showed that it had long ago been peopled by the mysterious race of mound-builders whose history and character offer such puzzling problems to the antiquarian and ethnologist. These were overgrown with trees apparently coeval with those which covered the surrounding plain. One of these growing upon an embankment near the present village of Wilkes-barre showed, by its annual rings, that it had stood for more than seven centuries. The fortress must have been deserted before Peter the Hermit preached the first crusade. How much earlier it was built no man knows. Hard by were burial-grounds filled with generations of

* *Wyoming: Its History, Romance, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventure.* By GEORGE PECK, D.D. With Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

crumbling bones and the discolored mould of what had once been human forms.

Count Zinzendorf, the noble Moravian, was the first white man who looked upon the Big Plains of the Delawares. In 1742 he made his way to the valley, and pitched his simple tent near the village of the Shawanese. He had come, he said, not for worldly gain, but to teach his Red brethren how rightly to worship the Great Spirit, the Father of us all. Their knowledge of the white men was not such as to induce them to believe in his benevolent purpose. They suspected rather that he had come to spy out their pleasant land, and resolved to put him to death. The task was committed to a chosen band of braves. They crept cautiously to his tent, and, peering through the curtains, saw him writing by a fire which burned upon the ground. A rattlesnake, attracted from its hole by the genial warmth, was crawling lazily over the feet of the good man, who was too deeply engaged in his pious task to notice the dangerous intruder. The warriors saw in this an evident

token that their visitor was a favorite of the Great Spirit of whom he had spoken. They abandoned their murderous purpose, and went their way in peace.

But visitors with less unworldly designs were soon attracted toward what was then the Far West. Pioneers from New England crossed the mountains, and following the Indian trails, looked from the Pokono heights down into the beautiful valley. They carried back to the rocky hills of Massachusetts and Connecticut wonderful tales of the paradise they had discovered embosomed among the bleak mountains. Fresh bands of adventurers followed upon their track and confirmed the reports of their predecessors; and schemes were soon formed for an organized emigration to "Wyoming on the Susquehanna."

According to the ethics of the times, three things were needed to constitute a valid claim to lands in savage countries. These were, a grant from some Christian sovereign, a purchase of the Indian title to the soil, and actual

occupation of some portion of the territory thus acquired.

James I. had, a hundred and thirty years before, granted to the Plymouth Company all the lands between the fortieth and forty-eighth degrees of latitude across the whole breadth of the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, provided that they were not actually possessed by any other Christian prince or state. A portion of this grant was not long after assigned to the Connecticut proprietors. It covered a space of the breadth of Connecticut—say seventy miles—across the continent, from sea to sea. The Dutch province of New Netherlands, coming within these limits, was excepted by the terms of the charter. Overleaping the Dutch possessions, it was held that this grant gave a pre-emptive title to all the lands covered by it, with all the "firm lands, soils, grounds, havens, ports, rivers, waters, fishings, mines, minerals, precious stones, quarries," and so on, thereto belonging. It was a royal gift, had men known its value. The coal-mines of Pennsylvania, the corn-lands of Northern Ohio, half the



THE FALLING SPRING.

prairies of Indiana, Illinois, of Iowa, and Nebraska, Brigham Young's Salt Lake Paradise, and a goodly share of the gold mines of California, were comprised in this grant; and, what was of more consequence, only three generations ago, than all these, it embraced the fair Valley of Wyoming.

In 1753 an association, entitled the Susquehanna Company, was formed in Connecticut to purchase the Indian title and occupy the Valley of Wyoming. For the "full and ample consideration of two thousand pounds," duly paid down on the stoop of Peter Lydius's house at Albany, the chiefs of the Iroquois made over to this Company a tract of country sixty miles broad and one hundred and twenty miles long, more or less, with boundaries formally laid down, in terms which must have been quite incomprehensible to the grantors.

But the Yankees were not the only white men who had cast longing eyes toward Wyoming. Charles II., finding many more agreeable ways of spending his money than in paying his debts, had made to William Penn, the good Quaker—for so we must regard him, Macaulay to the contrary notwithstanding—a grant of lands covering this valley. The Iroquois, no-wise loth to touch the money of the Pennsylvanians as well as of the Yankees, had sold to them also their title to Wyoming; and a long and wearisome contest arose between the Connecticut and Pennsylvania claimants.

Meanwhile hostilities arose among the Indians, which resulted in clearing the valley of its Shawanese and Delaware inhabitants, leaving an open field for the whites to fight out their respective claims.

One bright autumn day, when the warriors were out hunting in the mountains, the Shawanese women and children crossed to the Delaware side of the river to gather wild fruits. A quarrel arose among the children for the possession of a grasshopper, one of those large bright-winged insects which survive the early frosts. The women took part with their children. Words were followed by blows, given with right good-will, and with other weapons than those furnished by nature. The Shawanese were driven off, leaving some of their number dead on the river bank. The warriors of both tribes prepared to fight out the quarrel begun by their women. A great battle ensued; the Shawanese were defeated, half of their warriors were slain, and the remainder of the tribe sought refuge with their kindred in Ohio. Then came the bloody French and Indian war, in the course of which the first settlement at Wyoming was destroyed by the Delawares, who, fearing bloody reprisals, migrated westward.

In 1769 the Connecticut Company again pushed forward their pioneers, who found Wyoming occupied by the Pennsylvanians. They had divided the valley into two manors, and warned off the intruders. The Yankees persisted in claiming their rights, and a wearisome contest—known in the history of Wyoming as

the first Pennamite war—continued for three years. The Pennsylvanians, under the command of the bold and crafty Amos Ogden, swooped down upon the Yankees, and carried them to Easton jail, sixty miles away. But while he was absent others had filled their places, and were busily planting the fields. Ogden raised fresh forces, drove them away, and returned to Philadelphia to enjoy his victory. Back came fresh hordes of the indefatigable Yankees, and sent the Pennsylvanians about their business. Ogden hurries to the rescue, finds the enemy too strong, is forced to capitulate, while the victorious Yankees plant their spring corn, and regale themselves upon savory shad. But their planting was in vain, for before harvest-time Ogden is upon them again, storms their fort, takes possession of their crops, and leaves his men to enjoy their spoils. One night in mid-winter the Pennsylvanians are roused from sleep by a shout of "Hurrah for King George!" and before they well know what it means they find themselves prisoners. Back comes Ogden to meet the unconquerable Yankees, and the contest lasts, with various fortunes, all that winter and the following spring and summer. But at last the Pennsylvanians are shut up in a stockade, fairly starved into terms, and forced to surrender, leaving the Yankees in quiet possession of the coveted valley.

This contest was, after all, not a bloody one, and is worthy of record mainly from the principle involved. The Pennsylvanian proprietors wished to lay the country out into manors, to be settled by tenants under leases. The Yankees wished to be the absolute owners of the land which they cultivated and defended. They cared little whether they lived under the laws of Pennsylvania or of Connecticut; but they did care whether they were to be freeholders or feudal tenants.

The Yankees, thus left in possession of the coveted valley, proceeded to establish a government upon the good old democratic model of New England. Town meetings were ordained, military companies organized, a free school established, and godly Mr. Jacob Johnson, of Groton, in Connecticut, was invited to be their Gospel minister, with the promise of fifty acres of land and a salary of sixty pounds—to be raised to a hundred at some future day. A whipping-post was set up and stocks were built for the due punishment of evil-doers. Any one who should be convicted of the high-handed crimes of adultery, burglary, or counterfeiting, or of selling liquor to an Indian, was to be expelled from the colony, with forfeiture of his goods and chattels.

This was that golden age of which Campbell has sung, when, if we may put faith in the poet, the happy shepherd swains had naught to do but to feed their flocks on green declivities, or skim the lake with light canoe, from morn to eve, till evening's sweeter pastime grew, with timbrel, when, beneath the forests brown, the

lovely maidens would the dance renew; and aye those sunny mountains half-way down would echo flageolet from some romantic town; and one venerable man, beloved of all, was Judge, unquestioned, in patriarchal hall.

This is the poet's picture. Let us turn to that of the sober historian:

The main fort had been put in a state of defense, and was made the head-quarters of the settlement. Within were built log-huts, of a single story. Those of Butler and Denison, who were, by common consent, the leading men, and whose names oftenest occur in the records of the town meetings as "moderators for the business of the day," adjoined each other. Next came the store of Matthias Hollenback, who had come to Wyoming when but seventeen years of age, though a man in strength of body and mind. When he first caught sight of the fair valley he flung his hat into the air, shouting, "Hurrah! that's the place for me!" Some of his comrades laughed at the enthusiasm of the boy. "Never mind," said others; "he'll do well enough." And well enough he did. He commenced business as a trader in the simple wares required by the settlers, prospered in all his undertakings, fought during the Revolutionary war, rose to a seat on the bench, and died, in 1829, the wealthiest man in Northern Pennsylvania. Next to this store, which was, of course, a very different affair from the plain, old-fashioned residence which he built for himself long after, was the boarding-house of Joseph Sprague. In one corner stood the samp-mill—a stump of a tree, in which a hole had been burned out, with a huge pestle worked by a spring pole. In this was pounded the corn for the Johnny-cakes and samp. For other supplies the host would load his horse with

wheat, follow the bridle-road over the mountains to the Delaware River, get his grist ground, buy a few spices and a keg of rum, and return with his load. The "ground flour" was not for general use; it was reserved for special occasions, or for emigrants of note who came from Connecticut. This boarding-house was for a while an indispensable institution, for as late as 1772 there were but five white women in the settlement. After an early breakfast the men went forth armed to their work in the fields.

In the early years they were not unfrequently threatened with famine. In February, 1773, the provisions at Wilkesbarre were so nearly exhausted that it was found necessary to send five men to Stroudsburg, fifty miles away, for supplies. Marching through the wilderness, and swimming the half-frozen streams, they reached their destination, loaded themselves with a hundred pounds of flour each, and made their toilsome way back to their famished friends. The annual arrival of shad, in a few weeks, removed all fears of famine until the next harvests were gathered. Wives and sweet-hearts were sent for from their Connecticut homes, and plenty reigned in Wyoming.

The Pennsylvania proprietors, indeed, threatened a little trouble now and then; but the revolutionary storm, which was slowly gathering, gave them little leisure to attend to their interests in this remote quarter. The Wyoming people for a while maintained an independent existence; but at length, fortified by high legal opinions from England, Connecticut took the valley under her jurisdiction; and during the whole Revolutionary war it was recognized as a part of that State. Yet so remote was the settlement that, for all practical purposes, the Val-

ley of Wyoming was an independent community. The legislation of the town meetings was framed after New England models. Sumptuary laws were passed, which give us an idea of the internal state of the settlement. Laboring women were to be paid six shillings a week for spinning; men at farming were to have five shillings and threepence a day during the summer months; good flannel, woven in a 36-reed, was from five to eight shillings a yard; beaver hats, of the best, were four pounds; shad sixpence apiece; eggs eightpence a dozen; tobacco ninepence a pound; taverners, for a dinner of the best, might charge



RESIDENCE OF MATTHIAS HOLLENBACK.

two shillings. Metheglin was so much a gallon, strong beer so much a barrel; a mug of flip, "with two gills of rum in it," was so much; and so on, through a hundred items, showing that there must have been no trifling production and trade even in articles of luxury in this remote settlement.

When the tidings of Lexington and Bunker's Hill reached Wyoming, the people, in town meeting assembled, unanimously resolved to adhere to the American cause. A committee was appointed to watch the proceedings of certain interlopers, Wintermoots, Pawlings, Vandalstynes, Vangorders, Secords, and the like, with unmistakable Dutch names, who were more than suspected of being Tories at heart. The committee performed their duties in no very gentle manner, and awakened a thirst for revenge, which was before long to be satisfied. Powder and lead were purchased at public cost, a reward of ten pounds was offered to the first person who would manufacture ten pounds of good saltpetre, and the inhabitants were urged to build forts and stockades. Two companies of soldiers were raised, to be stationed at proper points for the defense of the valley; but when the reverses of 1777 took place near New York, these companies were directed to join the main army. The order was promptly obeyed, though it took away a great part of the able-bodied men of the settlement.

For two years hostilities were waged at a distance, but when the Six Nations took up arms for the English the tide of war rolled toward Wyoming. Congress was urged to send the men from the valley back. The request was denied; the main army must not now be weakened. The commissioned officers resigned, and, with twenty or thirty men who went away with or without leave, returned to defend their own homes.

In the spring of 1778 scouts reported that hostile Indians were prowling about. The forts were strengthened, military companies were organized, and armed as well as possible; old men and boys enrolled themselves; the women removed the floors of their houses, dug up the earth beneath, leached it, collected the saltpetre, pounded up charcoal and sulphur, mixed them together, and added to their scanty supply of powder. Nothing remained but to await the storm that was gathering around the valley.

Late in June tidings came that a large force of Tories and Indians was descending the Susquehanna. Scouts were sent out, who found the dead bodies of the Harding family scalped and mutilated. They had been shot down while at work in the fields. The greater part of the Americans mustered at Forty Fort, on the western bank of the river, leaving only a few men to guard the remaining posts. All told, there were two hundred and thirty enrolled men, besides seventy old men and boys, who at the utmost need could bear arms. There was but one cannon in the valley, and, as they had no balls, this was only of service as an alarm-gun.

The enemy entered the valley, burning and murdering on the way. They consisted of some four hundred British provincials, under the command of Colonel John Butler—known as "Indian Butler," to distinguish him from Zebulon Butler, who commanded the Americans—and six or seven hundred Indians, led by the Seneca chief Giengwahtoh—"He that walks in Smoke." With these came Catharine Montour, known as "Queen Esther," an old half-breed, who exercised almost unbounded sway over the Indians. The fort built by the suspected Wintermoots was given up to them at once; it was, in fact, built for their use rather than against them.

On the 3d of July a council of war was held at Forty Fort. Zebulon Butler and Denison, the colonels in command, wished to postpone the battle. Though the numbers of the enemy were unknown, it was evident that they greatly exceeded their own; reinforcements were reported to be on the way, who would probably arrive in a few days, and their aid would probably secure a victory. On the other hand it was urged that the enemy, if unchecked, would capture the outlying forts, one by one, and the fate of the Hardings showed what mercy was to be expected; there was no knowing when assistance would arrive; those who had detained the Wyoming companies so long, and against such urgent remonstrances, would not hurry them back now. They must depend on God and themselves alone; their only hope was to attack and defeat the enemy. It was, moreover, plainly intimated that the wish of the Colonel to defer fighting proceeded from cowardice. Butler, an old soldier, who had fought in the French and Indian war, was touched by this insinuation. "I tell you," he said, "that we are going into great danger; but I can go as far as any of you."

At three o'clock on that July afternoon the men were mustered for the march. Before one of the cabins in the fort pails of water and a single bottle of rum had been provided for their refreshment. They marched past in companies; the rum was hardly tasted, but each man drank of the water; to more than half it was their last draught. Then the doomed band passed out. The enemy, prepared for their approach, lay concealed among the shrubs and bushes. "We have come out to fight," said Butler, who led the right; "stand the first shock, and the Indians will give way. Every man to his duty." "Be firm," said Denison, on the left; "every thing depends on the first shock." Just as the action began three men rode up in hot haste. They were officers who had left their company fifty miles below, and had ridden all the previous night and that day through the Great Swamp. They had stopped for a moment at the fort. "We are faint," they said; "we have eaten nothing all day." Snatching a hasty morsel they rode on, overtook their friends, and were all three killed in the fight.

The battle began. For a brief space the Amer-

icans had the advantage. The British line gave way, in spite of the efforts of John Butler, who, with his head bound around with a handkerchief, endeavored to restrain his men. This was on our right. But our left was terribly galled by the fire of the Indians, who lay hidden in the bushes, completely outflanking us. Denison ordered his men to change their position, falling back so as to present their front to the enemy. The order was misunderstood to be a command to retreat, and the entire wing fell into confusion. In vain Butler endeavored to restore confidence. "Don't leave me, my children," he cried, riding between the fires, "and the victory will be ours!" It was too late. The Indians sprang from their coverts in overwhelming numbers, and rushed on the wavering ranks with fearful yells. In a few minutes our entire

left was in full flight. A few men stood firm. "See!" said Westover to George Cooper, "our men are retreating; shall we go too?" "I'll have one more shot," was the reply; and an Indian fell dead. "Now, come!" said Westover. "I'll load first," answered Cooper. Before he had time to do this the Indians had dashed forward after the fugitives, leaving him behind unharmed.

The right stood their ground a little longer. "The day is lost," said an officer to Captain Hewitt; "the Indians are sixty rods in our rear; shall we retreat?" No," replied Hewitt, with an oath. "Drummer, strike up!" The words had hardly been spoken when he fell dead, striving to rally his men. It was all in vain; the odds against them were too great. In half an hour from the firing of the first shot all

was lost. The fugitives, cut off from the fort by the flanking party of Indians, flung away their arms and fled toward the broad river. Some swam over and escaped. Others were shot down, or taken prisoners and reserved for torture. Of the three hundred and twenty who marched out that afternoon, two hundred were killed in the flight or the pursuit, or were massacred during the night. Six captains led their companies into action; all were killed at the head of their men—not one in the pursuit.

Butler was among the last to fly. As he galloped after the fugitives he overtook Rufus Bennet, a lad of seventeen, hotly pursued by two Indians, one of whom was close upon him. The youth laid hold of the long tail of his commander's horse to aid him in his flight. The pursuers kept at their speed, and hardly lost ground. They were sure that the boy could not long keep his hold, and would fall an easy prey. Just then Butler caught sight of Richard Inman, one of the best shots in the valley, who had fallen



ESCAPE OF RUFUS BENNET.



THE FRATRICIDE'S FATE.

behind on the march, and had not been engaged in the fight. "Inman," he shouted, "shoot that Indian!" The rifle rose with a steady aim—the foremost Indian fell dead, his comrade turned back, and the boy escaped. Butler distanced the pursuers, reached the fort with the tidings of the disaster, crossed the river the next day to the fort at Wilkesbarre, and, seating his wife behind him on his horse, fled from the valley. He had fought bravely during the war, and had abundant reasons for not wishing to be made a prisoner.

Some of the fugitives swam over to Monocasy Island, whither they were followed by their pursuers and killed. Among these was Henry Pencil, whose brother John was among the Tories. The Tory caught a glimpse of his brother hidden among the willows. "So, it is you," he said, presenting his gun. The fugitive begged for his life, promising to serve his brother as long as he lived. "All this is mighty well," replied the brother; "but you are a damned rebel;" and shot him dead on the spot. The Indians themselves were struck with horror, and looked with suspicion at the fratricide. When the Tories were finally driven from the country, he went to Canada. There he was twice attacked by wolves, and rescued by the Indians. They came to regard him as stricken with a curse, and resolved thereafter to leave him

to his fate. "He too wicked," they said; "the Great Spirit angry; Indian no more help him." He was a third time attacked by a pack of wolves. The Indians, true to their resolution, would not save him, and he was torn in pieces by the beasts.

Every general picture must be composed from a variety of separate incidents; and the historians of Wyoming have recorded a multitude of thrilling adventures which befell the unhappy victims of the battle and the massacre. Happy indeed were those who were put to death on the spot; for a fate more terrible than death awaited those whose lives were spared for a time. They were reserved for the tortures with which the savages were wont to avenge their slain comrades. One was thrown alive upon a burning pile, and held down until he expired. Others were subjected to the extremity of torture in other forms. Those who watched from the opposite side of the river saw the gloom of the



MONOCASY ISLAND, FROM THE EAST BANK OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

night lit up with the glare of the fires by which their captive neighbors were slowly consumed; and their nostrils were filled with the stench from burning bodies. Queen Esther had been well educated, and had acquired many of the amenities of civilized life. She had visited Philadelphia, and mingled in cultivated society. She had apparently deprecated hostilities between her people and the whites, and not many months before had saved the lives of some of the Wyoming people who had visited her town. But one of her sons had been killed a few days before the battle. This had aroused the latent savage within her, and she resolved upon a bloody sacrifice to his manes. On the night of the battle sixteen prisoners were brought before her. They were seated one by one on a large stone, and the old woman dashed out their brains with her own trembling hands. Eleven of the number had thus been slaughtered. The next in turn would be Lebbeus Hammond and Joseph Elliott. A look passed between them; their resolve was taken. With a sudden jerk they flung off the grasp of those who held them, and bounded away. The Indians were taken by surprise, and neglected to fire upon them; before they had recovered their senses so as to pursue, the fugitives were far away. Both escaped, and were able to tell the story of the fate of their companions. The stone upon which the slaughter took place is still shown near the battle-field. It bears to this day the name of "Queen Esther's Rock." A portion of it is of a reddish hue, and the credulous see in this discoloration the ineffaceable stain of human blood. Around another similar stone nine bodies were found; but no one escaped to narrate the details of the tragedy there enacted.



ESTHER'S ROCK.

The night closed gloomily around Wyoming. One by one the fugitives reached the scattered forts with the tidings that all was lost. There could have been hardly a household which had not lost a father or son or brother. Of more than twenty families two had fallen. Some had

suffered still more severely. Of the Coreys and Inmans three were killed. Of the Gore family five sons and two sons-in-law had marched out from the fort that afternoon. Three of the sons and the two sons-in-law lay dead on the field. Another son was sorely wounded, but escaped. As he lay hidden in the bushes he heard the tread of men approaching him. "It has been a sore day for the Yankees," said one. "It has indeed," replied another; "blood enough has been shed." The speaker was Butler, the Tory commander. From the family of a farmer named Weeks seven men had gone out to the battle; all of whom were killed. The next day a band of Indians came to the farmhouse, and ordered the aged owner to decamp. "How can I go?" he asked; "you have killed my whole family." They gave him three days to remove, and then destroyed his home by fire.

Many women and children had been left at Wilkesbarre and the other posts on the east side of the river. The men had been hastily summoned by the alarm-gun to cross the stream to meet the enemy. Here all was wild alarm and affright. Instant flight, before the Indians were upon them, seemed the only recourse. Women and children started wildly through the swamp, hoping to gain the settlements on the Delaware, sixty miles distant. They fled singly, in groups, or in companies, as chance threw them together. In one company were a hundred women and children, with but a single man to aid and encourage them. Behind them were the savages; before was a desolate wilderness, where the Indian trail wound through swamps and morasses, unbroken by a single human habitation. Few had furnished themselves with provision for the journey, and many suffered the extremity of hunger. Brave George Cooper, who would have "one more shot" before he left the fatal field, saw upon the ground a few grains of meal, which some one had dropped in passing. He flung himself upon his face and lapped them up with his tongue. Many, probably, owed their lives to the forethought and courage of Matthias Hollenback. He had escaped from the fight and the massacre; flinging away his clothes, he swam the river. On the bank he found a comrade who had saved his hunting-shirt and a pair of trowsers. Borrowing one of these garments, he made his way through the darkness to Kingston Fort, whence, without waiting for rest, he pushed on to meet Captain Spaulding's company, who were on their way to the valley. He hoped to get them into the fort in time to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. Spaulding refused to advance, but a part of his men volunteered to accompany Hollenback. When they reached the brow of the mountain they found they were too late. The forts had been given up, and Hollenback could see the smoke rising from his own burning dwelling. He hurried back to Spaulding's camp, loaded a horse with provisions, and pushed on after the starving fugitives who were making their way through the wilderness.

The first company whom he overtook were a woman, with her six children, seated upon the ground, famished and in despair. Giving food to each, and scarcely waiting to listen to their thanks and blessings, he hastened after others who were in equal need.

Among the fugitives were old people, and infants, and women great with child. Some sank on the way. One woman bore her infant at her breast. It grew weaker momentarily. She seated herself for a moment to see it draw its last breath. She could not dig a grave for her darling, and would not leave its body to be devoured by wolves; so she bore it in her arms for twenty miles. Women were seized with labor-pangs in the swamp. In one company there happened to be a horse. A sheet was hastily arranged, and the mother, with her infant of a few minutes old, were placed in it, and hurried on. Another company, which left the valley some days later, consisted of Ebenezer Marcy, his infirm wife, and five young children. The father bore a bundle containing a few blankets and the cherished Family Bible. Their scanty store of provisions was exhausted before the journey was done. The children picked berries by the way, the mother hobbled along by the aid of a staff, striving to allay the pangs of hunger by chewing some esculent root. Her hour of trial came on as the darkness closed around, and a daughter was born. Early in the morning they all set out on their way, the father carrying the new-born child. They walked sixteen miles that day before reaching a human habitation. A conveyance was then procured, and in a week the whole family reached Fishkill, on the Hudson River, a hundred miles away. The mother "took to her bed for the greater part of the next day," and then set about repairing the

tattered garments of her children. The little "wood girl," as the child was called, received the name of "Thankful," in commemoration of the peril from which she had escaped in the first hours of her life.

Such were a few of the incidents which characterized the flight from Wyoming. The swamp through which the great body of the fugitives passed is still called "The Shades of Death." It is a gloomy and desolate region even now, where the gray eagle wheels undisturbed, the bear makes his lair, and the wild deer roam at will. For mile upon mile there is no trace of human life except the occasional cabins of the lumbermen, and now and then a solitary clearing, where a few acres have been painfully redeemed from the poverty of nature.

The morning of the 4th of July broke gloom-

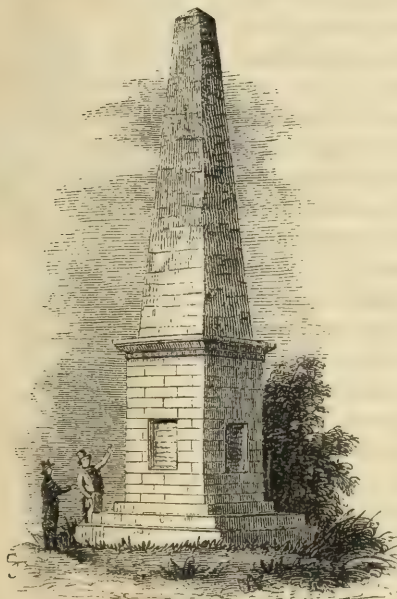


ily over the Valley of Wyoming. Butler summoned Forty Fort to surrender. The terms of capitulation were soon arranged. The inhabitants were to give up their arms, surrender the public stores, and remain neutral during the war, retaining peaceable possession of their farms, and Butler was to use his influence to preserve their property from plunder. On the morning of the 5th, Butler, with his Rangers, marched in at one gate, and the Indians at the other. The Seneca chief glared around suspiciously, as though apprehending a snare. Queen Esther addressed Denison in a taunting manner, but was checked by the British commander. "Women should be seen, not heard," said he. Among the prisoners he saw Boyd, a deserter from the British. "Boyd," he said to him, "go to that tree!" The poor fellow claimed to be treated as a prisoner of war. "Go to the tree, Sir!" repeated Butler, sternly. He obeyed, and was shot down at a signal from Butler. No other life was taken after the capitulation. The stories of subsequent massacres which were reported at the time, and which made their way into the histories of the day, and have since been repeated, were sheer fabrications.

Butler soon found that in guaranteeing the property of the people he had promised more than he could perform. The Indians laid hands on every thing which came in their way. One took a fancy to Denison's gay hunting-shirt, and he was forced to give it up. Another plundered him of his beaver hat. "They took our feather beds," says Mrs. Myers, whose narrative, taken down from her own lips, forms one of the most interesting portions of Dr. Peck's History, "and ripping open the ticks, crammed in the plunder, consisting mostly of fine clothing, and throwing them over their horses, went off. A squaw came riding up with ribbons stringing from her head over her horse's tail. Some of the squaws would have one, two, or three bonnets, generally back side before. One rode off astride of mother's side-saddle—that, too, wrong end foremost—with mother's scarlet cloak hanging before her, tied at the back of her neck." The good woman managed to save the clothing which she had on by a hazardous exhibition of spirit. A filthy old squaw endeavored to take some article from her person, and received a blow in the face which felled her to the ground. Springing up, she renewed the contest, but was soon worsted. The savages took this in good part, patting the victor on the back, and complimenting her as a "good squaw," while the discomfited hag sneaked away. The Indian women, in fact, were far worse than the men. One old squaw came prowling about with sixteen scalps strung on a stick. She said she had been scalping Yankees all night, and was tired out. She was soon mounted astride of a lean horse, with a looking-glass in one hand and her string of scalps in the other, and so paraded back and forth before the stockade.

Butler, with his troops, soon left the valley. The Indians scattered themselves in every direction, destroying every thing which they could not carry off. The cattle were turned into the corn-fields, the houses were plundered and burned. A few that stood near the fort at Wilkesbarre were spared, but every other dwelling in the valley was destroyed. Their work of devastation accomplished, the Indians returned to their homes.

In a few weeks the fugitives began to return, in order to secure such of their crops as had escaped destruction. In October they undertook to gather the remains of their comrades who had fallen, and to give them decent burial. The weather had been so hot and dry that the mutilated corpses were shriveled up and inoffensive. They could be recognized only by the clothing that remained upon them. They were taken up with pitchforks, and deposited in a common grave, which remained unmarked for more than half a century. At last a granite monument was erected over the spot, bearing appropriate inscriptions, and recording the names of those who fell in that fatal battle.



WYOMING MONUMENT.

During the remainder of the war Wyoming was harassed by prowling bands of Indians. No man who went into the fields in the morning had any security that he would not be waylaid, shot, and scalped before night. Scarcely a month passed which was not marked by some murder committed by the marauding savages.

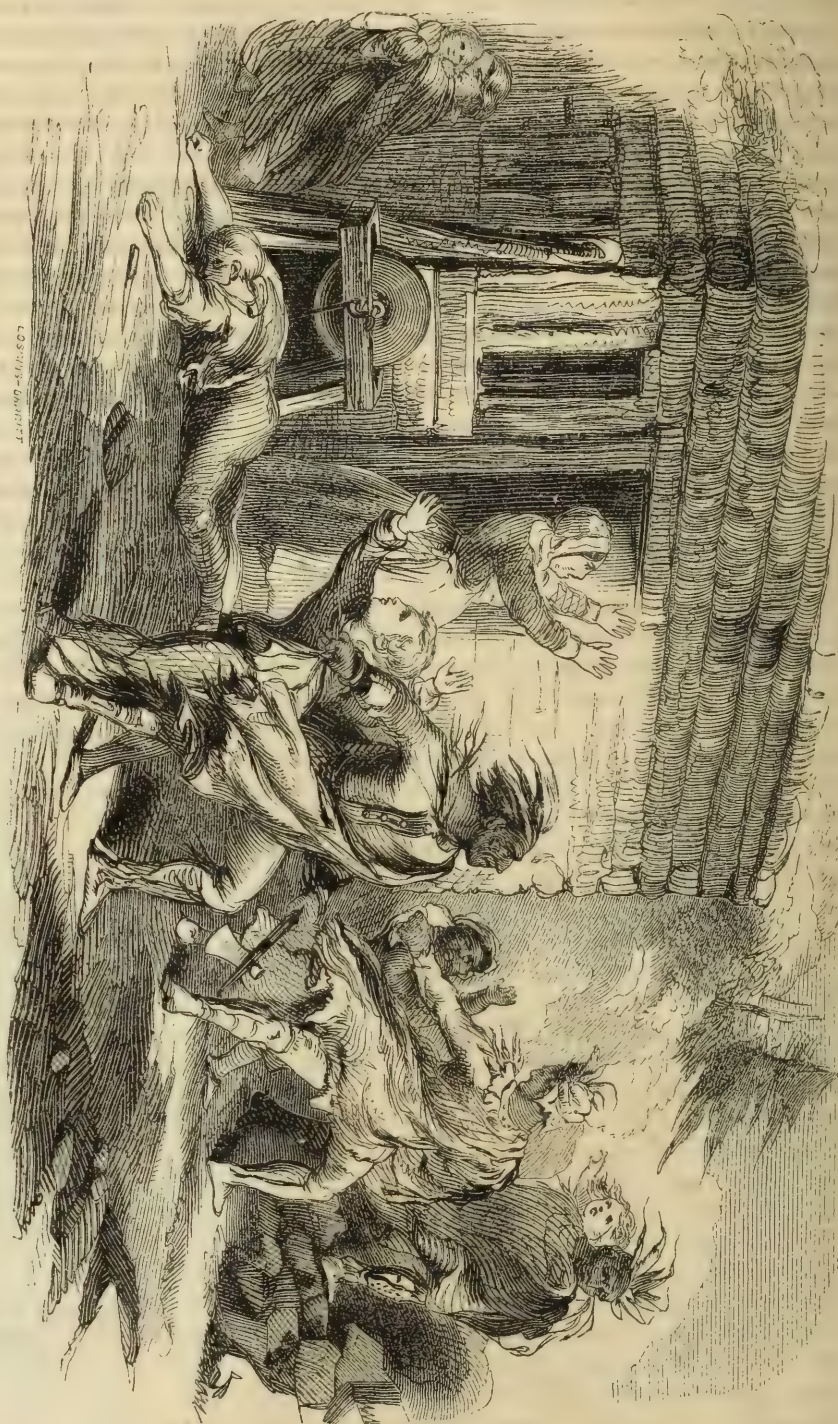
Among the few settlers who remained in the valley during all these troubles was a worthy Quaker named Jonathan Slocum. As a non-combatant he thought himself safe from attack, and his house was, besides, close by the fort at Wilkesbarre. One November morning he had gone out into the fields. At home were his wife their four children, a couple of lads whose father had been carried away by the Indians, and a negro servant-girl. Three Delawares crept up to the house, shot one of the lads and scalped

him on the threshold with the knife which he had been sharpening. The oldest child, a daughter of nine, caught up her infant brother and fled to the fort, unpursued. The savages seized the other children—a lame boy, and Frances, a fair-haired girl of five—"Little Red-head," as her brothers were wont to call her. The mother begged that the boy might be left. "He is lame," she said, "and can do you no good." The savages released him, but carried off the negro girl, the brother of the slain lad, and little Frances. Before aid could be summoned from the fort they had disappeared in the forest.

A few weeks later the good Quaker himself, with his father-in-law, were shot down while at work in the fields. Years passed; the dead were forgotten, but the mother's heart never ceased to yearn for her fair-haired child, who had been borne away to a fate which seemed worse than death. Her sons grew up and prospered. Year after year they persevered in inquiries and searches for their lost sister. They traversed the forests between the Susquehanna and the Great Lakes, visited Canada and the Far West, offering large rewards for tidings; but all in vain. Captives who had been carried away by the Indians were not unfrequently heard of, but close inquiry showed that none of these was the one for whom they sought. One of these was taken home with them, and kindly cared for. "Stay with me," said the mother, "as long as thee pleases; perhaps some one else may extend the like kindness to my dear Frances."

The mother went to her grave sorrowing, full of years. The lame boy who had been spared, and the infant who had been saved by his sister, became gray-headed men, before the veil which had hidden the fate of their lost sister

THE CAPTURE OF FRANCES SLOOUM.



was strangely lifted. A traveler chanced, in 1835, to pass the night at a Miami village in Indiana. He was hospitably entertained in the best house. The head of the family was an old woman known as Maconaqua, "The Little Bear." She had two daughters and a son-in-law—a tall, handsome half-breed—all of whom treated the old woman with the most unbounded deference. Though she spoke only the Indian language, and was apparently an Indian, something about her convinced the traveler that she was of the white race. He succeeded in winning her confidence, and she imparted to him her story. Her father was a white man, who wore a broad-brimmed hat, and lived on the Susquehanna River. His name was Sloo-cum. She had been carried away many years ago by the Delaware Indians. She was a child

then. She had lived with them ever since; they had been kind to her, and she had been very happy. She had married a chief, who was dead now. She had white brothers and sisters; but they must all be dead, and she must soon die, for she was old and feeble.

The traveler wrote to the post-master at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, stating these facts, and urging that they should be published. The letter was flung aside unnoticed. Two years after the post-master died, and the letter was found among his papers. It was published in a newspaper, a copy of which reached Wyoming. Inquiries were made, and it was found that this old Indian woman, who could be no other than the lost Frances Slocum, still lived.

Three of the Slocum family set out at once to visit their long-lost kinswoman. Two of them were the brother who had been carried to the fort, and the sister who had saved him. They found her at her home. For some time she was cold and suspicious. She could not believe that they were the brother and sister who had been children with her half a century ago. They must be schemers who wished to get possession of her person or her land. Still she told them her story. Her father's name was Slocum; he was a small man, with sandy hair and freckled face. He wore a large-brimmed hat. He lived near a fort by a great river. Three Indians

took her away when she was a child, many winters ago. She had brothers and sisters. One of her brothers had accidentally hammered off her finger nail, and it had never grown since. This last was a token which the Slocums had fixed upon as a sure sign by which they could recognize their sister. There was the disfigured finger. The identification was complete.

By slow degrees they won her confidence. But she resolutely refused all their invitations to return with them, even for a visit.

"I can not go," she said; "I have always lived with the Indians; I am used to them; I wish to live and die with them. My husband and my boys are buried here, and I can not leave them. I have a house and land, two daughters, a son-in-law, and grandchildren. I was a sapling when they took me. It is all gone past. I should not be happy with my white relatives. I am glad to see them; but I can not go. Why should I go and be like a fish out of water?"

"No," said "Cut-Finger," her eldest daughter. "She can not go. The deer can not live out of the forest."

"Yellow-Leaf," the younger daughter, assented. "Our mother," said she, "can not go, even on a visit; for the fish dies quickly out of water."

Maconaqua was of small stature, not much bent; she wore her hair clubbed behind, and was dressed in a calico short-gown, with a white Mackinaw blanket, a fold of blue cloth around her body, red leggins, and buckskin moccasins. In dress, manner, habits, and modes of thought she was an Indian. Yet now and then some vague reminiscences of her childish habits would appear. After every meal the dishes were washed by her daughters, and the room was carefully swept. Her mother had taught her to do so, she said, and she had taught her daughters. She was rich in a rude way, had fertile lands, a comfortable house, horses, cattle, and poultry, convenient furniture, an abundance of trinkets, clothes enough to stock a country store, and a considerable sum of money.

Her brother and sister left her, half-pleased and half-saddened by the condition in which they had found her. The brother visited her again some two years later accompanied by his two daughters. She received them gladly, and said if he would come to



MACONAQUA.

her she would give him half her land; but she would not go with him. Not long after arrangements were made to remove the Miami Indians farther to the West. The story of Frances Slocum had been made widely known, and by the special exertions of Mr. Bidlack—a genuine Wyoming name—the Representative from that district, aided by John Quincy Adams, a bill was passed, securing to Maconaquah and her heirs a tract of land a mile square, embracing the home in which she had so long lived. But she grew weary when her Red kindred had gone, and said she wished to live no longer. She died in 1847, and is buried near the confluence of the Missisniewa and the Wabash rivers.

Among the many adventures narrated by the historians of Wyoming, none perhaps exceeds in interest the story of the escape of Hammond and the Bennets from their Indian captors. Lebbeus Hammond was one of the two who had escaped from the massacre at Esther's Rock. He, with Thomas Bennet, and his son Andrew, a lad of fourteen, were surprised by a party of Indians. It was in March, and the snow lay waist-deep in the woods, but the Indians hurried their captives on. At night they were secured by slender poles laid across them, with an Indian lying upon each end. The fate which awaited them was indicated too plainly to be mistaken. Bennet had torn a button from his coat and wished to replace it. "Fool, Bennet," said one of the captors; "only one day more. You die at Wyalusing." Then they told the fate of Boyd, whom they had captured not long before. They had cut off his fingers and toes one by one, and plucked out his eyes, but could not extort from him a cry or a groan. "Boyd brave man," they said. The prisoners were left alone for a few minutes.

"Hammond," said Bennet, "we must rise upon them to-night."

"It will be a great undertaking," replied Hammond; "but it may be our last chance."

"We may succeed; but if I am to die I will sell my life as dearly as possible."

The boy said nothing; but was ready for action.

That night the prisoners were secured as usual. Toward morning they were relieved from the poles and suffered to walk about a little. Soon the Indians fell into a slumber, all except one who acted as watchman. He sat by the fire, roasting a deer's head, and lazily picking out the dainty morsels. Now or never was the time. Hammond took his place quietly near an axe; the boy stood near where the guns were stacked; Bennet gained a spear unperceived, and cautiously approached the guard, who was nodding over his early break-

SLAUGHTER OF INDIANS BY THE BENNETS AND HAMMOND.



fast. In an instant the spear was driven through the body of the Indian, who fell forward into the fire. Hammond seized the axe and dashed in the skull of the savage who had boasted of the torture of Boyd. Another blow buried the axe in the neck of another savage who was endeavoring to rise. Bennet, leaving the spear in the body of his first victim, seized a hatchet and dealt murderous blows. The boy snapped three guns, one after another, at the enemy; not one would go off. A stout Indian rushed upon him, but the brave lad clubbing his musket buried the lock deep in the head of the savage. Five of the seven Indians lay dead. The two others fled, one desperately wounded by the boy. Bennet flung his hatchet at the other. It struck in his back, inflicting a ghastly wound.

Still the victors were in imminent peril; they had no provisions, the weather was intensely cold, and the woods were full of prowling savages, who might easily track them through the deep snow. Bennet was an old hunter, who knew the country, and led them over the ridges, carefully avoiding the Indian trails. They swam the half-frozen streams, stopping now and then to pick a few winter-green leaves in spots where the snow had drifted away, and reached their homes in three days.

The Indian who had been wounded by young Bennet died in the woods. His companion, whom the elder Bennet had marked with the hatchet, was found lying insensible by a party of his tribe. He was brought to life, and told the story of the slaughter of his comrades. Seven years after a treaty was negotiated with the Indians. Hammond, who was present, saw an old Indian with a crooked back walking about, whose face seemed familiar to him. He inquired the cause of his stooping.

"A Yankee tomahawked me at Wyoming," was the sullen reply.

George Ransom entered the Revolutionary army at the age of fourteen. His father was killed at Wyoming; his elder brother, whose arm was broken in the fight, escaped by swimming the river, diving under water when fired at from the shore. Young Ransom himself was with the company detailed to bury the dead; among the corpses he found that of his father, recognizable by some portion of his dress. Two years after he was made prisoner by a party of Tories and Indians, and carried to the St. Lawrence, near Montreal. After some months of close captivity, he, with two others, succeeded in making a raft, and escaped to the American shore. A weary journey lay before them. For a week they traveled by night through a dense swamp, feeding upon frogs and snakes which they caught. One of them became exhausted, and declared that he could go no farther; his comrades endeavored to rouse him by threatening to eat his flesh if he died. This succeeded for a time; but he soon gave out again, and urged his friends to leave him to his fate. It was better that he should die alone than that all should per-

ish together. They built a rude booth by the side of a spring, gathered a pile of frogs, kindled a fire, and went their way. After many days' hard travel they reached Poultney, in Vermont, where they found friends. Three weeks after, their comrade whom they had left behind made his appearance. Rest, water, and a diet of broiled frogs had recruited his strength, and he had followed on in their track.

Ransom re-entered the army, served through the war, then returned to Wyoming, married a wife, and began the world anew. For a time the young couple were poor enough. Until their crop of flax was grown they were sorely off for clothing. But necessity taught them invention. Ransom mowed down a luxuriant crop of nettles, rotted the stalks like hemp, and from the fibres his good wife wove cloth and made some indispensable garments. When his flax was ripe it was pulled, hastily rotted, spun, and woven. In just eight days from the time when it was pulled the young farmer rejoiced in a suit of clothes made from it by his thrifty wife.

Ransom prospered in the world, became a man of note, and rose to the rank of Colonel in his regiment. Once, when he was far advanced in years, a young man ventured in his presence to speak disrespectfully of Washington. In a moment the cane of the veteran rose, and the young man lay sprawling on the ground. An action for assault was instituted. The fact could not be denied, and Ransom, pleading guilty, threw himself upon the mercy of the court.

"Colonel Ransom," asked Matthias Hollenback, who was one of the judges, "where were you in 1777?"

"In my father's Company, with Washington's army."

"Where were you on the 3d of July, 1788?"

"With Captain Spaulding, on my way to Wyoming."

"And the following summer?"

"With Sullivan, in the Lake Country, flogging the Indians."

"And the next fall and winter?"

"A prisoner on the St. Lawrence."

"Well, Colonel, did you knock the man down?"

"I did, and would do it again under the like provocation."

"What was the provocation?"

"The rascal abused the name of Washington."

"Colonel Ransom," said the Judge, after due deliberation, "the judgment of the court is that you shall be fined one cent, and that the prosecutor shall pay the costs."

The close of the Revolutionary war brought no immediate peace to Wyoming. The valley had suffered fearfully during the contest. The entire population could not have exceeded three thousand persons. Fully three hundred men—at least one-third of the able-bodied men—had been killed. The survivors were now to

be compelled to struggle for the possession of the homes which had been won at the cost of so much toil and blood.

Pennsylvania had never acquiesced in the claim of Connecticut of jurisdiction over the Susquehanna country. The question was brought before the appropriate tribunal, by which it was decided in favor of Pennsylvania. Of this decision the people of Wyoming did not complain. If they could be secured in the peaceable possession of their homes, they cared not whether they were to be citizens of Pennsylvania or of Connecticut. But they soon found that their titles were not to be recognized. Their lands were granted anew, and they were to be expelled from their pleasant valley. Then ensued the long and weary contest known as the "Second Pennamite war," into the details of which we have not space to enter. Those who indiscriminately praise the past at the expense of the present—who see in every instance of disorder a proof of national degeneracy—who are sure that land-jobbing, and Kansas troubles, and Anti-Rent disorders would never have occurred in the good old times of our fathers—will do well to read the story of Wyoming during the years that immediately followed the war for Independence, as told at length by Mr. Miner, in his minute *History of Wyoming*; or, more briefly, by Mr. Peck, in the excellent work before us.

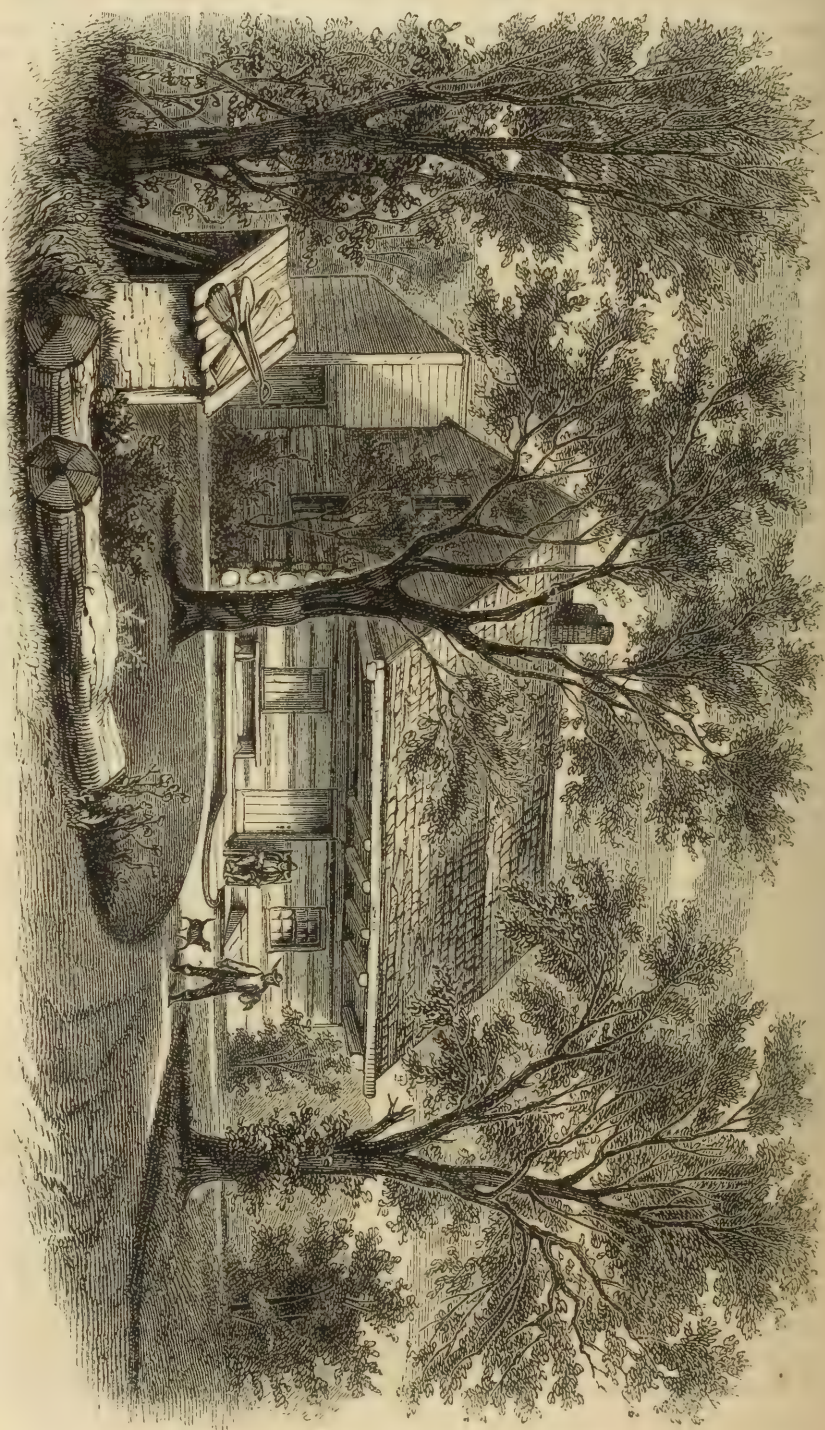
The Pennsylvanian authorities sent commissioners, backed by military force, to dispossess the settlers.—These performed their functions in such a manner as to remind the people of the days of Butler and Giengwah-toh. The settlers were insulted, their crops destroyed, their houses burned, their wives and children abused. At one time a hundred and fifty families were expelled from their newly-built dwellings, and forced to fly on foot 80 miles to the Lackawaxen settlements. The

Yankees, driven to desperation, resisted. The Connecticut Company, who claimed the right to the soil, poured in settlers, armed to "man their claims." The whole history of the times reads like a chapter from the story of Kansas of the present day.

Among the early settlers of Wyoming were the Bidlack family. One son commanded a company at the battle, and was killed at the head of his men; the father was soon after made prisoner by the Indians; another son, Benjamin, was with the army, in which he served during the war.

Benjamin Bidlack was a stout, fearless, jolly fellow, who told a good story, sang a capital song, and was nowise averse to the bottle. He was too good a Yankee to be overlooked by the Pennsylvanians, and was carried off to Sunbu-

THE MYERS HOUSE (BUILT A. D. MDCCCLXXVIII).



ry, and thrown into prison. He bore his confinement in the jolliest manner; and it soon became the favorite amusement in Sunbury to assemble about the jail, treat Ben Bidlack, and hear him sing. At first he was permitted to stand in the door of his cell to amuse them; then he was allowed to perform on the stoop. Day after day passed. Ben sang his songs, drank his grog, and retired to his cell when his auditors were ready to disperse. He seemed to enjoy his captivity; his captors certainly did.

At length he announced that he had added a new song to his *répertoire*; it was called "The Old Swaggering Man," and was a rouser. To do justice to it he must have plenty of room to act the part; he must have a stout cane, and the whole length of the stoop.

"Bring on the cane, and clear the stoop!" said the by-standers.

Ben took the cane, and a fresh pull at the whisky-jug; he staggered back and forth, pouring forth verse after verse, each ending with the chorus, "Here goes the Old Swaggering Man!" At last, as if resolved to outdo himself, he took another drink, staggered more wildly than ever, reached the end of the stoop, shouted out the familiar chorus—"Here goes the Old Staggering Man!" and, suiting the action to the word, leaped from the stoop, bounded over a high fence, and disappeared in the direction of Wyoming.

Some of the Pennsylvanians laughed, some swore, and others followed the jailer a few rods in pursuit, but only caught a glimpse of his stalwart figure disappearing in the gloom.

"There's no use chasing him," they said, as they came back; "he can outrun a deer."

The next day it was noised abroad in Wyoming that Ben Bidlack had sung himself out of Sunbury jail, and was at home safe and sound.

Poor Ben Bidlack led for years an unprosperous life. The part of the "Old Swaggering Man" came quite too natural to him. Men shook their heads as he passed, and regretted that there was little hope that his character or his fortune would improve. He struggled long and vainly against inclination and temptation. A higher strength came at length to aid his weakness. Methodist preachers made their way to Wyoming; the "Old Swaggering Man" was converted, and in due time became a preacher of that denomination. His old power of song remained, but the pious hymns of Charles Wesley replaced the jovial staves of his youth. He had found his true vocation, and in it passed the many remaining years of his life, hon-



ored and beloved. In 1825 he was called upon to deliver a Fourth of July oration. The surviving soldiers of the Revolution gathered from far and near, each wearing a sprig of laurel at his button. The old man marched at their head as straight as an arrow, keeping time once more to the familiar strains of Yankee Doodle. His oration took the form of a sermon, from the text, "For consider how great things the Lord hath done for you." It was a stirring discourse; the fire of his youth seemed renewed, as the veteran told the story of the struggle in which he had borne a part.

The second Pennamite war lasted for years, with various fortune. The Yankees, repeatedly driven off, returned with fresh numbers. The last engagement in which lives were lost took place on the 18th of October, 1784. The scene of this action is represented in the accompanying engraving. In the distance is seen the "Umbrella Tree," whose shape and conspicuous position have long made it a landmark in the valley. The venerable house, half-hidden by trees, was built and occupied by Denison. "Last season, 1857," says Dr. Peck, "it exchanged its original red covering for a new white one, and but for its antique form and large chimney would now exhibit quite a modern appearance." The house on the left occupies the site of the block-houses from which the Yankees fired the last deadly shot in the Pennamite war. The road which crosses the creek is the old road along which the patriot army marched to attack the Tories and Indians on the fatal 3d of July.

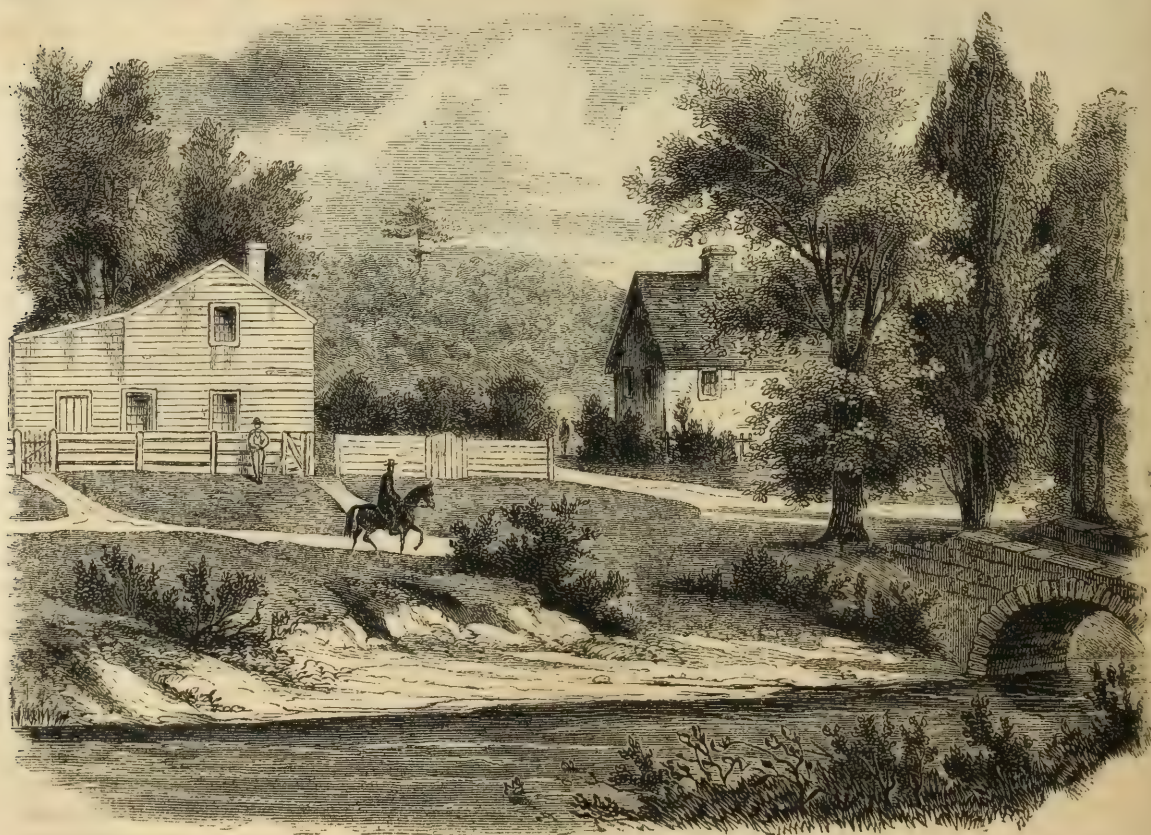
But the troubles of Wyoming were not over.

It was long before the settlers were placed in quiet possession of their lands. But as time passed wiser counsels prevailed. A compromise was entered upon, in virtue of which the original settlers were secured in the possession of their homes, and the long feud was finally healed.

Things then moved on quietly for years, until it was discovered that Wyoming lay in one of the richest coal regions of Pennsylvania. Railways were then constructed which brought the secluded valley within a few hours' easy ride from the sea-board. Yet still the most usual family names in Wyoming are those inscribed on the monument which commemorates those who fell in the battle of 1788.

Half a century of peace and prosperity has almost effaced the memory of the troublous years that preceded, as another half century will efface the memory of the bitter contests that now rage around us. Hot-headed zealots and unscrupulous partisans were among our fathers, as they are with us, and will be with our children. Their unjust schemes and selfish plans have died, are dying, and will die with them. The conservative element will in the end be too strong for them.

Wyoming has been singularly fortunate in its local historians. Mr. Miner gleaned from half-forgotten records, and gathered from the lips of the survivors of the heroic age the thousand minute details which enabled him to present an almost daguerreotypic picture of the Wyoming of the Revolution. Dr. Peck, worthily following his example, has made a welcome addition to our historical literature.



THE UMBRELLA-TREE.



CURRIER BELL'S PEAR-TREE GARDEN, BRUSSELS.

VAGABONDIZING IN BELGIUM.

AT noon, October 31, 1857, I committed my fortunes to the steadiness of the *North Star* and sailed for Southampton. I had taken my ticket on Friday (lucky day!), and, without the assistance of stevedores, had stowed all my real and personal estate in a vacant bunk, just over the one which my valuable though somewhat dilapidated body was to occupy during the nights of the voyage. A carpet-bag, containing my wardrobe, library, etc., etc., and a faded blue cotton umbrella, constituted my luggage; a big apple for each day the voyage was prophesied to last, and a bulky black bottle, filled up my invoice of stores. Thus equipped, and with thirty-eight dollars and sixty cents in my pocket, I set out to make the grand tour.

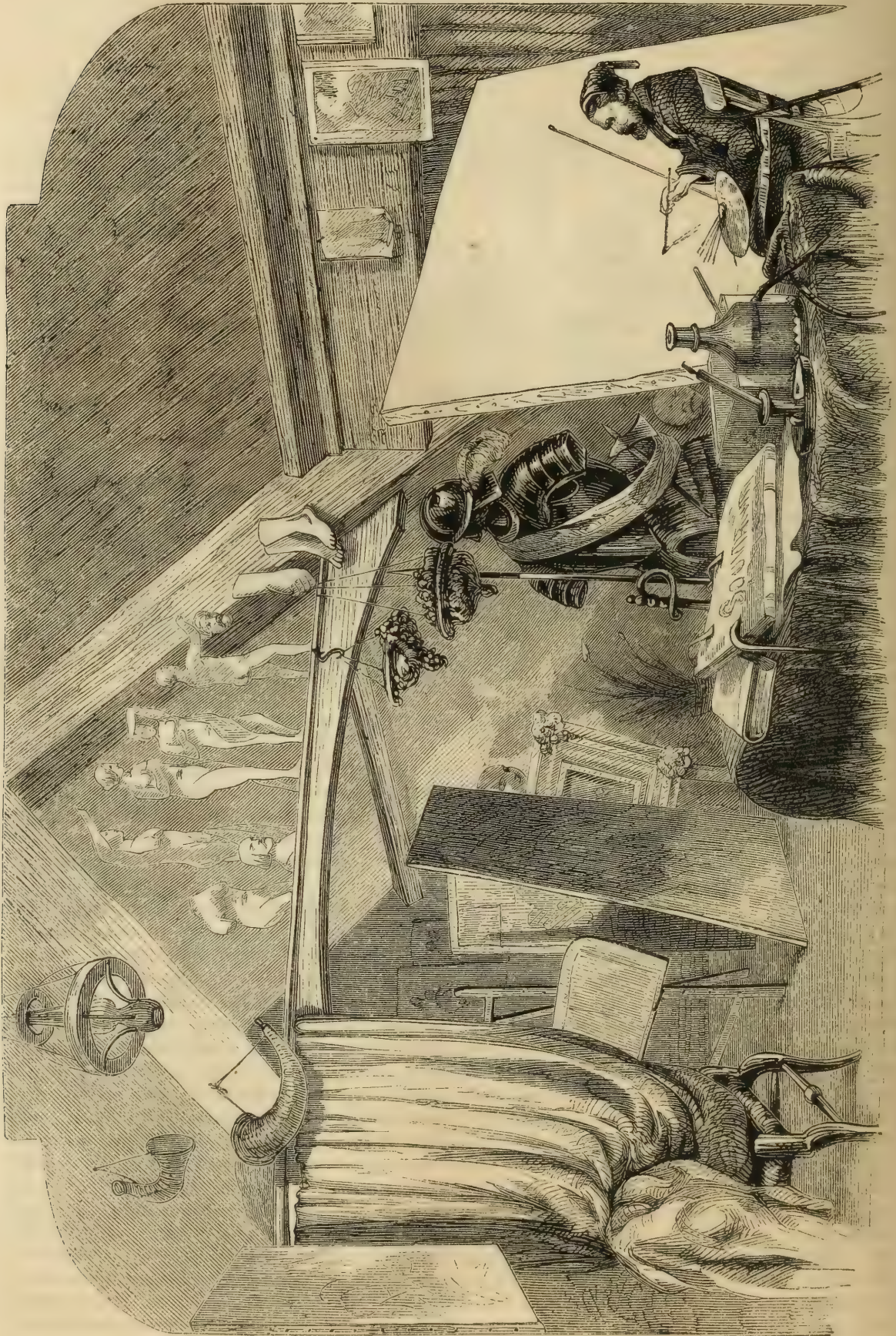
With the usual unusual mixture of people of all nations (myself the only Yankee passenger) for our company; with the usual weather, "much finer than could be expected at the time of year;" with the fogs on the Banks, and rain at the Devil's Hole; with the usual "mountains high" waves of fifteen feet altitude; with the usual grandeur of storm, and

still grander calm; with rather more than the usual Aurora Borealis beauties shooting in tri-colored rays across the sky, swinging into great bows of beauty, gaudily fringing the passing cloud and glistening on the ragged wave-top; with rather more than usual phosphoric glories dancing in broad spangles on the sea of ink around our bows, lighting up the distant sea-foam, and, like a river of molten silver, smoking, bubbling, rollicking in our wake; with the usual longing to climb the white cliffs, and plant our feet on the green turf of Old England; with the usual glance of admiration at the strength, the wealth, the glory of that iron-bound island; with the usual rolling and pitching across the Channel to *la belle France*; the usual falling in love with tidy French women, and usual comparing them with those angels of light across the water whose Gothic ornaments are so deranging the world's finances, and whose petticoats, a world too wide for their shrunk shanks, sweep the dirty ways of America's dirty metropolis; with the usual reverence for that daddy of all lions, Paris, but without the usual deep-boring description of his separ-

ate hairs, I passed on to Brussels, to Antwerp, and—to a period.

At Antwerp it was my first pleasure to become acquainted with Mynheer Wittkamp—a man whom all American lovers of art should desire to know—he who, at the age of twenty-five, painted “The Deliverance of Leyden,”

and gave to America the finest picture she has yet been able to acquire, the most perfect study for her young artists. I found him close up under the rafters of a high-peaked old house—a Young-Holland man, free from all highfalutin, spread-eagle ideas, surrounded by the paraphernalia of an old-time studio, with broken casts,



WITTKAMP'S STUDIO

grotesque figures, quaint old furniture, curious books, pieces of armor, and modern costumes, mingled heterogeneously with big Dutch pipes, stumps of cigars, scraps of bread, and rinds of cheese; with rude strong sketches, well-finished studies, and beautiful pictures; diligently pursuing his study of art, satisfied that he was engaged in the highest calling of earth; satisfied with its pains as increasing by contrast the height of its pleasures; satisfied with its pleasures as the perfection of earthly enjoyment; satisfied with his poverty, as it gave him no opportunity to waste his life in petty pursuits, and secured him from annoyances to which the rich are subjected; only dissatisfied that contracted galleries and contracted tastes restricted him to little canvases and trifling subjects. He made many inquiries after the condition of his picture; was pleased to learn that it occupied the post of honor in the most important American Art Gallery, in the Academy of Fine Arts, that is doing more for the development of artistic talent than any other in the world; was pleased to learn that it was studied by artists, and admired by all; was satisfied with the very small sum which he had received, as it was place and preservation, and not price, that he had desired for it. The picture was too democratic for the European galleries that were large enough to receive it; he was too poor to rent a large studio or church for its exhibition. He had several times been on the point of cutting out the heads and nailing them to the rafters of his studio, rather than let them spoil on the roller; was thankful he had been induced to send it to America; besides, the little sum of money he received had enabled him to make the tour to Italy, which he had long desired, and during which he had passed the happiest six months of his life. He spoke of his future course of study; said that he would like to spend some time in the New World, but that there was a broad patch of water between here and there—that his feet were accustomed to standing on land—that the passages of the *President*, *Arctic*, *Central America*, and many other similar ones that he heard of, were not such as to entice one to a sea-adventure; nevertheless he would at once devote his evenings to the study of the English language, his days to the painting of portraits; then, after he had acquired a



WITTKAMP, THE PAINTER.

sufficiency of words and dollars, so that he should not be cheated out of half the profits of his tour by the lack of them, if he could overcome his aversion to a sea-voyage, God permitting, he would traverse some of the beautiful scenes, and paint some of the wild, free figures so poetically described by the great American novelist.

I can scarcely conceive how so flat a country can raise up great artists, but the superb colossal statue of Rubens under my window is evidence positive that not only great painters but great sculptors have existed here. I can not help believing, however, that if Rubens had been surrounded by such graceful forms as grow up among American mountain ridges, and by such exquisite faces as are met in some of our American cities—if he had drawn his inspiration from stalwart Virginia mountaineers and athletic backwoodsmen from our Western hills, instead of from the shrunken corpses of Antwerpen hospitals—he would have produced such pictures as would have left no room for disputing his right to the highest position among painters. I can understand the possibility of a lack of models and a depraved public taste inducing an artist to nail a dead body to a cross and paint its portrait, but I can not understand the disposition which can invest that portrait

with the attributes of Deity, to venerate and worship it; and in spite of Rubens's miraculous colors, and Van Dyck's powerful light and shadows, these Crucifixions and Descents from Crosses are objects of disquiet, if not disgust, to me. I know a Rubens head, that hangs in an American gentleman's parlor, that gives me more agreeable study than the score of his great works I find in Antwerp, notwithstanding one of these ranks third among the world's great pictures.

No man more readily assimilates with the people with whom he sojourns than does the true-born Yankee. In Paris he jabbars and gesticulates as violently as any veritable *Crapaud*; in London he drinks 'alf-and-'alf, 'urrahs for the Queen, and damns every Frenchman. Meet the same man in Constantinople, and you would think his shaved and turbaned head had never contained but the one thought, "*Allah il Allah*;" and though, when admitted to the secret of his nationality, you know very well that not the slightest movement escapes his observation, yet his head never moves but his body must wheel, his eye, so heavy and so stolid, seems only to say that he would suffer that shaved and turbaned head to be torn from his faithful shoulders rather than adopt an additional thought to disturb the one *Allah il Allah* reverie.



MY ADVISER.



BELGIAN NEWS-BOYS.

I was but acting the instincts of my breed in joining the party of Liberals and assisting at Antwerper political discussions. It was but ten days before the election; freedom of speech and the press is *almost* as positive in Belgium as in the United States, and the little beer-house *estaminet* in which I was domiciled resounded from morning till midnight with political debate. Like foreigners in my own country, I joined that party which called itself by the most democratic name, without knowing much more than they usually do of its leaders and principles; and as politics is half the stock in trade of every American vagabond, it was easy for me to address those around me with the air of an old haranguer, and to bring them to listen to my somewhat novel precepts. As my hearers mostly wore blouses, I advocated a high protective tariff, that farmers, mechanics, and laborers might thrive—the abolition of all duties on coffee, tobacco, rum, and the other necessities of life, and such other similar measures as the exigencies of the times seemed to demand—all the while mingling as much true republican medicine in my practice as I thought would be swallowed without observation. My success was immense; and following the example of Teutonic and Hibernian vagabonds in my own country, I began to look about me for an office that should comport with my lofty lineage and many accomplishments, and had already inquired into the pliability of Flemish Aldermen and Judges of Elections, when a friend of mine (he wore a laced cocked hat and red worsted epaulets) assured me that I could exert my talents much more profitably in some other

sphere ; so I retired from the arena of political strife.

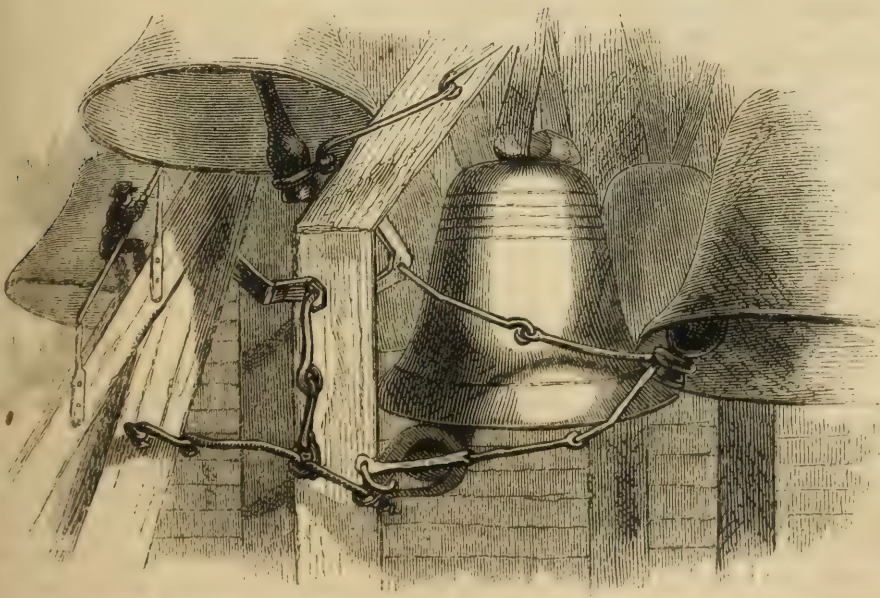
My sixth day in Antwerp was Sunday ; and still determined to follow as far as possible the dictation to "do in Rome as Romans do," I went to church in the morning, to the beer-house in the afternoon, and to the theatre at night.

Soon after I had entered the great Cathedral, and while I was yet busy admiring the grand old structure, a change of position of the worshipping crowd surrounded and completely fenced me in with densely-packed, low-kneeling figures. I glanced around for a chance to make myself appear somewhat less, but was startled to find that I had not a foot of floor to turn my feet on. I had just thought enough to turn my face toward the altar and stand erect—a tall, white-haired, dark-bearded, strange-looking figure among five thousand kneeling, worshipping ones—and, ye men of buckram, ye chivalrous knights who deem it brave to stand before the cannon's mouth to dare the battle's storm ; who fight each other, and call it noble, if ye would prove what real courage you possess, go stand amidst five thousand upturned faces, all mute and motionless, rise before ten thousand quiet or quizzing eyes, and if for ten minutes you stand their fire right steadily, then have no fears of future failures. Another movement of the devotees allowed me to change my place for a more retired one ; still my glistening hair, brightened by the downward light, was the point of sight for all wandering eyes, until I edged my way to the shady side of a fluted column ; and there you who believe that *all* Catholicism is stupid mummary—you who would crimp each man's opinion to one contracted creed—you who would restrict Church rites to one small, stern circle—should have joined in listening to the solemn chant. The slightest, smoothest note of a German flute first stirred the air, a well-drawn bow increased the trill, a child's small voice was faintly heard,

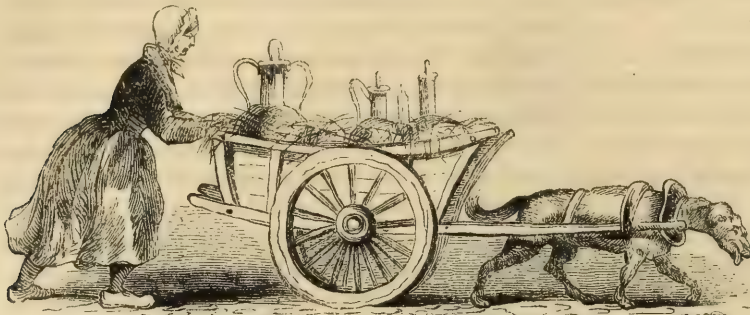
the organ tones swelled up the sound, the chant broke forth, the music pealed, a hundred voices gave out the song, a hundred horns but smoothed the tone, a hundred bows joined in the throng, and, as though angels would assist the fêtes of men, from four hundred feet above our heads half a hundred massive bells rang forth harmonious peals—rolled down upon us great waves of sound that swayed along the lofty nave, resounded through the broad, high caves, and echoed among the tall old columns that sacred, solemn, glorious song.

In the afternoon, notwithstanding my morning's mishap, I still insisted upon following the habit of my countrymen who practice the customs of such people as they see fit to honor with their company, and engaged in eating *pretzels* and drinking what is here called *bière de Bavière*—a liquid similar to that which a sign-board in Easton, Pennsylvania, denominates "*Larger Bear*"—and at night I went to the opera. I had some difficulty in finding my way to the Opera House ; but got seated at last on the front bench of the third tier just before six o'clock. The leader had already taken his place, the orchestra were coming up from the lower regions, and I was preparing myself for an acceptable treat, when a rascally *gamin* in the gallery above pointed to me, and cried out, "There's the new priest ! See the new priest ! Hurrah for the new priest !" I could have wrung the neck of the little imp, but, instead of doing so, I sat in stately silence, pretending not to know that I was seen by any body in the house except those who were sitting next to me ; but the cry was taken up by other *gamins*, the people of my own tier beginning to recognize me, and joining in the cry, encouraged those of the gallery to increase the hurrah to such an extent that it became too much for Yankee humanity to sit under ; so, rising in my place, I dared them just to come down once and I would whip the whole generation of them. This appeal, in not the most perfect French that ever was spoken,

brought down the house ; the pit shrieked and shouted ; the tiers, disregarding the hisses of the leader and the vociferous demands of *gens d'armes* for silence, laughed and cheered ; the gallery of *gamins* shouted "Encore, encore !" "Wake up, old one !" "Go in, White-Top !" until my blood fairly boiled again, and (perhaps somewhat actuated by the *pretzels* I had eaten) I set out, determined to kill two



THE CHIMES.



BELGIAN MILKMAID.

birds with one stone, by pitching every one of the young rascals into the pit. As I sorted into the corridor I met two *gens d'armes*, whose company—or perhaps it was the change of air, or perhaps the recollection that I knew the road down stairs better than up, or the thought that it would be easier traveled, that induced me to change my course, and retire from the theatre and from Antwerp in dignified disgust.

A road, flat as a pancake, straight as a gun-barrel, and covered with fog, were soon described, though it extended from Anvers to the moon instead of to Gand (or Ghent, as we call it). The towns are thirty miles apart, and any American engine-driver, knowing the road to be smooth, firm, and free from obstructions, would go over it in sixty minutes, or leave for some faster business; but these slower coaches fancy that they are rushing through the world at a rapid rate when they pass it in double that time.

Directed by Mynheer Muulmeester (donkey-driver?), I found the house most interesting to Americans of any in Gand; but as the proprietor was not just then at home, I went to the Public Library, and read in the city's history that "a Congress met there at the end of June," and that the "Treaty of Peace was signed 24th December, 1814." The history gives the names and residence only of the British Commissioners; and then says that "Messrs. Adams, Bayard, Clay, Gallatin, and Russell lodged with M. Schamp, Hotel de Lovendeghem, Rue de Champs, No. 45; that they became very popular with the Gantois, and, notwithstanding the immensity of the seas that separate them, these estimable strangers conserve yet (1840) with Gand relations of amity and friendship."

The polite chief librarian showed me the Library Album, in which, among the proud names and broad seals of princes, kings, and emperors, is written, in the unassuming, not-to-be-mistaken characters, so suggestive of the nature of "that old man eloquent"—

"18 August, 1814.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Libertatem—Amicitiam—Fidem."

Returning to the Rue de Champs, No. 45, I was kindly received by its proprietor, the finest-looking Flamand that it has been my fortune to meet—a man six feet and two or three inches high, rather heavily built, with a large, well-

formed head, a strongly-marked, intelligent, eminently kind face—a man that would be noble in any country and without any handle to his name, and just such a one as I like to find in possession of American historical relics. He said that he took pleasure in showing me his house; that he was sorry it had been changed from its original formation before he became its possessor; but the saloon in which the Con-

gress was held was not much altered, and the beautiful garden is just about the same as when our representatives gave their grand blow-out there after their work was done. When I remembered that John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay led off the entertainment, I was not surprised at hearing that it was still spoken of among the remaining fashionables of that period as the most superb of their recollections.

Through thirty miles of garden, where every natural resource is developed to its utmost extent; where not a foot of ground is spared from contributing in some way to the support of the dense population that exists upon it; where every plant is trained to its most profitable growth; where every tree must through life yield the last twig that may safely be pruned from its valuable trunk; where not a shred of cloth nor a scrap of paper is allowed to fall to the ground; where every thing on the earth and in the earth is turned into some necessary or convenience of life, I returned to the Belgic capital from Ghent.

My \$38 60 was rapidly drawing to a conclusion, and being well aware that it is inconvenient to travel with "nary red," I began to ponder on the propriety of replenishing my treasury. I had heard of a literary character at Brussels who was preparing a book for such of his countrymen as proposed emigrating to America, and I bethought me that some of the funny anecdotes, illustrative of American manners, contained in a few numbers of *Harper's Magazine* which my library furnished, would be just the spice suitable for his dish of instructions. So I boldly offered to assist him in translating them, and to add to them—for a consideration—such information as many years' vagabondizing in twenty-seven of our commonwealths enabled me to give correctly. Provisionally Mr. Litteraire thought of my proposition just as I wished him to do, and in a few days I had acquired sufficient money to make me independent for a month or two; but whoever examines our *traductions* will find that that word will apply in more than one sense.

I lived at a small beer-house tavern directly opposite the principal entrance to the Northern Railways' Terminus; of course was surrounded by a great variety of people, and had superior opportunity for studying Belgian character. I was always well and honestly treated by the

Flamands and the descendants of Spaniards; but whenever I came in contact with French Belgians, or whenever, during my frequent excursions into the country, I neared the French frontier, I was soon constrained to retire before the dastardly duplicity of that treacherous race, which appeared more heinous the nearer it came in contact with the candor of its heavy, but politer neighbors.

One rebuff of this sort was particularly unfortunate, as it drove me from the Meuse, a river of almost unparalleled beauty, and nearly unknown to American travelers. I have vagabondized on the Hudson, the Kennebec, the Rock, the Cumberland, the Savannah, the Thames and the Tiber, the Rhine and the Nile, the Bosphorus and the Jordan, but I have seldom received so much pleasure from surroundings as during those days of December that I spent on the Meuse. I ascended from Namur on a little steamboat of eighty tons' burden—a river just large enough to float such a craft freely—through scenery not so grand as to bewilder one, but so varied as to leave one no time to get weary in. They were soft, mellow, Indian-summer-like days; the luxurious meadows and

grassy banks were alive with twittering birds; the side-hill vineyards echoed the song of busy vine-dressers; castle ruins stood out upon misty mountain heights, like giant sentinels stationed to protect those pretty hamlets that nestle under the beetling cliffs; and each ancient sentry told many a tale of border warfare, of stubborn bravery, and of desperate chivalry.

A picture owned in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, had long ago interested me in one of those stories, "The Three Women of Crevecœur." The History of Belgium says that "near Bouvignes on the Meuse stands the ancient castle of Crevecœur, where, in 1554, '*trois dames distinguées*,' with others, were besieged by the French;" that "these three noble women continued to defend the castle long after the soldiers had all fallen ('*après tous les guerriers eurent succumbé*'); and, when the walls were so beaten down by the cannons that they could no longer continue their defense, rather than fall into the hands of the soldiers who had already opened the postern and were about to seize them, they ascended to the top of the tower and threw themselves into the Meuse." In the village of Bouvignes, which is tucked under the foot of the



CREVECOEUR.

great rock on which Crevecoeur stands, I inquired what they knew of the "*trois dames distinguées*," and was assured by an old man that, in his boyhood, they often appeared, and that even yet they were occasionally seen, just as the great clock was striking twelve—three women in white, surrounded by a halo of light, the middle one of the group a large dark woman, who waved back defiance as they toppled over the cliff together.

The officers of one of the Arctic expeditions report having seen an Esquimaux child leave its mother's breast to smoke a pipe. Had he been a Belgian baby he would have taken a hearty swig of swipes before he commenced his fumigation. I often see children tugging at the beer-pot they are scarcely able to handle; and boys of a dozen years habitually visit the saloons to drink. On Sunday and fête-day nights all ages and conditions flock to the saloons to hear gay music and drench themselves with lager. I have seen of a Sunday night more than a thousand persons in one saloon, well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, gossiping, drinking, and smoking for hours in an atmosphere thicker than a Jersey fog. Indeed, so universal is this beer-drinking practice that they seem not to know that any thing else might serve as beverage.

One day in Antwerp I asked if they had good water there. A washer-woman sitting near me, with lager-pot in hand, promptly answered, "Oh yes, excellent water, all the Englishmen that come here bring *such* gray, dirty shirts, but once or twice washing here brings them white as milk." A stevedore close by, seeing by my countenance that my question was not fully answered, undertook to set the matter right by saying, "Oh yes, we have first-rate water, only that sometimes in winter it gets so hard on top that the vessels can't go at all, then comes tight times for all us commercial people." The landlady (who is also cook and barmaid), corrected the ignorant, uncivil persons—"it was not the river-water, nor the sea-water that the gentleman was inquiring after at all, but it was the well-water that the gentleman wished to know about," and proceeded to inform the gentleman that it was the very nicest water in the known world, and made the nicest soup (just by adding a little beef, and cabbage, and turnips, and potatoes, and a few such little things) that ever a gentleman partook of. But the gentleman himself corrected and startled the whole company (as much as so heavy a company could be startled), by asking, "Was it good to drink?" Each heavy head swung slowly upon its heavy shoulders, each heavy eye was aimed directly at the querist's face and stretched wide open with stark astonishment. At such a crisis only the landlord had *words* to offer. That important and heaviest individual of them all—he who seldom deigned to make long speeches—whose placid nature was seldom ruffled—who deemed it pious to drink and smoke, and who devoutly followed the path of duty—he who, saturated like a sponge, swelled from the topmost bristle

to the tips of his toes with honest lager—he whose favor I had assiduously courted and whose resplendent face had begun to beam benignly o'er my foreign faults—now turned upon me looks of pity and contempt; and, stretching the doubled chin full half an inch above his massive chest, in his sharpest tones demanded, "To what?" then feeling that he had full well resented the serious insult to his profession and his country, he slowly turned upon his broad, flat heels, elevated his ponderous elbow, a connecting spring turned up his face, his jaw dropped down, his eye rolled up, a short faint gurgle, a long-drawn sigh, and he glanced serenely through the bottom of a large glass tumbler. But I never regained the great man's esteem, nor do I, to this day, know whether the water of Belgium is fit to drink.

Notwithstanding their constant guzzling, I was ten days among Belgian drinkers before I saw a man so drunk that he could not walk erect and treat politely each one he met—which proves it, though an unseemly practice, yet a safer one than drinking whisky. Since Noah left the ark and the sons of Noah raised up new cities, each new-formed nation has found some new stimulant; but not one among the list of findings is at once so wholesome, cheap, and harmless as Belgian beer, and I look upon its introduction into the United States as an important reformatory movement. Temperance, total abstinence, Washingtonian, and other reforms have had their day and are forgotten, and the current year sees more alcoholic destruction than any former one has done. Those villainous mixtures that are labeled Brandy, Port, Champagne, etc., that flow into every street and alley of our cities, to every village and cross-road of our country, are rapidly telling upon our national health, temper, and reputation. Our ambitious men are changed by fiery poisons to reckless adventurers, those of medium virtue to rabid criminals, and we are coming to be looked upon as a nation of desperadoes. One of the first salutations I receive from nearly every person with whom I become acquainted is, "You have a great many murderers and incendiaries in America." I answer that of course we have, while receiving hundreds per day of the vilest outcasts of all Europe; but feel all the time that that is not all the reason, and am anxious that the introduction of weak malt liquors and the increased growth of light wines should quench that fire which is burning out the best young blood of our country. The almost universal robust health that I meet is a powerful advocate in favor of this least of many evils. Four persons of each five I see have perfect, substantial health, while in the region I came from four native adults in five are in some way diseased. Of course the constant indoor life of females, the worst of all kitchens, and the infernal quackery that reigns triumphant there, have much to do with that degeneracy; but the effect of our national tippie is not likely to turn out a slight one, provided that tippie

continues to increase in quantity and deadly power as it has done for ten years last past.

When they set out on their travels most Englishmen and English women leave behind them all that noble simplicity of manner for which they are so justly admired; and array themselves in what they are pleased to term "an air of conscious superiority," in the graceful wearing of which raiment they certainly have no successful competitors, unless Spanish beggars may be acknowledged as such; and, from a careful study of the two races, I think the English should there too have precedence, as, in some cases, the ninny-hammer Spaniard has been known to slink into positive meekness, while the more clumped the Englishman's skull the thicker his coating of that cherished "air." But, as in former times, certain low-minded "furiners" had the audacity to question the propriety of Mr. Englishman's garment, he has raised up and keeps on foot an army of guides, ten times more indomitable and more to be dreaded than the Imperial guides of Louis Napo-

leon, to assist in maintaining his inalienable mantle.

Their method of enlisting recruits for their army is so quiet a one that the Continental governments have not yet been able to understand its operation, and put a stop to the pernicious practice. Observing some decent, unsophisticated youth momentarily idle, they ask him the way to a hotel or some street which they do not readily find. He walks with them a few steps, points out that which they seek, and is about retiring to his own business, when they thrust into his hand as much money as he would be able to earn in a week at his ordinary employment. He is bewildered and hesitates, the traveler disappears, and the recruit is secured. The magically-poisonous touch of money received that never was earned makes him a loafer for life, and he probably entices one or more of his comrades to the damnable service. Bearing the name of *commissionaires*, trained to all sorts of deceit, flunkeyism, and villainy, undertaking the most despicable services, they are scattered



BARON STOCKFISH.

all along the great lines of travel, to worry, harass, and mislead strangers; conniving with villainous hotel-keepers, with lying exhibitors, and Jewish curiosity vendors; dragging out precarious existences, despised by all who know them, for the sake of occasionally catering to the caprices of voyaging John Bullmen, and vindicating their right to the audacious "air." My poverty-stricken appearance generally protects me from the attacks of these merciless marauders (as one seldom tries to squeeze blood out of a turnip), but sometimes one mistakes me for a gentleman in disguise, sticks to and bores into me like a wood-tick, and I have the greatest difficulty in convincing him that I am actually too mean a prey for any noble prowler.

The Baron Stockfish (nicknamed), a notorious valet who haunts the Belgian cities, would not believe me other than some great incognito, consequently dogged my steps whichever way I directed them. Whenever I left my lodg-

ings he *happened* to stand outside of the door; if I hesitated about which way I should go, he passed directly under my nose; if I stopped to look for some sign or the name of a street, he was within ten feet of me to give information; if I went to look at some work of art or curious monument, he was always ahead; if I entered a beer-house to inquire my way, lo! there was the Baron; if, to sit out his going, I ordered a drink, his "little taste" was called on anew; and, though all the while we were quite unconscious of each other's existence, yet many days he thus continued my *avant courier*, my shadow, my bugbear. He was a queer little stump of a fellow, always reminding me of Dickens's steam-tug Pancks. Like Pancks, he was always steaming up and down the different channels, hitching on to one craft or casting off another. He was always blowing off steam or taking in fuel. But in this last matter he was quite unlike Pancks, or any other craft of sim-

ilar dimensions—he was a perfect Leviathan. Bread and cheese were mere fog or smoke in his furnace; half a dozen mutton-chops served him as kindling-wood; corned beef and cabbage, hard eggs and bacon hams, roast beef and Bologna sausage, well wet down with cogniac, were the coals for his consumption. Then, to look at the little beetle, you would say that he must be hollow to the ends of his toes to hold twelve English quarts, but I was told by truthful persons that he would take into his boiler forty pint-pots of beer at a sitting. I thought to head the fellow off by sketching his portrait, as few men will sit quietly or stay near the stranger who is taking them down. But when, in a beer-house, I took out my sketch-book, and began looking as though I would commence operations, he seemed to consider it a very great compliment—jerked at his vest, straightened his cravat, roached up his hair, and sat perfectly quiet until I finished my sketch, put up my pencils, and coolly walked out. But from this moment he redoubled his attentions, was always before me or stubbing my heels, until the whole neighborhood of my lodgings were enjoying the sport, and I was obliged to remark to the glutinous dwarf (the first words that had passed) that if he came again in my way I should take my foot from his trowsers in a summary manner. He saw by my gestures that he had mistaken his customer, so jerked



IN TOW.

down his vest, turned up the street, and, half an hour after I saw him, with a full head of steam on, towing an English three-decker.

Sitting in the great room of my Brussels home on Sunday night, I determine to write of every thing as it passes before me, change nothing after the first writing, but give it to others exactly as it is appearing to me. A bar, with a five-handled beer-pump, occupies one corner; a bench, or wooden divan, runs round the room; a coal stove in the centre, a dozen small tables, about fifty chairs with thirty guest occupants, the landlord and lady, their two hunchback daughters, and a frizzly-topped servant are the objects around me. The guests are people of the neighboring villages, who have come to pass their fête in the city, and are now waiting for the cars, filling up the time and their capacious bellies with small drinks of brandy and big drinks of lager. Israelite merchants, with "sheep"-looking knives, combs, and brushes displayed in broad baskets, with "shooelry, fine vatches," and uncertain books, for particular occasions, are plying their usual sharp-honest trade. Beggars come and go, with but seldom a profit. Musicians in plenty are always about. A pair of strong, angry men come to rail, storm, and shout, to talk both at once, with their chins within three inches of each other, throw their hats on the floor, thump their fists on the tables, show every such mark of most violent rage; yet, such a dastardly regard for their temper-swelled faces, that I ache for a chance to flatten their noses. The station bell strikes, though the belligerents do not; they are relieved from the necessity of climbing down from their quarrel, and while I am wondering how many funerals would follow such a storm in America the beer-house is emptied, the glasses are gathered, the tables are righted, the fire re-kindled, and all is prepared for an evening of pleasure. City frequenters of the house now come straggling along; each one's beer is set out as he enters; dominoes and other childish games are beginning; beggars again come groaning around; two blind old creatures sing a very blind song; a wooden-legged boy sells a cent's worth of verses; a bull-frog-like dwarf dances a jig; a graceful young fellow kisses the landlord's two daughters; another, but older, pinches the servant; the room is filled up with all sorts of people. Two handsome boys are dealing out music; one lays down his fiddle and acts the ventriloquist—Signor Blitz never did better. He has spent his young days in practice, will spend his old ones in misery, half-dead from exertion, with whistling canary, squeaking pig, humming bee, barking puppy. He kicks off his clogs to dance imitations; Irish jig, tarantella, Chinese squat, and Indian war-dance, wind up the performance. The tin cup is passed, the half cents are rattled, the glasses are emptied, new drinks are served round, the women are ogled, and I am just wondering what next will turn up, when a friend of mine enters, and we too order lager.

A strange-looking woman, for the place and her profession, soon enters the saloon. She drops the cloak from her shoulders as she enters the door, steps forward to the centre of the room, and looks coldly, almost scornfully, upon the company around her. She is rather below the medium size, though her dignified bearing makes her appear larger. She wears a full, white skirt, which reaches the knee, a gold-covered bodice, and a richly worked chemise with short bishop sleeves; her masses of black hair are firmly but gracefully fastened; her great watery eyes, her well-set but slightly-sharpened features, and her smooth, tawny skin, all bespeak her a Bohemian gipsy. She is followed by a light-haired, genteel-looking German, who is evidently her servant, carrying an organ. She motions him to begin, while she clears a space for her theatricals. Walking slowly around the circle she has made, she suddenly seizes a chair with her teeth, whirls it round and round over her head, holds it steadily by the top in a horizontal position, tosses it to the high ceiling, and catches it with her hand as it descends. Taking from her pockets several brass balls, she sends them flying into the air with a celerity and precision that I have never seen equaled. After several minutes she passes the balls to her servant, and then goes through with many of those feats of strength and agility which we are accustomed to see performed by the strongest men in our circuses and theatres. As a finale to the exhibition, she binds eight or ten of the heaviest chairs together, raises them above her head, takes the lower round of the middle one between her teeth, dances to the music, sinks slowly to the floor; then, with immense and but partially-concealed effort, with every muscle ready to burst through the skin that is binding it, with the dark veins showing out full and knobby across her white temples and down her large neck, with her glistening black eyes jutting from their sockets—she rises, tremblingly, to her feet, lowers the chairs to the floor, recovers a little as she takes off the binding, affects a slight smile; says (the first that she has spoken), "I am only a chair-merchant," passes the tin cup, receives large coins from all, relaxes into the cold, calm, and beautiful gipsy, signs her attendant to move on, replaces her cloak, looks back a good-by, is saluted respectfully, and departs on her round.

The friend who came to spend the evening with me was George Catlin, the Indian historian, a nervously energetic man, who has lived a life of adventure and vicissitude. Driven by serious and growing deafness to quit for a while his out-door life, he had just returned from four years' residence among the South American tribes, was full of interesting anecdotes, and ready to talk them to so ready a listener; so that the evenings of my Brussels life were mostly spent in his company. While sitting together, on the evening of which I have spoken, I asked him if he had seen the King

(I had been to see him the day before). He answered,

"Yes, and look upon him as one of the noblest men I ever saw. His having favored me might prejudice me to think thus of him; but if you look upon what he has accomplished, you will see that I am warranted in speaking his praise. He came into power just when the priests of his kingdom had determined to rule or to ruin, and when nearly the half of his subjects were willing that they should do so; then his people are so closely packed as to make their subsistence always precarious, and are composed of different races having no natural affinities, making them the more difficult to govern harmoniously. Charcoal is by no means a dangerous substance to have the care of. Pour sulphur over it, and though I grant you the mixture would not smell so sweetly, yet it would be quite safe to handle it. It is not positively decided that saltpetre will explode; yet, when you come to mingle it with the two substances just spoken of, you form the devil's own compound, the care of which should only be intrusted to the coolest heads and most faithful hands. With Leopold's kingdom the Flemings are the honest, slow-kindling charcoal, the French are the odorous other stuff, and the Spaniards are the villainous saltpetre, in just sufficient quantity to set the whole in a blaze and blow a king to kingdom come quicker than he could say 'Jack Robinson.' But see the harmony that prevails throughout Belgium, see the marks of respect Leopold receives from all sorts of people, and see the regret with which his subjects see him getting aged.

"I was honored with an invitation from his Majesty Louis Philippe to breakfast at St. Cloud. During the breakfast time, which was a very long one, I was much questioned by persons of the company concerning the customs of American Indians, and especially of Indian kings. When the company was retiring from the breakfasting-hall, as I entered the saloon, his Majesty was waiting for me just by the door-way, and addressed me, 'Mr. Catlin, I take pleasure in presenting you to *another king*—the King of the Belgians.' King Leopold stepped forward and shook hands with me cordially, saying that himself and her Majesty the Queen had each read my great work through with very much pleasure; that all persons interested in the advancement of science were deeply my debtors; that he would be glad to see me at his capital at my own convenient hour, and that whenever I should be in Brussels he should expect me to make it my first business to call upon him.

"Several months after that I was on my way from Paris to Berlin with some pictures I had painted for the King of Prussia. Arriving at Brussels, after a long night's ride in the cars, I was beginning to polish myself for an audience at the palace, when it occurred to me that I had better present my card, then return to the hotel and await some intimation of the King's readiness to receive me; so, jumping into a cab, in

my rusty-dusty condition, I ordered the cabman to drive me to the palace. He looked somewhat astonished at the order, but whipped up his horse, turned round a corner, drove a few rods, and stopped. I looked out upon the street, saw no obstruction, and asked him what he stopped for. He answered that we were at the palace. I had not till now observed that a sentinel stood at each side of the gateway, or great porte, where we had stopped. I descended from the vehicle, and was about entering the porte, when one of the soldiers stopped my progress. At that moment a servant came lazily forward to see what I wanted, and I handed him my card, with rather a peremptory order to have it presented to his Majesty at once. He received it with a very indifferent air, all the while remarking my appearance, and sauntered into the palace, studying out the name on the card. I waited to see that he should at least take it in with him, then turned, and was getting into the carriage, when the same servant came rushing after me, and with his blandest air informed me that it was his Majesty's order that I should be admitted immediately. Here was a dilemma! To remain, was to appear at court in uncourtly costume; to go, was to slight an offer of noble friendship. I remained, and was shown into the King's library, where he soon appeared and welcomed me with a frank, honest dignity that proclaimed him every inch a king. After an hour's familiar conversation I promised to repeat the call, returned to the hotel, and set off the same evening for Berlin. Upon my return to Brussels, after many days, I was surrounded by the landlords, servants, and lackeys of the hotel, who each wanted to tell me that the King had sent repeated inquiries after me, and finally a package had come, which was to be delivered upon my return from Berlin. The package contained a gold medal nearly as broad as my hand, and a repetition of the invitation to the palace. Since then I have often enjoyed the pleasure of repeating my visit.

"But to return to St. Cloud. When I was there that time, and we were all talking about Indians, his Majesty Louis Philippe said that it had been his great good fortune to arrive with his brothers at Philadelphia the day that Washington delivered his farewell address; that while the hall was filling up and overflowing with persons eager to be present on the great occasion, he observed a band of Indian chiefs from the Western woods seeking some situation where they too might look upon what they knew to be the crowning act of their Great Father's life. After Washington had begun the delivery of his address, after all auditors had become quiet and still, an Indian head rose slowly above the window-sill at the end of the stand on which the great man stood. Soon after, another and another found place alongside the first, until every pane of the lower sash framed a red-skin's portrait. Finally, he who had risen first commenced stealthily to lift the

sash. Finding that they disturbed no one, and that no one forbid them, they raised it up until a naked, brawny shoulder went under for its support, and soon a dozen half-naked savages were noiselessly grouped on the window-sill or stretched out full-length on the speaker's platform. Watching intensely each look and gesture, and listening (though they understood it not) to each sacred word as it dropped from their Father's lips, great tears rolled down their manly cheeks, as though they knew it (what we all now know), the greatest act of the greatest man that ever lived."

I like to lounge about the streets of a great city and look at the women and children. I do not (like a Frenchman) stare until I embarrass them or harden their cheeks, but, looking upon them as God's last, most perfect works, I feel that, if deserving at all, I am only entitled to momentary gratification of this sensualistic pleasure, and that the gratification should be procured at my own expense, at least without any injury to the feelings of those who furnish it. I love all little girls, and the older and larger they grow the more I love them, but do not believe that because of that love I am licensed to shock other men's wives and sweet-hearts by gazing at them in public places, or by talking of their charms so loud that they or others may overhear my comments. When I arrive at a city that is new to me, it is one of my first movements to walk over the principal promenades, and, by stolen glances and accidental encounters, learn what the women are like.

My first walk in Brussels did not give me a very exalted opinion of Belgian beauty, but I was informed at my hotel that Brussels was not the *dépôt* for that commodity, that Antwerp was more highly favored. At Antwerp I discovered only broad, square-cut faces, fat, flabby, Flemish forms, or swarthy Spaniards more shriveled than their southern sisters, and was told that not Antwerp but Ghent was the abode of beauty. Ghent really showed some finer faces, but none that could honestly lay claim to beauty; but then it was not at Ghent at all, 'twas at Bruges I should find the treasures. Bruges held the incomparable riches. Bruges was the centre of European glories. Bruges was the pivot on which the world was turned. Thus, like a Jack-o'-lantern, like a Western fever, like a thousand things we all know about, Belgian beauty was always a little farther on; so I returned to Brussels and found (as is usual in Europe) that the finest people live near the capital. Even there I found no belles—none that would pass for belles in Baltimore. There were plenty of pure complexions, of rosy cheeks, of clear blue eyes, of rich brown hair, of plump, hard forms, of *pleasing* faces; there were plenty of racers just fast enough to lose upon, but nowhere could my eye alight upon a *beautiful* woman. For days I searched along the boulevards, among the thoroughfares, down in the old city, and up in the new, and at last determined to try the schools.

Fortunately I had taken in my carpet-bag a circular of one of the first American Female Collegiate Schools which contained my name as "Professor," and a letter from the head of said school recommending me to the favor of all grades of schoolmasters. Carrying these as shields against the attacks of doubters, I sallied forth to learn whether beauty was one of the ingredients of Bruxellean schools. Going up the Rue Royale as far as the statue of Count Belliard, which stands just off the street at the head of a long flight of stairs, I descended the stone steps to the Rue Isabelle, and was nearly opposite the entrance to a plain two-storied house, the Pensionnat des Demoiselles of Monsieur Héger, Charlotte Brontë's Belgian home. I rang the bell of the pensionnat, and a tidy, bustling French girl, a second Rosine, with one hand in her apron-pocket and the other ready to drop there upon the slightest provocation, ushered me into a little parlor whose windows looked out upon the garden of pear-trees, the garden of "Curren Bell's" "Professor" and "Villette." The vine-covered walls, the Methuselah pear-tree, the old house at the bottom, were all familiar to me; the noises from the boys' play-ground were what I expected; and I was not at all startled when the door opened suddenly, and the broad, sallow-browed master, the veritable Paul, the real Emanuel, stood by my side. There was no mistaking him—she has carefully drawn her portrait from life—from a capital model—a remarkable man—almost equal to her wonderful picture. Every feature, expression, movement, and motive was that of "M. Paul." I made known to him that I had been a teacher, and that I wished to see some of the schools of Brussels, especially the one where Charlotte Brontë had taught. The little Professor was just then engaged, "but stop a minute," and he sprang from the room, was gone but an instant, and returned with Miss Héger *alias* "Désirée." Not far behind was "Fifine" and her mother—yes, "there, fresh, portly, blithe, and pleasant—there stood Madame Beck"—not a whit less fresh, portly, blithe, and pleasant than when she stood in the Park that night of the grand fête—although her little girls had grown up to be young women—and the hand that so powerfully painted their various portraits had long since ceased to picture humanity. The oldest daughter spoke English well (trained in that way by "Mees Lucie"), was decidedly a superior woman, and entertained me so well with her description of the great authoress that I for a time forgot the chief object of my visit. But then I could not see the classes together for an hour or more, which would give me just time to make a sketch of the garden; so depriving myself of the pleasure of the good company, I was busy with my pencils until M. Héger bustled in and hustled me out through the school-rooms. I found the house and school very much as the "Professor" and "Villette" describe them, except that I saw no Eulalies, or Hortenses, or Carolines among

the pupils. There were broad-faced "Labasse-coureaux," peaked-faced Spaniards, and there were French Belgians with small three-cornered foreheads and unreliable eyes; but until I came to the last class-room, I did not find one *beautiful* face—scarcely one that could be called *pretty*.

As I was passing down the aisle of the last room I looked ahead of me, and my eye rested upon a splendid head. It was a little girl of a dozen years, with a transparent skin, with large blue eyes, full, rosy lips, a delicate nose, a dimpled chin, rich light-brown hair—a head above description, too sweet to paint, too lovely to talk about, almost too perfect to be human. My attendant saw that I already noticed her, and spoke of her as "*une petite Américaine*." In an instant I was by her side and speaking to her in her own language—the American language—listened a moment to her musical voice—touched a lock of her hair—patted her cheek—and passed on, ready to swing my hat in the air and "hurrah for our side."

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

HOW goes the Money?—Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell:
It goes for rent and water-rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps, and carpets, hoops and hose—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Nay,
Don't every body know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats, and capes,
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs, and furbelows—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Sure,
I wish the ways were something fewer;
It goes for wages, taxes, debts,
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paint, *pommade*, and *eau-de-rose*—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Now,
I've scarce begun to mention how;
It goes for laces, feathers, rings,
Toys, dolls—and other baby-things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells, and bows—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Come,
I know it doesn't go for rum;
It goes for schools and Sabbath-chimes,
It goes for charity—sometimes,
For missions, and such things as those—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—There!
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays, and diamond-pins,
For public alms, and private sins,
For hollow shams, and silly shows—
And that's the way the Money goes!

OLIVE WINCHESTER WIGHT.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE story began far away back among the dim mists of my boyhood. I was not more than fourteen, and my brother William was just sixteen, when Olive Winchester first came among us.

My father was dead, and had left his large property to be pretty equally divided between myself and my elder brother. William was to have, on coming of age, the old ancestral home—La Plaisance; my mother, who was a French woman, had named it, cherishing, among the rocks and hills of New England, the memory of her French birth-place. I was to receive for my share, in bank-stocks and other kindred investments, a sum nearly equivalent. My mother's jointure being sufficient for our present support, the estate was, during our minority, steadily increasing in value.

My mother, who clung to us passionately in her lonely widowhood, could not bear to send us from her, and so we received our educations at home, reciting daily to the rector of our village church. By these lessons my brother William profited more than myself. He was a studious youth, not sickly, but never very strong. Nothing in the world had such charms for him as books; while I, on the other hand, honestly detested study and found my pleasure, even in boyhood, in athletic exercises—riding, climbing, and swimming.

No two brothers were ever more widely different in personal appearance as well as in mental organization. I had a full, yet firmly-knit figure, ruddy cheeks, sunburned hair, and thoroughly masculine countenance; William was slight and pale. His features were delicate and regular; his eyes a clear gray, full of softness and tenderness; his hair dark and wavy, and his hands small and fair as a woman's. From my earliest recollection I had exercised a sort of protecting care over him. In all disputes with the village boys I had been his champion, and he, in turn, had labored faithfully to assist my duller comprehension in mastering the mysteries of science. God knows that, in those days, we loved each other, aye, and we should have always, had not Olive Winchester come.

My mother was summoned, on the April in which my fourteenth birthday fell, to the death-bed of the most cherished friend of her youth, and she returned, bringing with her that friend's orphan daughter. The girl's father and mother were both dead, and, but for us at La Plaisance, she was, at twelve years, utterly alone in the world.

It was a sullen, stormy April day, the one on which we saw her first. We had had no intimation of the time of my mother's return, and I came back from a long gallop over the hills, in the very teeth of the storm, and found her quietly seated in the parlor, with my brother beside her. At a window stood a tiny figure dressed in the deepest mourning—a child she

seemed—looking out there, watching the wind and the rain. She turned and came forward when my mother, after her affectionate greeting to me, called her by name.

“This, my son Roscoe, is Olive Winchester, whom I have brought here to be your sister.”

The little thing laid her bit of a hand in mine, and shyly lifted her eyes to my face, with a look appealing so pathetically for tenderness and sympathy that I was only restrained by boyish bashfulness from clasping her in my arms.

“I have no other friends,” she said, simply, in a voice which, though clear, was very low and sorrowful. “I have no other friends, and Mrs. Wight says you will be kind to me.”

“And so we will, by Jupiter!” I cried, with rough, boyish sincerity; and I wondered why the tears sprang into her eyes at words which I meant to be so very comforting.

She was a shy, pale little thing, with nothing very remarkable in her face except her hazel eyes, sorrowful, yet bright, but they were the twin magnets to draw all my existence after them from that hour.

Of course, at fourteen, I had never thought of love. I do not think the visions of possible love and marriage ever come to boys as early as to the stiller and more introverted natures of girls—certainly not to boys who read and think so little, who are so full of exuberant, animal life as I was. And yet, looking back, I can recall many a pang, which I know now was of boyish jealousy, when she seemed to prefer my brother’s society to my own. These occasions were not infrequent, for he was more of her kind than I. She, like him, loved books and study, and he was in great part her teacher. She looked up to him from the first with real reverence.

As she grew older he could talk with her, but I had no faith in my power to interest her. They used to sit together long summer days upon the grass, under the great oak-trees, and read old tales and tragedies, whose theme turned always on woman’s beauty and man’s devotion. Often they asked me to join them, but I had no enjoyment in their pursuits, and I used to take my solitary way to the woods, and lie for hours on the bank of some forest stream, catching glimpses of the blue sky as the wind lifted the boughs above me, or watching the sunshine sifting down through the leaves like fine gold poured into the very heart of the still wood. I would lie there and wonder why I was so wretched—I, with friends, youth, home, while the birds sang and the winds blew, and every thing was glad around me.

I was eighteen before I had answered this question even to my own heart. One day I was sitting with my mother at the library window. My eyes followed the direction of hers and rested on my brother and Olive, walking to and fro among the shrubbery, and talking earnestly together.

“There they are, as usual,” my mother said,

musingly. “I shouldn’t wonder if William were to love her, some day. I think I should like that. It would be so much better for him to marry her than to bring a stranger in, to break up the quiet of our home.”

I believe I, more than William, was my mother’s confidant. She was very proud of his acquirements, and loved him dearly; but I was her youngest, and had always remained her pet—to me she confided all her hopes and speculations.

For once, however, I was not ready with my answer. Her words had revealed to me my own heart—had taught me that I loved Olive Winchester with no calm tenderness, which would be content to call her sister—to see her my brother’s wife, the mother of his children.

My mother had spoken as if all that would be necessary would be for William to love her; as if her affection for him was not at all a thing to be questioned. I would not accept this verdict at once. I would watch her narrowly. She was sixteen—old enough to know her own heart—as old as my mother had been when she became my father’s wife.

I staid at home more now. I walked and sat with them under the trees, and listened while William read or Olive sang; and, at times, I was almost convinced that they were made for each other. But sometimes I doubted. She blushed now and then when I looked at her, or sat down by her side, as she never blushed at any of William’s attentions; but then she was more used to his presence than to mine. I brought her, one day, a curious flower from the depths of the forest, and she wore it on her bosom till it faded. Years afterward I found it in a secret drawer of her writing-desk, and then I knew how she had cherished it.

Well, I am making this episode of doubt and suspense too long, because I am dreading to reach the certainty that came after it. It lasted a year. During all that time, looking back, I can see that I gave her no reason to believe that I loved her, while William was constant in his attentions. I was waiting. She seemed to me so young that I ought not to trouble the calm, maidenly current of her life; and then, besides, I had so little hope.

At last she had completed her seventeenth year. William was twenty-one. They were old enough for love. One day my mother asked me to walk with her in the shrubbery. She wore a happy face; and as she seated herself beside me on a rustic bench, she said,

“I have something pleasant to tell you, Roscoe.”

A sudden presentiment struck home to my heart, but I mastered it, and asked, with outward calmness,

“What is it, mother?”

“My hopes are accomplished! Your brother loves Olive. They were betrothed this morning.”

I felt the blood rush to my heart in a whelm-

ing tide. My brain reeled. The cry of my soul would be heard.

I threw myself on the ground at her feet—my mother's, who loved me as no other ever could—in whose heart I was always sure of room.

"Mother," I said, slowly, "do you think that I could love?"

My tone startled her.

"Surely, my son. Why do you ask?"

"Do you think my love would be as deep as William's?" I persisted.

"It should be deeper. Your nature is at the same time more ardent and more steadfast than his."

I sprang to my feet. I stood before her, and looked straight into her eyes.

"Mother, you say well; I *could* love, and with all the love of my lifetime I do love Olive Winchester. Pity me, mother; for what you have told me this hour has blighted every hope of my future."

She understood me. My words, she said afterward, sounded cold and quiet when she saw the passion of anguish and despair which swept over my face. She made me sit down beside her; she put her arms around my neck; she laid her pitying face against mine, so flushed and fevered.

"My son—my dearest son," she said, over and over again, in tender tones, and when I grew a little calmer she tried to reason with me. She persuaded me that Olive's love was never likely to have been mine. She prophesied joys that would yet dawn on my life; but my heart mocked at such vain hopes in sullen silence. Only one thing she suggested which I accepted eagerly—the relief which it would be to me to leave home—not to be present at my brother's wedding. It was something to escape the torture of seeing the one I so loved given to another. I clung desperately to the idea.

My mother managed all for me so that my real motives were suspected by no one. In two weeks I left for Europe—to be gone, as was generally understood, three years—but to remain, as I promised my own heart, until I had conquered my mad passion for Olive Winchester.

My brother—I fear I have hardly done him justice in this story—had a heart noble, though calm. He loved me faithfully. Utterly unconscious of my feelings, he tried to persuade me to remain at home until after his marriage. His joy, he said, would not be half complete unless I could share it. Of course I resisted all his persuasions. Olive said nothing. I thought, though I could imagine no reason, that she rather preferred I should go.

On the morning of my departure I found her alone in the garden. I went to her side, and I could see that she had been weeping. I struggled to command myself.

"Olive," I said, "dear Olive, I am going! I will bid you good-by here. I want to tell you, while we are all alone, how dear you have

always been to me—how fervently I shall pray, when I am far away, that you may be as happy as you deserve—as you are sure to be. I want you should think of me once even on your wedding-day. Will you, Olive?"

She did not answer. She lifted those magnetic hazel eyes, and flashed into my soul one look—a look full of something I knew not what—which made my heart beat with a wild, tumultuous thrill of hope. But the next moment this vanished. I knew well that she did not love me—she, my brother's betrothed. I opened my arms.

"Come, and let me give you one kiss, Olive—my sister that is to be—whose face I may, perchance, never live to look upon again."

She came close to me. She suffered me to fold her in my arms. I had meant to kiss her calmly as a brother should, but the passion which surged in my heart found a language in spite of myself. I pressed on her lips a kiss which said more than I had any right to utter. With a sudden sense of guilt, trembling at my own rashness, I released her. Her expression was half-frightened, full of a sorrow which seemed strange to me even then, but in it was no anger. I left her there.

Three months later news came to me, in Italy, of the marriage of my brother.

After that two years passed on calmly, and in them my character, under the stern discipline of suffering, had undergone a great change. It is a mistake to suppose that sorrow comes to every one as an angel of regeneration. To more it plays the part of a tempting demon. I think it was such to me. I hardened under it. I grew cold, worldly, ambitious. My intellect was not naturally dull, and I now bestowed all my energy on its cultivation. I said to myself that it was only to divert my attention—to prevent my mind from dwelling on my sorrow; but I believe I was conscious all the time of a lurking motive, which I was unwilling boldly to confront—an undercurrent of thought. I longed, secretly, to rival my brother at his own weapons—to show Olive that I was something more than a fine animal—that I could do more than ride, and hunt, and swim. I progressed rapidly, for my will was firm, and my iron constitution, of itself, gave me great advantages. I could have been eagerly welcomed into society. My income was ample, and my manners at that time were said to be distinguished. I think I was just enough of a satirist and a cynic to have been popular. But society had few charms for me. I saw many brilliant women, but not one who seemed to me worthy a moment's comparison with my lost love.

I was in Paris, but just preparing for a trip into Egypt, when a letter came to me from my brother, summoning me home, and begging me to use all possible dispatch if I would see my mother alive. It had gone first to Rome, and from thence been sent after me to Paris. It was doubtful if I could reach home in season. For the time all passion was swallowed up in

the thought of my mother—the one friend whom I had so loved, and who had so loved me. I did not think of Olive; or if I thought of her at all, it was as a gentle sister—the wife of that brother who was sharing with me now one common sorrow. It was strange how the old, boyhood affection revived in this season of trouble. My brother William, toward whom my heart had so long been hardened and cold, was once again, to my fancy, the loved and loving brother Will of our boyish days, whose battles I fought, and who learned my lessons. My heart thrilled, my eyes moistened at these memories. What was woman's love, I asked myself, as I hurried to Havre on the night express, that it should come between two who had so loved each other—who had shared one home, one name, one mother's heart and bosom. I felt strong to go home a man—to meet my sister Olive with only a brother's calm affection—to receive my mother's blessing. But there my thought faltered. What if those lips should be beyond the power to bless me? What if those tender eyes were closed? What if I had looked my last on that mother's loving face?

The train seemed to fly over the level road, but it did not keep pace with my thought. I felt like shouting "Faster!" to its swiftest speed.

It was twilight when the wagon in which I had ridden from the dépôt stopped before the gate of La Plaisance. I sprang from the vehicle and hurried up the walk. My brother met me at the door. He threw his arms around me, and I felt his tears upon my face. Then I knew all, as well as when his words came, slow and choked with grief.

"You are too late, Roscoe. We buried her yesterday. She struggled hard with death. She said she could not die until she had seen you once more, but at length her resistance gave way, and she lapsed into sleep. We kept her a week, but at last, as we did not know when you would come, we buried her."

I did not weep; I think my sorrow was too deep for any outward expression; but William told me afterward that my face looked as ghastly in the moonlight as that other face on which, the day before, they had closed down the coffin-lid.

He led me into the parlor. I had a momentary glimpse of a figure dressed in the deepest black, standing at the window and looking out in precisely the same attitude in which little twelve-years'-old Olive Winchester had stood there years before. She heard our footsteps, and came at once to meet me. At that moment I did not perceive, what I saw afterward, how ripe and rare and perfect in its beauty was the full blossoming of that flower whose bud had been so sweet. It soothed me to hear the low tones of her sympathizing voice, and I sat until a late hour, with her on one side and my brother Will on the other, listening to every detail of my blessed mother's illness—to every

message, every word of parting tenderness which she had left for me.

I had loved my mother with no common love, and I mourned for her with no common sorrow. It was months before any unhallowed thought could find entrance into the heart so full of that sacred memory. But after a time, I know not how, my old passion began to rise up and assert itself—the old temptation came back in its full force. I began to realize what a very beautiful woman Olive had become. I had loved her as an undeveloped girl, and now that she was, oh, Heaven, how lovely! is it strange that I worshiped her? Do not think that ever under any circumstances I could have revealed this to her. There was an atmosphere of saintly purity about her which I would have died sooner than taint with the faintest utterance of an unlawful love. But this very restraint deepened the intensity of my passion.

I felt all my renewed tenderness for my brother dying out. He had come between me and the love which might have been my life's crown. I am not sure that I did not hate him. Outwardly I was very calm. I strove to make myself agreeable. I surprised them both by my acquirements and the change in my tastes. I could see Olive's innocent pleasure in my society. I felt that I ought to go. Every morning my good angel whispered to me to depart, and I rose resolved to obey his monitions. Every evening found me lingering still. It seemed impossible to wrench away the seven-fold cable which bound me. There was such a charm in Olive's very unconsciousness—in watching all her movements—the lithe shape of her slender figure, the graceful flow of her garments. You smile. You were never in love; you do not understand the rhapsodies of a lover's passion. I hated myself for being subject to the dominion of mine, but I could not wrestle with it. It had grown with my growth unperceived, until it had become too mighty for me.

I had been there all winter, and now it was spring. I sat by my window with the fiend and the angel struggling in my heart as usual, when my brother came in and asked me to ride with him.

"I have had the horses saddled," he said. "The morning is fine, and we'll have a grand canter through the woods. You don't know how much better I like horseback exercise than I used. You've been getting my old taste for books, and I yours for out-door sports."

I felt disinclined at first to go, but I had no excuse, so I laid down the book I had been holding in my hand for an ostensible occupation, and followed him down stairs. The horses stood before the door, noble fellows! pawing the earth in their impatience, with arched necks and fiery eyes.

Olive had come out to see us off. Just as William was going to mount he went back, as if moved by a sudden, irresistible impulse of tenderness, took his wife in his arms and kissed her. The sight of any caress between them,

which, however, was very infrequent in my presence, always tortured me beyond endurance. I sprang into the saddle, and, without waiting for Will, galloped away. After a few moments I came to my senses, slackened my speed, and he came up with me.

"Halloa, Roscoe, what do you mean? Here I've been tearing after you like mad. I wanted to go the other way through the forest. The woodmen have cleared a path there to drag their logs home, and the scenery is so beautiful and grand."

"As you like," I answered, turning my horse's head indifferently. There was a keen, exhilarating sense of life, however, to which I could not remain insensible as I dashed on over the forest road, with the trees just bursting into leaf above our heads, the water babbling from a thousand tiny springs, and the violets and anemones blooming in every nook. We did not talk much. I was busy with my own thoughts, and William was content to enjoy the scene in silence.

I must hurry on. I am nearing the hour which has made my life a curse. We came, suddenly emerging from a dense thicket, to a turbulent stream—the "Mad Rapids" it had been called ever since I could remember. A rustic bridge had been thrown over it, and across this the timber road which we were traversing led. As we approached we saw that the stream, swollen by the spring rains, had swept away the bridge, and some of its timbers were lodged among the rocks which formed its bottom.

The question was whether to leap the stream or to turn back. The waters were very deep and the banks high, but it was narrow, not by any means a difficult or a dangerous leap for a good horse. I proposed that we should try it—not, God knows, with any worse motive than the desire of a little excitement. Bad as I was, Heaven bears me witness that it was with no thought, no faintest foreshadowing of the terrible consequences.

William agreed to my proposal. He touched his horse and the noble creature sprang forward, but he had taken the leap at a wrong place. When his feet touched the other side the earth gave way under them, and horse and rider both fell into the deep waters. Quicker than thought William had loosened his feet from the stirrups, and I saw that he had fallen, not underneath but on one side of the horse. The animal fell directly upon a sharp rock, and, I believe, died instantly; but I saw my brother's ghastly, imploring face looking up at me from the rushing waters.

I sprang from my horse. I knew I could save him, but—O God! did the struggle last an hour, or can one moment contain such fierce, terrible thoughts?

On one hand, I saw his face, the brother whom my good angel was beckoning me to save: I knew that he could not swim—that he was utterly helpless; on the other, I saw Olive. The

fiend in my heart tempted me with the memory of her maddening beauty—her beauty which only death, his death, could give to my arms. I saw her as I had seen her that morning—ripe, dewy lips, slender, delicate figure, eyes full of love and truth—only thus could I win her. And then the good angel whispered again,

"Would you go forth with the brand of Cain upon your forehead? Would you be your brother's murderer?" and I saw yet another face pleading with me; my mother's face, so white and still under the turf springing with blossoms.

I dashed wildly into the water. I drew my brother up. With a desperate struggle I landed him upon the bank. It was too late! The tempter had triumphed—I had waited the one moment too long. He was dead! I felt myself his murderer. Murderer!—a ghastly word, but one which must underlie forever all the voices of my life.

With frantic energy I tried every means to restore him, but he grew colder and colder. He was dead utterly; only it seemed to me that those glassy eyes which would not close were turned on me with an eternal reproach. Oh, I could never shut that out! They are looking at me still!

When I had convinced myself that he was gone beyond the reach of human aid, I left him lying there, and hurried on to a clearing nearly half a mile away, where a few woodmen were chopping. I told them my story—that my brother, in attempting to leap the stream, had fallen into the water—that I had jumped in after him, but before I could get him out he was dead. I asked their assistance to carry his body home. With a few planks they constructed a hasty bridge a little farther down the stream, and then those stalwart men took the body up and bore it solemnly over the fatal waters and back along the forest road.

My faithful horse, in the mean while, had been waiting me patiently. I mounted him and rode onward to break the news to Olive.

In that moment I would have given, so I thought, all the hopes of my future, even Olive herself, but to have seen the light come back into those glassy, haunting eyes, to hear my brother's voice, to have the blight and curse of a murderer's doom uplifted from my soul.

I had been riding swiftly, but I slackened my rein as I drew near the house. How could I go in and tell Olive that she was a widow—I, whom the haunting voice accused as her husband's murderer? "I did not kill him!" I cried, wildly. "I did not kill him! I only did not save his life." It was in vain. The inexorable voice would not be silenced. "Murderer!" it cried out still, "your brother's murderer!" But I saw the necessity for self-control. I dismounted at the gate, and went slowly up the walk and into the house. Olive sat there by a table. A few flowers she had gathered were in a vase before her—her canary had come out of its cage and perched on her shoulder; a smile hovered about her lips as she sat reading. Oh,

how innocent and youthful and lovely she looked, this young woman, scarcely yet twenty! In that moment I had no space for repentance. I was willing to accept my doom.

"Olive," I said.

She turned and looked at me. I suppose the wildness of my expression startled her. The color retreated from her face. I could see her tremble.

"Roscoe," she cried, "brother Roscoe, tell me what is the matter? Why are you here alone? Where is William?"

I had meant to spare her a sudden shock, to prepare her gradually for my evil tidings; but I lost all control over myself.

"They are bringing him home," I said. "William is dead. He tried to leap the Mad Rapids, his horse fell, and he was drowned. I plunged in after him, but when I drew him out he was dead."

I had looked at her steadily while I spoke. Perhaps I had some undefined hope that his death would be a relief to her as to myself. But no; her anguish was unmistakable.

"My husband, my good, kind husband!" she gasped, in a strange, faint voice, and then she sank upon the floor, not insensible, but prostrated as one felled to the ground by a heavy blow. I sprang forward. I was about to raise her up, to try to console her, but she repulsed me with a sort of terror which I understood better afterward.

"Go away!" she cried. "I can have no help, no comfort. I want none." Then she seemed to repent. A change passed over her face and she said, gently and humbly as a little child,

"Forgive me, Roscoe, I do not mean to wound you. I forgot—you are his brother, and you will mourn for him with me. And you risked your life to save his. God bless you!"

No curse could have seemed to me half so fearful as that blessing. And then to listen to her praises for trying to save his life—I, who had stood by and let him perish, when I might so easily, with no danger to myself, have saved him. I withdrew from her side, and turned away my eyes, which dared not meet her own. As I did so I glanced from the window and saw them approaching with the litter on which the dead man lay. I regained, with a strong effort, my self-command.

"Olive," I said, "they are bringing him into the yard. I will go and meet them."

She rose from the floor.

"I will go, too—I, his wife. When did he ever come home that I did not welcome him? He used to put his hands on my head and call me his little Olive—his darling. But he'll not speak now!"

There was a wild pathos in her tone. I fancied her reason was departing, and looked at her searchingly.

"No," she said, "I am not mad, though madness might be merciful. See, I am quite myself."

I drew near her, and she leaned heavily on my arm, and we went forth together to meet the husband coming home.

I do not think Olive perceived any thing supernatural in that dead face, but I could see, turn which way I would, that those eyes haunted me, followed me, sought me out, upbraided me with their everlasting reproach. Well, the world, complain of it as we all do, is almost always more charitable to us than we deserve; and if there was any thing strange or unnatural in my manner, the lookers-on imputed it to my excessive grief at my brother's sudden and terrible end.

Olive was calm. She gave all the directions in a steady voice. A few neighbors were hurriedly assembled, and he was laid out on his own bed, in the chamber they had shared together. When all had been done, with a sad sweetness that moved some of those strong men to tears, she thanked them for their kindness in this her hour of mortal sorrow, and then she begged that she might be left alone with the dead.

I dared not intrude upon her. Indeed I would not willingly go into the presence of those eyes, which still, wherever I went, pierced through the distance and haunted me. At first I remained outside the closed door to listen for the sounds from within; but I could hear nothing. Her grief was as silent as I knew it was deep.

We kept him four days before we buried him. But I will not linger on those days when that shrouded terror, still though terrible, lay in our midst. It is needless torture. When I followed him to the grave, with that wife, so young to be a widow, leaning upon my arm—when I saw the earth heaped over his coffin, I almost expected a voice would cry out from the depths of the tomb and denounce me. But the dead man told no tales. There was no sound save the sullen fall of the earth, the low words of the clergyman, and the stifled sobs of the bystanders.

I took Olive home. As she entered the house she turned to me and laid her hand in mine, just as she had done years before, a little child—how well I remembered it!

"Roscoe," she said, "God has taken all my other friends from me. My parents are gone, your mother is gone, and now He has taken my husband—my tender, good husband, who loved me so. I have only you left. Be kind to me, Roscoe."

I would have given worlds to take her to my heart—to lavish upon her the wild idolatry of my love; but I restrained myself. Not yet, not yet; I must bide my time.

It was a whole year before I said to her one word which any brother might not have uttered. That year was one long fever, made up of alternate paroxysms of remorse and joy. Sometimes, in her presence, I would forget the past, with its sin, its despair, and live a tranced life, beholding bewildering visions of future happiness. I would believe that she would yet be mine—that she lived for me. I loved to watch

her—to note every change of her moods—to see how the first utter desolation of her grief passed slowly away, and she began to find interest in her favorite pursuits, a charm in life. Then I strove to make myself necessary to her. I shared her readings, her walks, her drives. I invented new pleasures for her. Hardest of all, I listened, with gentle sympathy, to all her reminiscences of her dead husband—the thousand ways in which he had petted and indulged her, and the fond names he had called her.

Out of her sight I passed hours of misery—hours when the accusing voices drowned out every harmony of life; when those pursuing eyes, which coffin and turf could not cover, or grave-stone seal together, looked into mine, till I longed to take refuge from them in the still land of shadows and silence. But the months wore away at last; and, a little more than a year after my brother's death, I revealed my love to Olive. I did not commence boldly. I told her a story, which I did not represent as my own, of two brothers who both loved one woman. The elder brother won her, and the younger fled from her presence. At length the husband died, and the brother, loving her more wildly than ever, yet dared not confess it, lest there should be no pity for him in her eyes—lest her heart was in the grave.

Before I was half through I saw that she understood me, but she listened in silence. I think my words touched a chord in her heart, whose vibrations she could not at once still.

When I paused she rose. I thought there was a shy tenderness in her eyes, but she spoke resolutely.

"I know what you mean; but you must not say such things to me. It is very wrong. I am William's wife. I have no right to listen to them."

She went from the room. I was not at all discouraged. My words had been received precisely as I had expected. I knew that the very thought of a second marriage would startle her, at first, as a phantom of evil. But I had her constantly with me. There was no danger of a rival. I was cautious and prudent. I could afford to wait.

It was not a month before I had won from her a confession which even transcended my hopes. Her first love had been mine. She did not dream, as indeed I had never given her any reason, that I loved her; but, unsought, she had given to me the wealth of her innocent young heart. When my brother proposed to her, she had felt so deeply her obligations to our family that she had no courage to refuse to yield to his pleadings and the evident wishes of my mother. With maidenly modesty she had concealed her love for me, but she had told William that her regard for him was only a sister's calm, dispassionate tenderness. "That is enough, until you shall be my wife," he had answered, silencing her with caresses, and she had suffered herself to be persuaded.

She had never had the faintest suspicion of

my love until the morning on which I bade her farewell before leaving home, and even then she had felt no certainty of it. Besides, it was, or she thought it, too late to recede. After her marriage she had striven to conquer and stifle even the memory of her girlish dream, and had so far succeeded that she had faithfully believed my brother was dearer to her than any one else ever was or could have been. When the news of his death had come to her she had at first repulsed me in the midst of her grief, because the memory of her former love for me came back to her conscience, in that hour, as a sin against the departed. Poor child! if she sinned in loving me, I believe it was the only sin of her lifetime.

That autumn my entreaties and her own love triumphed. She became my wife. Dear as William had been to her heart, I knew well that I only had ever entered into its inner temple—that the keys which responded to my touch had never been struck by any other fingers.

I neither knew nor cared whether any condemned our marriage. I was satisfied. She was mine, whom I had sold heaven to win. It was something more than joy to share with her every moment of my life; to wake at night and find her beloved head lying on my bosom; her sweet breath coming and going in slumber peaceful as a child's within the shelter of my arms. Oh, how I used to gloat over my treasure, when not even her eyes could witness my raptures.

I suppose the fallen angels, sitting in chains, remember the hosannas and the incense and the transports of heaven. They had their space of joy—joy as intense as their fall was terrible. Well, for months I had mine. The haunting eyes could not find me—the accusing voice could not waken me from my long trance of love. But, after a time, this mood passed. I loved her as madly as ever. Sometimes still I forgot all things else and was happy, but oftener my remorse was terrible—the remorse that I could not share even with her—that human love, be it ever so faithful, could not lighten. I began to be pursued by a fear, as terrible as it was vague, that in some form the retribution for my sin would fall on her, because so would the blow come most heavily to me. Sometimes, when I was with her, every fond word, every innocent caress would pierce through me like a sword. I could not shut out the thought that if she knew me as I was her love would be changed to loathing—that she would fly from me, hereafter, in the land of spirits, where the mysteries of all hearts and all lives shall be revealed. A thousand times I was on the very point of unburdening to her my load of sin, and then I would choke back the words—I could not summon resolution enough to utter what I thought must shut me out from her heart forever.

At length our boy was born. How I had looked forward to his birth! I had thought that his first cry—the voice of my first-born—

would exorcise the phantoms from my life—that his baby lips would smile down care and trouble.

Oh, God! no sooner had I taken him in my arms than I saw the fatal likeness. My brother's face had been sent again on earth to haunt me. It did not look like my child or Olive's. It had William's delicate features; his dark, wavy hair; his clear gray eyes, full, even in this infant, of soft, subdued tenderness. I put him from me with a shudder.

His mother noticed the likeness and wondered at it, but with all the fullness of her true woman's heart she loved and cherished her child. I think even mothers seldom love as she loved; her nature was so intense, and so few objects had been given her on which to lavish its wealth of passionate devotion.

Every week, as the child grew, this fateful likeness was stronger and more undeniable. He seemed to me more William's child than mine, and I consented, with an involuntary thrill of dread, when his mother expressed a wish to call him by William's name. And yet, sometimes, a father's yearnings rose up in my heart and overflowed, till I was fain to snatch him to my bosom. At such times I thought—it might have been fancy or but the natural effect of my violence—but I thought he shrank from me, and I recognized in this turning away from me of my own flesh and blood Heaven's righteous retribution.

He was never a strong child, but he lived to be more than a year old. He learned to call his mother by her name, to mouth a few other pretty, childish words, and Olive loved him more and more, and rejoiced over him with an intensity which I trembled to see. More and more haunted by this child's face, the likeness of my brother's, was I possessed by an almost irresistible impulse to pour into my wife's faithful bosom all the madness, the despair of my life; but still I mastered it, and was silent.

At last the child sickened suddenly and died. In the morning I saw him lying as well as usual in his mother's arms, searching her face with those weird, unchildlike, yet loving eyes. At noon he was violently sick, and at night she held him as she held him in the morning, but he was cold and dead, though the eyes she had vainly tried to close were open still. Those eyes—William's own had never haunted me more remorsefully—and yet I kept silence. I said nothing until after we had laid him in a little grave by William's side. Then, when we came back from the funeral, and my wife turned to me for comfort, my terrible secret burst forth.

"Olive," I cried, "curse me as your child's murderer! I can keep it from you no longer. You stretch out to me your empty arms, where your baby used to lie, and I tell you that his death was the just punishment for my sin. He was sent on earth to haunt me with his strange likeness to the dead, and now he has been taken to smite me by piercing through your heart!"

She looked at me in blank terror—in utter wonder. I sank at her feet; I hid my face on

her knees; she did not shrink from me even then. I poured out there, not daring to meet her eyes, my guilt—my long and terrible remorse. I told her in full the story of William's death. Then I paused, waiting her judgment. I expected she would banish me from her presence forever, but she raised my face in her gentle hands. She looked at me with an angel's pity and a woman's love. Then she spoke—oh, no angel, only a loving woman, could have uttered such words! She thanked me for sharing with her my secret. She told me that she had long suspected, from words uttered in my restless sleep—from the strange alternations of my manner from joy to despair—that some fearful memory was preying upon my life, though she had never even conjectured its nature. She thanked God that it was no worse. She told me it was wrong for me to call myself a murderer—that I had not been responsible for being tempted, and reminded me that I had overcome the temptation and plunged into the water at last. She believed that William must have died before any efforts of mine could have saved him—that the fall which had killed his horse could not have spared him. She told me, moreover, that, whatever I had done, it was the most fatal sin of all to despair of the almighty mercy of God.

Her reasoning did not convince me. Not even she had power to lift the burden from my soul. But oh! you can never conceive the inexpressible relief it was to have shared this secret with her—to feel that she knew me as I was.

Never until then had I fully understood the height and depth, the heroic strength, of that woman's love. She put aside at once her sorrow for her dead child, whom no mourning could bring back, and devoted herself to soothe the despair of her living husband.

And then, just as I began, through her, to believe in the possibility of future hope and forgiveness, as if there was to be no rest for my troubled soul this side of the Infinite, God took her also. Never strong, and weaker than ever since her baby's birth, the shock of his death, followed by my terrible disclosure, had been too severe for her. After that she never saw another hour of health. Slowly, but steadily, she faded away. Tenderest love could not wrestle with the Destroyer.

To the last I do not think she ever thought of me with a single reproach. And yet I have sometimes thought that the knowledge of my guilt killed her—that, though she never confessed it to me, the shadow which she strove to lift from my life settled upon her own. But she died blessing me, and pointing me to a future of peace and union in heaven, where, she bade me believe, the All-Father would forgive me and receive me. Oh, can Heaven be as merciful as she was?

When she died the sun of my life set forever. For me there could be no morning after the night. I buried her—my life's own treasure—

beside her child, and on her tombstone is graven the name of her wifehood—

OLIVE WINCHESTER WIGHT.
AGED XXIII.

I never go to that grave; they tell me the weeds have grown over it. The Olive of my love is not there. I know that before this she has seen the Father's face. My heart tells me that she is praying in that heavenly country for him whose love for her, despite all his other sins, was faithful unto death. But can even her prayers be answered?

I am left alone with two memories—one of blessing, the other of bane. I am groping onward to the country of shadows; and when my soul goes forth alone to cross the surging waters which lie between us and the beyond, I can not tell whether the pale hands of my beloved will be stretched out to help me to climb the banks of eternal flowers; or my brother's soul, seeking there, there, the revenge denied on earth, will plunge me, struggling vainly, downward, ever downward, into the depths Heaven's highest archangel could never fathom.

THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE, AND THEIR LESSON.

THE old idolatries have passed away, and their statues and temples are little now but dust. The few shrines that remain show the defeat of paganism more signally than the shrines that have vanished. The crumbling walls of the empty Parthenon record the downfall of Minerva on the Acropolis of Athens, and the rejuvenated Parthenon, now crowned with the cross, celebrates daily at Rome the triumph of Christianity over the heathen gods. Yet on one point the world is about as idolatrous as ever, and invokes one mysterious name about as superstitiously as when temples were built to the goddess Fortuna and her various symbols, the rudder, the wheel, the globe, the horn of plenty, and the wings—indicated her fitful temper and her various gifts. Now, as of old, the multitude crowd every place where Fortune divides her frowns and favors. No matter what the place or the auspices, however mean or majestic—whether a raffle in a grog-shop, among greasy tipplers, or a card-table in a gamester's brilliant pandemonium, with dainty gentlemen and perhaps jeweled ladies for players; whether a dog-fight for pennies in a filthy cellar, or a horse-race, with thousands of pounds at stake, on grounds famous as the haunts of the beauty and chivalry of centuries—wherever Fortune holds her court, she is sure to find ready suitors. In peace and war she still keeps her prestige; and when no battles compel combatants to watch for her fitful signals, she hangs up her banner in the busy streets of trade, and solid men, who are not to be caught by the shining wheel at the lottery-office, may be entrapped at once by the specious bulletins of the stock-board, and give their money for that which is not bread.

But apart from all tropes and figures, do we not all seriously recognize the fact, which was

of old so superstitiously regarded by the idolators of Fortune—the fact that there is in human destiny a wide margin of apparent chance, and that, in all our enterprises, there is another party quite as powerful as human will—a mighty and mysterious power, which decrees that the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but time and chance happen to all? Never more than now have our people been more impressed with the power of time and chance; for no man among us began this year without decided proofs that his welfare is not wholly in his own keeping, and that changes have come upon the most sagacious from causes alike beyond their foresight and control. With a year's life for our text, let us then consider the freaks of Fortune, and their lesson. It will be best to speak first of the field in which Fortune plays her part, that we may the more clearly see how men become her dupes, and how they may become her masters.

I. The field of fortune—where and what is it? Surely it is every where, all about us and within us; in every sphere of nature, society, and business. This field, however, has an impassable limit on either side—a limit beyond which chance has no power. The one boundary is the Impossible, the other is the Inevitable. Whatever in the very nature of things can not be, and whatever in the very nature of things must be, are of course beyond the sphere of contingency, and, as absolutely fixed, are dismissed from our hopes and fears. Thus, it is certain that we must die, certain that we can not stop the motion of the globe, and no man in his senses tries to escape either form of necessity—the necessity that is expressed by the words “inevitable” and “impossible.” But how wide is the margin between the two—that broad field of possibility and probability in which most of the work of our life is done, and our loss and gain, joy and grief, are decided! As soon as any prize seems within our possible reach, it engages our attention; and as soon as the possibility becomes probability, the prize is sought as an object of reasonable enterprise. It interests us most when the issue between hope and fear is nearest the crisis, or when it is about half-way between the limit of impossibility and the limit of certainty, and the interest flags the moment we see that it can not be ours, or that it must be ours. So true is it that complete success has something of the nonchalance of utter defeat, and the fox who has all the grapes to himself is apt to think as little of them as the fox who thinks them sour because he can not get them. So true it is that with most of Fortune's favors,

“The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm by being caught;”

so true it is that whatever ceases to excite our anxiety ceases to have the highest zest. Therefore it is that so much of our life is at the mercy of what is called chance, and in the field of fortune we find our work as well as our play.

Strictly speaking, of course there is no such thing as chance; for with the Almighty Mind there can be nothing casual or fortuitous, and all things are known to the All-seeing One. But to us all things are casual that are unknown; and whatever can be, or may probably be, is to our mind somewhat a matter of chance. In the region of uncertainty chance ranges, and the region of uncertainty covers the great portion of our actions, hopes, and fears. The boundaries of the unknown are, indeed, in some respects, lessened by the progress of science, art, travel, and observation; yet, when one mystery is explored another rises in the distance, and there probably never was an age when thinking men so feel and acknowledge the mystery of the universe and its life as in this age of boasted illumination. We sometimes boast of understanding Nature, and so mastering her laws as to predict, if not to control, her phenomena; but how signally nature baffles us still, and in winds, waters, heat, cold, calms, storms, earthquakes, lightnings, health, disease, the mighty mother is taking us knowing ones by surprise very much as of old when her colossal image was set up in the sands by the great pyramids, and that face of stone, the Sphinx, propounded to all passers-by the great riddle of time. Knowing as we boast of being, every day is a surprise from the elements in some respects, and last winter's cold, and this winter's mildness, come to us from a power that all our philosophy can as little predict as control. Our whole life bears witness of the uncertainties of nature, and the elements constantly make their mark upon us, now in the vexation of an influenza, and now in the wreck of a ship.

Our human nature surely is not exempt from the uncertainties of the material world. If winds and waters, vegetation and animals, have moods and changes that we can not predict, is it easier to predict the moods of man or of woman? It was well that Fortune was represented in the human form; for all chances gather around and within our poor humanity, and there is no contingency of nature or events that does not in some way act upon or from our human life. We have something of the whole universe within us—from the earth in our bones to the electric and magnetic force that flashes along our nerves; while to the mysteries of nature we add the mystery of our own mind, which surprises us sometimes more than it does our neighbors. Certainly there is a large region of the unknown in human thoughts, feelings, and actions; so that when we forecast our destiny, we think, perhaps, above all things, more anxiously of the issues of our own dispositions and the conduct and character of other men. Others may harm us or help us much, and our fortunes and happiness depend much upon what our associates in business or friendship shall do or fail to do for us. Fortune was represented human, and also as a woman; not, indeed, as a giddy girl, but as a matron; her statue implying, not perhaps what our modern life so often shows, that married women are

the fastest of their sex, but the deeper fact, that sensibility and experience, like a woman's and a mother's, have much to do with deciding and appreciating the turns of human welfare. The in-door as well as the out-door side of life thus comes in for its share of notice, and Mother Fortune speaks to us of all changes in the heart and the home as well as in the market and the state. Who like a mother can feel the good and ill that come from or to our mutable humanity? The mother, if a worldling, fosters and shares the false ambition of the whole family; and if a true woman, she is the heart of all their goodness, and shares all their joy and grief. This year's experience in the Old World and the New, in peace and war, in business enterprises and in household changes, is full of lessons in this world's chances—full of proofs that not only in nature but also in mankind there is a great margin of contingency. Strange developments of character have been more startling than any changes of the elements, and unexpected heroism and unexpected treachery have made more mark upon the year than the plenty of the harvests or the outbreak of earthquakes and tornadoes. Nay, the moods of men have been at the bottom of the most astounding events; and the rebellion in India, and the panic throughout Europe and America, come from fits of thought and feeling, which, in the world of mind, are quite as mysterious as the tides and storms, of electricity and magnetism in nature.

So nature and man combine their uncertainties to give Fortune her field, and what we call the times is the record of her movements. The times! Who shall undertake to enumerate the host of contingencies that form and swell that marvelous tide upon which we are all floating? Who, least of all, shall presume to foretell what the times shall be? Let us contrast the opening of 1857 with the opening of 1858, and acknowledge the vanity of human expectations. It is hard to read the year backward, and explain the causes of events, now that the consequences have developed them in a measure. Who can say that he could read the year forward or tell its results in advance? The most sagacious practical men saw no great crisis near at hand, and the business community had all sail set as for pleasant weather when the storm broke upon them in a general wreck. Some, indeed, foreboded evil, and are always foreboding it. But who predicted any thing like the state of things now realized? Perhaps most thoughtful men expected a degree of financial pressure, but who expected such a crash? Who could tell what contingency would check the rising expansion of trade, and like a chill wind bring down the air-castles that the sunshine has been building upon the rarefied summer vapors? The turn of the financial times depends upon the adjustment of balances in trade, and when the balance is doubtful a slight cause may destroy the equilibrium, as the leap of a chamois or the wing of an eagle may unsettle the nicely-poised mountain boulder, and carry ruin and

death into the peaceful Alpine valley. Who shall tell when the balance of trade passes the line of safety, or when the foot of the chamois or the wing of the eagle shall throw it from its poise? There are always prophets enough after the event has happened; but they who most sagaciously read the signs of things to come, most modestly own the short-sightedness of man and the vanity of human expectations. If any wiseacre claims prophetic honors, let him test his inspiration by telling what will be the price of money, or merchandise, or lands in one year; or let him tell us the news of the next steamer, or the issue of the next Presidential election. We commend to our prophets the wisdom of the new Spiritualist seers, who confine their foresight to events that have happened—predict to the believing neophyte who his father was, and what his own name is—and as to future events or distant occurrences are as wise as the wooden tables that rap out their mystical communications. No, we are not prophets; and we must all own that in the times there is a region of contingency that baffles the keenest scrutiny, and that though there is, as Kossuth said, a logic of events which the wise man reasons out, wise men, like Kossuth himself, have invariably failed to reason them out fully, and are constantly surprised, like common men, by unexpected ill and good. Open the last newspaper, and the eye, by the merest glance at the names and topics treated, needs little moralizing to note the constant chances of time and the short-sightedness of human expectation. As we were meditating upon this very train of thought, the news by the steamer told us whole volumes of Fortune's changes in two names in the obituary list—Rachel and Havelock. The great actress had passed through scenes as eventful as the characters of her dramas, and she who had risen from a street ballad-singer to be queen of tragedy was doomed to die of a Boston east wind; while the hero of India, who had braved a hundred battles, fell victim to a common disease, and the dispatch which announced to him England's splendid honors to his bravery was crossed on its way by tidings from a higher court than that which dispenses coronets, garters, and pensions—tidings that Death had bestowed on him the cross of its Legion of Honor. Nay, the mere record of mariages and deaths is of itself lesson enough, and tells as much of the vicissitudes of human life as the price-current tells the vicissitudes of trade. Over each cradle and over each grave the Fates keep their watch; and when we ask what shall be this new life, or what has been that departed life, we know full well that the time and chance that write so much of the epitaph on the grave will write quite as much of the career of the little sleeper in the cradle.

II. So powerful is the combination of chances that men call Fortune; and it is a serious question how we shall meet its force. Deny its existence or importance we may not, for all history and life are witness that, mighty as human will may be, it is not the only arbiter of our

destiny, and that circumstance is a mighty element in our lot. Meet it we must, either wisely or foolishly; and a glance at the freaks of Fortune with human folly may help us to the wisdom that is a match for her caprices. Observe her dupes, that we may better know her masters. Her dupes are of two chief classes, who differ from each other partly by native temperament and partly by diversity of experience, according as hope or fear predominates, and they become madcaps or cowards under her smiles or frowns.

They who are won by her smiles are none the less her dupes, and more victims have been made by her favor than her frowns. First among her madcaps comes the gamester, who loves hazard for its own sake, and leaves care and toil to plodding drudges while he waits on Fortune's golden wheel. No matter what may be the gamester's implements, whether cards or dice, the cock-pit or the race-ground, the election returns or the stock market, he is always the same perverse character. His error is in regarding chance, not as the incident, but the main element, if not the whole of welfare, and risking all upon the issue of his game. His mischief is that he produces no value, and moreover, fosters a spirit that discourages industry and unsettles moral principle. If there is an element of chance in all business, the distinction is, that in legitimate business chance is the incident, and, not as in gambling, the issue turns upon substantial probabilities, and not upon fitful possibilities. Every gambling hell, therefore, stands apart from legitimate trade, and has affinity only with those forms of traffic that create no value, and give market to no value, but merely feed the fire of an unwholesome and, in the end, ruinous gaming. Arithmetic shows the gambler's folly, and experience proves that his game is, in the end, as ruinous to fortune and character as to sobriety.

Let the gamester pass, yet not without leaving with us some wholesome hints for a type of character not less dangerous, if far less repulsive than he. The schemer, or speculator, is a more decent and plausible character; and although not inviting us to the card-table or the horse-race, he offers to show us the road to fortune or fame without the old-fashioned process of thought and labor. We suffer much from this race, and many who are wise enough to escape their enticements, and stake their all upon their visions, share in the general ruin which their counsels bring. If all who have lost their property, within a year, by consequence of schemes that have offered boundless wealth without careful toil or persistent enterprise could be gathered together, no edifice would hold the multitude; and no man among us is so merry as not to mingle a tear of pity with his censure of their folly. An element of scheming, indeed, belongs to our nature; but woe to the man whose schemes turn upon fitful chances, not upon well-studied probabilities and well-adjusted plans of action. There is an ele-

ment of imagination, indeed, in every sound man, and invention belongs to sober business as well as to poetical creation or mechanical ingenuity. But the sound man's visions turn upon facts and principles, not upon games and hazards. His inventions come to him under the clear ray of experience and insight as by light from above, and he does not run after every will-o'-the-wisp that shapes its morbid gases into the guise of a star, and shines to beguile and bewilder, not to enlighten its followers. There are few subjects upon which the world needs more light than upon the distinction between wild scheming and practical invention and discovery in the fields of enterprise. There is more false fancy in many a bank or counting-house than in most poets' garrets; and Wall Street might sometimes dispute with Bloomingdale the palm of being the haunt of moon-struck dreamers. We all, perhaps, share in the schemer's visions, and, in our own way, cherish our pet castles in the clouds. Look well to it that they do not cost us our firm footing upon the earth, and our firm seat in our solid homes!

If scheming, like gaming, implies a certain fever of the fancy and sensibility, adventure adds to these a certain element of daring, and the adventurer has about him something of the romance that always attaches to a daring will. What a charm always attaches to the soldier of fortune, and something of the same charm attaches to those who carry the same spirit into business, statesmanship, and even religion. Adventurers have had more than their fair share in governing the world, and from the days of Nimrod to those of William Walker, from Mohammed's time to Brigham Young's, filibusterism has been a power in the State and the Church. In our day it appears in every path of trade, and the sobriety of business is constantly disturbed by courage enlisted in service of folly or fanaticism. We need a new Cervantes to give a quietus to the mad knight-errantry of money-making and land-stealing; and, if the truth were known, we might see all around us rueful Don Quixotes, whose daring had begun the wild adventure, and coarse Sancho Panzas, whose longing stomachs had enlisted in the knight's hopeful service, and found but poor fare and beatings as their part of the booty. Such adventure differs from fair enterprise in its spirit and object: in its spirit, which mistakes audacity for true courage; and in its object, which dares danger for the sake and not in spite of the risk. There is adventure, indeed, in all enterprise; but true enterprise seeks the well-known good through paths of peril, sure of the reward of fidelity if not of success. Enterprise is willing, sometimes, to lead the forlorn hope in face of death itself; and death itself, that defeats the end, does not defeat the spirit or break the power of the deed. Mere adventure belongs to the madcaps who are giddy under Fortune's smiles; true enterprise counts well her chances, and

braves them for a prevailing hope from a sober purpose.

Such are Fortune's madcaps—the gamester, the schemer, the adventurer—who are so crazy for Fortune's favor as to lose sight of the blanks in her lottery, and to risk all for her prizes. A sanguine temperament may combine with certain successes to fever their blood; and we confess to a certain liking to the whole class in comparison with the opposite extreme; so much more amiable to us is too much hope than too little, and we could forgive these madmen easily, if their only failing was looking too much on the bright side. But we must remember that nothing is in the end so disheartening as false hope: and the madcap, when beaten, may be the most arrant of cowards; and the spendthrift, when beggared, may be the meanest of churls. Glance now at Fortune's cowards, and they swarm before us a motley yet mighty procession. There is the loungeer bolstering up his natural laziness by fear of the risks of labor, and doing nothing because he is not sure of gaining every thing. In his basest form he is the sluggard, sinking into an idiocy of the will quite as abject as the fool's idiocy of the wits, and losing all the prerogatives of humanity except the genius for sitting and attaining such proficiency in this as to tire out the everlasting hills in sedentary talent. The sluggard may be stupid, but not innocent; and some of the worst curses of humanity come from his stagnant blood. Little removed above him is the loungeer of a daintier class, the idler about town, whose finances are as much a problem as the quadrature of the circle, the philosopher's stone, or perpetual motion; for no man can tell how he lives, always spending and never earning. Sometimes the loungeer is a youth of fortune, and the interest of the problem changes, and the only solution of his aimless conduct may be the theory that his filial affection does not allow him to be engrossed with any useful occupation, lest he might not be ready at the proper time to put on mourning for his deceased parent, and to open with filial promptness the good father's grave and last will and testament.

With more sensibility, and less sloth, the croaker follows the loungeer, and is as slow in good works, but not in words, as he. The croaker's talk is constantly of mischances; and if he speaks of the horn of plenty, he says nothing of the fruits and flowers in its capacious depth, but points out its little end. Whatever his theme—be it health, property, society, pleasure, humanity, religion—he is forever groaning over the miseries of men; and if his predictions are sometimes right, it is because he is generally wrong, just as a clock that always points at the midnight hour is sure to be right when midnight comes round again. Let the croaker go, for the air is heavy and stifling with his presence. True indeed it is that our life is often troubled, and our burdens are heavy; but why be forever groaning over the sad fact? If we would march well through ill to good, we

must march by music, not by groans; and the harder the road the braver and cheerier should the music be.

We like better that highest specimen of the cowards of fortune, the recluse—although we are very far from liking him altogether; for he makes the sad mistake of trying to get out of the world because it is not perfect, and of risking nothing that he may lose nothing. In one of his forms he is the recluse from business, determined not to run its risks, and forgetting that he may be risking the best of his goods, his usefulness, and his mental health. Or he may be the recluse from domestic ties, resolved not to marry because women are not angels, children are plagues, and marriage is a lottery full of blanks, forgetting that he may be by himself and not have an angel for a companion; that moody selfishness is more a plague than roguish little boys and girls; and that he may not take a chance in Hymen's lottery, and yet have a miserable blank in his own loneliness. In his highest form, that of the meditative student, the recluse is not blameless; and he who quits the world to find wisdom in solitude, shuts out the best light when he shuts the door upon actual life and our poor struggling humanity. He meditates best who has felt the touch of reality and moved among men and things, and the world's great thinkers have been workers among the world's great facts. If care and the world bring some annoyance, this is better than visionary dreaming; and a little discomfort is necessary to keep a man awake, and feel duly for the pivot in other men's fortunes. We always admired the sagacity of the pilgrim who vowed with his companion to travel on foot to Jerusalem with peas in his shoes, but who took the precaution to boil his peas, and thereby display an ease of motion quite unaccountable to his limping companion. It is foolish to borrow trouble, and equally foolish to shun the trouble that fairly belongs to us in our own time and place in the world. We are wiser and better for some anxiety and trial, and all the true sages and saints have needed a little spurring from some thorn in the flesh or fortune, to keep them awake to the highest light and up to the highest mark. The great poets have been heroes, and the last resort, if we seek any of their inspiration, is the coward's part, or running away from our own post among men. The coward, whether lounge, croaker, or recluse, is like the madcap, the dupe of Fortune, and not master of her chances nor a match for her freaks.

III. The only master of her chances is the truly practical man, who is neither madcap nor coward, and proof alike against her smiles and her frowns. Consider in what manner it is that the practical man is a match for fortune, and able to meet and master her on her own ground.

He first of all brings to his aid the force of a sound judgment, and in its light he notes calmly and keenly the goods and ills at stake, and

studies carefully the best way to shun the ill and seize the good. He is strong at once from this very point of view, and because forewarned he is forearmed. His judgment, observant of substantial good, is wisdom; and as studious of the best means to win that good, it is prudence. With wisdom and prudence for his counselors, he judges Fortune's threats and promises by a scale of substantial values, and measures the way to the true value by a scale of reasonable probabilities. So he escapes a world of follies and tricks. Not in the gambler's madness nor the lounge's alarms, but with firm, yet cautious eye, he scans the prizes to be gained or lost, and chooses prudent means to wise ends. The great wilderness of uncertain chances is no longer a wilderness to him; for he knows to what point he is to travel, with wisdom for his star and compass, and with prudence for his pathfinder and guide. To him, thus wise and prudent, there is a gradual opening of the fact that there is over all chances a prevailing law, and over the combinations of events, as over the revolutions of the globe, there is a presiding purpose. Probabilities become to him clearer and clearer; and in his own vocation, as well as in the great mission of life, a light shines upon the road that he is to tread, until its dim shadows vanish into day. He is not, indeed, infallible; for to err is human; but he has studied chances till he has found the main chance, and in his ruling policy the element of certainty is so combined with the element of risk, that the risk serves to quicken and vitalize the whole combination—as the oxygen in the atmosphere, in itself so inebriating and consuming, gives spirit and life when mingled in moderate proportion with the more solid and nutritious nitrogen. To change the figure, he aims to live and work in the temperate zone of sound sense and solid strength, and he is not in danger of running off into tropical fevers or polar icebergs, for he is content to be warm without being burned, and to be cool without being frozen.

To judgment the practical man adds fortitude, which is the heart's master of the ups and downs of fortune as judgment is the head's mastery. Fortitude, we suppose, in its derivation, carries this idea; and a man of fortitude is he who is equal to either fortune. Fortitude can suffer and can dare, appearing as patience under the ills that must be borne, and as courage against the ills that must be surmounted. By patience and by courage the practical man is mightily armed as with shield and sword—with the one receiving the blows that he can not shun, and with the other pressing on against his foe. Patience and courage, the one teaching us what we must calmly bear, and so riding us of a host of vain and wasting repinings—the other calling out our best powers, and cheering us bravely on to our work. He is conqueror of ills inevitable who calmly bears them, as he is conqueror of ills not inevitable who boldly braves them. In all spheres of life we need them, for we must all bear defeats and

ought all to win victories. Rome indeed boasted, that when Fortune entered the Eternal City she laid aside her wings; but surely, if Rome took from Fortune her fickle wings, it was only by teaching the patience and courage that conquer by endurance as by daring, and the true Roman fortitude won back the fitful goddess by daring to do without her smiles.

To judgment and fortitude add fidelity, and our list of the forces of the practical man is complete. Fidelity, with single eye and persistent purpose, presses on to its aim, and wins the best success, not only because in the end it secures the largest amount of good, but because it is in itself success. He who does the best that he can, according to his measure of wisdom and prudence, patience and courage, is a successful man. In the long-run the most substantial goods are his. When he succeeds, his success is not shame, and when he is shipwrecked—as the best masters sometimes are—his wreck is better trophy than the pirate cruiser's flaunting flag, that owes its safety to its inhumanity; and all true men say of fidelity defeated, what even the worldling Napoleon said of the convoy of brave prisoners after a battle: "Honor to the brave in misfortune." Fidelity defeated is on the way to success, and in all ventures that are worthy, character is the best part of capital.

Judgment, fortitude, fidelity — by these the practical man masters Fortune in spite of her changing chances. He will succeed, and can not be put down. His success will be the best, although it may not be what the world calls the largest. In business he may not have the largest, but he will have the best, fortune, for from his gains, though limited, he will win the best good. In the professions he may not gain the largest honors, but he will win the truest usefulness and peace. When the sod is put on his grave, men shall say, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" and the voice from heaven shall not refuse its Amen. His success will have height as well as breadth, and every good that comes to him will lift up his faith and affections toward the throne of God, while it widens his earthly domain.

In our public halls and libraries we may meditate upon the freaks of Fortune, as if in the Temple of History and of Human Life. The statues of true men in those halls, and the thoughts and deeds of so many generations recorded upon those shelves, press the subject home upon our thoughts, and bid us meet our chances as they met theirs. May we not take a wholesome hint from the solemn past for the better education of our children and the method of our living?

In our too-easy kindness to our children are we not sometimes more cruel than kind, and do we not educate them as if there were nothing but prosperity on earth, and Fortune had all smiles and no frowns? Would not our daughters be nobler women if more of the household utilities were united with the showy graces

of their culture, and they were taught to think it a better destiny to share and lighten a true man's hardships than to be pampered by a churl's abundance? Do we not, Americans, sometimes so magnify the term Lady as to forget the better word Woman, and so pet this world's dainty Ladyhood as to slight the true Womanhood that God hath made in his own image? Our sons, too, we belittle and enfeeble by over-indulgence; and even when we devote them to study, we forget that there are two alphabets and two ways of reading. There is an A B C of the spelling-book, and an A B C of nature and life; and he who would read the great book of facts, must read it with a ready hand as well as open eyes. We surely weaken and degrade our sons if we do not bring them from the beginning to be wise and brave and faithful amidst all the changes of fortune—all the ups and downs of life.

And the reigning standard of living, how false to the best lessons of experience and the true philosophy of our being! We spread so broad the surface of ease and display as to make it hard to rise to manly independence and peace, and sacrifice life itself to the shows of living. Less show and more substance, less worldliness and more manliness, less luxury and more peace, less vanity and more worth, and our lives would rise above the chances of fortune, and our homes rest upon the Rock unchangeable, with living water in its clefts. Even then time and chance might touch us sometimes rudely; but it would be under God's control, and no longer dupes of Fortune, we become children of Providence.

THE RED BRACELET.

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."
Midsummer-Night's Dream.

I.

IT is good to be young and in love.

I have known some persons who professed to hold a different opinion, fortifying it by sneers and sarcasms. But I never gave much credit to their declarations. However that may be—as far as I myself am concerned, I hold resolutely to the axiom—it is *very* good to look with fresh, bright eyes on life, and feel the heart beat warmly when a certain footstep comes toward you.

I think of Hallie as I write the words. She was my cousin, twice removed, and lived with her parents at the old family homestead, "Ellenbrakes," on the banks of a Lowland river. She was the joy and pride of all who knew her—the idol of her father and mother; in my own particular eyes a species of little angel, though angels are not accustomed, I believe, to wear chip hats and romp in the most extravagant manner on the slightest provocation. When I went to "Ellenbrakes," on my way to college, in October of the good year —, Miss Hallie was just sixteen and a half. Shall I draw her outline with a dash of the pen? Fancy, as our

Gallie brethren say, a forest sylph, clad in a bright pink dress, defining clearly every outline of a figure, slender, graceful, undulating, and already rounding into the perfect flower of womanhood. A rosy face, full of mischief, looking forth from beneath a wide chip hat—the eyes dancing with coquettish and provoking mirth—the lips crimped by suppressed laughter, or curved into an expression of audacious satire. Add bare white arms—a foot “like the mountain deer’s”—a quantity of raven curls descending at their own wild will upon the plumpest neck imaginable—and “Miss in her teens,” as a growling old bachelor in the neighborhood used to call her, is before you.

Two days after I reached “Ellenbrakes” I was desperately in love with Hallie. Do not deride me, excellent and worthy descendants of Diogenes! I was only twenty, and at twenty you know, for some mysterious reason, hearts will occasionally beat loud and fast—the cheek will flush without much cause—and when *somebody* is beside us, “common sense,” the elegant name for worldliness and worn-out sympathies, will disappear from view. I am sixty-six, and I declare to you, upon my honor, that I think that early sentiment, sudden and irrational as it may appear, was truer, purer, better, than all else I’ve felt during life.

But this is a digression. Let me state the facts without apology, for I am not ashamed of them. I was in love with my young cousin, more or less, from the very first moment of our meeting. I had left her an awkward child some years before, and now found her a lovely girl approaching seventeen—that period in the life of woman when, as in the fully-developed rosebud, not yet grown into the imposing flower, all the freshest elements of beauty often seem to combine themselves. My eyes were immediately opened to the immense difference between the “young lady” now before me and the mere child I had left. In past years I had rather regarded it as a favor to caress Miss Hallie, and bestow my superfluous amount of “petting” upon her. Designing now to graciously return to this agreeable habitude, I essayed to place a cousinly salute upon the maiden’s lips, and was rewarded by an attempt, upon her part, to box my ears.

“Not kiss me, Hallie!” I cried, with admirably dissembled astonishment; “I didn’t think you had forgotten me, and looked upon me as a stranger!”

“Humph!” was the pouting young lady’s reply to this tender reproach; “do you know how old I am, Sir?”

“You are—let me see—nearly seventeen. But what of that?”

“A great deal, Sir!” cried Hallie, bursting into laughter and tossing her pretty head. Then bestowing upon me a dangerous and provoking glance, shot over her round shoulder in the most coquettish way, she added:

“I am a young lady now, and young ladies ought not to kiss young gentlemen: do you

think they ought? If you went away to sea, or got married, or did any other dreadful thing, I don’t know that I would refuse; but you know you are not married—poor fellow!—and are only going to college. You’d only go and tell the boys. I know how you all do! You’d tell them I had kissed you, and they’d think me a romp, and laugh at me; when I’m not a bit of a romp, but the quietest and demurest young lady in the world.”

Having achieved this speech, Hallie essayed to compose her radiant and mischievous features into a prim, decorous formality. The attempt terminated in an outrageous burst of laughter; and executing an audacious *pirouette* upon the point of her little slipper, which made the damsel resemble an animated balloon, she darted into the house, as rapid and careless as a fawn, to announce my arrival.

Yes, I think I was in love with her from that moment. What makes you always love your cousin? In our country it is against the law, almost, to commence in any other way. Perhaps youths are affected by the same reasons with myself. We had played together, romped together, robbed the orchards of their fruit, and the nests of their eggs, always in company. You have, observe, a tender feeling toward old friends, the companions of sunny hours; and my experience has led me to the conclusion, that, when these former cronies reappear in the shape of fascinating young girls, our recollections of the past, and fondness for the familiar face, are much more lively and agreeable.

What a happy month I spent at “Ellenbrakes” that year! It is not vanity in me to say that I was a great favorite with the whole household, for at this time I possessed an exuberant joyousness, a good humor which must have made my countenance a cheerful sight, and a disposition to oblige and serve every body around me. No doubt the tie of “kindred blood” had also its effect, for we are very clannish in our family; and from all this resulted a strong disposition to improve still further my popularity, especially with one member of the household.

Hallie and I were always together. Sometimes we wandered down to the river’s side, and, unloosing the little sail-boat, spent delightful hours on the bosom of the noble stream, watching the white-winged sea-fowl pursuing their prey, which they bore away with screams in their crooked talons; or fishing, my favorite diversion; or idly talking for long sunny hours, as the diminutive bark moved rapidly upon the waves, throwing up clouds of foam, which the sun turned into rainbows. At other times, Hallie would mount her pony—the sleekest and most docile of animals—and with myself as an attendant, would scour the neighboring country, cantering through the fields, giving free rein to her little animal in the beautiful October woods, and yielding herself up to all the inspiring influences of the place and time. She was an excellent rider, and I can not realize the possibility of any thing more graceful than the fig-

ure of the young lady at such moments. She wore a brown habit, fitting closely to her slender form. Her seat in the saddle was admirably firm and graceful, and from beneath the rim of her fawn-colored beaver, with its floating feather, shone a countenance framed in flying curls, and instinct with the most joyous abandon and provoking merriment.

When I helped Miss Hallie to the ground after such rides, I believe something made it necessary to retain her hands pressed tightly in my own; and once or twice, from not attending closely to my duty of receiving the small slipper in my riding gauntlet, she was precipitated, I regret to say, into my arms. At such times, so assiduous was my care that she should suffer no injury, I did not release her until she was safely and securely on her feet. Do you think I was wrong? Hallie did: for this solicitude on my part, in relation to her safety and convenience, was invariably greeted by a toss of the head, a pout of the pretty lips, and sometimes by a threat that she would apply her diminutive riding-whip to my unoffending shoulders. I received these complaints and menaces with an injured air, and solemnly requested to be told, if I could see one whom I loved so dearly hurt herself when I was near to keep her from falling? But to these pathetic requests for information, I never got any reply but "Impudence!" pronounced with astonishing vivacity, or, "You'd better take care, Sir, how you do that next time!" or, "Really! you think I am a child, I suppose! Take your arm away this moment, Sir!"

I always obeyed these imperious commands with a serious and modest air, which had the effect of making Miss Hallie choke an instant and then fly into the house, holding her long skirt daintily, and giving way to laughter as she disappeared. On one of these occasions the long skirt aforesaid got beneath her feet—she tripped and fell, full length, upon the sword—and because I did not rush on the instant to the rescue, and raise up the prostrate maiden, she would scarcely speak to me the whole evening.

Such, friend, is the peculiar inconsistency of "lovely woman."

II.

I had a rival, however.

His name was Joseph Warton, a young gentleman, or rather individual of considerable estate, in the county. Warton hated me cordially, and as Hallie liked him very much I did not adore him.

Warton used to ride over to "Ellenbrakes" mounted on a magnificent horse, or driven in a splendid equipage—this gentleman having conceived the not unphilosophical idea, that frequently young ladies are disposed to greet the visitors who come so bravely with additional favor upon that account. I am happy to say, however, that Warton rode very badly, and as I had backed every unbroken colt upon the plantation from my earliest years, I enjoyed what should always constitute, of course, a great

and reasonable superiority in its possessor—the art of sitting easy in a saddle.

I was not, however, guilty of the folly of criticising Warton's horsemanship or any thing else about him. Miss Hallie often tried to provoke me into such a criticism.

"Of all the gentlemen of my acquaintance," this astute young lady would say, with an accidental glance at me, "I think Mr. Warton is the most graceful. Don't you think so, cousin?"

"Why, really, I have not thought about it, Hallie."

"But you have observed him ride?"

"Not frequently."

"He certainly rides admirably; and such splendid horses!"

"Yes, they are very handsome."

"And then his carriage!"

"I don't think I ever saw any thing more brilliant. If it had come out of a bandbox it could not shine brighter—or be more like a city equipage."

"Humph!" Miss Hallie would here ejaculate with a pout, "you are just laughing at Mr. Warton now, Sir! You know you can't bear *civilized* things—and you know, too, that you have no opinion of Mr. Warton's riding. I wonder you gentlemen can be so envious and illiberal!"

Pout—toss of the head—slighting sound from between the rosy lips—the whole received with a covert smile on the part of the cautious criminal, who has played his game often. Then, perhaps, Mr. Warton would come in—a distant bow would pass, for I could never bear his uneasy familiarity—and I would stroll away and leave them alone together: which generous proceeding, from all that I could ever observe, was far from being peculiarly acceptable to Miss Hallie. When I look back now, and remember my conduct at this period, I think myself a most astute young gentleman; but, *without vanity*, I have always had a sort of instinct in divining women and their "ways." I was thoroughly jealous of Warton, but invariably yielded him the field with an air of magnanimous indifference. I do not think it injured me.

But to proceed with my little story more systematically. I remained at "Ellenbrakes" for a month—a period which afterward came to my memory like a breath from the "Islands of the Blest"—but at last the time for my return to college came.

On the evening of the day preceding that fixed on for my departure, Hallie and I took a long stroll together in the wood! How that autumn ramble lives still in my memory!—my memory which, losing hundreds of "important" things, still holds, and will ever hold, with a deathless grasp, this eve in my happy youth! The affluent glories of the October woods were passing; but enough of the splendid foliage remained to make the forest resemble a fairy land of almost unimaginable beauty. The great oaks towered like giants toward the clouds—the maple, alder-tree, and dogwood, burned in

gold and crimson every where—the tulips filled the air with perfume from ten thousand delicate bell-shaped flowers—and over all hung, like a curtain of gauze, the mellow and enchanting haze of autumn, wrapping the woodland in its dreamy influence, as it filled the hearts of the young man and the girl who gazed upon it with its indefinable languor and mysterious sadness. What is it, in these autumn days, which inclines the heart to love and tenderness, as the mind to aimless reverie? I know not; but such an influence they have always had on me. Wandering now, when the snows of many years have fallen on my hair, amidst such a scene at such a time, I experience the same vague emotion as when, only twenty, I walked by the side of Hallie in the wood of “Ellenbrakes,” and thought it was the lovely little queen of Faëry who accompanied me!

And if the autumn forest lives still in my memory, how much more clearly does she rise before me—the charm of the place, the young princess of the wood, the maiden whom I loved, and shall love forever! How fair she was! By the lofty oaks her slender figure looked as airy as a fay’s—as slight as a vapor or a dream—a mere flower of the forest, such as bloom in the pages of the old romances! Her wide hat drooped above a countenance no longer merry and mischievous—a tender sadness made the long dusky lashes bend toward the cheek—on the beautiful lips a pensive languor dwelt, unchanged by smiles. I thought that my departure had some connection with this sadness—she had told me so, indeed: and when at last we sat down at the foot of a great towering oak, and gazed upon the sun serenely sinking like a shield of fire behind purple clouds, resembling a golden ocean, I took both her hands in my own, and looked into her eyes, and told her that I loved her, and would never again be happy if she would not be my wife. Was I wrong?

I raise my head, and lean back in my chair, and for a moment lay down the pen I write with. I see her face again as she looked at me—her blushes, the tremor of the lip, the necklace rising and falling with the tumultuous pulsations of her heart. Of course I uttered a hundred passionate protestations—and then came Hallie’s almost inaudible reply. I shall not repeat her words, though I think I remember them every one. They told me that she could not be my wife—that she loved me very much, but not more than as a girl may love her cousin and old playmate—that marriage with her must be a solemn act—that we were both children almost—no engagement even—no! oh no! she could not—

Then Hallie’s voice sank and died away. I shall not further dwell upon the scene. It may easily be imagined that I made every possible effort to change her determination; but all was in vain. Hallie cried a little, but she did not yield; and so we returned silently to “Ellenbrakes.”

III.

My temperament is rapid in transition—I pass quickly from one mood to another.

This will serve to explain the extraordinary fact that, an hour after the scene which I have just related, I was playing backgammon with Hallie, and making her laugh with my jokes. I had reached this admirable state of equanimity by a train of logic which did honor to a youth of twenty. Hallie, I argued, liked me far more than any other young gentleman of her acquaintance; for, of late, her admiration for Mr. Warton had greatly cooled—she had no thought of marrying for some years to come. I had secured a firm place in her affections, such as it was, and I should probably return at Christmas, or certainly before the end of the ensuing summer. Thus there was no good ground for wretchedness; and, indeed, this has always seemed to me the most unreasonable of sentiments, when based upon no other ground than the refusal of a young lady to assent at once to a youthful admirer’s wishes. I, therefore, put the best face on the affair, and when Hallie made her appearance down stairs again, looking very sorrowful and evidently commiserating deeply my despairing state of mind, I met her with a sad but resigned expression, and proposed her favorite diversion—a game of backgammon.

The look she gave me still amuses me. It was accompanied by a little pout, which said, as plain as any words, “Do you presume to think I will believe you feel like playing backgammon? Your place, this evening, is to be wretched, from your disappointment, Sir!” But this look, which I perfectly understood, was met, on my side, by another, which said, “I am not very gay, it is true; but let us make the best of it—laugh, if we can, and part good friends.”

And I ended by making Hallie laugh. She was an admirable girl; and, though somewhat piqued at first, I am sure she sincerely rejoiced that I sustained my bad fortune so courageously. Are there many such? I have never known but this one. The cynics say that when they take our scalps, they like to see the blood gush out; and that if the victim laughs and says he is not hurt, the beautiful conqueror does not relish his insensibility. But the cynics always were a disreputable class.

Hallie was so good and kind that she felt nothing of this sort. She not only welcomed my equable spirits—the thought that I would not go away miserable made her positively gay and light-hearted. Her old mirthfulness returned in full force, and never had she liked me so well as at that moment. I read every feeling in her frank face, and the consciousness that my happiness made her happy sent a delightful thrill through my bosom.

We were playing and laughing at a great rate, when who should come in but Warton. He did not stay very long. Hallie barely looked at him, and this manner toward him enraged the young gentleman greatly. What did we care?

For myself, I certainly enjoyed his disappointment, and would cheerfully have debated the same with him—as said the worthy Rittmaster, Dugald Dalgetty—with musket, sword, or pistol. Hallie certainly had no idea of bestowing her favor and attention on the rival of her cousin, when that poor cousin had just suffered so tremendous a misfortune as discarding at her hands, and meant to leave her in a few hours. So Mr. Warton failed in every effort which he made to secure her notice; his jests were received with freezing indifference, while all my own were applauded to the echo; and, generally speaking, he seemed to have quite disappeared from Hallie's horizon as soon as he was seated. I counsel my dear boys, if ever they go courting, not to place themselves in opposition to a discarded rival—their graces and attractions will be all thrown away.

Warton very soon took his departure—an event which seemed to cause Hallie very little regret. I suppose at that moment he hated me with great concentration of sentiment; but he did not show it. As I afterward discovered, he was possessed of a species of low cunning which impelled him to “fawn on those he would destroy,” and he smiled, and hoped I would have a pleasant journey.

Hallie and I sat up some hours after the disappearance of the family. It was a bitter pleasure, a delicious agony, to thus remain by the side of the woman whom I loved so dearly, in the long hours of the autumn night, entirely alone, and hearing, as it were, the beating of her heart. The murmuring flow of the great river was distinguished clearly—the far weird laughter of the owl—or, borne on the sighing wind, the melancholy cry of the whip-poor-will, whose song contains the very soul of sadness.

I saw Hallie's cheek fill slowly and her eyes grew moist; but I would not renew the subject which had pained her so in the forest. Why I did not, I can scarcely say. It was unfortunate; for many times since I have thought—But this is folly. Why should I speak of possibilities? No woman knows her heart, I think.

At last the old clock tolled twelve, and Hallie rose and held out her hand.

“Do not go in the morning without telling me good-by,” she said, with a sad smile—“remember.”

“But I must go at six to meet the stage—and six, you know—”

“Is still dark? That is nothing. I shall be up—you know I rise very early.”

“You are promising too much, I fear,” was my reply, as I released the small hand I had been holding; “but you know what happiness it will give me to see you before I go again—to take your image away in my heart, though 'tis there already.”

With a blush she flitted from me, and in a few moments a servant appeared with my light, and I retired to a sleepless couch.

I had scarcely closed my eyes, it seemed, when a courteous shake announced to me that

it was time to rise. I rubbed my eyes, and got up, and dressed. The carriage was at the door—for it was necessary to go some miles to meet the stage—and my trunk was already strapped behind. I had told every one good-by on the evening before, but I did not forget Hallie. In passing her chamber I paused, and, with a smile, which did not indicate much confidence in the promises of young ladies, knocked at the door.

A low voice, as of one who has just waked, begged me to wait a moment; and then, after a short pause, the door opened, and Hallie appeared—her hair disheveled, her form clad in a figured dressing-gown, beneath which appeared her small bare feet, thrust hastily into embroidered slippers, her rosy cheeks still bathed in the imperceptible dews of slumber.

She held out her hand—the snowy arm encircled by a red bracelet which she rarely removed—the glossy hair caressing the soft cheeks which blushed at my gaze.

This aims to be a thoroughly veracious history, and I must not hide my wrong-doings. I know not what rush of feeling overcame me—I do not apologize for, nor attempt to explain, the impropriety of which I was guilty—I can not even rationally account, to my own mind, for the occurrence; but in an instant, instead of merely taking her hand, I caught Hallie in my arms and pressed her to my heart in a long, lingering embrace. For a moment I felt the tender heart beat against my own, like a frightened bird's—the blushing face fell on my shoulder, then was turned aside as she released herself, and “glowing all over, noble shame” she disappeared; but not before I had pressed my lips to the pure white forehead, and taken the bracelet from her arm, as a keepsake.

In a few moments I was rolling rapidly toward the stage, which passed just as we reached the spot. As I got in I observed Warton riding toward me, and he was in time to bestow upon me one of his uneasy smiles and wish me a pleasant journey. I growled something in reply, which could not have been very courteous, fell back in the stage-coach, and surrendered myself to melancholy.

I had gone some miles when, all at once, I thought of the red bracelet which I had placed in my waistcoat pocket. I felt for it quickly, but did not find it. Then I tried the other pocket—next every part of my dress; it was nowhere to be found. With bitter internal imprecations on my carelessness, I reflected that I must have dropped it at the spot where I entered the stage, or in the “Ellenbrakes” carriage, and at last gave up the search in despair.

A day and night of miserable traveling brought me to — College, and there, as my friends the novelists say, I shall, for the present, leave myself.

IV.

At “Ellenbrakes” again!

It was a lovely evening of August when I arrived, and the old mansion was fairly embowered in foliage and flowers. It smiled upon

me as I came; and need I say that I smiled too?

Those months at college had been one long thought of her; she had made me purer and better; with all the passing days I had come to love her more and more, and now I looked forward to the moment when we should meet again with the most exquisite happiness. Oh, bounding heart of youth! oh, ecstasy of first pure love! oh, days of tumultuous delight, when the pulses throb, and the eager eyes are strained toward the distant roof which covers her we love! I am an old gentleman, good friend, and may be pardoned for this slight apostrophe to youth and love. My brother veterans, at least, will understand and readily excuse me; for I suppose we all look back sometimes, and think the follies, if you please, of early manhood are better than the "worldly wisdom" of our riper age—the fresh wild flowers of the forest fairer than all hot-house plants whatever.

So I came again to "Ellenbrakes," and hastened along the broad, white, graveled walk which led to the mansion. The old familiar objects all reminded me of her. There was her rose-bush, here was her bed of dazzling verbenas—the little glossy spaniel who had always followed her came wagging his bushy tail and gamboling in sign of welcome. I could see, in every object, only Hallie, Hallie, Hallie! The very affluence of the golden day told of her eloquently. "Twas in the mild September" when the Hallie of the song went wandering with her lover; but it was August when I hastened forward to greet *mine*—the richest month of all the year—the queen of beauty and ripe loveliness among them all.

But a carriage stood at the door. Thus "the world" would interpose between us when we met; but still I cared not; she must give me her hand and smile upon me! That was quite enough.

I entered the sitting-room laughing. It was full of young ladies, and at Hallie's side sat—Mr. Warton. As her glances fell on me I saw her start—a flush invaded her cheek—then she turned pale. I bowed and held out my hand. She had risen coldly and scarcely took my hand. Her own was as cold and unresponsive to the warm pressure as that of a marble statue.

I must have stood for at least a minute looking at her in silence—a silence unbroken by any of the company. Then I recovered my senses, and said,

"How do you do, Cousin Hallie?"

"How do you do?" she said, almost adding "Sir" to the sentence. And then with stately coldness she introduced me to the company. I had regained my self-possession—a species of haughty wretchedness replaced my surprise; I bowed ceremoniously, and quietly sat down beside one of the young ladies. She was a fashionable "belle of the ball-room," whom I had known in the college town, now on a visit to the "Ellenbrakes" neighborhood—Miss Mira Blank. With Miss Mira I now commenced a

cold and stately conversation, which was terminated very soon by her departure and that of her companions, including Warton, whose presence I had scarcely noticed.

I thought he looked at me with a singular expression of triumphant cunning as he passed; but I took no notice of this. I saw no one but Hallie—thought of nothing but the interview I should hold with her when the company had taken their departure.

It duly took place. When her guests had disappeared, she tranquilly—or affecting tranquillity, as I afterward knew—returned to the drawing-room. She was a brave girl. Another would have suddenly discovered a headache, or an indispensable engagement—Hallie came and "faced" me.

I might relate the conversation which ensued with ease, for even at this distance of time I recall every detail, almost every word. But it is not necessary to my narrative. I shall only say that I discovered nothing; the young lady met all my questions, complaints, reproaches, with an unconquerable coolness and reserve. She was truly sorry that I found her manner changed, she said, but all things were doomed to change in this world; and, by-the-by, did I have a pleasant session at college? I did not wish to talk about college?—I preferred speaking of herself, and the coolness of her manner? That was unfortunate; her manner was not under her control—few persons had it in their power to force smiles and cordiality when they were any thing but gay—and that reminded her that Miss Mira Blank seemed wonderfully smart and sprightly. I had known her before—had I not?

That was all. At the end of half an hour, during which I had not discovered the least change in her manner—the remotest indication of an intention to return to her old confidential tone of cordiality—Hallie rose, and said that she would go and tell mamma that I had come. She was not very well to-day; and I must excuse papa, he had ridden out.

With these words she left me, calmly. But at the door she turned; poised on one foot for a single instant, she threw a glance toward me, and that glance betrayed, like a flash of lightning illumining deep darkness, all her *acting*. It was so sad, so tearful, so eloquent of wounded feelings and regret that it haunted me for months. With a suppressed sob, and raising her white handkerchief to her eyes, she disappeared, leaving me rooted to the chair in which I sat.

I remained motionless, looking at the door through which she had departed, with, I am sure, the expression of an idiot. Had I been dreaming? Hallie meet me thus? Hallie, who had always hastened out to welcome me, and given me both her hands, and only laughed and scolded when I kissed her cheek? Was the world coming to an end? I was aroused from my reverie of stupefied incredulity by an old servant, who greeted me with cordial grins,

and said that I must come and see mistress in her chamber. I went, and was greeted by my kind cousin—or aunt, as I always called her—with the utmost warmth; and after a while by her husband, whom I also called uncle.

As to Hallie, she did not make her appearance. Having been perfectly polite and observant of “the courtesies” in the sitting-room, she doubtless reflected that no more was demanded from her, and so kept her chamber. At tea she sent word that she had a headache, which I doubt not was the truth; and finally I was left to myself in my old familiar chamber, with its immense country bed with snowy counterpane, all just as I had left it nearly a year before. The old Bible still lay on the toilet, some French books, formerly used by Hallie, on the mantle-piece—nothing had been changed.

But I scarcely looked at any of these objects. Half undressed, I leaned back in my chair, and for an hour was torn by a hundred conflicting emotions—emotions of love and anger, pride and wretchedness, deep scorn and utter misery.

What should I do? Could I remain in a house where my presence evidently was disagreeable—where the coolness of a member of the family amounted, under the peculiar circumstances, to supreme dislike, and even insult? Every spark of pride in my character—and I have no little—blazed up like a conflagration at the thought. No! I would go away at once on the morrow! I would not stay to be trampled on, and humiliated by disdainful coldness—by a hand scarce moving when my own was held out—by a settled, icy indifference in eye, and lip, and every word! At least I was still a gentleman—no blot on my escutcheon—I would leave a house in which I had been insulted.

But could I? Could I thus leave the woman whom I had come to love with all the vigor of my nature—who had been “all the world to me” for many months—who had been shrined in my memory and heart as the loveliest and dearest of her sex—the hope and chief aim of my life? And then those tears in her eyes as she left the drawing-room—that suppressed sob—that lingering, unhappy, yearning gaze!

Thus the two powerful emotions—love and pride—clashed in my heart; and for many hours I lay sleepless, tossing angrily and clenching my hands wildly. At last I determined to remain at least a single day; soon after which I fell into an uneasy slumber.

V.

A week afterward I was still at “Ellenbrakes.”

It was, beyond all doubt, the most miserable week of my entire life. I had succeeded in extracting nothing from Hallie; her coldness remained unchanged; she would explain no part of her manner toward me. It would be a disagreeable duty to describe my pangs, and fits of rage, and love, and pride, and despair, throughout these miserable days. Deeply outraged in my feelings, and despising myself for the weakness which kept me from departing, I had yet

no power to leave her. She drew me and retained me at her side by an irresistible attraction. More than once, when I had thoroughly resolved to burst the degrading shackles which confined me—when aroused and stung by her frigid and repelling manner—more than once, at such moments when my mind was fully made up, had a scene like that at the door of the sitting-room—a sob, a tear, or a pitiful gaze—broken all my resolutions and confirmed my slavery.

At last things came to a crisis, and the catastrophe followed. Let me relate, in sequence, what led to this catastrophe, and how every thing came to an end at once.

Warton’s demeanor toward me had for some time been exceedingly disagreeable. There was a species of leering triumph in the expression of his eyes when he looked at me; and though he never sustained my gaze for an instant—to my mind always an unfailing indication of a crafty nature—I had not failed to perceive his sentiment. As may be easily imagined, this was far from being pleasant to me, in the peculiar state of my feelings; and another circumstance combined with this to make him more distasteful than before. Hallie treated him invariably with the greatest kindness—indeed, seemed to seek his society as a defense or relief from my wearying persecutions; and the neighborhood began to predict that “they would make a match.” I was proportionably pitied—and an excellent old lady living not far from the scene, and who was accustomed to collect the gossip of the country side, had the goodness to publicly express in my own presence her sympathy for me; to which she added the consoling assurance, that there were quite as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. I must not take it too much to heart if Hallie married Mr. Warton (as she would, no doubt), and not myself.

These various circumstances, as I have said, were far from deepening any feelings of regard I might have had for Warton. Indeed, I may as well come out with it and say, that I had come to hate him in the most unchristian manner, and only waited for an opportunity to acquaint him with the state of my sentiments toward him. It came in an unexpected way.

I was one morning talking with old Tom the carriage driver, my fast friend and crony, who had driven me on that morning to the spot where the stage passed. It suddenly occurred to me to ask him if he had seen any thing of the bracelet taken from Hallie’s arm, and dropped, as I supposed, in the carriage.

He replied that I could not have lost it in the carriage, for he had given the cushions a thorough dusting on his return, and must have seen the bracelet. Did he see any thing of it on the ground at the gate where I had taken the stage? No. But here an idea seemed suddenly to strike the venerable gray head of old Tom. He remembered that Mr. Warton had passed as I entered the stage; and now he

recollected a fact which he had forgotten. Just as he had mounted to his seat to drive the carriage home, he had seen Mr. Warton get off his horse and stoop in the road; something red had certainly shone in his hand, as the sun fell on it; yes, certainly, that must have been the bracelet—but what could have made Mr. Warton keep it?

I did not wait to reply to old Tom's queries or moral reflections. I requested him to saddle a horse for me at once, and in fifteen minutes I was on the road to Warton's, only a few miles distant. I soon reached the establishment, which was a very fine one, and was shown into a splendid drawing-room. Here I waited for a long time, and was just beginning to revolve the propriety of jerking the bell beside the fire-place, and summoning a servant, to announce me a second time, when Warton entered.

He greeted me with manifest confusion, smiling uneasily according to his wont, but evidently unwilling to see me. I calmly and courteously, but with great coldness, informed him of Tom's communication to me, and demanded the return of the bracelet, as my property.

He replied by denying that he had picked up any bracelet. It was true, he said, that he had dismounted in the road; but this movement had been simply occasioned by his girth becoming loose—it must have been this which the servant had seen—all his girths were *red*.

There was something so reasonable in this explanation that for an instant I was completely staggered, and made no reply—reflecting that I had indeed come on a fool's errand, and had unjustly accused my rival of a dishonorable action. But a single glance at Warton's countenance completely changed my opinion. If ever deceit and falsehood were plainly written on human features, they were at this moment upon his. I *felt*—in my pulses, in my blood, in my very being—that he was deceiving me; and he saw that I felt it. His eye cowered and sank before my gaze—he turned deadly pale.

"Mr. Warton," I said, after a moment's silence, "the explanation which you have given me would convince a jury, but—I do not believe it. I tell you, Sir!"—I went on with gathering indignation as my conviction deepened—"I tell you that I do not believe your word! Think as you may of *my* words—act as you choose—I swear, Sir, that I do not credit a syllable of your tale, and I demand the surrender of that bracelet, which you have in your possession!"

His eye avoided my fiery glance, and he turned paler than before, if that was possible. For some moments he made no reply, and when he did speak it was in so low and indistinct a voice that I scarcely heard him. At that moment my feelings wholly changed—my anger disappeared—humiliation in my own esteem succeeded—I pitied him sincerely, and could not have uttered another word of insult to him, possibly.

His reply was a reiteration of the former denial. It was very hard, he said, that I should come and insult him in his own house—he desired to have no quarrel with me—he had not found the bracelet, and therefore could not return it.

I simply bowed, went out, mounted, and rode back to "Ellenbrakes," reflecting with humiliation on my conduct—but unable to believe his denial wholly.

That question was speedily to be cleared up.

As I rode up to the gate of the old homestead, I saw a carriage standing at the door; and as my foot touched the portico Miss Mira Blank came forth, and sailing down the steps, with a profusion of smiles directed toward me in front, and Hallie behind, got into the carriage, which was driven off.

At the same moment Hallie came toward me, took both my hands in her own, and, with tearful eyes and cheeks full of blushes, murmured in a low voice,

"You'll forgive me, won't you?"

VI.

Imagine, gentle reader, the phenomenon of meek and lowly tigers, savage lambs, light lead, dry rain, or, the favorite spectacle of novelists, a thunder-bolt descending from a cloudless sky; imagine these, and a hundred more surprising things, and you will still be very far from realizing my astonishment at Hallie's change of demeanor.

I stood for a moment, perfectly stupefied—with a feeling like that of a somnambulist suddenly awakened; but the astounding words were again uttered, and I awoke thoroughly.

"You'll forgive me, won't you?"

I felt the warm hands holding mine—I saw the varying color, the tearful eyes, the tremulous lips, as of a child who is about to cry—I almost heard the beating of her heart.

What happened thereupon? Oh, decorous and ready-to-be-shocked-and-startled Mrs. Grundy, turn the leaf! Young men are only young men after all; they can not pass through life with that severe propriety and stainless "record" which your venerated diary displays: occasionally, they are carried quite beyond themselves by irresistible emotions, and commit most awful acts; therefore, good Mrs. Grundy, turn the leaf! The excellent old lady being thus forwarned, I proceed to say that no sooner had Hallie uttered her pathetic question a second time, than, mastered by a wild delirium of love, I caught her to my heart, and held her there, fluttering and trembling like a wounded dove, as on that long remembered morning when I left her.

How could I help it? She looked so lovely as she gazed at me, with blushing cheeks, and sad, sweet eyes; her attitude was so expressive of affection, sorrow, and regret; her heart was throbbing there so near my own, that every thought beside my love for her abandoned me.

In a moment she released herself with maiden modesty, like the "dear Genevieve" of the

poet; and turning aside her face, wiped away a tear or two with her white handkerchief.

Seated on a cushion at her feet in the old drawing-room, through whose windows stole the perfume of the leaves and flowers, I heard with varying emotions—of sorrow and joy, quick anger and fiery indignation—the whole mystery of her change toward me fully explained.

The visit of Miss Mira Blank had terminated the mystery. I shall give the whole, very briefly, in my own words, as I understood it finally.

Warton *had* picked up and kept the bracelet which I took from Hallie's arm that morning. He had readily divined the meaning of my possessing it; for he had often seen it on Hallie's wrist, and did not need to be told that I had taken or received it as a keepsake. Upon this he based his cunning and unprincipled plot. Miss Mira Blank, from the college town, coming to the neighborhood, Warton, who knew of my acquaintance with her, conceived the plan of inducing Hallie to believe that I had bestowed her keepsake on the fashionable belle. I had once, at her own request, escorted Miss Mira to a distant city, and Hallie had often teased me on the subject; and this afforded Warton an additional advantage. He gave Miss Mira the bracelet, first exacting from her a promise that she would refuse to tell any one whence she had obtained it—that she would affirm or deny nothing in connection with it.

The scheme fully succeeded. Hallie saw and recognized her bracelet on Miss Mira's arm, and asked her where she had obtained it. To this question the young lady made some jesting reply; but remembering the conditions of the gift, refused either to acknowledge or *deny* that I had presented her with it. From this refusal Hallie irresistibly concluded that I had carelessly parted with her gift to one whom I preferred to herself, and all the pride of her nature revolted at my act. She determined never to charge me with it—to meet me with scornful indifference—to refuse all explanation—and this she had done, though not without some pangs and much suffering.

Warton was thus perfectly successful in his base scheme. His object was to alienate Hallie completely from myself, and then replace me. In the first of these attempts at least he would undoubtedly have succeeded but for the interposition of one of those circumstances which occasionally blow up the best laid subterranean mines. Miss Mira fell in love with Mr. Warton, or, at least, conceived the idea of becoming mistress of his elegant establishment.

Her most formidable rival, she soon found, was Hallie. To cause a rupture between Mr. Warton and that damsel was thus very desirable. Miss Mira soon hit on her plan. By some means she had suspected the mystery of the bracelet, and, prosecuting her inquiries cautiously, had soon found out the whole affair. Thereupon she had simply gone, on a morning visit, to "Ellenbrakes," to see her dear friend Hallie—had, first imposing entire secrecy, re-

lated carelessly, as an excellent jest, the manner in which she had acquired the bracelet; and then, having done the desired mischief, and degraded Warton in her rival's estimation past all hope, the excellent Miss Mira had departed, smiling, magnanimously abandoning the bracelet to its proper owner. I shall only add that she succeeded in captivating Mr. Warton, whom she made perfectly miserable; and that, at Hallie's earnest request, I never approached my former rival on the subject of his perfidy. I had no wish to do so after my first burst of indignation had subsided. The recollection of the pale face of the unhappy man, when he denied his treachery and falsehood, did not give me a desire to ever look upon him, even, any more.

Such was the explanation of the mystery which I heard from Hallie, sitting on the cushion at her feet, and looking up into her eyes, as, with changing color and some other things of a disturbing nature, she recounted the sad narrative, but ending in such radiant sunshine.

I have faithfully related every thing, exposed the whole mystery, and, I hope, satisfied the listener.

I believe, however, that I have neglected to record one little circumstance—the fact that before she commenced the story, *Hallie had promised to be my wife.*

I would not hear a word of explanation in defense of herself, until I was satisfied upon the subject just referred to; and if she had not plighted her true faith to me, I imagine she could not have readily explained the whole, since such an explanation necessarily involved the confession of her faithful affection for me.

I think that, on that August morning, Heaven bestowed the choicest of all earthly blessings on an unworthy man—the heart and hand of a pure woman. I still have the bracelet which played such a singular part in the catastrophe—it encircled Hallie's arm when we stood up to be married. My will directs that it shall never leave the family.

My dear grandchildren! recollect the wish of your old grandpa. Never part with the red bracelet!

MY SISTER MARGARET.

WHEN I was sixteen years old I accompanied my father and my sister Margaret to H—, a watering-place on the coast of Massachusetts. My father was a lawyer of some distinction. My mother had been dead for many years; and my sister and myself—the oldest and youngest—were all that remained of five children. Margaret was not well that summer, and chiefly on that account we had come to H—.

I well remember, on the evening of the arrival, my own exhilaration in contrast with my sister's weariness. She lay on the bed, with pale face and closed eyes, while I sat and gazed upon the ocean, that new and wonderful sight.

Our father came at length, and accompanied us to the parlor, which we found half-filled with

guests, awaiting the summons to tea. Among them my father recognized an old college friend, Mr. Durant, of Boston. With him were his wife and a lovely lady in deep mourning, whom he introduced to us as Mrs. Dwight, of L——, who had come with them to H——. An ugly old lady, Miss Benson, was also of their party. Margaret had formerly known the Durants, during her school-days in Boston. There were also other families from Boston and Salem; but none interested me so much as the party I have mentioned.

I had never before seen so large a circle of refined and cultivated persons. I remember the pride with which my eye turned again and again to my sister, as the most beautiful, the most elegant of them all. Her dress was, as always, tasteful, though severely simple. She wore nothing for mere ornament, not even jewelry, except her watch, which had been our mother's, a brooch containing our mother's hair, set round with choice pearls, and one ring—a broad gold band, beveled with a diamond forget-me-not on black enamel. These she always wore, and I never thought of them as ornaments, so much a part of her did they seem.

Mrs. Dwight was, next to my sister, the most attractive person in the company. She was beautiful, with a peculiar charm of manner, a soft and chastened grace, which sorrow had added to a cheerful and unselfish spirit. I never had seen my sister show so much interest in a stranger, and I am sure that Mrs. Dwight admired Margaret no less. They were women of the same stamp—simple, refined, and unworldly.

After tea, my father and Mr. Durant strolled upon the rocks, while the ladies sat upon the piazza. In the course of the conversation Miss Benson mentioned to Mrs. Dwight that she had that afternoon received a letter, which led her to expect her nephew, Charles Harrison, the next day. Mrs. Dwight seemed much interested in this information, and I learned from their subsequent remarks that this Mr. Harrison had recently returned from Europe, where he had spent several years, during which time he had attended Mrs. Dwight's brother, Mr. Roselyn, in his last sickness at Florence.

We did not remain long on the piazza, for the sea-air was cold, and Margaret looked very weary. So, without waiting for our father's return, we retired to our room.

In the morning Margaret was too ill to go down stairs. I sat with her several hours, and then, at her urgent entreaty, I went down and joined my father, who was talking with Mrs. Dwight. The latter inquired very tenderly for my sister, and expressed the wish to go and see her.

I told Margaret, who said, eagerly, "Oh yes, let her come."

Mrs. Dwight sat an hour with my sister, and afterward went to her room, and did not see her again till dinner, although in the mean time the omnibus had arrived with new-comers from the

railroad, and among them a fine-looking gentleman of about thirty, whom Miss Benson welcomed as her nephew, and the Durants received with great cordiality.

Margaret did not go down to dinner, nor at all that day. I felt almost alarmed at a nervous excitement, quite unlike her usual composure and self-control.

In the evening, at her request, I went down to the parlor, and my father introduced Mr. Harrison to me. I felt flattered by the look of interest with which he regarded me, and still more by his soon taking a vacant chair at my side, and conversing with me.

My sister was so restless during the night that I informed my father in the morning of my anxiety for her. He went immediately to her room, and persuaded her, though against her inclination, to allow him to bring a physician to prescribe for her, adding that there was a very good one in the house. He went to find him, and returned in a few minutes, accompanied, to my surprise, by Mr. Harrison, whom he introduced to my sister as a friend of Mr. Durant.

Dr. Harrison seemed to think that indeed it was time that he was called. Margaret's feverish flush had vanished, and her face was deadly pale. I could see the violent throbbing in her white throat. He looked anxious and uneasy, while I could not mistake the admiration and interest with which he regarded his patient. And she looked very beautiful—her hair unconfined, and her eyes so earnest and imploring.

The Doctor's visit was short. He recommended entire quiet and some soothing medicine. He took Margaret's hand as he left her. "There are cases," he said, in the gentlest tone, "in which we must be our own physicians. May I look in this evening and see how you are?"

To my surprise, Margaret readily assented. All this time Dr. Harrison had scarcely noticed my presence.

I sat at my sister's side, smoothing her hair and stroking her forehead, without saying a word, until there was a tap at the door, and Mrs. Dwight asked permission to stay a while with Margaret. I doubted whether this would accord with the Doctor's prescription for "entire quiet;" but Margaret desired it, and bade me go and walk, thanking me, with one of her bright smiles, for my good nursing.

At the end of an hour I opened the door. Mrs. Dwight was sitting on the bed, her arm around Margaret, whose head was resting on her bosom. Margaret's cheeks were flushed, her eyes fixed upon the face of her new friend. Neither of them noticed me. It was a beautiful vision, which my memory has never lost. I closed the door softly, and left them.

At length I heard Mrs. Dwight go to her room. I found Margaret sitting up in bed. She welcomed me with a smile, although her eyes showed marks of weeping.

"I am afraid you have been too much excited," I said, as I kissed her.

"Oh no, dear. It has done me good. Mrs. Dwight has been telling me of her husband and child, and—"

I saw that her hand rested upon two daguerreotypes. In reply to my inquiring look, she opened one and handed it to me. It was the likeness of a beautiful boy.

"Her only child," said Kate. "He died a year ago to-day."

"How lovely!" I exclaimed, as I looked at it. "How can she be so cheerful?"

"And her husband, too," said Margaret.

"May I look at it?" I asked, reverently taking up the other case. I carried it to the window to look at it, and give my sister opportunity to recover herself, for these few words had caused agitation. I felt surprised, and almost indignant, that Mrs. Dwight should have intruded her private sorrows upon my sister's sensitive nature at such a time.

It was the portrait of a young man—a face which haunts me yet—pale, thoughtful, nobly serene. "No wonder," said I, as I gave it back to Margaret, "that a woman who has loved such a man should be pure and unworldly."

Margaret repeated in a low voice, after a pause, "Yes, one who has loved such a man should be pure and unworldly."

"How quietly happy she seems, and interested in others! Many persons would feel, after such a loss, that there was nothing left."

"She has her own joys," replied Margaret. "Do you remember what the father of the good Lord Ormond said—'I would rather have my dead son than every living one in Europe?'"

Dr. Harrison came again at evening, and found Margaret sitting in an arm-chair by the window, pale and wearied, though insisting that she was better, and would soon be as well as usual.

"And how well is that?" he asked, with a quiet smile, which I thought very captivating.

"Not too well," I replied. "My sister has not been well since last spring."

The Doctor looked at me inquiringly. I continued: "She fainted one day, and was ill for a week or two afterward, and she has not been really well since then."

He made no further inquiries. I thought he was afraid of showing too much interest in his new patient, and immediately changed the subject by inquiring how long we had been at H——.

On the table, by Margaret's side, was her Bible, which she had used for many years. It was a plain, well-worn volume. On the fly-leaf was simply E. R., the initials of her dearest friend, Elizabeth Rogers, a schoolmate who had made her repeated visits. Dr. Harrison stopped and took it up as he was leaving the room. He seemed about to say something, but checked himself, and laid it down again; then taking my sister's hand, he said again, "Good-night," in that low, tender voice of his. He

merely bowed as he passed me, and I did not see him again that evening, although, at Margaret's request, I spent several hours in the parlor.

A sail was proposed for the next morning. Mrs. Dwight insisted that I should join the party, while she remained with my sister. When we returned Dr. Harrison was sitting with them on the piazza. Margaret was able to join the next party, and her strength increased daily. Dr. Harrison and Mrs. Dwight were our constant companions in the delightful days which followed. We sailed, and fished, and walked upon the rocks, and had long talks during the evenings. I had never enjoyed any thing so much, and Margaret, less gay and impulsive, was, I am sure, full of a serener, higher joy than I could understand.

One evening, a fortnight after our arrival, she took a long walk with only Dr. Harrison, and returned walking very slowly, and leaning upon his arm. I was sitting upon the upper piazza, not reading, but with a book in my hand, which I consulted whenever a gay party, who were promenading on the piazza, came near me on their rounds. Once, after passing me, I heard a young lady say something about Dr. Harrison and Miss Gray being very intimate, and that "something would come of it."

These words gave me a pang. They told me nothing new, and nothing which I would have made untrue if I had had the power. But it seemed so strange—so unlike my serene, ideal Margaret—it so altered her relations to me, already making her more unapproachable than ever, loving and tender as she always was, and now more so than ever, that I could not be reconciled to the thought. And then I felt myself to be so different—almost an outcast from their society. Dr. Harrison had scarcely spoken to me since that first evening. I felt that he considered me a vain, empty-minded girl, little knowing how the thought of him, and the longing to be worthy of his approval, had possessed my soul. I was so far off from goodness and nobleness! Yet nobody could desire them more than I. Oh, to keep always before me the vision, so lovely now, so often obscured by vanity and worldliness!

My sister came slowly up stairs to her room. Some time passed before I could go to her without betraying my feelings. When I summoned courage, and opened the door, I found her lying upon the bed, pale and wearied. I had almost resolved to greet her with some playful allusion, more as a penance to myself than for any other reason; but she looked no subject for joking. Her earnest, spiritual look led me far away from all that was trivial. I thought how great and solemn a thing was happiness! Yes, I should feel so too.

She did not go down again that evening. After a while I left her, and seated myself outside of our room on the piazza. I sat there long, in the light of the full moon, watching the

stream of brightness upon the water, and listening to the roar of the sea. My heart was full of undefined yet earnest longings; my life, thus far, had been nothing. What should the future be?

A step approached, and I saw Dr. Harrison. He accosted me, and stood, talking, for a few minutes, and then seated himself, drawing a chair to my side. I made a strong effort to be composed. "Now it is coming," I thought.

He told me that he was to leave H—— in the morning, and was glad of the opportunity of saying good-by to me. He spoke of the very great pleasure he had had in meeting our family; of his hope that my sister's health would be fully re-established, and of the pleasure it would give him to accept my father's invitation to visit him.

"It is all settled, then. Oh, Margaret!" said my thoughts.

"I shall be glad to see you," said my tongue, mainly with the purpose of concealing my thought.

He looked pleased, thanked me, and abruptly continued: "You spoke, the other day, of an ill turn your sister had last spring. What was it?"

"A sudden fainting-fit, which prostrated her for a week or two."

"Was that the first?"

"No. Three or four years since she had one—not so severe. And there have been several other slight fainting turns since then, from which she has soon recovered. Excepting these, she has seemed in perfect health, taking long walks and rides, and always fresh and strong, until last spring."

"I hope that in the future—" He stopped. I hastily added, "Oh, yes, I hope so!"

"But is it any thing serious?" I asked, earnestly. "Do these attacks indicate disease?"

"I hope not;" he answered, with hesitation. "Very likely not. There is, certainly, some irregularity in the action of the heart; but time may overcome it, and, with your sister's unusual vigor of constitution and self-control, there is every thing to hope."

After a pause he took my hand and said good-by. He left me, and I sat as in a dream, till my father came and talked with me. I timidly kept away from Margaret till my father retired; and then I went quietly to our room, dreading the disclosure. I need not have feared. Margaret merely kissed me, and said, "Good-night, dear!" and I lay awake for hours, pained and disappointed.

Neither did the next day bring any revelations either from Margaret or my father. I almost feared that some one might make some allusion which I could hardly bear to hear. Miss Benson talked to me of her nephew in a way which might indicate that the subject was an interesting one to me. She also spoke very warmly of my sister, as much as to imply that her consent was not wanting. My pride rebelled at the thought that she should know

more than myself of a matter which concerned me so much more nearly. Mr. Durant and my father also spoke in high praise of Dr. Harrison, and Margaret heard it all with her usual calm dignity, less embarrassed than myself.

We remained at H—— a week longer, a month in all. Margaret returned home somewhat stronger. There was nothing in her looks or manner to indicate her new happiness to a careless observer; but I knew that there was a hidden spring freshening and beautifying her daily life. No household duty was neglected; no claim upon her time or sympathies was set aside; no word or look ever implied, "I have something more interesting to think of." It seemed to me that she was more attentive than usual to all outward duties. To my father, especially, her devotion seemed, if possible, more tender and careful than ever. If she was happier, all around her were happier for it. And so her life went on, serene and sacred. The very ignorance in which she still kept me invested her love and life with an ideal and mysterious beauty.

From the time that we returned from H—— Margaret had worn a ring which I recognized at once as Dr. Harrison's. It was a peculiar ring of hair and gold. She wore it upon the same finger with the diamond one. One day I had a headache, and Margaret stood by me bathing my forehead. With a sudden impulse I drew her hand to my mouth, and retained it, stroking it playfully, and at last said, boldly, "You have a new ring, Maggy?" She turned pale, and whispered, "Yes, dear." It was the only time I ever ventured to approach the subject. I felt grieved at her reserve, but not offended. Her heart was a sanctuary; how could she throw open the doors and show me the pure worship? It only made the love seem the greater and more incomprehensible. Even her correspondence with Dr. Harrison went on, if at all, without my knowledge. I never knew of her receiving more than one letter from him, and in that was a message to myself, which, I supposed, was the reason why she forced herself to speak of him.

After we had been at home a few weeks, Margaret received an invitation from Mrs. Dwight to visit her. The letter spoke of Mrs. Roselyn, the mother of Mrs. Dwight, and of her very strong desire to see and know my sister. My father warmly urged the acceptance of this invitation, adding that business would soon call him in that direction, and that he would accompany her to L——. It was accordingly arranged that they should go the next week. Margaret seemed happy in the anticipation of this visit, though at times sad and thoughtful. One evening I went to her room and found her in tears, her Bible lying open before her on the table.

Mrs. Dwight had a large, pleasant house in L——, where her mother and a younger sister lived with her. My father, on his return, seemed much impressed by his visit, and often spoke

of Mrs. Roselyn's dignified and cordial manners and still remaining beauty. His description of her daughter Caroline filled my ardent imagination, and she became my ideal of grace and excellence. "I am glad that Margaret is there," he said more than once. "It must do her good." I am sure that it did me good, distant and alien as I felt, to imagine their intercourse; and still the thought of that visit brings before my mind all that is purest and loveliest. One letter, within a month after Margaret left us, mentioned that Dr. Harrison was at L—. If any top-stone or pinnacle had been wanting to my airy palace, this information would have supplied it. There was but one spot in the world for my imagination to rest upon, one ideal vision, and that was before me in all my waking hours, and haunted my dreams at night—a vision of beauty, goodness, love, and happiness. I am sure that my whole life has felt its influence—for what shapes our character more than our aspirations?

In one of my letters to my sister I alluded to her happiness. Her reply was partly in these words: "It is worth all it costs, and that is sometimes more than can be told, to learn that happiness consists not in the gratification of our wishes, but in the giving up of our will. Happiness does not come into us, it goes out from us. You recollect that passage in Faust:

'Entbehren sollst du—sollst entbehren.'

Once it rang in my ears as full of sadness; now it seems to me that in renouncing we find our purest and deepest joy. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Blessed be God that even to Him we may give something—ourselves, our plans, our hopes; and he accepts them tenderly, as the best his poor children have to offer—and so we are happy."

I did not understand her. I had never known more than the outskirts of her life. I was so much younger and so different.

But I went on dreaming while outwardly attending to my daily studies and employments. I made frequent visits to our neighbors, and especially to a poor sick widow whom Margaret had left in my charge. For years this woman had kept her bed with a painful disease, and my sister had visited her regularly twice a week, reading to her, sewing for her, and performing many acts of thoughtful kindness. I learned to know Margaret better from these visits to Mrs. Green, who was a woman of intelligence and cheerful piety. "Miss Gray" was her favorite topic. "Such sympathy she has!" she exclaimed one day; "you would think she had been through it all herself. She makes me feel that it is good to be afflicted. She talked so beautifully the last day she was here, saying that it was a privilege to give up our dearest things to God; that it seemed as if He trusted us that we love Him when He asks such things of us; and it was 'so much better to give them away than to have them snatched away.' Then she quoted that verse, 'Every devoted thing is holy unto the Lord.' I never thought of that

meaning before." I was reminded of her letter, and began to see something of the heart of that unselfish, forth-giving love which shed such a glow around my sister's life.

I was constantly gratified by finding how much she was admired and loved in our little village. There was probably not a person in it who could appreciate her culture and some of her rich gifts. They only knew that she was beautiful, and kind, and good. A laboring man asked for her one day when I met him. He missed the sight of her on horseback, he said, "and it would do him good to see her sweet smile again." The children begged to know when she was coming back, and not a letter went to her which did not contain messages from some of her little friends.

At length, after two months, she came back, and Dr. Harrison came with her. He had written, proposing it to my father, who was evidently pleased. As for myself, I had a mixture of feelings, in which pleasure did not preponderate. I wanted Margaret to myself, after this long absence. I felt embarrassments at the thought of seeing them together, in this first acknowledgment of their new relation, and of being forced to infer what had not been told me. But when the carriage drove up at evening, and I saw Margaret's serene and lovely face, and felt her warm, repeated embrace, and then shook hands with Dr. Harrison, and led him into our cheerful drawing-room, and when my father gave him a hearty welcome, and he seemed so much like an old friend, and all was cordial and unrestrained, I began to think that it was not so bad after all, and I was on the whole glad that he had come. He talked with me too, as he had not done at the sea-side.

My sister retired early, pleading fatigue, and I soon followed her to her room. She looked pale and tired, but she would not let me go till we had had a long talk about her visit, and all my little interests. Still not a word about Dr. Harrison. At length I insisted upon leaving her. She put her arms around me, kissed me tenderly, saying, "Dear, dear Nettie!" and burst into tears. In a moment she recovered herself, and smiling through them, bade me good-night, saying that she had not been quite as well as usual, and felt very much fatigued.

My father and Dr. Harrison sat up late. I heard them go to their rooms long after midnight. In the morning Margaret insisted upon rising to breakfast, and took her old place at the table, but she was pale and agitated. I saw my father's look of anxiety. He too was pale and silent. All at once I saw my sister's lips tremble, and she suddenly left the table. My father hastened after her. I started to follow, but Dr. Harrison laid his hand upon my arm, saying, decidedly, "You had better not." I sat down, almost resenting his interference.

"But what is the matter?" I asked. Then I stopped, remembering how I had been kept in the dark, and how natural it was for Margaret to be overcome by the consciousness of her new rela-

tion, and the thought of leaving her home. My father's thoughtfulness I attributed to the same cause.

They both returned, and my father led the family devotions as usual, though with a trembling voice. Afterward he proposed that Dr. Harrison should give me a drive in the buggy. After I had assisted Margaret to unpack, and had arranged matters for dinner, we started. I stepped into the carriage with a light heart. I remember the foolish vanity I felt, on meeting one of my young friends, as we drove through the village. When I came back, it was as if a dark cloud had descended and covered the earth. Dr. Harrison had told me what he had disclosed to my father the previous evening, what to reveal had been his chief object in coming to us—that Margaret, my sister, was not to be mine much longer—that I must give her up, not to him, but to God.

Another ill turn, of which Mrs. Dwight, at Margaret's request, had written to him, had hurried him to L—. An eminent physician accompanied him, who made a thorough examination of the case, and his report was most unfavorable. As soon as she was able to come, Dr. Harrison had brought her home, to tell us what she must not venture even to write.

"Now, my dear Miss Nettie, be calm," he said, as we drove up to the door. "She will be composed when she sees that you can bear it."

Then for the first time I thought of him, of his great act of renunciation, of the unselfish kindness with which he had concealed his own part in the common sorrow, and showed only the tenderest sympathy with mine. With strong emotion I took his hand in both mine, and thanked him, bursting into tears.

I flew to my room, I dried my eyes, and kept back the flood of feeling with a strong will. I went to my sister, who was lying pale upon her bed; I kissed her calmly, I returned her sad smile, though neither of us spoke a word, and then I rushed to my room, bolted the door, fell upon my knees, and gave way to a long, wild burst of agony. How could I—how could I bear it?

After a while I thought of my father. I must go to him. I found him in his library, sitting at the table, his head bowed upon his crossed arms. I went softly to his side, put my arms around his neck, and whispered "Father." He raised his head—and I saw his face, so changed.

"Ah, Nettie!" He drew me on his knee and kissed me.

I sat there—his arm close around me—for some minutes, neither of us speaking a word. I longed to whisper a word of comfort; but what could I say?

"Nettie, you must keep calm, for *her* sake," he said, in a husky voice, as I left him.

"I will, dear father!" "And for yours," my heart added.

As I left the room I met Dr. Harrison at the door. I gave him my hand silently as I passed

him, thankful that he was going to interrupt that stony grief.

I went to my sister. She was in the drawing-room, standing at the window, which looked out upon some fine old trees, then in all the gorgeous beauty of October. She drew her arm around me, and we stood together silently.

At length she said: "This is nothing new to me, Nettie. It has been a familiar thought for months."

"Oh, Margaret!"

"I could not speak of it. Besides, I was not certain until this last attack at L—."

I could not speak. Every energy was required in restraining the feelings which must have no outlet.

"I have one request to make," she continued. "Let us cheerfully look it in the face, and go about our daily employments as usual. Death is not a stranger nor an enemy. I am ready, through God's exceeding mercy, for this great change; and I look forward to it with joy unspeakable. If it were not for leaving you and father, and others whom I love, I should have no feeling but thankfulness."

"And yet you are so happy here!"

"Yes; but the happiest moments of this life are those of longing and aspiration. All is imperfect and unsubstantial. Without trust in a better life we could hardly bear even the joys of this. Sometimes we have faint glimpses of the heavenly vision, and then we go on struggling, repenting, and longing."

"I can not see it so. All that I can feel now is, that this world will be so dark and lonely."

"Perhaps this will teach you, dear Nettie. Heaven will be more real to you; and God can give you consolation greater than the sorrow. *I know that He can.*"

After a pause, she added: "I want to say some things to you which I have not yet trusted myself to talk about. Perhaps the time will not come. If not, my father or Dr. Harrison—"

"Oh, never mind, dear Margaret!" I felt so thankful to have her trust so much to me. If I had ever had a suspicious feeling, how rebuked I should have been by this tender thought of me at such a time!

My father and Dr. Harrison came in, and we all tried to talk cheerfully, as if the last two days had not been.

At the end of a week Dr. Harrison proposed leaving us on the next day. I am sure that his visit gave my father all the comfort which earthly friendship could impart. He gave advice, as far as possible, in anticipation of all contingencies; above all, charging us to avoid agitation and excitement, and to go on our daily life in calm trustfulness. I felt that he was a true friend, wise and unselfish; while toward Margaret his manner was as tender and reverential as I could desire. I dreaded, for her sake, to have him leave us—I dreaded it for my father and myself. When he was gone, there would be nothing left but to face the dreadful fact in all its bare reality.

Dr. Harrison was to leave on Thursday morning. The previous evening we all sat together for a while after tea. Margaret was languid, though her cheek was flushed and her eye bright. I never saw her more beautiful. I retired early, wishing to give them an opportunity to say farewell. I was to see Dr. Harrison in the morning, at an early breakfast, to which my sister would not rise. I could not sleep. I did not even undress myself, but threw myself upon the bed, agitated by a thousand feelings. Above all was sympathy with those two hearts, so lately united in the strongest of earthly bonds, so soon to be separated as widely as earth and heaven, yet both so calm and patient. I forgot my own sorrow. I would gladly have gone instead of her, that she might be spared to make him happy. And yet she wished to go.

It was after ten when I heard the parlor bell ring violently. I was there in a moment—but it was too late! I can not tell of that night, though I remember distinctly every incident—above all, that pale face—that vision of heavenly beauty!

The next morning I went to my sister's room, and arranged her books and furniture. Her Bible was still open upon the table; and I saw that the description of the heavenly city, which the beloved Apostle had seen in his rapture, had been the last which she had read in that holy book. I uncovered the pale face, and knew, verily, that the spirit which had left that heavenly smile was in the house of its love and longing.

My father slowly entered. I could almost bear my own desolation, but not his. It was fearful to see that strong man bowed. He drew my head on his bosom, and we stood silently looking at all that remained of what had been the joy and blessing of our life. After a while, he asked if Dr. Harrison might come in. I silently assented and he left me.

Dr. Harrison entered, looking old and haggard. He stood at my side and tried to comfort me. At length, after a long silence, he said, in a trembling voice, "Nettie, in this holy presence I must tell you the secret of her life."

He laid his hand upon the Bible. Careful not to close it, but turning to the fly-leaf, he asked, "Whose initials have you supposed these to be?"

"Those of Elizabeth Rogers," I replied, in surprise.

"No," he said, gently. "Edward Roselyn." It all flashed upon me. Why had I not seen it before?

"And he was your friend?"
 "Yes, from boyhood. That ring upon her finger he gave me upon his death-bed. It is now by her wish to be mine again. And this," he said, taking tremblingly the diamond ring from the cold hand, "this was his gift when he left her. She wished me to place it on your finger as her dying gift." He showed me the inscription, "*So as to keep nearest to thee;*" and

placed it where it shall always remain, not once be taken off till I too lie like her.

And so she bequeathed to me her secret, her joy, her sorrow, her hope, the memory of all she had suffered so silently and so lovingly. I had never known her till now, and she was gone forever. "*So as to keep nearest to thee;*" thus will I live, sweet sister!

I knelt down by her side, and prayed as I had never prayed before. Dr. Harrison knelt with me, and sobbed like a child.

Before he left me he showed me a miniature, the same face which I had seen at the sea-side.

On Saturday came Mrs. Roselyn and Mrs. Dwight and Caroline, true mourners, and true comforters. On the afternoon of the Sabbath, when the October sunlight glorified all around us, we laid our treasure in the dark chamber of the earth:

"With thoughts in which we scarce remembered Death,
 We placed her in his halls."

Over her grave we sang a single verse, which she had loved:

"My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to Faith's illumined eye
 Thy golden gates appear!"

After all was over, and my father and I sat alone together, feeling all the reality of our desolation, he supplied, in few words, the blanks in my sister's history. When at school, Margaret had met Mr. Roselyn, then a law-student at Cambridge. They were both young. My sister had for years been absent from home, and was just returning to be a companion and joy to her father. It seemed too soon to give her up. Mr. Roselyn, too, was in feeble health, with uncertain prospects. He was advised to go to Europe for a year. My father requested that all should be postponed till his return. Conscientiously regarding his wishes, they had kept up only a frequent, friendly correspondence. Margaret had even declined acquaintance and correspondence with his family till his return. Mr. Roselyn's health was re-established. He was about to come home, with the brightest prospects of success in his profession, when he was seized with a fever at Florence. The news of his death came by the steamer which should have brought him. This was four years ago. All this she had carried in her heart, and I had only been the happier for it.

After this my father never mentioned her. More than a year afterward, Dr. Harrison came again to see us. After he left us I wore another ring, which I shall always wear, next to the one which belonged to my sister Margaret.

RATHER GHOSTLY.

WE were four travelers of different nations, sitting round a fire on a stormy February evening in dear, beautiful old Lisbon. The party consisted of six, but two of its members had gone to a *soirée* at the English Ambassador's; the others, quite wearied with sight-see-

ing and deterred by the storm, remained at the inn to repose for the labors of the next day. We were two Americans, one English, and one Russian.

The slight fatigue, the monotonous dripping of the rain on the stone terrace just outside of our windows, and the moaning of the wind, disposed us to rather melancholy topics. We talked of home, and the deep longing for beloved absent faces; of great trials, of dangers by sea and land; but when we heard the watch-dogs begin their sad nightly howlings, the conversation naturally fell upon ghosts.

"When I was traveling in England last summer," said the Russian gentleman, "I fell in with a very amiable-looking old lady, short, stout, good-tempered, and comfortable; she had with her a vinegar-looking maid named Davis, who tyrannized over the old lady, and snubbed her within an inch of her life. It was in my power to render her some little attentions, and, on parting, she told me her name. This pleasant old lady was no other than Mrs. Crowe, author of the *Night-Side of Nature*. I gave her some ghost stories which I *know* to be true, and which you will probably see in the next edition of her book."

"But why should we wait for her book?" exclaimed an American lady. "This is just the evening for a ghost story; and since you *know* them to be true, we promise to believe them implicitly."

After a little persuasion, the Russian began his true ghost story:

"You have heard of Count Pahlen, of course; and when I say that this story was related by him to me, you will understand how I *know* it to be true, though it did not happen to myself. He was not an imaginative man, not of a speculative turn, and had little patience with the superstitious and over-credulous. He ridiculed the idea of ghosts, and often wished one of those intangible gentry might come within his scope.

"Well, he had been hunting in Transylvania; in the ardor of the chase night came on, and he discovered that he had lost his way. After some wandering he came upon a ruinous chateau, where he knocked till an old peasant made his appearance. The Count explained his state, and asked for a night's shelter.

"'The castle is scarcely habitable,' replied the old man; 'the owners never live here now; my wife and I are left in charge; but the rains have destroyed all the rooms excepting one, and that one would scarcely suit your Excellency.'

"'Why not?'

"'It is too large and chilly.'

"'Is there a fire-place in it?'

"'Oh yes, it is the picture-gallery; but your Excellency would do much better to proceed half a league further, where—'

"'I am exhausted,' interrupted the Count, piqued by the old man's evident reluctance, 'and insist upon having a fire built in the picture-gallery, and sleeping there to-night.'

"'I pray your Excellency not to insist, be-

cause—because—in short, the gallery is haunted!'

"'Is that all, my good old friend?' laughed the Count, '*raison de plus*. I have often desired to meet a ghost, and consider myself quite in luck; so let your wife cook me a comfortable supper, and do you build me a roaring fire.'

"The old man was forced to obey, though sorely against his will, and he did so muttering his fears and regrets. In a short time all was ready. The gallery had been originally a very handsome apartment; but the pictures had all been removed, and the discolored, denuded walls, with here and there an empty tarnished frame, made it dreary enough. A large old-fashioned India screen, relic of former magnificence, was drawn round the fire; and there, within charmed circle of light and warmth, were placed the Count's bed and the table with his supper. I have forgotten to say that he was not entirely alone, being accompanied by a large and exceedingly ferocious English bull-terrier, named Bob, whom he considered more than a match for any German ghost, and on whom, to tell the truth, he rather relied for discovering what he believed would prove an imposition.

"The supper was good, and the cheerful warmth of the fire, together with the fatigues of the day, disposed him to fall asleep at the table. He was fast becoming unconscious when the growling of his dog suddenly roused him. He started from his chair and looked around; nothing was to be seen, but the fire had sunk to embers, and the room was rapidly becoming cold. He raked the coals together, put on some more logs, and settled himself to another easy doze. Again the dog gave token of uneasiness, again he rallied his senses, and peered into the long, gloomy room. This time he saw something. At the very end of the gallery he perceived a whitish mist or cloud without shape; he watched it, and after a few moments saw that this gauzy mist seemed slowly advancing up the room. He called out, 'Who is there?' No answer was returned, while the mist slowly, steadily advanced, and a sensation of intense cold, like a sharp wind, appeared to precede the progress of the cloud. 'You do not answer,' he said; 'then I will set my dog on you. At him, Bob!' Bob rushed at the cloud, but had no sooner reached it than he suddenly retreated to his master, his tail between his legs and whining with fear.

"The Count thought this curious, but was not alarmed. The cloud advanced, the cold increased, and a second time he made the dog dash at the unknown adversary, though with manifest reluctance on the part of the animal to leave his master's side. Again Bob ran whining back, his hair standing erect with fear, and his tail between his legs.

"And still the white cloud glided toward him, and the sensation of cold became intense. The dog would not stir, so the Count took him by the neck and threw him at the appearance. The third time he rushed back, shaking with the vehemence of his terror, and crouched under

the furthest side of the bed. The Count was now fairly frightened; so he jumped in to bed all dressed, and pulled the cover over his head, while the last thing he saw was this cloud close upon him, and he was conscious of a deadly cold that chilled him to the very bone.

"‘Well,’ said the American lady, ‘is that all? what else did he do?’

"‘My dear young lady,’ said the Russian, ‘that is all; and, in the Count’s place, you would probably have considered it amply sufficient to give what you Americans call a realizing sense of a ghost.’ He lay still till the morning, and confessed to me that he never before or since had passed so uncomfortable a night. The terror came upon him suddenly, and was overpowering; his reputation for bravery was well established enough to allow him frankly to confess that he had been horribly frightened.

"‘I don’t attempt to account for any thing in the story, but simply relate it as my friend told it to me. If you feel so disposed, I will give you another, which a friend assured me was a personal experience of his own.’

We were unanimous in requesting another dose of horrors, as we were beginning to feel the orthodox shivering that makes a ghost story so effective, and half induces one to believe that a phantom is standing by one’s side, invisible.

"‘This story is not very terrible,’ he said, ‘but is curious, as being a sort of warning.

"‘Captain R——off was a gay Russian officer, who had no particular religion, but went to the Greek Church, because in St. Petersburg certain observances are expected of the army. He was intimate with Captain K——, who, though by no means a religious man, was more strict, and occasionally endeavored to persuade Captain R——off to pay more attention to the rules of the Church. Some quarrel in a café over a game of cards with an Austrian officer, led to a duel on K——’s part, and R——off was one of his seconds. K—— fell, mortally wounded, and expired on the field. As he was dying, he gave his watch to his friend, saying, ‘This is my last gift to you, dear R——off, and I beg you to keep it with extreme care, not only for my sake, but for your own. Let nothing persuade you either to sell or to give it away, and if you should be so unfortunate as to lose it, you must watch your actions with fear and trembling for the twenty-four hours immediately following the discovery of the loss. Let no temptation induce you to commit the slightest sin during that time, and be careful not to run into any danger, because—’ Here the blood bubbled up into poor K——’s mouth, and in a few moments all was over.

"‘R——off took the watch, and, for the sake of his friend, kept it with much care, though he did not attach any importance to the talismanic character given it in his dying injunctions. It was a good time-piece, handsomely set with jewels, but there was nothing in its appearance to remind him of the solemn warning attached to its possession, or, I should more properly say,

its loss, and so as time slipped away the circumstances had nearly faded from his memory.

"‘Years passed on either in the light frivolities of a St. Petersburg winter, or the sterner realities of a campaign in Circassia; but no incident of interest brought serious thought to his mind. After some time of active service he obtained a congé and permission to travel, which carried him, after some wanderings, to Milan, where he staid at a friend’s chateau near the city. One morning he started as usual to ride into town, intending to pass the day there, dine, and attend in the evening a Jewish wedding, to which he had been invited.

"‘The sound of a horse’s hoofs close to his side made him turn his head to see who was the rider; but he found himself entirely alone in the centre of a broad road, with nobody within sight. He went on; but still the tramp continued, and in some mysterious way his mind was impressed with the conviction that this invisible companion was his friend K——, who rode by his side, but always on the side opposite to that on which he turned.

"‘This persuasion, by a very natural succession of ideas, induced him to feel for his watch: to his dismay, it was gone! He instantly rode back to the chateau and instituted a thorough search for it, but it could nowhere be found. During the excitement and confusion incident to the search for the missing watch, Captain R——off was led to speak of the curious and painful circumstances under which it came into his possession, and the earnest injunction to abstain from sin for twenty-four hours after discovering its loss. The mistress of the chateau, to whom he related this strange story, exclaimed at this point, ‘Then you must not go to the Jewish wedding this evening!’ ‘Absurd!’ rejoined the Captain; ‘I shall most assuredly go.’ The lady, however, was very earnest in pleading that as, according to the rules of his Church, it was not lawful for him to attend the religious ceremonies of another faith, he was committing a sin in going to this wedding—that it was a slight sacrifice to make—and great or small, she, as his hostess, begged him to give up his intention. Overpowered, though scarcely convinced, he ceded the point and refrained from going. You may guess his feelings when he heard the next morning that the floor had given way (the marriage was celebrated on the third story of a large house), the guests had been violently precipitated one on the other, and out of one hundred and twenty people present, eighty were killed outright, and all the others were seriously injured—not a single one escaped unhurt. This is a historical fact, and, as such, easily verified. The adventure of the watch in connection with it, was also generally known in Milan.”

"‘You believe it, then?’ said the same American lady who had before spoken.

"‘I certainly can not disbelieve it,’ replied the Russian; ‘the story was told me by Captain R——off himself, who was entirely persuaded of its truth, and who was greatly changed after

his remarkable preservation ; for it is natural to conclude that, had he been present at the wedding, he would at least have been seriously injured if he had not been killed outright."

"If you care to hear another story of ghosts," said the English lady, "I will tell you something that really took place in my husband's family, and was related to me by my mother-in-law, herself the heroine of the tale. As it occurred in America, it may be rather interesting to you."

Like *Oliver Twist*, we were anxious for *more*; and the lady was begged to make no delay in giving us her story, which was as follows :

"My husband's father was a British officer, and took part against America in your war of independence. When the English army evacuated New York he was among the officers withdrawn. During his stay in New York, however, he had fallen in love with a pretty American girl, married her, and had two children. Family circumstances, not bearing on this story, made him leave her behind, while he returned alone to England, keeping his marriage a secret from his relations, who would have bitterly opposed such a connection. He was of a strict Catholic family, and while the children were still very young, almost babies, he wrote her a command that she was to take them to Montreal, where the boy was to be placed with some priests, and the girl in the Ursuline convent, where the Lady Superior, who was his relation, would train her according to her father's belief. This was very hard for the forsaken Protestant wife ; but in those days husbands held to the strict letter of the law, which enabled them to claim obedience as their due, and she did not dare to withhold compliance. And if there were moral impediments to her journey, the physical ones were just as great. There were no railways then, and even very few beaten roads through the State of New York. Passengers who went from New York to Montreal could not start at their own pleasure, but were forced to wait till a certain number should be made up, when they hired a conveyance and engaged an Indian to guide them through the great forests that lay between them and their destination. In this way my mother-in-law started. A very severe winter had set in, and after some days' travel a blinding snow-storm came on ; so that, after a few hours, the Indian was forced to confess that he could no longer distinguish the track or the marks on the trees, and they must wait till the morning to continue their route. The thought of passing the night exposed to this wild storm, in a strange place, was, naturally, terrible to this young mother, who feared that her little children might perish with cold. After some agonized uncertainty the hearts of the travelers were rejoiced by hearing the bark of a dog ; they eagerly bent their steps toward the sound, and found themselves at a comfortable farm-house belonging to substantial farmers, who readily acceded to their request for food and shelter. The farmer's

wife was much taken with the children and their sweet young mother, to whom she said : 'We do not keep an inn ; but we often are called upon to accommodate stray travelers in this way, so I have always some plain empty rooms to give ; but you shall not fare like the rest, I will put you in a large spare chamber that we keep for our own relations when they visit us.'

"The room was indeed as comfortable as possible, and justified the housewife's praises. She put her children to bed, and, weary and thankful, lay down herself for the repose she so much needed. Her bed was a large four-poster, with white dimity curtains, running with brass rings on an iron rod. Here she lay quietly for a little while, when the sound of the curtain slipping on the rod made her open her eyes. At the foot of the bed, between the half-opened curtains, stood an old man in a long white flannel gown, with gray hair streaming over his shoulders. He immediately spoke to her, saying that if she would obey his directions she would be rich and independent for life. On the left hand of the fire-place, in the second row of stones, she would find one that had the corner broken off, this she must raise, and keep what she found beneath. Here he ceased, and passed out of sight, closing the curtains. She was half dead with fright, and shut her eyes in dread to see him again. After some time she succeeded in persuading herself that she had been asleep, and this was only a dream at which it was very silly to be alarmed ; so she reasoned herself into calmness and unbelief, and was just sinking quietly to sleep when the noise of the brass rings roused her to new terror. She opened her eyes, and there was the old man again, this time with a reproachful expression. He upbraided her for not following his directions, which he repeated with great minuteness ; adding, that if she neglected them, she would repent it all her life. This time she could not reason herself into composure. She shut her eyes tightly, drew the cover over her face, and lay there till the farmer's wife came to rouse her for the early starting of the travelers. It was only four o'clock, they dressed rapidly by a single candle, but before she left the room she took the light toward the fire-place, and there on the left side, in the second row, was a stone with the corner broken off ! This sight quite upset her, and she hurried from the room, but said not a word of her strange visitant to the hostess.

"The remainder of her journey was prosperous and without incident. She reached Montreal in safety, placed the children according to her husband's orders, and returned alone to New York.

"On her way home she stopped, according to promise, at the farm-house where she had her strange adventure. The farmer's wife, delighted to see her, said she should again have the best room. 'Not for worlds !' was the exclamation that broke from her, and naturally provoked an explanation. When it was made

the hostess was quite overcome, saying more than once, 'Why did you not tell us? Oh, if we had only known! But now it is too late.' On being pressed for the meaning of her evident distress, she said that, a few nights after the departure of my mother-in-law, a large number of belated travelers had asked for shelter, which was given them. They were no sooner in bed than a gentleman rode up, and begged to be allowed to remain till the next day, when he would pursue his journey. What was to be done? The house was already full, except what I must call the haunted chamber, and though this was reserved for special occasions the hospitable farmers determined to give it to him. Accordingly he retired to rest there, saying he was so exhausted that he did not wish to be called in the morning, but desired to sleep off his weariness.

"At four, or about daybreak, the travelers departed, leaving the solitary horseman asleep, as it was supposed. Hours passed on, and the day was now so far advanced that the farmer feared some evil might have befallen him, and determined to knock at the door. No answer was returned. At last they forced the door open, and found the room empty. The bed had evidently been slept in; but what excited their wonder was that the stones of the fireplace had been removed, a great hole was visible under the hearth, and just in front of it stood a huge earthen pot with the cover lying beside it. It was empty, and there was nothing to indicate where it had come from or what had been its use. The mystery of the displaced hearth-stones was great, but there was none to solve it. On going to the stable his horse had disappeared, and a farm-servant, who slept there, said the traveler had come down about three o'clock, had saddled his horse in silence, and rode rapidly away.

"It was now evident that this horseman had seen the vision, and, not being overpowered by terror, had profited by the knowledge of so large a fortune. At any rate he was a practical man, and thought nothing would be lost by looking if there were really money under the stones. The farmer and his wife were loud in their expressions of distress and disappointment, and my mother-in-law fulfilled the old man's prophecy by never ceasing to regret that her fears had got the better of her curiosity. Nothing further was ever heard of the horseman."

"A strange thing happened to a cousin of my father's," said the Russian, "and, since we have entered upon family revelations, you shall have it, madam, as a companion to your story.

"This gentleman was at an Opera ball in Paris. Toward the close of the ball he went into a saloon almost deserted, and was standing alone in the centre of it when he felt a heavy blow on his shoulder. Not having heard any one approach, he turned suddenly, half in wonder, half in displeasure, to see if the blow came from friend or foe. There was no one

near—he stood absolutely alone, and an uncomfortable feeling crept over him. When he went home his valet asked him how he had been hurt, pointing out on his domino the mark of a bloody hand just where he had felt the mysterious blow. A few weeks later that arm was carried away at the shoulder at the battle of Borodino."

"I have no ghost story to tell," said the elder American lady; "but a circumstance that happened to *my* mother-in-law is worth hearing. Living in Mogador, where her husband was Consul-General, she was attacked with the African fever, and, to all appearances, died. The Christian cemetery is outside the walls, and she was wrapped in linen, according to the custom of the country, and carried by Arabs to the grave; arrived there, her husband, who was devotedly attached to her, bade the bearers set down their precious burden that he might once more gaze on those beloved features. They obeyed him; the wrappings were removed, and the linen lifted from her face. It was so life-like, the faint color still lingering in her cheeks, that a sudden conviction smote him, and he declared she was not dead, but should be carried back to Mogador. The Arabs and Christian by-standers remonstrated, and had almost succeeded in persuading him that his fond fancy deluded him, when she opened her eyes and softly sighed. This, of course, put an end to all discussion; she was carried back to her bed, where, for many weeks, she seemed to hang between life and death. On her recovery it was found that she had no remembrance of being borne to the cemetery, but regarded it as one of her fever fancies. The physicians ordered this view of the matter to be studiously presented to her, and it was not till years had passed that she knew what a fearful fate had been averted by her husband's love. She had a recollection of the measured pace of the bearers and the playing of the wind as it raised the linen coverings over her face, but beyond that all was vague and confused. She never liked to refer to the subject, and I have seen her turn pale when it was alluded to in her hearing."

"The mention of grave-clothes," said the Russian, "reminds me of a story devoutly believed in a village near Moscow. A rich farmer took for his second wife a woman who treated very badly the children of the first marriage. They were bruised and beaten, their clothes were in rags, and they crept at night supperless to bed, glad to escape from the tyranny of the step-mother. The mother was not so dead that her children's tears could fail to wake her; they wept her out of her grave, and every night, when the step-mother had gone to bed, the mother would rise to comfort her little ones. The Russian villages are generally composed of one long street, with the cemetery at one end. The farmer's house was at the opposite end, and every night, at the same hour, she was seen passing in her grave-clothes. The peasants knew when she was coming by the

howling of their dogs, and closed their shutters to avoid seeing the shrouded mother. The children had no fear of her, and she would caress them, tend them, feed them, wash them, and care for them as in her life. During these ghostly visits the step-mother invariably remained plunged in a heavy sleep, from which nothing could rouse her; the husband, on the contrary, continued awake, watching her maternal ministerings with mingled dread and love. She never spoke to him, and he never could summon the necessary courage to address her, but he watched for her nightly appearance with a feeling half dread, half satisfaction.

"And now, ladies, it is twelve o'clock, just the proper time to see spirits; it is, also, full time for us all to go to bed: but before we separate for the night, by way of warning against too credulous fancies, I will tell you the story of the 'Dutch Brothers,' as it was related to me by a friend of the principal actor.

"These Dutch brothers were two young officers of a very distinguished family in Friesland, passionately attached to each other, handsome, accomplished, and high-principled. They were idolized in their regiment, perhaps particularly so on account of almost their only fault, a certain rash valor, rather different from the quiet prudence usually ascribed to their nation. Like my friend Count Pahlen, these young officers were exceedingly anxious to see a ghost, and took a great deal of pains to plunge into all sorts of pokey places, in the hope of finding them tenanted by beings from the other world. At last they seemed to find the orthodox old castle with its haunted room; every body bore witness to the horrible sights and sounds nightly to be seen and heard therein, and these young gentlemen determined to pass the night there. They provided themselves with a good supper, a fire, lights, and loaded pistols. The hours wore on; no ghost was seen, no ghostly sounds were heard; the younger brother laid his head on the table and deliberately resigned himself to a comfortable sleep. The elder brother, though exceedingly weary, determined to remain awake and await the issue of events. After a while a noise roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen; he raised his eyes, and beheld the wall opening in front of his seat. Through the opening glided a tall figure, in white, who signed to him to follow. He rose, and followed the figure through long, damp, dark passages till they reached a large, brilliantly-lighted room, where a ball was going on. Above the strains of music and the din of voices pierced a strange, sharp, clicking sound like the noise of castanets. Bewildered and dazzled by the sudden transition from darkness and silence to this gay festive scene, it was some moments before he could collect his senses; but he was shocked into sobriety by perceiving that these gayly-dressed ladies and their richly-uniformed cavaliers were skeletons, and the curious sound that had impressed him so strangely was the clicking of their fleshless jaws! The figure

at his side ordered him to take a partner from this hideous throng, which he refused to do. Irritated at this refusal the figure raised his arm to strike, but the officer instantly leveled at him the pistol he had continued to grasp and discharged it full in his face.

"With the shock and report he started to his feet. The white figure, the ball-room, the fearful ghastly dancers, all had vanished, and he was in the room where he had supped, but his brother lay dying at his side. He had shot him in his dream, and awakened only to receive his last breath. From that night he was an altered man—all the gayety had gone out of his life, all the sunshine had faded from his days, and after a few years of unavailing anguish of remorse, he found himself unable to bear the burden of his regrets, and put an end to his life.

"And now, good-night!"

CRITICISMS ON ITALY.

MORNING overtook us on the summit of the Simplon. We turned us on our sledge, if perchance we might have one more look into Ultramontanism and the great plain of Lombardy. Nothing could be seen but a wilderness of snows and precipices. Italy had disappeared. We said our farewell, and, settling again in our places, asked whether our experience of the famous land behind us had realized the accounts of books and the anticipations of boyhood.

Months ago we stood, for the first time, on the shore of the Mediterranean. Under our feet was Provence, before us that great historic sea which washes the old seats of art, religion, and empire, and, a little to our left, Ausonia herself, of which we had heard so much, and toward which we had so often wistfully looked from our home in the prosaic West. There she lies, just behind that dreamy haze. Hail, land of fame! They tell us thou art a sunny land, where the poor man whose strength has been wasted by labor, or whose lungs have been rasped by rough northern winters, may hope to become himself again. They tell us of thy sky, so soft, so pure, arching a soil still wondrously fertile, and landscapes still wondrously fair, though swept by many a Vandalism. They tell us the master-pieces of art are with thee—old chiselings and paintings which shame the efforts of these degenerate times—Angelos and Raphaels, before which such thrills and spells await a true taste as can be felt in no other land. They tell us a varied story of thy Mistress Church—perhaps of prodigal trappings covering still more prodigal corruption; of swarms of gross and hollow churchmen; of a public despoiled and demoralized; of wide-spread unbelief, and impatience of the rotten incubus only held in check by foreign bayonets. They tell us how the heart of scholar leaps when he finds his foot actually pressing thy high places of history and song; especially when he plants Christian step on the track of an apostle, and the scarcely less sacred haunts of the dear martyred saints who kept thy mountain fastnesses, O Pied-

mont! All this have we heard; all this, and more, have we dreamed; and now we have come our thousands of miles to see if fancy and fame say sooth:

And until we see,
Must fairest and best
Be still hoped of thee:
So away to rest,
And away to dream,
Where the great trireme
Of Art, Religion, and Empire
Was deftly launched in days of yore;
Where she floated and sped on her path sublime,
Till awe of all ages and queen of her time;
And where she went down by the red bolt leven,
That leaped in its wrath from the northern heaven,
And strewed the beach with such relics of glory
As triremes have built all famous in story,
And yet left that beach with such splendors bedight,
That nations and ages must wend to the sight.

At last Italy is a fact accomplished. We have gone well through the land; not, indeed, into all nooks and crannies—for who does burrowing for its own sake?—but into a sufficient number of them; into all representative places; into all those great centres where are gathered the materials for answering the chief questions which one cares to ask about Italy. If she has beauty of landscape, glory of sky, or balm of climate, we think it has not escaped us. If she has the splendid in art, the stirring in association, or the saddening in moral condition, we are sure we have seen it. We can not venture to say that we thoroughly understand the character and prospects of the people; for we believe it impossible for any mere wayfarer to say as much. Such things lie deep beneath the surface in all countries, but especially in such as have not free institutions. Still we feel as well entitled as most travelers to pass a modest judgment even here; and nearly as well as some foreign correspondents, who, revolving in their orbit of three miles' diameter at Paris or Montauban, profess to throw a flood of light on the thoughts of nations which they never saw. On the whole, we are not disappointed. If we are disposed to speak lightly of many things which others have praised, we are also disposed to praise many things of which others have spoken lightly. And though at times we have feared that we must leave the country with a general sense of miscarriage, yet at last, as we bring together the acids and sweets of a finished experience, we find a very agreeable conserve, and say our farewell with the feeling that, in a summing up, Italy deserves at least as good a word as has been spoken of her.

So much for the general impression. We come to particulars with some little misgiving, but perhaps with less than if they had seemed a succession of such sunset glories as are generally thought impracticable out of the regions of romance. The climate of the promontory is not all poetry, according to our experience. We advise birds of passage, unless well provided with constitutional down, not to fold their wings short of Naples—perhaps we should say Malta or Egypt. Especially let every one to whom it

is any thing of an object to make sure of a soft winter not stop at Florence. We found there the cold, the blasts, and the snows of New England—not the expected snow of distant mountain-tops, but the unexpected of city streets—down to the very lip of the Arno. We could tell of winds most skillful at anatomy; of slush quite as well authenticated as any on the banks of the Connecticut; of fires as generous and necessary as those that crackle their music on Puritan hearth-stones. What a morning was that in the Boboli Gardens! What courage it sometimes took to turn a corner, to cross a bridge, to encounter the abandon of a piazza! For once in our life we were in favor of the south side view. Bless thee, Lung d'Arno! sweet, sunny refuge of every body, from the beggar to the Grand Duke—bright, warm necessity for many an invalid who must not stay within doors, but who without thee could not stir abroad! And yet, strange to say, there were the laborers spading the ground, the roses blooming on the wall, the oranges ripening on the hill-side. By what sort of miracle all this happened we do not pretend to explain; but so it was. Surely the sky of Tuscany, like her rulers, is double-tongued, speaking love and wrath at the same moment. We will not venture to say that was the usual winter rigor. Indeed, we were told the contrary; but we think with less of positiveness than one could have wished who felt destined to spend more than one season within the charitable shadow of the Pension Anglaise.

This was our worst climate-experience. We have no serious complaints to make of other parts of the country; though we did find a good deal of wet, chilly weather in March in Lombardy, and a bit too much cold at Rome in February. Naples was friendly. Here we were rid of winter, and found, for the first time, the sort of Italy that we sought—the Italy that would not thank one for a fire, or a shawl even, at the winter solstice. The Strada Chiaja made us such amends for the Tuscan Via del Sole as almost to prepare us for the Roman Via Condotti. Here, at last, we could look on loaded orange groves without commiseration, and pluck discreet pea-blossoms and lemons from the brink of Lake Avernus, with the sun head and shoulders deep in Sagittarius. We recommend Naples as the true Italy of climate.

There is a kind of beauty of which winter robs every land. Even Italy must then abate something from the azure of her sky and the brightness of her landscape. Scarcely any thing can be more unpoetical than the look of those numerous vineyards, with their stiff array of dry, crabbed, cropped sticks, by courtesy called vines. A still more serious disadvantage to the scenery at some points arises from the general practice of cutting off the trees some fifteen feet from the ground every year, in time producing great cancerous tumors at the point of cutting, which in winter make up faces at the tourist, as if determined to frighten him out of

the country. They do somewhat Gorgonize his admiration. Yet a little fancy can dress the vines of Arcetri and Barbaro in their holiday attire, cover up the unsightly cicatrice of decapitated trees with summer tufts of verdure, and thus help to a sufficiently correct idea of the most favorable aspect of the landscape. Frequently, of course, no such help is needed. Winter adds to many scenes quite as much as it subtracts. Breadth of view and boldness of outline may be cheaply purchased at the expense of a full and tinted dress. Hence, in one way or another—with management or without—it is possible to appreciate the best Italian scenery even in winter. And though there are large districts as tame as can well be imagined, though there is little tree-glory any where, though we must confess to having found no such purity of atmosphere as ought to strike a New Englander, though there is little or nothing of that embellishment of Nature by the taste of the people which has made such a picture of England, still we must pronounce Italy a beautiful land.

Take your stand in front of the Vigna della Regina at Turin. Look down on the freshest and best-built city in Europe. Then, with the image in your mind of a Superga beetling far up on your right, and of the slopes of the Collina immediately around you, carry your eye across the rich, carefully-cultivated plains of the Po till, all along from the southwest to the north, the gay, sunny scene brings up suddenly against the mighty ramparts of Mont Cenis and his confederate brotherhood of giants, crowned with that intense whiteness which belongs only to the regions of perpetual snow. Perhaps no view of the Alps equally fine can be obtained in Switzerland itself. The whole scene is worthy the constitutional liberty and growing Protestantism of the country.

Now pass along the plain which you have admired, some thirty miles to the southwest, and find yourself among the Waldensian fastnesses. Stand under the martyr rock of Castelluzzo, and, if possible, upon it. Take the day before you, and defile, two friends who are not afraid of glorious climbing, through the gorge of Angrogna, quite to Pra du Tour. Peer over the brink of savage precipices—strain across profound chasms—sit by the side of rushing streams—pull yourself up heroic perpendiculars to choice points of view. Winding along the mountain-side look far up to overhanging ledges whose fall would overwhelm an army; then sheer down as far to that thread-like torrent with its enameled margin; then suddenly up again, over grotesque and frowning worlds of dislocated granite, to the cloudy crest of the Vandalin. Let disheveled, giant Nature rage and vaticinate to you all the day. And when the evening finds you descending on La Tour, cease to wonder that the Moderator of the Table is inclined to think it doubtful whether his mountaineers would be content on the prairies of Illinois.

Beautiful Lago di Guarda—beautiful Lago

Maggiore! One does not easily forget the exquisite softness and tremulous brightness of the scene as the little steamer makes its way among the islets of San Boromeo. Not a few Italian landscapes are sensibly marred by the characteristic haze of the atmosphere. We long for our native air to give vivacity and sharpness of definition to the picture. But at Maggiore give us that veil of dream-land. So, without glass in hand, wind along the shore on either side of Pallanza, keeping as much as possible the never-failing stucco out of sight, and the Isola Bella as much as possible within sight, and learn to blame with moderation the covetous old Austrian just on the other side of the voluptuous scene, who can not help clutching at it even in his sleep. Yet do not quite forgive the sorely-tempted harpy. It is easy to see how some Rogers, coming down suddenly from the Alps on such dreamy beauty, might, in good faith, congratulate himself on having found even more than the Italy of his boyish imagination.

There is considerable variety of style in the interesting scenery of Italy. If one would see something midway between the character of the Vaudois valleys and that of the Maggiore, let him turn his face toward Fiesole and Vallambrosa. If at the former place he can manage to make his way through those leeches, the straw-girls, and those liars in wait, the beggars, up to the Franciscan Convent whence "through optic glass the Tuscan artist viewed the moon at evening," he will be well rewarded for his pains. On the one hand, he shall see the huge swells which at last enlarge into the crested Apennines. On the other, will appear the central valley of the Arno, from its eastern extremity to the gorge of the Gonfolina, picturesque with villas—a serrated mountain margin—and the domes and palaces of the capital of Tuscany. A still higher satisfaction awaits him twenty miles away, amidst the "thick leaves of Vallambrosa." With the hospitable convent to shelter and feed him, and "heart within" for climbing, he may thus spend two days worthy of being remembered. Angrogna was a tragedy—Vallambrosa is an epic. Milton lives again in the statuary of these valleys and hills. What speaking solitudes! What prolific barrens! What acropolises of nature! What stretches and varieties of view! Go up to the Paradisino and try your horizon. Not satisfied with this, press up still higher among the woods of the Apennines, and look westward as far as the gates of Leghorn. Under the exhilaration of the scene commit the name of some dear friend to such tree as bids fair to honor the trust, and bear it up in the face of these noble prospects for centuries. Then descend amidst driving snows, thankful for that boisterous anarchy of the olden time which broke up the world's dead-level, and gave you such Pisgahs of observation and enjoyment.

Of all Italy the most uninteresting, in point of scenery, is the Campagna. The ride from Civita Vecchia to Rome is as dry as Thomas

Aquinas; and so are all the natural surroundings of the Eternal City. There is a pleasant outlook from the Pincian over the city itself—of course, one could see prodigiously from the summit of St. Peter's—but, short of Tusculum, nothing really attractive in the face of the country can be found. The lover of nature should become a lover of art and of the past ere he troubles himself to see Rome.

One morning in January you awake without sound of obstreperous engine in your ear. You make all haste to the deck. Sure enough the *Hellespont* is making harbor, and you need but a glance to assure you that in a few moments will open upon you the chief admiration of travelers and the pride of Italy. Never a fairer time. The waters are sleeping and blushing under the dawn as if dreaming of their own beauty. Before you lies the island of Capri, soft as a bank of clouds, seemingly within a few moments' steaming, but really more than twenty miles away. But where is Naples? You turn, and the whole delightful scene, from promontory to promontory, rushes upon the eye—bathing Sorrento, rugged Castellamare, smoking Vesuvius, then a continuous street of houses for miles, at last expanding up a hill-side into the capital of the Two Sicilies, crowned by a frowning castle, then Nisida, Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Misenum—all as rich and varied in their aspects as in classical associations. What a crescent! How the beauty is toned up by the ruggedness of the background, and the cloudy threat of the volcano! How protectingly the beautiful land embraces the lovely waters, and how confidently the lovely waters hush themselves in the bosom of the beautiful land! Such a domicile for Ferdinand II.; but stop, there comes the inevitable police with his Majesty's gracious permission to go ashore. Prepare to run the gauntlet of the custom-house, hotel-runners, and beggars. In a few days renew, and perhaps enhance, all your pleasures from the Castle of St. Elmo, the height of Camaldoli, and the mid-ascent of Vesuvius. Find scarcely a tame point of view in the whole region. And congratulate the taste that once studded it with villas, and filled them annually with the magnificence of Cæsar and his patricians.

But it is as a repository of art rather than of natural beauty that Italy prefers the greatest claims on our attention. To be qualified to judge of these claims, it seems to us that nothing is needed beyond good eyes and good sense. The one merit of a copy is fidelity to nature. In a fancy-piece the artist selects his objects and the arrangement of them, and the merit of the work depends not only on the objects and groupings being according to nature, but also on their being fitted to please or move the soul. It is true that different persons are, to some extent, pleased and moved by different things; but this diversity is superficial. As the immeasurable granite is found underlying the varying soils and products of all countries, so not far beneath the surface, in all sound

minds, we reach the one substratum of those great principles of taste which have their foundation in essential human nature. It is to these the true artist appeals: not to something special to his own class, and the few others, who have been able to make a study of art. Consequently, nothing more is needed to a correct judgment in this field than a really entire and unsophisticated mind. That mind may be most unlettered, and quite unable to state the grounds of its conclusions, and yet, through its instincts, come to as decided and accurate a result as the most cultivated connoisseur. This is no new doctrine.

“Ask the swain,

Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labor, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky. Full soon I ween
His rude expression and untutored air,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely, how commanding!—Heaven
In every breast has sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration.”

And simply because he is more likely to be the oracle of these natural sentiments, we would rather take the verdict of one who has brought to the examination of the picture, the statue, and the architecture nothing but the resources of a general culture, than his who has super-added a special tutoring and theorizing in art.

These views relate to those branches of the fine arts which address themselves to the eye, but seem applicable, in a degree, to that other branch which addresses itself to the ear. We must, however, speak of Italian music with diffidence. Doubtless its best specimens are to be found in the operas and theatres of the capitals, and to these a Christian minister does not care to find his way. But he may hear the best ecclesiastical music; and, after a travel of some months in all parts of the country, will find himself in possession of an opinion in respect both to it and the extent to which musical taste is developed among the people at large. The tourist must eschew large expectations. Grisis and Rosinis will not be found in every hamlet. Each street and field does not teem with singing. Even the national hand-organ is far from being omnipresent. We are confident there is less strolling music there than among ourselves, and that you hear less frequently the sound of song and instrument from the dwellings. The deep base chanting in worship is often impressive; but the effect seems rather attributable to the resonant structure of the churches than to any power in the performers. At the best points you will hear nothing to suggest the possibility of such effects as are ascribed to the famous Miserere in the Sistine chapel the night before Easter. The concert in San Antonio Abbate will not wile you into forgetfulness of passing time. You shall hear, with surprising hardness of heart, the “linked sweetness long drawn out” of the nuns of the Trinita de Monti. The distant sirens

of the rival sisters of S. Cecilia will not draw you out of your course, though you neglect each precaution of the astute Ulysses. In the Duomo, on high festival day, when the cardinal prince enthrones himself amidst his cortège of bishops, you will hear nothing to send you away with sensation more elevated than an appetite for your dinner. Even metropolitan St. Peter's itself will hardly prove Orphean enough to set the rocks and trees of your enthusiasm fairly in motion. Yet, according to Mr. Murray's advice, we will pause before echoing the common growl, "There is no more music in Italy."

What a wilderness of beautiful painting and sculpture! The land is full of churches, and every church is a museum of art. Private palaces abound, and almost every palace has its gallery open to strangers. And then there are the great public galleries, of bewildering extent, in a perfect blaze from floor to ceiling with the spoils of the Greeks, of the Empire, and of the age of Leo X. The Uffizzi, the superbly decorated Pitti, the labyrinthian Vatican, the Museo Borbonico; what traveler does not despair of even the physical endurance requisite to do justice to their prodigious collections! This canvas, these frescoes, these mosaics, these busts, these bas and alto reliefs—is there really no end to them? All schools and times, in all stages of preservation, in all attitudes, expressions, and groupings, are looking down upon you with crowded ranks. Here are Raphaels, Domenichinos, Titians, Corregios, Rubens, Vandykes; here the gods of Homer and Virgil, heroes, emperors, mingled with saints, Madonnas, Christ, and, shocking to see, many a Supreme Father himself! Phidias and Praxiteles face, with majestic regard, Angelo and Canova: exhumed ancients, from Rhodes and Athens, challenge comparison with moderns from the cabinets of kings. What an assemblage! Can it be that these Italians have ever found time to be heroes, as well as to paint, and chisel, and buy them? A vast variety; and yet almost every thing is of a high order of merit. Not merely this vase, whose restoration cost its hundred thousand, and that table of mosaic, whose making consumed twice that sum and twenty years of labor, and that "gem of the collection," perhaps still more costly; but nearly every member of that multitudinous rank and file which stretches through room after room. Certainly a most interesting and brilliant display! And could two-thirds of all these treasures be taken away, and some disastrous Dutch daubs and American cemetery sculpture be interspersed at judicious intervals among the remainder, a still deeper impression would be made. Italy loses much with the traveler while in the plethora of his sight-seeing, from the very profusion and uniform excellence of her works of art.

Yet among the excellent there are the distinguishable best. If asked to point out those which in our view deserve the first place, we would begin with the Cathedral at Pisa, and that

Westminster Abbey of Florence, Santa Croce. The former should detain one long oscillating, like Galileo's lamp, which he sees suspended before him, with isochronous movement, between many most speaking pictures, all of which, if he trust his own impulses, will find a place in the tribune of his art-memory. The latter has a variety of exquisite statuary, which he will find equaled in no churches but St. John of Lateran and S. Maria Maggiore at Rome. In the chapels of these basilicas he will find it equaled—some would say surpassed—especially in those belonging to the princely families Corsini, Torlonia, and Borghese. It is delightful to recall the mingled softness, grace, and power of some of those snowy marble forms, which seem almost too delicate in their richness to be ventured any where, save in the innermost sanctuaries of religion. At St. Peter's, and its rival basilica of St. Paul, just without the city, on the road to Ostia, may be found a parallel beauty in the magnificent mosaics which add to the durability of stone all the effect of the finest oil paintings. What can be more wonderful than the jointing bits of marble into those superb portraits of the popes which surmount the colonnade of the nave in San Paolo fuori le Mure?

As in all other countries, so in Italy the best paintings are in fresco. Michael Angelo despised all others. In his house, in Florence, are seen some of the best specimens in this branch of art—as also in that most brilliant microcosm of a tribune lately fitted up in the same city by the Grand Duke, in honor of Galileo. The more prominent events in the life of the great philosopher are depicted with a wonderful beauty, not surpassed on the ceilings of the Ducal palace itself. And frescoes scarcely inferior to these may be found in all the Italian capitals.

In one of the rooms of the Museum at Naples can be seen three pieces of sculpture which are of themselves sufficient to fix the celebrity of any city. In them the most recent and the most famous ancient efforts of the chisel are brought into direct competition; and it is hard to say which has the advantage. A living artist represents Telemachus beset by the nymph Eucharis on the one hand, and by his faithful Mentor on the other, and on the point of yielding to the better influence. It was a bold thing in that sculptor to allow his work to take place between the Farnese Toro and Hercules—two of the most renowned examples of Greek art—but the experiment has proved its own vindication. The anxious, counseling look of the sage, the princely and ingenuous beauty of the young man, with the dawning firmness in his features, and the distressed tenderness of the surpassing temptress who clings to him, when shall we forget? It is not so much the beauty of the figures that charms you—though each seems perfect in its kind; it is the simple yet mighty rendering into the marble of a broad and intense individuality of soul for each, and yet an

individuality in a state of most entire and panting "rapport" with both the others. In this difficult merit the Telemachus seems to us to have no superior. Each part so prophesies of all the rest, that you almost imagine that some Cuvier in art could construct the whole group from it. The various expressions throughout the work are framed into each other as perfectly as the marbles of the finest mosaic picture. Now turn and see a very different work—the pride of the Baths of Caracalla. Lo, Dirce in the act of being fastened to the horns of the rampant bull of Citheron by the two struggling sons of Antiope, who is looking upon them from the background. There is despair for you, in that crouching form which in another moment shall go tossing wildly in the air! There is stormy grandeur for you, in the action of the animal just in the act of bounding from the ground! Those young men bracing themselves and straining in concert every muscle of their lithe and brawny forms to hold the infuriated creature—what an expression of exuberant vigor and triumphing effort! To say that the fable is faithfully done into stone is not enough. The artist translates like a great poet, not at all like a historian. And, indeed, until seeing this group and its two peers—for the Hercules of Glycon is a work of the same order of merit—we must confess to having had a very imperfect idea how nearly akin are the walks of the muse and the sculptor. It is plainly possible to make Iliads with the mallet and the chisel—to hew orations against Cataline out of the silent quarries of Carrara and Paros. From many sculptures, however beautiful, and on grounds which you can hardly explain to yourself, you at once receive an impression that it is only a narrow range of representation to which the artists are equal. In the presence of the master-pieces of the Museo Epigrafico you instantly become aware of art whose horizon is unconfined, and which can move in all directions and to all distances with the same easy and kingly footstep.

It has not been our object to state what examples of art others have most commended, but what made the most impression on ourselves. But where are the works of those acknowledged artist-kings, Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino? Have you nothing to say of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel? nothing of the Transfiguration and the Communion of St. Jerome? Did you not see those famous wonders of ancient art, the Venus de Medici, the Knife-Whetter, Niobe and her Children, the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, the Dying Gladiator? Did you not see the Moses of Angelo, in S. Pietro in Vincoli at Rome, and his Entombing of Christ, behind the high altar of the cathedral at Florence, and his David, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio? Yes, all. We gazed long; we viewed them in all lights; we did our best to see in them the "facile principes;" but—as the truth must be told though the heavens fall—with very indifferent success.

The Last Judgment is so defaced that it is impossible to judge of its original merit. The rest are evidently fine works; but we can not in conscience say more. We must expose ourselves by saying that we prefer the Venus of Canova to the Medicean, and the America of Powers to the renowned Belvedere. If this be treason, let the god of the sounding-bow make the most of it! Perhaps, however, it will appease his wrath somewhat to know that we shed no tears over the perishing family of the rival of Mother Latona. The slave whetted his knife and wondered, just as he has done for centuries; but our wonder remained dull. The Gladiator lay in his crib on the Capitoline and died, according to Dr. Bell, just as he had done for centuries; yet somehow our sluggish sympathies would not move freely, even under the quickening interpretations of Byron. The Jewish Legislator wore his Olympian majesty and his horns, quite as of old; and we were awed neither by the one nor the other. Yet these are all really noble works; works to be praised, works to be felt, works to live. It is only that supreme and eclipsing merit usually claimed for them which we found ourselves unable to discover; and so were forced on the somewhat unpleasant dilemma of suspecting the quality of our own taste or the soundness of that overshadowing reputation enjoyed by some names in art which had been our chief reverence from childhood.

The greatest ornament as well as the greatest disgrace of Italy are the churches. Her secular edifices have very little architectural merit. We should except the castle near the mole at Naples, and that which overlooks Moncalieri in Sardinia, together with the Doge Palace at Venice. The occupied palaces are very large and commonplace houses; and their Majesties of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies, his Royal Highness of Tuscany, and his Holiness of Rome might be mortified to see how they are outdone in the matter of tasteful and brilliant homes by some of our wealthy commoners. But we have nothing to compare with the chief Italian churches. In general their exterior has little to recommend it, but in a multitude of cases the interior is magnificent, not only with paintings, sculptures, and rare marbles, but also with just proportion, massive strength, and noble architectural embellishments. To these, in their higher forms, add the befitting outward shrines, and we have such cathedrals as one sees at Rome, Pisa, Florence, Venice, and Milan. By far the most striking of these, to our view, is the Duomo of Milan—the most elaborate, fairy, poetic structure the world has ever seen. Any attempt to describe it by detail would do it great injustice. The imagination must be allowed the scope of a sweeping and misty phraseology in order to rise to the beauty of this great temple. Just think of a Gothic edifice of white marble almost as large as a small village, wrought all over as carefully as a statue, surmounted by a forest of pinnacles, and showing on its mere outside a population

of more than three thousand statues; while through the pictured twilight of the interior sweep mighty ranges of columns, around which worship, in solemn pomp, the noblest vistas, and arches, and vaultings! "What a pity," says a zealous Protestant, "that Papal mummeries should have such a sanctuary! Still, I must confess that it would hardly be less a pity to install in it the vigorous simplicity of Congregational worship. It comports better with the smoking censers, the responsive chants, and the white-robed priests of the Old Dispensation."

But cast away all her architectural wonders—blot out her painting and sculpture—let the loveliness and majesty of her landscapes disappear—and still Italy should be one of the most interesting of all lands to visit. In no other land, save one, can our emotions be so profoundly stirred by associations with the past. The mould of high antiquity is upon her. She was fortunate in possessing the most various and consummate genius to record and immortalize her traditions and her deeds. Her literature becomes the object of our study at a time when the mind is just opening to a perception of literary merit, and when its impressions are the most enthusiastic and abiding. And the grandeur of that part which she has played on the stage of history has never been approached. From these causes there are no secular events which fill so large a place in our eye, no secular characters which interest us so strongly, no fictions of poets and romancing historians which take so firm hold on our fancy, as those which belong to the old Roman land, and especially to that urbs "*lux orbis terrarum et arx omnium gentium*." Sites bring us face to face with these things: we feel the very pulse of the past upon us when we stand just where the past has wrought. Hence the principle of local association must do more for Italian travel than for any other. From the Alps to Spartivento it will be one long thrill to the scholar. Nor need it be a fruitless excitement. It may be of great service in stimulating both his intellectual and moral being; and if he can succeed in conveying his impressions to others, of similar service to them. Let the heart only be right, and it shall quicken sympathy with what is truly great, give new force to an honest ambition, and bring home the moral of Italy with redoubled effect. Nowhere do we moralize so effectively on an event as at the spot where it transpired.

So one would reason: and we know that many a traveler in Italy has expressed himself as holding almost continuous historic and classic jubilee. What was your experience? Is it really so much to feel that your foot is pressing the dust trodden by Tully—that your prow is dividing the same wave that was vexed by the galleys of Hannibal? Yes, it is a grand thing. We advise every one who can to try it. If like ourselves, he will find it better than pictures and more rousing than cathedrals. And this is really the plain of Marengo, and this the very dust soaked by the long-wavering battle!

On that mound stood the First Consul, and yonder rested the litter of Melas. Just to the right of that aged olive was made the last rally, and along this line of landmarks swept to the charge the fresh squadrons of Dessaix. See yon field-corner—there went down the chief Austrian banner. See you that group of peasants at their labor—near by broke the noble cavalry of Elsnitz. Heaps on heaps, mangled, shrieking, ghastly, lay man and steed over these green wheat-fields—all the greener for the affluent blood drank on that day.

Can it be that we are threading the very city where Columbus first saw the light? It was in that sparkling roadstead that he dipped boyish oar; along these precipitous streets went his sports; and along them too, for many a day, went his maturing face of intrepid thought. From yon heights, now bristling with fortifications, has he often looked wistfully away toward a west of still more impregnable aspect; yet little dreaming that it would be for him to open there a continent from which would issue many a pilgrim to tread the palaces, and many a sail to whiten the harbor of his native Genoa. It is said the citizens have just recognized their illustrious countryman by a monument; and if we pass down this Strada Balbi, gay with the white scarfs of beautiful maidens, we must soon come to it. Here it is—an exquisite little marble house, with an inscription, fresh from the chisel, and in the centre of the piazza a pedestal nearly ready for its statue. We salute thee, Christopher Columbus, Sire of half the world! and have thy countrymen become great discoverers too, and know at last that they are more honored in thee than in all their Doges and Dorias?

"Sasso di Dante"—the spot where the poet sat to watch the rising cathedral! Despite this piercing wind we too would sit down and look as through his eyes, were it not that envious Time has taken the seat away. But it is only a few steps to the Baptistry—"my beautiful St. John"—and we will go in and see where he broke the font, in his eagerness to save the child; then, passing a square and a street, we will turn up that close of a Via Ricciarda to No. 683. It is the house where, six hundred years ago, that dusky-winged eagle was fledged, and first essayed his stormy flights. This very door-sill, whence we take up this olive leaf of memorial, was worn away in part by his foot. One morning he came forth and looked up gloomily to these casements for the last time. He was a banished man. But they could not banish his thoughts; and these returned and lingered around every familiar feature of his home, and cursed with strange bitterness the enemies who kept him from it. Fires within and fires without!—no wonder thou wert consumed, Dante Alighieri! Not for thy genius, though multiplied by all thy fame, would we have thy sore and tempestuous heart!

Along the base of Arcetri, and up this rough lane to the top of the hill. It is not much to

see—this low tower with its broken stucco. Yonder is a much more picturesque object, which we could have reached with half the trouble. True; but that is not the Observatory of Galileo. It is merely the thing men call a palace, which a plenty of money and a few masons and upholsterers can furnish at any time. From the summit of this humble structure was done the first real scaling of the heavens. We fancy we see a rude tube pointing through the twilight, from that window, upon the crescent Venus; and, now that the evening star has set, stretching its dusky line toward satellited Jupiter; and, now that the moon is up, peering curiously upon its scarred orb. At last it is the gray dawn. A venerable man emerges from that postern, and hurries away. What hinders us from following? Down the lane, a turn to the left, and now swiftly along the street—for it is well to avoid the early peasant, with his keen scent for the black art. In this house he disappeared. A very respectable and comfortable home—a philosopher could ask no better. Would that we dare enter! Milton himself is guest here just now. Presently the sage will be rehearsing the success of last night to ears more liberal than those of the ghostly fathers of the Holy Office. “He is more than ever Copernican; he is quite sure of the libration; he thinks he has the secret of the longitude.” And, perhaps, in the flush of conscious achievement, and in presence of that generous English sympathy, he will almost be able to anticipate the middle of the nineteenth century, and read in large characters upon his house “Casa di Galileo,” and see many a traveler pausing reverently before his sepulchred dust in the church of the Holy Cross.

“Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videnti.” Certainly not her churches and scarlet hierarchy. Nor was it her galleries of art, so famous and so admirable. It was chiefly to hold converse with the spirit of Old Rome, through her dust and crumbling monuments. Hence, not for thee, renowned St. Peter’s! nor for thee, O Vatican! shall we set out this morning. Nothing less than the Tiber, and the Capitoline, and the Forum, and the Appian Way, will satisfy us. So sally we forth. Now for such a day as comes to the scholar but once! Now shall the hours till dark go triumphing, like some crowned general, with a train of captive awes, and thrills, and leapings of heart as long as the Aurelian wall! And, first of all, let us pay our duty to thee, O Father Tiber! So away, until at last, by hook and by crook, here we are, on the bank of a small, muddy, swift stream. This is not the object of our search—of course it is not. Still it is yellow, and the books tell us of but one stream in the city, and—we protest if there is not the very island ship of Livy! Well, Old Tiber, if we must confess to a little disappointment, thou art yet more to us than ten Mississippis. We dip our hand in thee, and—though it be none the cleaner—feel as though we had touched the great men who dwelt within hearing of thy murmurs. Thou sawest these

seven hills when they were as silent and bare as any Western wild. Thou sawest the robber-hamlet, the first rude wall of Romulus, the kingdom, the republic, the empire, and the Church creeping on and away from thy side; and thy wave has darkened with the daily shadows of consuls, generals, orators, patriots, whose names now stir ambition like a trumpet. Horatius Cocles! A few steps further, and we ought to see in the low water the foundations of the Pons Sublicius. Yes, there they are, where they have lain ever since that white day when the hero held the foe in play till the ringing axes had done their work,

“And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was dashed the yellow foam.”

No turreted walls look down on us now; but still we see that the chief ruins of the ancient city can not be far distant. Is not that the Palatine? And, a little further to the left, do we not see the Tarpeian Rock, and almost Manlius himself in mid process of that “leap which cures all ambition?” Not a moment longer for thee, brave captain of the gate! We must away toward the spot where every particle of dust is monumental, only stopping for an instant to look in at this Cloaca Maxima of the Tarquins, and pluck a leaf near this spring where Castor and Pollux were seen watering their horses after the battle of Lake Regillus. The plot thickens. We are moving just under the eminence on which is strewed all that remains of the palaces of the Cæsars. Immediately in front appears a triplet of decaying columns. Where can it be but in the Old Forum? The forum, sure enough! with here a single shaft; before us the façade of a temple; on our left the Capitoline, overhanging a large group of ruins; on our right a succession of arches; and beyond all, and above all, and more than all, what surely is the imperial Colosseum. Io triumphe! Now rules the Past from her shattered urn. Now shoutest thou, O heart, as we pace up and down this eloquent dust! Now what choiring and exulting of long sleeping memories and enthusiasms, as we try to fill up the broken outline of monuments and decipher inscriptions; as we take our way under triumphal arches and across gladiatorial arenas; as we frown on the ropemaking in the Basilica of Constantine, and the surpliced procession passing through the Antonine Portico; as we descend into this excavation white with discomfited marbles, and ascend to the site of that Senate-house where so long sat the majesty of the Roman people! Do we dream? Lo, crowds of patrons and clients! See the dignity of Conscript Fathers sweeping by! Hark to the hum of the thirty tribes met in swarming Comitia! Watches the censor, vetoes the tribune, hastens the dictator to see that the republic receive no detriment. Along the Via Sacra filleted white oxen are being led to the altars of Jupiter Capitolinus. Stand aside! here come the lictors with their fasces, clearing the way for a Tarquin, a consul, a decemvir, an

imperator! What tramp is that? A herald dashes in with news, from the legions in Britain, of new victories. What tramp is that? A veteran cohort, fresh from the Euphrates, comes proudly home, bearing aloft the all-conquering eagle, to repose upon its laurels. A troop of Dacian gladiators on their way to the Flavian! and see how the people are forsaking their shops, and the magistrates their porticoes, and the senators their palaces, to follow! Let us fall into this stream of togas. Tier upon tier—ninety thousand spectators—brave Goths sinking on the bedabbed sands, with the sword pausing at each throat. Shall they live? No! says the fierce popular thumb, and all is over.

Leaving the amphitheatre, we pass between the Celian and Aventine, by the baths of Caracalla and the tomb of the Scipios, into the Appian Way. Right hand and left, at Fancy's bidding, the profuse ruins of miles start up into noble sepulchres, and between them Horace and his friends are driving gayly to Brundisium. A menage of Numidian lions on their way to the Circus Maximus! Proconsuls going meet proconsuls returning. Some fast young Fabian dashing along to Baiæ is accosted by some fast young Claudian dashing along to the capital. Steeds strangely caparisoned; stranger chariots; promenading Brummels and Nashes in togas; couriers, procurators, quæstors, prefects in route for the provinces; all bear us company as we pass along: though men who see with eyes only would discern naught save a ruined street, through which pace three musing barbarians. What are these? Two mounds just beyond the fifth mile-stone—ah, friend Livy, we remember! These are the tombs of the Horatii and Curatii; and here is their battle-field. Say nothing, ye Niebhurs—we will have nothing to do with your provoking skepticism. The combat took place, took place just here, and we will even sit down over the dust of the heroes and see the thing all done again till we have faithfully alleged that ultimate reason of travelers—a sandwich.

It has now been our lot to stand on many a spot to which great events have given their kingly anointing. In this very neighborhood we have conversed with numerous scenes steeped in the brightest poetry of record and tradition. And yet not till this moment has our enthusiasm reached its meridian, at a point more stirring to a Christian heart than the reddest battle-field of old heroes, more touching and delightful than the choicest spot to which profane poet has given glowing immortality. Wretched Pozzuoli! We are dismayed at thy squalor and beggary! We are almost pulled in pieces by thy importunate guides and sellers of antiquities! But who could not endure far worse things for the sake of standing hard by the spot which the Great Apostle of the Gentiles first hallowed with his foot in Italy? It must be below the present water-line. The Serapeon is under water; out in yon clear depths you could see the careless anchors dragging upon the pil-

lars of villas and temples which the gradual subsidence of the land has made the bottom of the sea. Perhaps it was near that small fishing-boat that the galley first touched shore. Some soldiers descended. Then came a venerable man whose mighty intrepidity and fervor of mien were only exceeded by its sanctity. He sank upon his knees in grateful acknowledgment. The rude soldiers looked on with reverence; with reverence looked on a little group of Christians, waiting to greet and entertain the prisoner of the Lord. Seven days he spent here—drinking in the beauty of these landscapes then sparkling with taste and wealth as the imperial Brighton—perhaps treading thoughtfully over all this storied district which we are now exploring; pausing before this amphitheatre of Nero, this temple of Serapis, this villa of Cicero then entire; extending his walks as far as this Lucrine lake, this submerged Latin Sodom, these Elysian Fields with their tombs, this Avernus hidden in its broken crater, and even this Cumæan arch whence we look down on the landing of Æneas and his Trojans. And perhaps, too, he passed along by this lovely isle where Brutus and Cicero held last conference, to the grotto of Posilipo, and at last looked up to this tomb where reposed the ashes of Virgil. Paul was a Christian apostle on his way to the mouth of the lion; doubtless his chief emotion here, as elsewhere, was concern for a people wholly given to idolatry. But Paul was also a man of scholarly accomplishment, and far from being insensible to the charms of historic and classic association; and we may believe that his example does not condemn us if, while deploring the blindness of the past and the apostasy of the present, we indulge some enthusiasm at the sight of scenes around which genius and achievement have cast their noblest halos of embellishment.

Our task approaches its end. Amidst much to please there is also, of course, much that is fitted to distress the Protestant in a course of Italian travel. What heightens the painful impression is the appearance of a deep sincerity and devout faith among the masses in their disastrous religion. We know that men whose opinion is entitled to the highest respect have persuaded themselves that this appearance is unreliable, and in large degree the natural tribute of fear to an armed intolerance. It may be so. We would not presume to express dissent. Still, it must be confessed that if this be acting that we see every where in the churches, it is wonderfully good acting. It produces all the effect of nature on an observer who is not on his guard—especially when such intercourse as a traveler will have with the people fails to assure him that they are materially inferior in honesty and general manliness of character to corresponding classes among ourselves. He is discouraged. Can not he reassure himself by turning his attention from the people to their leaders? A free converse with the ecclesiastics is not possible—he can not personally examine

the mystery of their lives; but certainly these amiable, decorous, and intelligent-looking gentlemen in black uniform, whom he meets so frequently in the streets, do not seem likely to make speedy shipwreck of the religious system over which they preside.

NOSES.

A DESIDERATUM in science is the inductive analysis of what history records, physiognomists agree upon, and literature illustrates in regard to the human nose. Conjectures, anecdotes, and facts we have in abundance, but they are not adequately classified and digested. When Judith arrayed herself for conquest, she put a jewel in her nose. The most remarkable monarchs—the Emperor Charles and William of Orange, for instance—had eagle-like noses. The ancient writers describe the play of character as indicated by the size and inflection of the nostrils. Ovid was named Naso from an excrescence on his proboscis; a gilded nose with a brazen name designates one of Oxford's most renowned colleges; Cowper's only recorded law-case is "Nose *vs.* Eyes;" satire, and a sharp nose were equivalent in Horatian philosophy, and the rhinocoratic was a classic appellative; the Greeks despised a flat nose, and Moses deemed it a permanent obstacle to sacerdotal dignity. "He is restored to society," complacently exclaimed a surgeon who had manufactured an admirable nose for one of his patients. Pointed nasal extremities are instinctively regarded as proofs of a fox-like, prying, and mischievous tendency. When Socrates was called a sot on account of his nose, he acknowledged its language was a true index to his natural character; one Dr. Geddes wrote a treatise on Noseology; Monmouth called the nose "the seat of reputation;" and in Hudibras a "supplemental" one is recognized. Intemperance and lust write their degrading signs, scorn her vulgar sneer, anger her swelling wrath, sleep her unconscious respiration, pride her solemn curve, and blood its graduated refinements—on or through this plow, forerunner, facial herald, handle, arch, or elegant demonstrator of character and channel of life—the nose! Yet with these and a thousand other offices and meanings, common parlance treats the nose with contempt.

A cinder in the eye or a cut lip excites commiseration, but an accident to the nose provokes a laugh. "Follow your nose!" is the watchword to impertinent *ciceroni*, and to be "led by the nose" a synonym for imbecility. "Nose out of joint" is the approved phrase for discomfiture. When a man is too plebeian for a challenge, and too insignificant to be flogged, the approved method of punishment is to tweak his nose. "I'll slit the villain's nose!" is the lowest of threats. To turn up the nose at a thing suggests contempt too small for indignation; to lay one finger on the nose, or gyrate all four with the thumb for a pivot, are vulgar comic gestures: and thus this feature, by universal consent, is associated with the ridiculous and the ignoble

phases and forms of life. Why is this? Partly, because occupying the centre of the physiognomy, and being the most prominent point therein, its least singularity breaks up the harmony of the whole; partly, because it is the most passive yet ostentatious of the features; and, finally, because its character, being indicated by form—without mobility like the mouth, and changes of tint and size like the eye—has a certain fixed emphasis which provokes attention. Hence they are fortunate whose noses have an average type, and no special mould, whereby they escape scrutiny. Lord Brougham's vast mental activity does not save his peculiar nose from comment and caricature; and the greatest beauty of court or bower is reduced to a prosaic level by a snore, a snivel, or a sneeze.

Paley cites the nasal function in respiration as one of the most beautiful provisions for infant life, breathing being thus secured during the act of nutrition. Napoleon said he chose men with large noses for responsible stations because they allowed free and full inhalation, and thereby kept the brain cool and clear. In vocalism and oratory the nose is an essential element of success; it was large in Cooke, and is often wide at the top and wings in great singers. Space between the eyes, which is filled by the upper extremity, according to phrenologists, indicates the organ of form, or power of correctly judging local distance and conditions: it was remarkably wide in Washington's head. Governor Morris, who was one of the most impressive elocutionists of our revolutionary era, had a prominent and expansive nose, which gave a sonorous emphasis to his voice. In these, and like instances, the feature assimilates with character, and harmonizes with the whole form and physiognomy. But there are cases, sometimes irresistibly comic, where the reverse is the case. Some people have noses which look as if they did not belong to their wearers, and seem always trying to be got rid of. Incomplete, one-sided, eccentric individuals thus give an uneasy or ludicrous impression by the shape or relation of their noses.

The physiognomists are more confident in their speculations on this than in regard to all the other features; and although many discrepancies occur, they agree on certain points—as, for instance, that a large nose usually marks superiority. Lavater calls the nose the "seat of derision." He says a beautiful one is never found in a countenance otherwise ugly; and it is with him "an abutment of the brain," and, like the arch in Gothic buildings, the essential feature. When the curve begins near the forehead, as in Wellington's, ability to command is indicated; the rectilinear belong to those who can both act and suffer well. "I have never," declares this writer, "seen a nose with a broad back that did not belong to an extraordinary man, such as Swift, Cæsar Borgia, Titian, etc. Small nostrils are an indubitable sign of unenterprising timidity; the open, breathing nostrils of sensibility. The Dutch are seldom blessed

with handsome noses;" and he adds, that "all ugly, turned-up ones do not denote folly:" of which latter truth Socrates and Boerhave are notable illustrations.

A later and more analytic writer* finds infinite shades of meaning in the shape and size of the nose. The first ridge, just above the top, according to his observation, is the sign of self-defense, and is large in controversial men, and in the horse and rhinoceros. By the length of the nose, from the root downward at a right angle, he estimates the tendency to suspicion; and imitation, correspondence, and comparison are, in his theory, illustrated by the nose. Whether we acquiesce in such details of nasal language or not, there is no doubt that general force of character is associated with a certain strength in this feature; a broad arch, so common among the Jews, is a well-established sign of acquisitiveness; even in Franklin it illustrates the economical instinct so famously embodied in "Poor Richard." There is something irresistibly piquant in a pretty woman's nose when slightly *retroussez*. How much of the classic beauty of young Augustus is derived from the straight line and delicate proportions of the nose in the favorite classic bust so like Napoleon! In those minute portraits which modern historians and novelists love to draw, the description of this feature is made significant and more distinct, because less complex than that of any other.

We take up an instant and decided impression from this item in the catalogue *raisonnée* of the face; identifying the Roman and aquiline nose with high birth or intellectual vigor, the snub with plebeians, the Bardolph with grossness, the *retroussez* with fun, the flexible nostril with feeling, the broad with courage, and the indented with sensitiveness; a bottle nose is inevitably attached to a sot, a sharp-pointed one with a keen lawyer, and a Wellingtonian with aristocracy. Who ever thinks of Thackeray without in his mind's eye beholding what one of his admirers calls his "dear old nose?" The chivalric temper of Clay was evident in his nose, and so was that of Hamilton; Voltaire's looks as if turned up at all creation and snuffing a paradox; in the Aztec children one could trace the transition between the animal snout and the human nasal organ; Judge Hopkinson's quick and cool apprehension, so hound-like, was foreshadowed in his nose. A pug is the certain mark of low humor or a privileged butt. Tom Paine's grossness as well as mental vigor were symbolized in his nose, and so were the strong but unrefined proclivities of Gilbert Stuart. Washington's finest feature was his nose; in Wright's portrait especially, which is remarkable for its literal fidelity, a physiognomical artist will find the highest indication of character. There is infinitely more expression in the nose than common observers appreciate. It is marvelous how much its form and relation to the other features may hint. From the nos-

trils "spiritually thin," and the graceful long arch that makes the beautiful profile, to the thick, flat proboscis of the African, what extremes of natural language! I knew a buffo singer who could interchange ideas with his friends by certain movements of his nose—which were expressive of humor, likes, dislikes, force of purpose, indifference, ridicule, and gravity—to a degree which one could hardly believe possible.

There is no more startling effect of human expression than earnest eyes and a nose indicative of levity. Audubon's nose was shaped like a hawk's bill, as if to stamp his ornithological passion on his face; the Grecian and Italian straight nose is universally considered the assurance of refinement. An acute writer says, in woman a large nose is "an uncertain augury." Perpendicular noses intimate rare capacity for endurance; and "when the basal line forms an acute angle with the lip," gayety and cheerfulness are constitutional; when a morbidly sensitive person is annoyed, it is common for the inmost edge of the nostril to shrink.

These traits illustrate the emphasis which the nose gives to human expression. A French novelist felicitously recognizes this in describing a personage: "*Ses sourcils bien accues et son nez proéminent accentuaient fortement sa physionomie.*"

Mozart once defied a rival composer to play a piece of his composition; and when the baffled musician found a note designated in the centre of the piano while every finger was in requisition at the ends, and declared the feat impossible, Mozart turned the laugh on him by striking it with his nose. Indifferent as people are in the general estimate of noses, they are sensitive enough when the subject becomes personal. How will your "snub," "pug," and "scoop" contest the term applied to their nasal organ in a passport, insisting upon a kindly adjective to designate the shape thereof, although it may cast a doubt of identity!

Perhaps it is because busts, coins, and engravings are so much more widely distributed than oil-pictures that we have such a distinct idea of the noses of celebrities; while the expression of the eyes and the color of the hair are problematical. Thus every one recognizes Michael Angelo's head, on seal, medal, and plaster cast, by the indentation of his nose inflicted by Torrigiano; and the elongated nose of Dante gives the stern melancholy to his profile which even those unacquainted with his muse instinctively associate with the very name of the Tuscan bard. Human character became complex with the advance of civilization, and noses, in the same ratio, grew eclectic; instead of the arching Roman and the beautiful Greek—one symbolizing power and the other refinement—these traits blended, and were farther modified by the spirited nostril, the broad and the sharp end, and where courage and intellectuality, the sense of beauty and reflective energy, developed in the individual, their noses became more ver-

* Dr. Redfield.

satire in expression and less identified with the original type. You can trace in reformers like Luther, in thinkers like Hobbes, in modern bards like Byron, elements of each kind of nose. Chatham and Andrew Jackson had the nasal sign of authority not less than Cæsar; but it was essentially modified by the various qualities incident to modern life. It grows more and more difficult to nomenclate noses as it does to classify character: tables of the length of noses in distinguished men have been collated, and the average fixed at two and five-eighths inches. It is easy, at a glance, to note the unimpressive nose of a Chinaman compared with an English scholar of high birth; and a good observer will indicate a Greek trait in Addison's nose and a beastly one in Swift's; show the zest of the hunter in the quivering nostril, and a high repose in the thin texture and graceful curve of the Anglo Saxon dowager. These and other obvious distinctions are patent; but the refinements of the subject baffle ingenuity as much as when the bridge was made for Tristram Shandy's crushed nose, and Sterne humorously discoursed of Hafen Slawkenbergius de Nasis and the Promontory of Noses.

If we turn from the beauty to the function, from form to use, we find somewhat of the same depreciatory estimate of the nose. To smell out a thing is a figure of speech which savors of indignity; it hath none of the noble perspicacity of vision or the delicate significance of touch. Smell is a sense wherein the animals are often our superiors, which may, in a degree, account for this comparative disrespect. If a small nose, and especially a flat or snub, is the facial sign of sensualism or undeveloped intellectuality, as in children and negroes; if turned up and easily inflated nostrils betoken a kindred emptiness of mind; if *naïveté* often coincides with a slight *retroussé* shape, and a high Roman arch with high perception and vigorous will—these characteristic traits of the nose are leveled by the sense, of which they are incidental accompaniments. This is a common attribute, yet the least vaunted as a distinction of humanity. Even Shylock appeals to eyes and hands, but is silent about noses, whereby his nationality and that of his brethren is so absolutely proclaimed. Yet as a mere faculty, scent, as in the hound and the savage, is wonderful; in human beings, as a warning and a luxury, its office is scarcely appreciated. Acute sensibility to odors is a curious law of some organizations. London beggars snuff up the vapor of kitchens as a nutritive process; the fragrance of herbs and flowers, of pines and broom, hawthorn and mignonette, is one of the most exquisite phases of that enjoyment which Nature yields her lovers; it is capable of stimulating the brain and blood to delicious consciousness, so that poets and botanists are exhilarated as by rare alchemy, and inhale the aerial wine of life in forests, gardens, and by the sea.

Far nearer to the mind are the latent affinities of this sense than the vulgar know. "The

use of incense and perfume in churches," says Montaigne, "so universally received in all nations and religions, was intended to cheer us and to *rouse* and *purify* the senses, the better to fit us for contemplation." He also notes as an idiosyncrasy, "'Tis not to be believed how all sorts of odors cleave to me." Yet the comparative disregard of this sense is evinced by the subordinate metaphorical rank assigned it. Sydney Smith, in his *Moral Philosophy*, speaking of the word taste as applied to the feeling of beauty, remarks, "There is no reason that I know of, why it should be compared to sensation excited by taste rather than by smell or touch; one metaphor has established itself, the others have not. We have begun though, of late years, to use the word *tact*; we say of such a man that he has a good tact in manner, that he has a fine tact, exactly as we would say he has a good taste. We might, in familiar style, extend the metaphor to the sense of smelling, and say of a man that he has a good nose for the ridiculous."

Next to exquisite or profound associations of an individual kind, the greatest ravishment derivable from this sense is when land odors greet the sea-worn voyager. Even the smell of loam wafted over the brine is ecstatic to one famished for a breath of *terra firma*; but when the drear monotony of a long voyage is broken by its fragrance—such as comes from the spice-groves of Ceylon—sense and soul are transported with a delight only to be realized through long deprivation.

The blind alone appreciate the significance of scent; by it they can distinguish places, persons, and seasons with marvelous accuracy. A patient of Sir Hans Sloane knew persons, fabrics, and almost the succession of time, by smell alone. Even those blessed with perfect vision, if of sensitive temperament, have in this sense a prompter to memory more instant than sight or touch. What dreams of vernal pleasure, youth, love, and sorrow come with the odor of a violet! what dreary, blank reminiscence of tempestuous voyages with the smell of bilge-water! How diverse the sensation awakened by the air of a boudoir and a hospital! Sandal-wood takes us to the Orient, lavender to the rural households of Old England, frankincense to the temple of prayer, musk to the oppressive *salon* of fashion, and pine-balsam to the green and grateful forest. A pharmacy and a book-store, glove-shops and upholstery, tan-yards and curriers, pastry-cooks and India rubber, the market and the cobbler's stall—every scene and vocation of human life is as certainly identified by the blind beggar as if he saw their insignia. To the mariner, briny air is magnetic; to the farmer, the scent of kine and hay congenial; in the dandy, artificial perfume, the *avant-courrier* of effeminate manners and dainty raiment. The Romans have an inveterate dislike of flowers within doors, as detrimental to health; and the most salubrious of odors are those exhaled in the open air, where the benign chemistry of nature and the purifying ministry of the winds

winnow, diffuse, and modify the aerial particles. A French traveler declared that the diverse odors of the London docks enabled him most perfectly to realize the greatness of British commerce, successively inhaling the drugs and perfumes of the East, the saccharine odors of the tropics, the scent of tea, coffee, leather, logwood, rum, corn, indigo, hemp, sulphur, cedar, rhubarb, camphor, coal, rice, cotton, tobacco, etc.—he seemed transported from clime to clime, from argosy to argosy, while wandering over a segment of the banks of the Thames.

With the advent of tobacco the nose attained new consideration; around it curled the fragrant incense of the precious weed, and "pungent grains of titillating dust" were constantly offered as tribute, and enjoyed as a resource in perplexity, a stimulus when dull, and a medium the most available to start an acquaintance or interchange by-way civilities. Sterne's adventure with the monk at Calais derives its zest from a snuff-box; and old-fashioned politeness found one the means of no little demonstration in *salon*, diligence, and park. "*A nez camard*," says Balzac, "*grosse tabatiere, est une loi presque sans exception*." The image of Sir Joshua is not more associated with his portraits of contemporaries than that of himself in Goldsmith's line, as

"He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff."

It is difficult to imagine what gift royalty could substitute for jeweled snuff-boxes.

"Who would have thought it,
Noses could have bought it?"

was the tobacconist's motto on his carriage panel. What touches of characterization were derived by Cooke from his Jewish nose in Shylock, and his snuff-taking in Sir Pertinax! As a bridge for spectacles this contemned feature also gained importance; but Art and Character are the normal bases whereby, from the Elgin marbles to Lavater, and from Cromwell to Punch, it gradually rose to legitimate significance.

That fine description of the horse in the Book of Job declares, "the glory of his nostrils is terrible;" and it is no accidental coincidence that the most sagacious of quadrupeds is furnished with the most adaptive and remarkable proboscis. The Lord Hamlet spoke of *nosing* old Polonius after having spitted him behind the arras; Jacques describes the tears running down "the innocent nose" of the stag. "Your nose says no," retorts another Shakspearian character. "Bloody noses" and "cracked crowns" were the insignia of a row, and "spectacles on nose" a badge of senile justice. Seldom in the early drama does the nose figure with dignity; poetic terms expend themselves on eyes, lips, and hair, on form and complexion; and commonplace, or comic ideas are usually blended with every reference to the nose. It is curious that the only two famous Swedish women who have visited our shores—Jenny Lind and Miss Bremer—have peculiarly ugly noses. In regard to the former, however, physiologists declare that the broad nostril and flat ridge

are favorable to the high notes of a *soprano* voice.

An English banker had a favorite terrier who daily accompanied him to the office and remained coiled up on a mat near the desk until the dinner hour, when he jogged home at his master's heels. At a certain hour, one morning, the banker observed that his dog had disappeared, and, after a while, returned to his post; and this happened regularly for weeks. Prompted by a wish to ascertain the occasion of this sudden and periodical change in the dog's habits, he one day followed him cautiously at a distance. No man of business thrived the bustling streets with a more determined aim than the terrier; he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but made his way by the most direct route to Hyde Park; and there, under a certain tree, met a dozen other dogs, of all sizes and species, who appeared to reach the rendezvous nearly simultaneously. After smelling at and round each other for twenty minutes, they, as if by mutual consent, dispersed, each apparently as intent on reaching his domicile as the terrier. The banker used to tell this anecdote as a satire on clubs, declaring these canine meetings were as punctually held, and to as little obvious purpose, as the conclaves of modern philosophers.

Civilization might be not inaptly mapped by odors; from the exquisite perfumeries of the French capital, and the aroma of Eastern bazars, to the nauseous exhalations of an Irish cabin, there is the same difference of olfactory impressions as the scenes produce on the visual nerves. "What favorable impression," asks Dr. Kane, in describing the Esquimaux, "that the mind gets through other channels can contend against the information of the nose?—organ of the aristocracy; critic and magister morum of all civilization; censor that needs neither argument nor remonstrance—the nose, alas! bids me record that, to all their possible godliness, cleanliness is not added." Local associations are, indeed, linked most intimately with sound and vision. A familiar *aria*, or an engraved copy of a famous picture, and especially photographic views of buildings and landscapes, revive our memories of travel with extraordinary minuteness. Still the associations connected with odors are more personal and vivid. There is a peculiar incense which lingers in Roman churches; a certain piny fragrance exhaled from the room-doors in Florence; a musky perfume that floats from shops in the Palais Royal; a smell of garlic about peasants, of snuff about priests, of flowers on a spring day in the Campagna, of apple-blossoms and burning brush, magnolias or new-mown hay in New England rural places; and other identical odors peculiar to the spots where we have dwelt that cling to memory, and blend with subtle power in our reminiscence—which a recurrence of the scent instantly awakens.

So aware were the Paris beauties of this law of association, that they sought and used a pecu-

liar perfume the better to separate themselves, and make distinct their personal charms to the memory of their lovers. Well says a native bard—

“Strong in some natures is the nasal sense;
To them each odor hath its eloquence;
With some Remembrance holds her secret reign
In the proboscis rather than the brain;
While in more stolid ones, of ruder make,
Scarcely could onions an emotion wake.”

Whoever has descended into the clean hold of a clipper ship fresh from China inhales such an aroma of tea and sandal-wood that a vision of the whole Celestial Empire—its pagodas, silks, lanterns, flowers, boats, and mandarins—is stamped on the brain. Attar of rose breathes of the Arabian Nights; and scented amulets of the gardens of Damascus; and Cologne abroad is a synonym for refreshing perfume, and at home of the exhalations of filthy streets; the odor of the pine, the violet, geraniums, *immortels*, orange-blossoms, and sea-weed are so many talismans of nationality, pilgrimage, and love to earth’s sensitive vagabonds.

THE QUIET HOME.

“WHAT dear, quiet little things Mrs. Bird’s children are!” said a lady to her friend. “I called to see Mrs. Bird to-day, and found her in the nursery with her two boys and two girls, about the ages of mine. It would have done your heart good to see how sweetly they behaved. Perfect little gentlemen and ladies they were. I felt really discouraged. Mine! why they are wild asses’ colts in comparison.”

“There’s a great difference in children,” replied the friend. “I know some little boys and girls that Mrs. Bird would not find so easily subdued.”

“I could hardly credit my own eyes; but, as they say, seeing is believing,” resumed the first speaker. “For more than half an hour I sat and talked with Mrs. Bird, in the nursery, without once being disturbed by noise or any of the unpleasant interruptions incident to the presence of children.”

“What were they doing?” asked the other, in some surprise.

“That was most remarkable of all. Mrs. Bird has four children. Willy is the oldest—just in his tenth year. Meeta is seven, Agnes five, and the baby, as they call Andrew, nearly four. Just the ages for thoughtless mischief-making, troublesome noisy romps. But they were as still as mice in a cheese. She had them all doing something. Willy she had taught various kinds of netting and ornamental needle-work. It was a wonderful resource for the child, she said, keeping his thoughts and fingers busy, and both out of mischief. She showed me a handsome anti-macassar, in crochet, which he had just finished. I’m sure that I couldn’t have done it better. I could not help looking upon the delicately formed, sweet-faced boy, as he sat earnestly engaged at his work—he was embroidering a pair of slippers in Ber-

lin wool for his father—and contrasting him with my Tom, a great, rude, coarse boy, with dirty, rough hands, that are always in better condition for grasping a wheel-barrow than plying a needle. And the comparison, I can assure you, was not made without a sigh.”

“Did the boy look happy?” inquired the friend.

“Perfectly so. He wanted no amusement besides his books and his needle-work. You couldn’t drive him into the street, his mother said.”

“Dear little fellow! What a comfort to have such a child!”

“Isn’t it? It really did me good to look into his sweet, pure face, so girlish and delicate.”

“I should like to understand Mrs. Bird’s system, for there must be art in the case. All children are born romps.”

“‘I begin early,’ she said to me, ‘and repress all rudeness and disorder. It is the mind that governs in children as well as in men. You must give this the right direction. Mere noise-making I never permitted. Boys, it is said, grasp a hammer and pound instinctively. I think, in most cases, they pound because a hammer is given to them. Try them with the sweet face and fragile form of a baby doll, and you will rarely see an inclination to pound. I commenced with the doll, not the hammer; and you see the result. Willy is as gentle as a girl. He never throws the house into disorder—never makes discordant noises—never quarrels with or teases his younger brother or sisters. So with the rest. I began right, you see; and upon a right beginning every thing depends. My husband is a home-loving, order-loving, quiet-loving man; and I make it my business to see that home is all he desires. ‘How much I enjoy my home—it is so quiet—so orderly!’ During the first year of our marriage Mr. Bird often said this. I had seen other homes. I was familiar with the way in which young children were permitted to destroy all comfort in a household by their noise and disorder; and I made up my mind to have things different, if children came to our home. And they are different, as you can see. And the children themselves are much happier. I keep them busy at something from morning till night—busy enough not to think of eating all the while. This gormandizing among children is dreadful! It makes mere gluttons of them—developing the animal, and repressing the intellectual. It is this ravenous eating that renders them coarse, rude, and cruel, like wild beasts.’”

“I believe Mrs. Bird is more than half right,” was remarked upon this. “I have often said that children were permitted to eat overmuch. Mine would stuff themselves like Christmas turkeys, from morning till night, if not restricted.”

“Employment, such as Mrs. Bird provides for her children, is certainly the best corrector for this habit of eating.”

"How did she get along with baby Andrew—the little four-year-old you mentioned? Was he as orderly and silent as the rest?"

"He was poring over a picture spelling-book for most of the time that I was there, and afterward occupied himself with stringing beads. I declare it was all a wonder to me. Such a charming family of children I have never seen elsewhere. What a change there would be for the better if all mothers understood and practiced on Mrs. Bird's system!"

"Better for heaven, it may be," said the friend, a little equivocally.

"For heaven? I don't just see your meaning."

"Such children are 'most too good to live."

"Oh!"

"Mrs. Bird's quiet home may be very pleasant, and her system of government very beautiful—but there is danger."

"Of what?"

"That her children will not live."

"Why? Because they are too good for this earth, as you have just intimated?"

"I am not sure that they are really any better in heart than some less orderly and more boisterous children. What I mean is, that Mrs. Bird's system depresses the animal forces, leaving the bodies of her children more liable to disease, and less able to resist an attack when it comes."

"They are less exposed than other children."

"Perhaps so. But, for my part, on reflection, I would rather take the chances of a less orderly system of home management—mine, for instance, a little modified—noisy, and like a bedlam, as the house often is."

It was on the evening of this very day that Mr. Bird said to his wife, as if the subject were suddenly forced upon his observation:

"I don't think our children have strong constitutions. Willy's face is too delicate for the face of a boy, and his body too slender. I observe, also, that his shoulders are depressed. Hark!"

Both listened for a few moments.

"I don't just like that cough," said Mr. Bird.

"A little cold," remarked his wife. "Willy got his feet wet to-day."

"I never saw children with such indifferent appetites," said Mr. Bird; "they don't eat enough to keep pigeons alive."

"Most children eat too much," was the reply; "and more children are made sick from over-feeding than abstemiousness."

"But there is a golden mean," said Mr. Bird.

"To reach which has been my study. Do not fear. The children eat quite as much as is good for them."

"There it is again! I don't like that cough at all." And Mr. Bird arose and went up to the room where the children were sleeping. Willy's cheeks were slightly flushed—his skin was dry, and above the natural heat—and his respiration just enough obstructed to make it

audible. His father stood for some moments looking down upon his sleeping boy.

"There's nothing the matter with him."

Even as Mrs. Bird said this Willy coughed again, and as he coughed he raised his hand to his throat and moaned as if in suffering.

"Willy! Willy, dear!"

"I wouldn't disturb him," said Mrs. Bird.

The father's voice had penetrated his half-awakened sense, and, opening his eyes, he looked up with a wondering glance.

"Are you sick, Willy?"

The boy coughed again, and more convulsively, pressing his hand on his chest.

"Does it hurt you to cough?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"It hurts me right here," his hand remaining where he had placed it a moment before.

The panting of the child showed that there was constriction of the lungs.

"I'm going for the doctor"—Mr. Bird spoke aside to his wife.

"I hardly think it necessary," objected the mother. "It is only some slight disturbance from cold, and will pass away. This sudden waking has quickened his heart-beat."

Usually Mr. Bird deferred to his wife in all matters relating to the children, though his judgment did not always coincide with her discipline. But he was too well satisfied that Willy required a physician now to hesitate a moment on the mother's objection. So he went away in haste.

The physician was far from treating the case indifferently. His practiced eye recognized the symptoms of an acute pneumonia, and his treatment was such as to fill the hearts of the parents with sudden fear.

"If the boy had any constitution—" It was on the fifth day, and the physician was replying to an anxious inquiry made by the distressed mother, all of whose fears were excited. "If the boy had any constitution, I could speak all the encouragement your heart desires. But he is a hot-house plant. All the vital forces are but feebly reactive."

"His health has always been good, doctor," interposed Mrs. Bird.

"He has never before had any serious sickness; but he lacks physical stamina, for all that."

The doctor's words sent a shuddering chill to the mother's heart; while a faint conviction of error dawned upon her mind.

Too surely were the physician's fears realized. At the end of ten anxious days it was apparent to every one that Willy's hours upon the earth were numbered. The disease, preying upon a body which had been denied pure air and invigorating sunshine, found scarcely any thing to oppose its destructive advances. There was no power of resistance in that delicate frame. Without even a struggle for life the contest ended.

In less than a week after the death of Willy

there came another summons for the doctor. He found the sorrowing parents in alarm again. Little Andrew, "the baby," was sick. Sore throat—fever—stupor.

"He hasn't been out any where," said Mrs. Bird, "for two weeks." Her meaning was, that having remained shut up in the house during that period, it was impossible for him to have contracted any contagious disease.

"It would have been far better if you had sent him out every day."

The doctor's words were more an utterance of his own thoughts than a remark to Mrs. Bird. Dear little Andrew! He was a slender, matured, beautiful child, who attracted every eye. His pale, spiritual face, almost shadowed by his broad forehead, gave promise of an intellectual manhood—if manhood could ever be reached. But that was the question which forced itself upon every one but his unwise parents, who, in securing a quiet household, were providing for the deeper quiet of death and desolation.

Delicate, orderly, loving, beautiful children grew up in the stimulating atmosphere of their home, but without strength for the life-battle.

Andrew, "the baby," was carried out by the mourners in less than a week from the time when the doctor sat down by the bed on which he lay, and placed his fingers on the quick, wiry pulse that sent a warning of death to his heart.

"Our children have no constitutions," said Mr. Bird, sadly, as he gazed with dim eyes upon the two delicate blossoms that remained to shed their fragrance in his quiet home.

"They have always been healthy," answered the mother, in mournful tones.

"The doctor says that we should give them more fresh air, and a great deal of out-door exercise."

"Jane takes them out walking every day; but I don't see that it does them any good. Agnes always comes home tired and fretful; and Meeta took cold to-day. Neither of them are as well or as happy after these walks as when they remain in the house."

No wonder they were tired and fretful, or showed symptoms of cold, after these daily recreations in the open air. Holding each a hand of their attendant, they would walk slowly as nuns, and orderly as charity children in a procession. There were no hop, skip, and jump—no impulsive start or merry romp—but a strict observance of the last maternal injunction, "Now walk along like good, quiet children."

Weariness, after such attempted recreations in the open air, was an inevitable result; weariness, and something worse. The outside air was different from the air of their homes. It was colder and more humid. To meet this, and derive a benefit instead of sustaining an injury, there must be a quicker circulation and increased bodily warmth. Mere addition of clothing would not accomplish the desired object. There must be quicker movements of the body

—vigorous exercise—producing increased vital action.

Daily these half-dead-and-alive walks were continued, and daily the children came back from them wearied and spiritless, and sometimes with hot hands and feverish breath.

The mother insisted upon it that these daily walks were not good for the children. Mr. Bird, in doubt, called upon their doctor, and submitted the question anew.

"Give them plenty of fresh air and out-of-door exercise!" was his repeated and very emphatic injunction. "If you wish to raise your children, let them have a chance to acquire strength."

And so the daily goings out were continued, whether the air was dry or damp, warm or chilling. If it was warm, the children came back wearied; if damp, with symptoms of cold; and always in some way showing a loss of, instead of an increased, vital activity. They were too well trained, at five and seven, to commit the indiscretion of a romp in the street, and romping in the quiet house they called their home was a thing never known or heard of by either of the little patterns of propriety. As to vocal efforts, they rarely went beyond a low, humming "Hush-a-by-baby," sung to a waxen-faced doll. No wild, screaming laughter ever desecrated the temple-like stillness of Mrs. Bird's dwelling, unless from the lungs of some badly-trained, visiting child, upon whose strange doings her own little ones gazed in half stupid wonder. Narrow chests and weak lungs were the natural consequence.

As Willy had died so died—ere the summer's greenness had faded from the new-made graves of the first departed—Meeta, next to him in years.

Only Agnes was left to the stricken parents now. She was pure, and white, and delicate as a lily. That Meeta had been injured by the daily walks in the open air they were fully convinced; and, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of the family physician, they refused to let the fresh breathings of heaven in upon their child.

One day—it was a sunny visitant in the early spring-time, ere the violet opens its blue eyes among the fresh-shooting grass—Agnes strayed from the nursery, and, going beyond the watchful eyes of her mother, gained an open chamber-window, and, climbing on a chair, looked out upon the budding trees and the emerald carpet which Nature had spread over the small plat of open ground that lay in front of the dwelling. The window looked to the south, and the air came pressing in from that quarter, bathing the child's brow with a refreshing coolness. She laid her slender arms upon the window-sill, and, resting her face upon her arms, looked out, half-dreamily, and with a quiet sense of pleasure. When her mother found her half an hour afterward she was asleep.

A robust child might have suffered from some temporary derangement of the system, conse-

quent on checked perspiration; but to one of Agnes's feeble constitution exposure like this must always be followed with serious consequences. When Mrs. Bird caught Agnes in her arms a wild fear throbbed in her heart. Alas! it was no idle fear. She soon detected symptoms too well understood, and sent in haste for the doctor.

"Some slight derangement," he said, evasively, to the eager questionings of the mother. But his tones were a death-knell.

Very, very quiet now is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bird. There is no wild disorder of children there, but a stillness that makes the heart ache. Mrs. Bird resolved, in the beginning, to have a quiet, orderly home, and she has done her work well.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONTAINS A SOLILOQUY BY HESTER.

MARTIN LAMBERT'S first feeling, upon learning the little secret which his younger daughter's emotion had revealed, was to be angry with the lad who had robbed his child's heart away from him and her family. "A plague upon all scape-graces, English or Indian!" cried the Colonel to his wife; "I wish this one had broke his nose against any door-post but ours."

"Perhaps we are to cure him of being a scape-grace, my dear," says Mrs. Lambert, mildly interposing, "and the fall at our door hath something providential in it. You laughed at me, Mr. Lambert, when I said so before; but if Heaven did not send the young gentleman to us, who did? And it may be for the blessing and happiness of us all that he came, too."

"It's hard, Molly!" groaned the Colonel; "we cherish, and fondle, and rear 'em; we tend them through sickness and health; we toil and we scheme; we hoard away money in the stocking, and patch our own old coats. If they've a headache we can't sleep for thinking of their ailment; if they have a wish or fancy, we work day and night to compass it, and 'tis darling daddy and dearest pappy, and whose father is like ours? and so forth. On Tuesday morning I am king of my house and family. On Tuesday evening Prince Whippersnapper makes his appearance, and my reign is over. A whole life is forgotten and forsworn for a pair of blue eyes, a pair of lean shanks, and a head of yellow hair."

"'Tis written that we women should leave all to follow our husband. I think *our* courtship was not very long, dear Martin!" said the matron, laying her hand on her husband's arm.

"'Tis human nature, and what can you expect of the jade?" sighed the Colonel.

"And I think I did my duty to my husband, though I own I left *my* papa for him," added Mrs. Lambert, softly.

"Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee, Molly!" says the good Colonel; "but then, mind you, your father never did me; and if ever I am to have sons-in-law—"

"Ever, indeed! Of course my girls are to have husbands, Mr. Lambert!" cries mamma.

"Well, when they come. I'll hate them, madam, as your father did me, and quite right too, for taking his treasure away from him."

"Don't be irreligious and unnatural, Martin Lambert! I say you *are* unnatural, Sir!" continues the matron.

"Nay, my dear, I have an old tooth in my left jaw, here; and 'tis natural that the tooth should come out. But when the tooth-drawer pulls it, 'tis natural that I should feel pain. Do you suppose, madam, that I don't love Hetty better than any tooth in my head?" asks Mr. Lambert. But no woman was ever averse to the idea of her daughter getting a husband, however fathers revolt against the invasion of the son-in-law. As for mothers and grandmothers, those good folks are married over again in the marriage of their young ones; and their souls attire themselves in the laces and muslins of twenty—forty years ago; the postillion's white ribbons bloom again, and they flutter into the post-chaise, and drive away. What woman, however old, has not the bridal-favors and raiment stowed away, and packed in lavender, in the inmost cupboards of her heart?

"It will be a sad thing parting with her," continued Mrs. Lambert, with a sigh.

"You have settled that point already, Molly!" laughs the Colonel. "Had I not best go out and order raisins and corinths for the wedding-cake?"

"And then I shall have to leave the house in their charge when I go to her, you know, in Virginia. How many miles is it to Virginia, Martin? I should think it must be thousands of miles."

"A hundred and seventy-three thousand three hundred and ninety-one and three quarters, my dear, by the *near* way," answers Lambert, gravely, "that through Prester John's country. By the other route, through Persia—"

"Oh! give me the one where there is the least of the sea, and your horrid ships, which I can't bear!" cries the Colonel's spouse. "I hope Rachel Esmond and I shall be better friends. She had a very high spirit when we were girls at school."

"Had we not best go about the baby linen, Mrs. Martin Lambert?" here interposed her wondering husband. Now, Mrs. Lambert, I dare say, thought there was no matter for wonderment at all, and had remarked some very pretty lace caps and bibs in Mrs. Bobbinit's toy-shop. And on that Sunday afternoon, when the discovery was made, and while little Hetty was lying upon her pillow with feverish cheeks, closed eyes, and a piteous face, her mother looked at the child with the most perfect ease of mind, and seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise at Hetty's woe.



The girl was not only unhappy, but enraged with herself for having published her secret. Perhaps she had not known it until the sudden emotion acquainted her with her own state of mind; and now the little maid chose to be as much ashamed as if she had done a wrong, and been discovered in it. She was indignant with her own weakness, and broke into transports of wrath against herself. She vowed she never would forgive herself for submitting to such a humiliation. So the young pard, wounded by the hunter's dart, chafes with rage in the forest, is angry with the surprise of the rankling steel in her side, and snarls and bites at her sister-cubs, and the leopardess, her spotted mother.

Little Hetty tore and gnawed, and growled, so that I should not like to have been her fraternal cub, or her spotted dam or sire. "What business has any young woman," she cried out, "to indulge in any such nonsense? Mamma, I ought to be whipped, and sent to bed. I know perfectly well that Mr. Warrington does not care a fig about me. I dare say he likes French actresses and the commonest little milliner-girl in the toy-shop better than me. And so he ought, and so they *are* better than me. Why, what a fool I am to burst out crying like a ninny about nothing, and because Mr. Wolfe said Harry played cards of a Sunday! I know he is not clever, like papa. I believe he is stupid—I am certain he is stupid; but he is not so stupid as I am. Why, of course, I can't marry him. How am I to go to America, and leave you and Theo? Of course he likes somebody else, at America, or at Tunbridge, or at Jericho,

or somewhere. He is a prince in his own country, and can't think of marrying a poor half-pay officer's daughter, with two-pence to her fortune. Used not you to tell me how, when I was a baby, I cried and wanted the moon? I am a baby now, a most absurd, silly, little baby—don't talk to me, Mrs. Lambert, I *am*. Only there is this to be said, he don't know any thing about it, and I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him."

Dire were the threats with which Hetty menaced Theo, in case her sister should betray her. As for the infantile Charly, his mind being altogether set on cheese-cakes, he had not remarked or been moved by Miss Hester's emotion; and the parents and the kind sister of course all promised not to reveal the little maid's secret.

"I begin to think it had been best for us to stay at home," sighed Mrs. Lambert to her husband.

"Nay, my dear," replied the other. "Human nature will be human nature; surely Hetty's mother told me herself that she had the beginning of a liking for a certain young curate before she fell over head and heels in love with a certain young officer of Kingsley's. And as for

me, my heart was wounded in a dozen places ere Miss Molly Benson took entire possession of it. Our sons and daughters must follow in the way of their parents before them, I suppose. Why, but yesterday, you were scolding me for grumbling at Miss Het's precocious fancies. To do the child justice, she disguises her feelings entirely, and I defy Mr. Warrington to know from her behavior how she is disposed toward him."

"A daughter of mine and yours, Martin," cries the mother, with great dignity, "is not going to fling herself at a gentleman's head!"

"Neither herself nor the tea-cup, my dear," answers the Colonel. "Little Miss Het treats Mr. Warrington like a vixen. He never comes to us but she boxes his ears in one fashion or t'other. I protest she is barely civil to him; but, knowing what is going on in the young hypocrite's mind, I am not going to be angry at her rudeness."

"She hath no need to be rude at all, Martin; and our girl is good enough for any gentleman in England or America. Why, if their ages suit, shouldn't they marry after all, Sir?"

"Why, if he wants her, shouldn't he ask her, my dear? I am sorry we came. I am for putting the horses into the carriage, and turning their heads toward home again."

But mamma fondly said, "Depend on it, my dear, that these matters are wisely ordained for us. Depend upon it, Martin, it was not for nothing that Harry Warrington was brought to our gate in that way; and that he and our children are thus brought together again. If that

marriage has been decreed in Heaven, a marriage it will be."

"At what age, Molly, I wonder, do women begin and leave off match-making? If our little chit falls in love and falls out again, she will not be the first of her sex, Mrs. Lambert. I wish we were on our way home again, and, if I had my will, would trot off this very night."

"He has promised to drink his tea here to-night. You would not take away our child's pleasure, Martin?" asked the mother, softly.

In his fashion, the father was not less good-natured. "You know, my dear," says Lambert, "that if either of 'em had a fancy to our ears, we would cut them off and serve them in a fricassée."

Mary Lambert laughed at the idea of her pretty little delicate ears being so served. When her husband was most tender-hearted, his habit was to be most grotesque. When he pulled the pretty little delicate ear behind which the matron's fine hair was combed back, wherein twinkled a shining line or two of silver, I dare say he did not hurt her much. I dare say she was thinking of the soft, well-remembered times of her own modest youth and sweet courtship. Hallowed remembrances of sacred times! If the sight of youthful love is pleasant to behold, how much more charming the aspect of the affection that has survived years, sorrows, faded beauty perhaps, and life's doubts, differences, trouble!

In regard of her promise to disguise her feelings for Mr. Warrington in that gentleman's presence, Miss Hester was better, or worse if you will, than her word. Harry not only came to take tea with his friends, but invited them for the next day to an entertainment at the Rooms, to be given in their special honor.

"A dance, and given for us!" cries Theo. "Oh, Harry, how delightful! I wish we could begin this very minute!"

"Why, for a savage Virginian, I declare, Harry Warrington, thou art the most civilized young man possible!" says the Colonel. "My dear, shall we dance a minuet together?"

"We have done such a thing before, Martin Lambert!" says the soldier's fond wife. Her husband hums a minuet tune; whips a plate from the tea-table, and makes a preparatory bow and flourish with it as if it were a hat, while madam performs her best courtesy.

Only Hetty, of the party, persists in looking glum and displeased. "Why, child, have you not a word of thanks to throw to Mr. Warrington?" asks Theo of her sister.

"I never did care for dancing much," says Hetty. "What is the use of standing up opposite a stupid man, and dancing down a room with him?"

"*Merci du compliment!*" says Mr. Warrington.

"I don't say that you are stupid—that is—that is, I—I only meant country dances," says Hetty, biting her lips, as she caught her sister's eye. She remembered she *had* said Harry was

stupid, and Theo's droll, humorous glance was her only reminder.

But with this Miss Hetty chose to be as angry as if it had been quite a cruel rebuke. "I hate dancing—there—I own it," she says, with a toss of her head.

"Nay, you used to like it well enough, child!" interposes her mother.

"That was when she was a child: don't you see she is grown up to be an old woman?" remarks Hetty's father. "Or perhaps Miss Hester has got the gout?"

"Fiddle!" says Hester, snappishly, drubbing with her little feet.

"What's a dance without a fiddle?" says imperturbed papa.

Darkness has come over Harry Warrington's face. "I come to try my best, and give them pleasure and a dance," he thinks, "and the little thing tells me she hates dancing. We don't practice kindness, or acknowledge hospitality so in our country. No—nor speak to our parents so, neither." I am afraid, in this particular, usages have changed in the United States during the last hundred years, and that the young folks there are considerably *Hettified*.

Not content with this, Miss Hester must proceed to make such fun of all the company at the Wells, and especially of Harry's own immediate pursuits and companions, that the honest lad was still farther pained at her behavior; and, when he saw Mrs. Lambert alone, asked how or in what he had again offended, that Hester was so angry with him? The kind matron felt more than ever well disposed toward the boy, after her daughter's conduct to him. She would have liked to tell the secret which Hester hid so fiercely. Theo, too, remonstrated with her sister in private; but Hester would not listen to the subject, and was as angry in her bedroom, when the girls were alone, as she had been in the parlor before her mother's company. "Suppose he hates me?" says she. "I expect he will. I hate myself, I do, and scorn myself for being such an idiot. How ought he to do otherwise than hate me? Didn't I abuse him, call him goose, all sorts of names? And I know he is not clever all the time. I know I have better wits than he has. It is only because he is tall, and has blue eyes, and a pretty nose that I like him. What an absurd fool a girl must be to like a man merely because he has a blue nose and hooked eyes! So I *am* a fool, and I won't have you say a word to the contrary, Theo!"

Now Theo thought that her little sister, far from being a fool, was a wonder of wonders, and that if any girl was worthy of any prince in Christendom, Hetty was that spinster. "You are silly sometimes, Hetty," says Theo; "that is, when you speak unkindly to people who mean you well, as you did to Mr. Warrington at tea to-night. When he proposed to us his party at the Assembly Rooms, and nothing could be more gallant of him, why did you say

you didn't care for music, or dancing, or tea? You know you love them all!"

"I said it merely to vex myself, Theo, and annoy myself, and whip myself, as I deserve, child. And, besides, how can you expect such an idiot as I am to say any thing but idiotic things? Do you know it quite pleased me to see him angry. I thought, ah! now I have hurt his feelings! Now he will say, Hetty Lambert is an odious little set-up, sour-tempered vixen. And that will teach him, and you, and mamma, and papa, at any rate, that I am not going to set my cap at Mr. Harry. No; our papa is ten times as good as he is. I will stay by our papa, and if he asked me to go to Virginia with him to-morrow I wouldn't, Theo. My sister is worth all the Virginians that ever were made since the world began."

And here, I suppose, follow osculations between the sisters, and mother's knock comes to the door, who has overheard their talk through the wainscot, and calls out, "Children, 'tis time to go to sleep!" Theo's eyes close speedily, and she is at rest; but, oh, poor little Hetty! Think of the hours tolling one after another, and the child's eyes wide open, as she lies tossing and wakeful with the anguish of the new wound!

"It is a judgment upon me," she says, "for having thought and spoke scornfully of him. Only, why should there be a judgment upon me? I was only in fun. I knew I liked him very much all the time; but I thought Theo liked him too, and I would give up any thing for my darling Theo. If she had, no tortures should ever have drawn a word from me—I would have got a rope ladder to help her to run away with Harry, that I would, or fetched the clergyman to marry them. And then I would have retired alone, and alone, and alone, and taken care of papa and mamma, and of the poor in the village, and have read sermons, though I hate 'em, and have died without telling a word—not a word—and I shall die soon, I know I shall." But when the dawn rises, the little maid is asleep nestling by her sister, the stain of a tear or two upon her flushed downy cheek.

Most of us play with edged tools at some period of our lives, and cut ourselves accordingly. At first the cut hurts and stings, and down drops the knife, and we cry out like wounded little babies as we are. Some very few and unlucky folks at the game cut their heads sheer off, or stab themselves mortally, and perish outright, and there is an end of them. But—Heaven help us!—many people have fingered those *ardentes sagittas* which Love sharpens on his whetstone, and are stabbed, scarred, pricked, perforated, tattooed all over with wounds, who recover, and live to be quite lively. *Wir auch* have tasted *das irdische Glück*; we also have *gelebt und—und so weiter*. Warble your death song, sweet Thekla! Perish off the face of the earth, poor pulmonary victim, if so minded! Had you survived to a later

period of life, my dear, you would have thought of a sentimental disappointment without any reference to the undertaker. Let us trust there is no present need of a sexton for Miss Hetty. But meanwhile, the very instant she wakes, there, tearing at her little heart, will that Care be, who has given her a few hours' respite, melted, no doubt, by her youth and her tears.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH MR. WARRINGTON TREATS THE COMPANY WITH TEA AND A BALL.

GENEROUS with his very easily gotten money, hospitable and cordial to all, our young Virginian, in his capacity of man of fashion, could not do less than treat his country friends to an entertainment at the Assembly Rooms, whither, according to the custom of the day, he invited almost all the remaining company at the Wells. Card-tables were set in one apartment for all those who could not spend an evening without the pastime then common to all European society: a supper, with Champagne in some profusion and bowls of negus, was prepared in another chamber: the large assembly room was set apart for the dance, of which enjoyment Harry Warrington's guests partook in our ancestors' homely fashion. I can not fancy that the amusement was especially lively. First, minuets were called; two or three of which were performed by as many couple. The spinsters of the highest rank in the assembly went out for the minuet, and my Lady Maria Esmond being an earl's daughter, and the person of the highest rank present (with the exception of Lady Augusta Crutchley, who was lame), Mr. Warrington danced the first minuet with his cousin, acquitting himself to the satisfaction of the whole room, and performing much more elegantly than Mr. Wolfe, who stood up with Miss Lowther. Having completed the dance with Lady Maria, Mr. Warrington begged Miss Theo to do him the honor of walking the next minuet, and accordingly Miss Theo, blushing and looking very happy, went through her exercise to the great delight of her parents and the rage of Miss Humpleby, Sir John Humpleby's daughter, of Liphook, who expected, at least, to have stood up next after my Lady Maria. Then, after the minuets, came country dances, the music being performed by a harp, fiddle, and flageolet; perched in a little balcony, and thrumming through the evening rather feeble and melancholy tunes. Take up an old book of music, and play a few of those tunes now, and one wonders how people at any time could have found the airs otherwise than melancholy. And yet they loved and frisked and laughed and courted to that sad accompaniment. There is scarce one of the airs that has not an *amari aliquid*, a tang of sadness. Perhaps it is because they are old and defunct, and their plaintive echoes call out to us from the limbo of the past, whither they have been consigned for this century. Perhaps they *were* gay when they were alive; and our descendants



when they hear—well, never mind names—when they hear the works of certain maestri now popular, will say, *Bon Dieu!* is this the music which amused our forefathers?

Mr. Warrington had the honor of a duchess's company at his tea-drinking—Colonel Lambert's and Mr. Prior's heroine, the Duchess of Queensberry. And though the duchess carefully turned her back upon a countess who was present, laughed loudly, glanced at the latter over her shoulder, and pointed at her with her fan, yet almost all the company pushed, and bowed, and cringed, and smiled, and backed before this countess, scarcely taking any notice of her Grace of Queensberry and her jokes, and her fan, and her airs. Now this countess was no other than the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden, the lady whom his Majesty George the Second of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, delighted to honor. She had met Harry Warrington in the walks that morning, and had been mighty gracious to the young Virginian. She had told him they would have a game of cards that night; and purblind old Colonel Blinkinsop, who fancied the invitation had been addressed to him, had made the profoundest of bows. "Pooh! pooh!" said the Countess of England and Hanover, "I don't mean you. I mean the young Firshinian!" And every body congratulated the youth on his good fortune. At night, all the world, in order to show their loyalty, doubtless, thronged round my Lady Yarmouth; my Lord Bamborough was eager to make her *partie* at quadrille; my Lady Blanche Pendragon, that model of virtue; Sir Lancelot Quintain, that pattern of knighthood and valor; Mr. Dean of Ealing, that exemplary divine and preacher; numerous gentlemen, no-

blemen, generals, colonels, matrons, and spinsters of the highest rank, were on the watch for a smile from her, or eager to jump up and join her card-table. Lady Maria waited upon her with meek respect, and Madame de Bernstein treated the Hanoverian lady with profound gravity and courtesy.

Harry's bow had been no lower than hospitality required; but, such as it was, Miss Hester chose to be indignant with it. She scarce spoke a word to her partner during their dance together; and when he took her to the supper-room for refreshment she was little more communicative. To enter that room they had to pass by Madame Walmoden's card-table, who good-naturedly called out to her host as he was passing, and asked him if his "breddy liddle bardner liked tanzing?"

"I thank your ladyship, I don't like tanzing, and I don't like cards," says Miss Hester, tossing up her head; and, dropping a courtesy like a "cheese," she strutted away from the countess's table.

Mr. Warrington was very much offended. Sarcasm from the young to the old pained him; flippant behavior toward himself hurt him. Courteous in his simple way to all persons whom he met, he expected a like politeness from them. Hetty perfectly well knew what offense she was giving; could mark the displeasure reddening on her partner's honest face, with a side-long glance of her eye; nevertheless she tried to wear her most ingenuous smile; and, as she came up to the side-board where the refreshments were set, artlessly said,

"What a horrid, vulgar old woman that is! don't you think so?"

"What woman?" asked the young man.

"That German woman—my lady Yarmouth—to whom all the men are bowing and cringing."

"Her ladyship has been very kind to me," says Harry, grimly. "Won't you have some of this custard?"

"And you have been bowing to her, too! You look as if your negus was not nice," harmlessly continues Miss Hetty.

"It is not very good negus," says Harry, with a gulp.

"And the custard is bad too! I declare 'tis made with bad eggs!" cries Miss Lambert.

"I wish, Hester, that the entertainment and the company had been better to your liking," says poor Harry.

"'Tis very unfortunate; but I dare say you could not help it," cries the young woman, tossing her little curly head.

Mr. Warrington groaned in spirit, perhaps in body, and clenched his fists and his teeth. The little torturer artlessly continued, "You seem disturbed: shall we go to my mamma?"

"Yes, let us go to your mamma," cries Mr. Warrington, with glaring eyes and a "Curse you, why are you always standing in the way?" to an unlucky waiter.

"La! Is that the way you speak in Virginia?" asks Miss Pertness.

"We are rough there sometimes, madam, and can't help being disturbed," he says, slowly, and with a quiver in his whole frame, looking down upon her with fire flashing out of his eyes. Hetty saw nothing distinctly afterward, and until she came to her mother. Never had she seen Harry look so handsome or so noble.

"You look pale, child!" cries mamma, anxious, like all *pavidæ maitres*.

"'Tis the cold—no, I mean the heat. Thank you, Mr. Warrington." And she makes him a faint courtesy, as Harry bows a tremendous bow, and walks elsewhere among his guests. He hardly knows what is happening at first, so angry is he.

He is aroused by another altercation between his aunt and the Duchess of Queensberry. When the royal favorite passed the duchess, her Grace gave her ladyship an awful stare out of eyes that were not so bright now as they had been in the young days when they "set the world on fire;" turned round with an affected laugh to her neighbor, and shot at the jolly Hanoverian lady a ceaseless fire of giggles and sneers. The countess pursued her game at cards, not knowing, or not choosing perhaps to know, how her enemy was jibing at her. There had been a feud of many years' date between their Graces of Queensberry and the family on the throne.

"How you all bow down to the idol!" Don't tell me! You are as bad as the rest, my good Madame Bernstein!" the Duchess says. "Ah, what a true Christian country this is! and how your dear first husband, the Bishop, would have liked to see such a sight!"

"Forgive me, if I fail quite to understand your Grace."

"We are both of us growing old, my good Bernstein, or, perhaps, we won't understand when we don't choose to understand. That is the way with us women, my good young Iroquois."

"Your Grace remarked, that it was a Christian country," said Madame de Bernstein, "and I fail to perceive the point of the remark."

"Indeed, my good creature, there is very little point in it! I meant we were such good Christians, because we were so forgiving. Don't you remember reading when you were young, or your husband the Bishop reading when he was in the pulpit, how, when a woman among the Jews was caught doing wrong, the Pharisees were for stoning her out of hand? Far from stoning such a woman now, look, how fond we are of her! Any man in this room would go

round it on his knees if yonder woman bade him. Yes, Madam Walmoden, you may look up from your cards with your great painted face, and frown with your great painted eyebrows at me. You know I am talking about you; and I intend to go on talking about you, too. I say any man here would go round the room on his knees, if you bade him!"

"I think, madam, I know two or three who wouldn't!" says Mr. Warrington, with some spirit.

"Quick, let me hug them to my heart of hearts!" cries the old Duchess. "Which are they? Bring 'em to me, my dear Iroquois! Let us have a game of four—of honest men and women; that is to say, if we can find a couple more partners, Mr. Warrington!"

"Here are we three," says the Baroness Bernstein, with a forced laugh; "let us play a dummy."

"Pray, madam, where is the third?" asks the old Duchess, looking round.

"Madam!" cries out the other elderly lady, "I leave your Grace to boast of your honesty, which I have no doubt is spotless: but I will thank you not to doubt mine before my own relatives and children!"

"See how she fires up at a word! I am sure, my dear creature, you are quite as honest as most of the company," says the Duchess.

"Which may not be good enough for her Grace the Duchess of Queensberry and Dover, who, to be sure, might have staid away in such a case; but it is the best my nephew could get, madam, and his best he has given you. You look astonished, Harry, my dear—and well you may. He is not used to our ways, madam."

"Madam, he has found an aunt who can teach him our ways, and a great deal more!" cries the Duchess, rapping her fan.

"She will teach him to try and make all his guests welcome, old or young, rich or poor. That is the Virginian way, isn't it, Harry? She will tell him, when Catherine Hyde is angry with his old aunt, that they were friends as girls, and ought not to quarrel now they are old women. And she will not be wrong, will she, Duchess?" And herewith the one dowager made a superb courtesy to the other, and the battle just impending between them passed away.

"Egad, it was like Byng and Galissonière!" cried Chaplain Sampson, as Harry talked over the night's transactions with his pupil next morning. "No power on earth, I thought, could have prevented those two from going into action!"

"Seventy-fours at least—both of 'em!" laughs Harry.

"But the Baroness declined the battle, and sailed out of fire with inimitable skill."

"Why should she be afraid? I have heard you say my aunt is as witty as any woman alive, and need fear the tongue of no dowager in England."

"Hem! Perhaps she had good reasons for

being peaceable!" Sampson knew very well what they were, and that poor Bernstein's reputation was so hopelessly flawed and cracked, that any sarcasms leveled at Madame Walmoden were equally applicable to her.

"Sir," cried Harry, in great amazement, "you don't mean to say there is any thing against the character of my aunt, the Baroness de Bernstein!"

The Chaplain looked at the young Virginian with such an air of utter wonderment that the latter saw there must be some history against his aunt, and some charge which Sampson did not choose to reveal. "Great Heavens!" Harry groaned out, "are there two then in the family, who are—"

"Which two?" asked the Chaplain.

But here Harry stopped, blushing very red. He remembered, and we shall presently have to state, whence he had got his information regarding the other family culprit, and bit his lip, and was silent.

"By-gones are always unpleasant things, Mr. Warrington," said the Chaplain; "and we had best hold our peace regarding them. No man or woman can live long in this wicked world of ours without some scandal attaching to them, and I fear our excellent Baroness has been no more fortunate than her neighbors. We can not escape calumny, my dear young friend! You have had sad proof enough of that in your brief stay among us. But we can have clear consciences, and that is the main point!" And herewith the Chaplain threw his handsome eyes upward, and tried to look as if *his* conscience was as white as the ceiling.

"Has there been any thing *very* wrong, then, about my Aunt Bernstein?" continued Harry, remembering how at home his mother had never spoken of the Baroness.

"*O sancta simplicitas!*" the Chaplain muttered to himself. "Stories, my dear Sir, much older than your time or mine. Stories such as were told about every body, *de me de te*; you know with what degree of truth in your own case."

"Confound the villain! I should like to hear any scoundrel say a word against the dear old lady," cries the young gentleman. "Why, this world, parson, is full of lies and scandal!"

"And you are just beginning to find it out, my dear Sir," cries the clergyman, with his most beatified air. "Whose character has not been attacked? My lord's, yours, mine—every one's. We must bear as well as we can, and pardon to the utmost of our power."

"You may. It's your cloth, you know; but, by George, *I* won't!" cries Mr. Warrington, and again goes down the fist with a thump on the table. "Let any fellow say a word in my hearing against that dear old creature, and I'll pull his nose, as sure as my name is Henry Esmond. How do you do, Colonel Lambert? You find us late again, Sir. Me and his Reverence kept it up pretty late with some of the young fellows, after the ladies went away. I

hope the dear ladies are well, Sir?" And here Harry rose, greeting his friend the Colonel very kindly, who had come to pay him a morning-visit, and had entered the room followed by Mr. Gumbo (the latter preferred walking very leisurely about all the affairs of life) just as Harry—suited the action to the word—was tweaking the nose of Calumny.

"The ladies are purely. Whose nose were you pulling when I came in, Mr. Warrington?" says the Colonel, laughing.

"Isn't it a shame, Sir? The parson, here, was telling me, that there are villains here who attack the character of my aunt, the Baroness of Bernstein!"

"You don't mean to say so!" cries Mr. Lambert.

"I tell Mr. Harry that every body is calumniated!" says the Chaplain, with a clerical intonation; but, at the same time, he looks at Colonel Lambert and winks, as much as to say, "He knows nothing—keep him in the dark."

The Colonel took the hint. "Yes," says he, "the jaws of slander are forever wagging. Witness that story about the dancing-girl, that we all believed against you, Harry Warrington."

"What all, Sir?"

"No, not all. One didn't—Hetty didn't. You should have heard her standing up for you, Harry, t'other day, when somebody—a little bird—brought us *another* story about you; about a game at cards on Sunday morning, when you and a friend of yours might have been better employed." And here there was a look of mingled humor and reproof at the clergyman.

"Faith, I own it, Sir!" says the Chaplain. "It was *mea culpa, mea maxima*—no, *mea minima culpa*, only the rehearsal of an old game at picquet, which we had been talking over."

"And did Miss Hester stand up for me?" says Harry.

"Miss Hester did. But why that wondering look?" asks the Colonel.

"She scolded me last night like—like any thing," says downright Harry. "I never heard a young girl go on so. She made fun of every body—hit about at young and old—so that I couldn't help telling her, Sir, that in our country, leastways in Virginia (they say the Yankees are very pert), young people don't speak of their elders so. And, do you know, Sir, we had a sort of a quarrel, and I'm very glad you've told me she spoke kindly of me," says Harry, shaking his friend's hand, a ready boyish emotion glowing in his cheeks and in his eyes.

"You won't come to much hurt if you find no worse enemy than Hester, Mr. Warrington," said the girl's father, gravely, looking not without a deep thrill of interest at the flushed face and moist eyes of his young friend. "Is he fond of her?" thought the Colonel. "And how fond? 'Tis evident he knows nothing, and Miss Het has been performing some of her



A VICE-QUEEN.

tricks. He is a fine, honest lad, and God bless him!" And Colonel Lambert looked toward Harry with that manly, friendly kindness which our lucky young Virginian was not unaccustomed to inspire, for he was comely to look at, prone to blush, to kindle, nay, to melt, at a kind story. His laughter was cheery to hear: his eyes shone confidently: his voice spoke truth.

"And the young lady of the minuet? She distinguished herself to perfection: the whole

room admired," asked the courtly Chaplain, "I trust Miss—Miss—"

"Miss Theodosia is perfectly well, and ready to dance at this minute with your Reverence," says her father. "Or stay, Chaplain, perhaps you only dance on Sunday?" The Colonel then turned to Harry again. "You paid your court very neatly to the great lady, Mr. Flatterer. My Lady Yarmouth has been trumpeting your praises at the Pump Room. She says she has got a leedel boy in Hannover dat is

wery like you, and you are a sharming young mans."

"If her ladyship were a queen, people could scarcely be more respectful to her," says the Chaplain.

"Let us call her a vice-queen, parson," says the Colonel, with a twinkle of his eye.

"Her majesty pocketed forty of my guineas at quadrille," cries Mr. Warrington, with a laugh.

"She will play you on the same terms another day. The countess is fond of play, and she wins from most people," said the Colonel, dryly. "Why don't you bet her ladyship five thousand on a bishopric, parson? I have heard of a clergyman who made such a bet, and who lost it, and who paid it, and who got the bishopric."

"Ah! who will lend me the five thousand? Will you, Sir?" asked the Chaplain.

"No, Sir. I won't give her five thousand to be made Commander-in-Chief or Pope of Rome," says the Colonel, stoutly. "I shall fling no stones at the woman; but I shall bow no knee to her, as I see a pack of rascals do. No offense—I don't mean you. And I don't mean Harry Warrington, who was quite right to be civil to her, and to lose his money with good-humor. Harry, I am come to bid thee farewell, my boy. We have had our pleasuring—my money is run out, and we must jog back to Oakhurst. Will you ever come and see the old place again?"

"Now, Sir, now! I'll ride back with you!" cries Harry, eagerly.

"Why—no—not now," says the Colonel in a hurried manner. "We haven't got room—that is, we're—we're expecting some friends [the Lord forgive me for the lie!" he mutters]. "But—but you'll come to us when—when Tom's at home—yes, when Tom's at home. That will be famous fun—and I'd have you to know, Sir, that my wife and I love you sincerely, Sir—and so do the girls, however much they scold you. And if you ever are in a scrape—and such things have happened, Mr. Chaplain! you will please to count upon me. Mind that, Sir!"

And the Colonel was for taking leave of Harry then and there, on the spot, but the young man followed him down the stairs, and insisted upon saying good-by to his dear ladies.

Instead, however, of proceeding immediately to Mr. Lambert's lodging, the two gentlemen took the direction of the common, where, looking from Harry's windows, Mr. Sampson saw the pair in earnest conversation. First, Lambert smiled and looked roguish. Then, presently, at a farther stage of the talk, he flung up both his hands and performed other gestures indicating surprise and agitation.

"The boy is telling him," thought the Chaplain. When Mr. Warrington came back in an hour, he found his Reverence deep in the composition of a sermon. Harry's face was grave and melancholy; he flung down his hat, buried

himself in a great chair, and then came from his lips something like an execration.

"The young ladies are going, and our heart is affected?" said the Chaplain, looking up from his manuscript.

"Heart!" sneered Harry.

"Which of the young ladies is the conqueror, Sir? I thought the youngest's eyes followed you about at your ball."

"Confound the little termagant!" broke out Harry, "what does she mean by being so pert to me? She treats me as if I was a fool!"

"And no man is, Sir, with a woman!" said the scribe of the sermon.

"Ain't they, Chaplain?" And Harry growled out more naughty words expressive of inward disquiet.

"By-the-way, have you heard any thing of your lost property?" asked the Chaplain, presently looking up from his pages.

Harry said, "No!" with another word, which I would not print for the world.

"I begin to suspect, Sir, that there was more money than you like to own in that book. I wish I could find some."

"There were notes in it," said Harry, very gloomily, "and—and papers that I am very sorry to lose. What the deuce has come of it? I had it when we dined together."

"I saw you put it in your pocket!" cried the Chaplain. "I saw you take it out and pay at the toy-shop a bill for a gold thimble and work-box for one of your young ladies. Of course you have asked there, Sir?"

"Of course I have," says Mr. Warrington, plunged in melancholy.

"Gumbo put you to bed, at least, if I remember right. I was so cut myself that I scarce remember any thing. Can you trust those black fellows, Sir?"

"I can trust him with my head. With my head?" groaned out Mr. Warrington, bitterly. "I can't trust myself with it."

"Oh that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains!"

"You may well call it an enemy, Chaplain. Hang it, I have a great mind to make a vow never to drink another drop! A fellow says any thing when he is in drink."

The Chaplain laughed. "You, Sir," he said, "are close enough!" And the truth was, that, for the last few days, no amount of wine would unseal Mr. Warrington's lips, when the artless Sampson by chance touched on the subject of his patron's loss.

"And so the little country nymphs are gone, or going, Sir?" asked the Chaplain. "They were nice, fresh little things; but I think the mother was the finest woman of the three. I declare, a woman at five-and-thirty or so is at her prime. What do you say, Sir?"

Mr. Warrington looked, for a moment, askance at the clergyman. "Confound all women, I say!" muttered the young misogynist, for which sentiment every well-conditioned person will surely rebuke him.



CHAPTER XXXV.

ENTANGLEMENTS.

OUR good Colonel had, no doubt, taken counsel with his good wife, and they had determined to remove their little Hetty as speedily as possible out of the reach of the charmer. In complaints such as that under which the poor little maiden was supposed to be suffering, the remedy of absence and distance often acts effectually with men; but I believe women are not so easily cured by the alibi treatment. Some of them will go away ever so far, and for ever so long, and the obstinate disease hangs by them, spite of distance or climate. You may whip, abuse, torture, insult them, and still the little, deluded creatures will persist in their fidelity. Nay, if I may speak, after profound and extensive study and observation, there are few better ways of securing the faithfulness and admiration of the beautiful partners of our existence than a little judicious ill-treatment; a brisk dose of occasional violence as an alterative, and for general and wholesome diet, a cooling but pretty constant neglect. At sparing intervals, administer small quantities of love and kindness; but not every day, or too often, as this medicine, much taken, loses its effect. Those dear creatures who are the most indifferent to their husbands, are those who are cloyed by too much surfeiting of the sugar-plums and lollypops of Love. I have known a young being, with every wish gratified, yawn in her adoring husband's face, and prefer the conversation and *petits soins* of the merest booby and idiot; while, on the other hand, I have seen Chloe—at whom Strephon has flung his bootjack in the morning, or whom he has cursed before the servants at dinner—come creeping and fondling to his knee at tea-time, when he is comfortable after his little nap and his good wine, and pat his head and play him his favorite tunes; and when old John, the butler, or old Mary, the maid, comes in with

the bed-candles, look round proudly, as much as to say, *now*, John, look how good my dearest Henry is! Make your game, gentlemen, then! There is the coaxing, fondling, adoring line, when you are henpecked, and Louisa is indifferent, and bored out of her existence. There is the manly, selfish, effectual system, where she answers to the whistle; and comes in at "Down Charge;" and knows her master; and frisks and fawns about him; and nuzzles at his knees; and "licks the hand that's raised"—that's raised to do her good, as (I quote from memory) Mr. Pope finely observes. What used the late lamented O'Connell to say, over whom a grateful country has raised such a magnificent testimonial? "Hereditary bondsmen," he used to remark, "know ye not, who would be free, themselves must *strike the blow*?" Of course you must, in political as in domestic circles. So up with your cudgels, my enslaved, injured boys!

Women will be pleased with these remarks, because they have such a taste for humor and understand irony: and I should not be surprised if young Grubstreet, who corresponds with three penny papers and describes the persons and conversation of gentlemen whom he meets at his "clubs," will say, "I told you so! He advocates the thrashing of women! He has no nobility of soul! He has no heart!" Nor have I, my eminent young Grubstreet! any more than you have ears. Dear ladies! I assure you I am only joking in the above remarks—I do not advocate the thrashing of your sex at all—and, as you can't understand the commonest bit of fun, beg leave flatly to tell you, that I consider your sex a hundred times more loving and faithful than ours.

So what is the use of Hetty's parents taking her home, if the little maid intends to be just as fond of Harry absent as of Harry present? Why not let her see him before Ball and Dobbin are put to, and say "Good-by, Harry! I was very willful and fractious last night, and you were very kind: but good-by, Harry!" She will show no special emotion: she is so ashamed of her secret that she will not betray it. Harry is too much preoccupied to discover it for himself. He does not know what grief is lying behind Hetty's glances, or hidden under the artifice of her innocent young smiles. He has, perhaps, a care of his own. He will part from her calmly, and fancy she is happy to get back to her music and her poultry and her flower-garden.

He did not even ride part of the way homeward by the side of his friend's carriage. He had some other party arranged for that afternoon, and when he returned thence, the good Lamberts were gone from Tunbridge Wells. There were their windows open, and the card in one of them signifying that the apartments were once more to let. A little passing sorrow at the blank aspect of the rooms lately enlivened by countenances so frank and friendly, may have crossed the young gentleman's mind; but

he dines at the White Horse at four o'clock, and eats his dinner and calls fiercely for his bottle. Poor little Hester will choke over her tea about the same hour when the Lamberts arrive to sleep at the house of their friends at Westerham. The young roses will be wan in her cheeks in the morning, and there will be black circles round her eyes. It was the thunder: the night was hot: she could not sleep: she will be better when she gets home again the next day. And home they come. There is the gate where he fell. There is the bed he lay in, the chair in which he used to sit—what ages seem to have passed! What a gulf between to-day and yesterday! Who is that little child calling her chickens, or watering her roses yonder? Are she and that girl the same Hester Lambert? Why, she is ever so much older than Theo now—Theo, who has always been so composed, and so clever, and so old for her age. But in a night or two Hester has lived—oh, long, long years! So have many besides: and poppy and mandragora will never medicine them to the sweet sleep they tasted yesterday.

Maria Esmond saw the Lambert cavalcade drive away, and felt a grim relief. She looks with hot eyes at Harry when he comes in to his aunt's card-tables, flushed with Barbeau's good wine. He laughs, rattles, in reply to his aunt, who asks him which of the girls is his sweetheart? He gayly says, he loves them both like sisters. He has never seen a better gentleman, nor better people than the Lamberts. Why is Lambert not a general? He has been a most distinguished officer: his Royal Highness the Duke is very fond of him. Madame Bernstein says that Harry must make interest with Lady Yarmouth for his protégé.

"Elle ravvole de fous cher bedid anche!" says Madame Bernstein, mimicking the countess's German accent. The baroness is delighted with her boy's success. "You carry off the hearts of all the old women, doesn't he, Maria?" she says with a sneer at her niece, who quivers under the stab.

"You were quite right, my dear, not to perceive that she cheated at cards, and you play like a grand seigneur," continues Madame de Bernstein.

"Did she cheat?" cries Harry astonished. "I am sure, ma'am, I saw no unfair play."

"No more did I, my dear, but I am sure she cheated. Bah! every woman cheats. I and Maria included, when we can get a chance. But, when you play with the Walmoden, you don't do wrong to lose in moderation: and many men cheat in that way. Cultivate her. She has taken a fancy to your *beaux yeux*. Why should your Excellency not be Governor of Virginia, Sir? You must go and pay your respects to the Duke and his Majesty at Kensington. The Countess of Yarmouth will be your best friend at Court."

"Why should you not introduce me, aunt?" asked Harry.

The old lady's rouged cheek grew a little

redder. "I am not in favor at Kensington," she said. "I may have been once; and there are no faces so unwelcome to kings as those they wish to forget. All of us want to forget something or somebody. I dare say our *ingénu* here would like to wipe a sum or two off the slate. Wouldst thou not, Harry?"

Harry turned red too, and so did Maria, and his aunt laughed one of those wicked laughs which are not altogether pleasant to hear. What meant those guilty signals on the cheeks of her nephew and niece? What account was scored upon the memory of either which they were desirous to efface? I fear Madame Bernstein was right, and that most folks have some ugly reckonings written up on their consciences which we were glad to be quit of.

Had Maria known one of the causes of Harry's disquiet, that middle-aged spinster would have been more unquiet still. For some days he had missed a pocket-book. He had remembered it in his possession on that day when he drank so much claret at the White Horse, and Gumbo carried him to bed. He sought for it in the morning, but none of his servants had seen it. He had inquired for it at the White Horse, but there were no traces of it. He could not cry the book, and could only make very cautious inquiries respecting it. He must not have it known that the book was lost. A pretty condition of mind Lady Maria Esmond would be in if she knew that the outpourings of her heart were in the hands of the public! The letters contained all sorts of disclosures; a hundred family secrets were narrated by the artless correspondent: there was ever so much satire and abuse of persons with whom she and Mr. Warrington came in contact. There were expostulations about his attentions to other ladies. There was scorn, scandal, jokes, appeals, protests of eternal fidelity; the usual farrago, dear madam, which you may remember you wrote to your Edward when you were engaged to him. and before you became Mrs. Jones. Would you like those letters to be read by any one else? Do you recollect what you said about the Miss Browns in two or three of those letters, and the unfavorable opinion you expressed of Mrs. Thompson's character? Do you happen to recall the words which you used regarding Jones himself, whom you subsequently married (for in consequence of disputes about the settlements your engagement with Edward was broken off)? and would you like Mr. J. to see those remarks? You know you wouldn't. Then be pleased to withdraw that imputation which you have already cast in your mind upon Lady Maria Esmond. No doubt her letters were very foolish, as most love-letters are; but it does not follow that there was any thing wrong in them. They are foolish when written by young folks to one another, and how much more foolish when written by an old man to a young lass, or by an old lass to a young lad! No wonder Lady Maria should not like her letters to be read. Why, the very spelling—but that didn't matter so

much in her ladyship's days, and people are just as foolish now, though they spell better. No, it is not the spelling which matters so much; it is the writing at all. I for one, and for the future, am determined never to speak or write my mind out regarding any thing or any body. I intend to say of every woman, that she is chaste and handsome; of every man, that he is handsome, clever, and rich; of every book, that it is delightfully interesting; of Snobmore's manners, that they are gentleman-like; of Screwby's dinners, that they are luxurious; of Jawkins's conversation, that it is lively and amusing; of Xantippe, that she has a sweet temper; of Jezebel, that her color is natural; of Bluebeard, that he really was most indulgent to his wives, and that very likely they died of bronchitis. What! a word against the spotless Messalina? What an unfavorable view of human nature! What! King Cheops was not a perfect monarch? Oh, you railer at royalty and slanderer of all that is noble and good! When this book is concluded, I shall change the jaundiced livery which my books have worn since I began to lisp in numbers, have rose-colored coats for them with cherubs on the cover, and all the characters within shall be perfect angels.

Meanwhile we are in a society of men and women from whose shoulders no sort of wings have sprouted as yet, and who, without any manner of doubt, have their little failings. There is Madame Bernstein: she has fallen asleep after dinner, and eating and drinking too much—those are her ladyship's little failings. Mr. Harry Warrington has gone to play a match at billiards with Count Caramboli: I suspect idleness is *his* failing. That is what Mr. Chaplain Sampson remarks to Lady Maria, as they are talking together in a low tone, so as not to interrupt Aunt Bernstein's doze in the neighboring room.

"A gentleman of Mr. Warrington's means can afford to be idle," says Lady Maria. "Why, sure you love cards and billiards yourself, my good Mr. Sampson?"

"I don't say, madam, my practice is good, only my doctrine is sound," says Mr. Chaplain, with a sigh. "This young gentleman should have some employment. He should appear at Court, and enter the service of his country, as befits a man of his station. He should settle down, and choose a woman of a suitable rank as his wife." Sampson looks in her ladyship's face as he speaks.

"Indeed, my cousin is wasting his time," says Lady Maria, blushing slightly.

"Mr. Warrington might see his relatives of his father's family," suggests Mr. Chaplain.

"Suffolk country boobies drinking beer and hallooing after foxes! I don't see any thing to be gained by his frequenting them, Mr. Sampson!"

"They are of an ancient family, of which the chief has been knight of the shire these hundred years," says the Chaplain. "I have heard Sir Miles hath a daughter of Mr. Harry's age—and a beauty, too."

"I know nothing, Sir, about Sir Miles Warrington, and his daughters, and his beauties!" cries Maria, in a fluster.

"The baroness stirred—no—her ladyship is in a sweet sleep," says the Chaplain, in a very soft voice. "I fear, madam, for your ladyship's cousin, Mr. Warrington. I fear for his youth; for designing persons who may get about him; for extravagances, follies, intrigues even into which he will be led, and into which every body will try to tempt him. His lordship, my kind patron, bade me to come and watch over him, and I am here accordingly, as your ladyship knoweth. I know the follies of young men. Perhaps I have practiced them myself. I own it with a blush," adds Mr. Sampson, with much unction—not, however, bringing the promised blush forward to corroborate the asserted repentance.

"Between ourselves, I fear Mr. Warrington is in some trouble now, madam," continues the Chaplain, steadily looking at Lady Maria.

"What, again?" shrieks the lady.

"Hush! Your ladyship's dear invalid!" whispers the Chaplain, again pointing toward Madame Bernstein. "Do you think your cousin has any partiality for any—any member of Mr. Lambert's family? for example, Miss Lambert—?"

"There is nothing between him and Miss Lambert," says Lady Maria.

"Your ladyship is certain?"

"Women are said to have good eyes in such matters, my good Sampson," says my lady, with an easy air. "I thought the little girl seemed to be following him."

"Then I am at fault once more," the frank Chaplain said. "Mr. Warrington said of the young lady, that she ought to go back to her doll, and called her a pert stuck-up little hussy."

"Ah!" sighed Lady Maria, as if relieved by the news.

"Then, madam, there must be somebody else," said the Chaplain. "Has he confided nothing to your ladyship?"

"To me, Mr. Sampson? What? Where? How?" exclaims Maria.

"Some six days ago, after we had been dining at the White Horse, and drinking too freely, Mr. Warrington lost a pocket-book containing letters."

"Letters?" gasps Lady Maria.

"And probably more money than he likes to own," continues Mr. Sampson, with a grave nod of the head. "He is very much disturbed about the book. We have both made cautious inquiries about it. We have—Gracious powers, is your ladyship ill?"

Here my Lady Maria gave three remarkably shrill screams, and tumbled off her chair.

"I will see the Prince. I have a right to see him. What's this?—Where am I?—What's the matter?" cries Madame Bernstein, waking up from her sleep. She had been dreaming of old days, no doubt. The old lady shook in all her limbs—her face was very much flushed.



A RENCONTRE IN FLEET STREET.

She stared about wildly a moment, and then tottered forward on her tortoiseshell cane. "What—what's the matter?" she asked again. "Have you killed her, Sir?"

"Some sudden qualm must have come over her ladyship. Shall I cut her laces, madam?"

or send for a doctor?" cries the Chaplain, with every look of innocence and alarm.

"What has passed between you, Sir?" asked the old lady, fiercely.

"I give you my honor, madam, I have done I don't know what. I but mentioned that Mr.

Warrington had lost a pocket-book containing letters, and my lady swooned, as you see."

Madame Bernstein dashed water on her niece's face. A feeble moan told presently that the lady was coming to herself.

The Baroness looked sternly after Mr. Sampson, as she sent him away on his errand for the doctor. Her aunt's grim countenance was of little comfort to poor Maria when she saw it on waking up from her swoon.

"What has happened?" asked the younger lady, bewildered and gasping.

"Hm! *You* know best what has happened, madam, I suppose. What hath happened before in our family?" cried the old Baroness, glaring at her niece with savage eyes.

"Ah! yes! the letters have been lost—ach lieber Himmel!" And Maria, as she would sometimes do, when much moved, began to speak in the language of her mother.

"Yes! the seal has been broken, and the letters have been lost. 'Tis the old story of the Esmonds," cried the elder, bitterly.

"Seal broken, letters lost? What do you mean, aunt?" asked Maria, faintly.

"I mean that my mother was the only honest woman that ever entered the family!" cried the Baroness, stamping her foot. "And she was a parson's daughter of no family in particular, or she would have gone wrong, too. Good Heavens! is it decreed that we are all to be . . .?"

"To be what, madam?" cried Maria.

"To be what my Lady Queensberry said we were last night. To be what we *are*! You know the word for it!" cried the indignant old woman. "I say, what has come to the whole race? Your father's mother was an honest woman, Maria. Why did I leave her? Why couldn't you remain so?"

"Madam!" exclaims Maria, "I declare, be-fore Heaven, I am as—"

"Bah! Don't madam me! Don't call Heaven to witness—there's nobody by! And if you swore to your innocence till the rest of your teeth dropped out of your mouth, my Lady Maria Esmond, I would not believe you!"

"Ah! It was you told him!" gasped Maria. She recognized an arrow out of her aunt's quiver.

"I saw some folly going on between you and the boy, and I told him that you were as old as his mother. Yes, I did! Do you suppose I am going to let Henry Esmond's boy fling himself and his wealth away upon such a battered old rock as you? The boy sha'n't be robbed and cheated in our family. Not a shilling of mine shall any of you have if he comes to any harm among you."

"Ah! you told him!" cried Maria, with a sudden burst of rebellion. "Well, then! I'd have you to know that I don't care a penny, madam, for your paltry money! I have Mr. Harry Warrington's word—yes, and his letters—and I know he will die rather than break it."

"He will die if he keeps it!" (Maria

shrugged her shoulders.) "But you don't care for that—you've no more heart—"

"Than my father's sister, madam!" cries Maria again. The younger woman, ordinarily submissive, had turned upon her persecutor.

"Ah! Why did not I marry an honest man?" said the old lady, shaking her head, sadly. "Henry Esmond was noble and good, and perhaps might have made me so. But no, no—we have all got the taint in us—all! You don't mean to sacrifice this boy, Maria?"

"Madame ma tante, do you take me for a fool at my age?" asks Maria.

"Set him free! I'll give you five thousand pounds—in my—in my will, Maria. I will, on my honor!"

"When you were young, and you liked Colonel Esmond, you threw him aside for an earl, and the earl for a duke?"

"Yes."

"Eh! *Bon sang ne peut mentir!* I have no money, I have no friends. My father was a spendthrift, my brother is a beggar. I have Mr. Warrington's word, and I know, madam, he will keep it. And that's what I tell your ladyship!" cries Lady Maria, with a wave of her hand. "Suppose my letters are published to all the world to-morrow? *Après?* I know they contain things I would as leave not tell. Things not about *me* alone. *Comment!* Do you suppose there are no stories but mine in the family? It is not my letters that I am afraid of, so long as I have his, madam. Yes, his and his word, and I trust them both."

"I will send to my merchant, and give you the money now, Maria," pleaded the old lady.

"No, I shall have my pretty Harry, and ten times five thousand pounds!" cries Maria.

"Not till his mother's death, madam, who is just your age!"

"We can afford to wait, aunt. At my age, as you say, I am not so eager as young chits for a husband."

"But to wait my sister's death, at least, is a drawback?"

"Offer me ten thousand pounds, Madam Tusher, and then we will see!" cries Maria.

"I have not so much money in the world, Maria," said the old lady.

"Then, madam, let me make what I can for myself!" says Maria.

"Ah, if he heard you?"

"*Après?* I have his word. I know he will keep it. I can afford to wait, madam," and she flung out of the room, just as the Chaplain returned. It was Madame Bernstein who wanted cordials now. She was immensely moved and shocked by the news which had been thus suddenly brought to her.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHICH SEEMS TO MEAN MISCHIEF.

THOUGH she had clearly had the worst of the battle described in the last chapter, the Baroness Bernstein, when she next met her niece,



showed no rancor or anger. "Of course, my Lady Maria," she said, "you can't suppose that I, as Harry Warrington's near relative, can be pleased at the idea of his marrying a woman who is as old as his mother, and has not a penny to her fortune; but if he chooses to do so silly a thing, the affair is none of mine; and I doubt whether I should have been much inclined to be taken *au sérieux* with regard to that offer of five thousand pounds which I made in the heat of our talk. So it was already at Castlewood that this pretty affair was arranged? Had I known how far it had gone, my dear, I should have spared some needless opposition. When a pitcher is broken, what railing can mend it?"

"Madam!" here interposed Maria.

"Pardon me—I mean nothing against your ladyship's honor or character, which, no doubt, are quite safe. Harry says so, and you say so—what more can one ask?"

"You have talked to Mr. Warrington, madam?"

"And he has owned that he made you a promise at Castlewood: that you have it in his writing."

"Certainly I have, madam!" says Lady Maria.

"Ah!" (the elder lady did not wince at this.)

"And I own, too, that at first I put a wrong construction upon the tenor of your letters to him. They implicate other members of the family—"

"Who have spoken most wickedly of me, and endeavored to prejudice me in every way in my dear Mr. Warrington's eyes. Yes, madam, I own I have written against them, to justify myself."

"But, of course, are pained to think that any wretch should get possession of stories to the disadvantage of our family, and make them public scandal. Hence your disquiet just now."

"Exactly so," said Lady Maria. "From Mr. Warrington I could have nothing concealed henceforth, and spoke freely to him. But that is a very different thing from wishing all

the world to know the disputes of a noble family."

"Upon my word, Maria, I admire you, and have done you injustice these—these twenty years, let us say."

"I am very glad, madam, that you end by doing me justice at all," said the niece.

"When I saw you last night, opening the ball with my nephew, can you guess what I thought of, my dear?"

"I really have no idea what the Baroness de Bernstein thought of," said Lady Maria, haughtily.

"I remembered that you had performed to that very tune with the dancing-master at Kensington, my dear!"

"Madam, it was an infamous

calumny."

"By which the poor dancing-master got a cudgeling for nothing!"

"It is cruel and unkind, madam, to recall that calumny—and I shall beg to decline living any longer with any one who utters it," continued Maria, with great spirit.

"You wish to go home? I can fancy you won't like Tunbridge. It will be very hot for you if those letters are found."

"There was not a word against you in them, madam: about that I can make your mind easy."

"So Harry said, and did your ladyship justice. Well, my dear, we are tired of one another, and shall be better apart for a while."

"That is precisely my own opinion," said Lady Maria, dropping a courtesy.

"Mr. Sampson can escort you to Castlewood. You and your maid can take a post-chaise."

"We can take a post-chaise, and Mr. Sampson can escort me," echoed the younger lady. "You see, madam, I act like a dutiful niece."

"Do you know, my dear, I have a notion that Sampson has got the letters?" said the Baroness, frankly.

"I confess that such a notion has passed through my own mind."

"And you want to go home in the chaise, and coax the letters from him? Delilah! Well, they can be no good to me, and I trust you may get them. When will you go? The sooner the better, you say? We are women of the world, Maria. We only call names when we are in a passion. We don't want each other's company; and we part on good terms. Shall we go to my Lady Yarmouth's? 'Tis her night. There is nothing like a change of scene after one of those little nervous attacks you have had, and cards drive away unpleasant thoughts better than any doctor."

Lady Maria agreed to go to Lady Yarmouth's cards, and was dressed and ready first, awaiting her aunt in the drawing-room. Madame

Bernstein, as she came down, remarked Maria's door was left open. "She has the letters upon her," thought the old lady. And the pair went off to their entertainment in their respective chairs, and exhibited toward each other that charming cordiality and respect which women can show after, and even during, the bitterest quarrels.

That night, on their return from the Countess's drum, Mrs. Brett, Madame Bernstein's maid, presented herself to my Lady Maria's call, when that lady rang her hand-bell upon retiring to her room. Betty, Mrs. Brett was ashamed to say, was not in a fit state to come before my lady. Betty had been a-junketing and merry-making with Mr. Warrington's black gentleman, with my Lord Bamborough's valet, and several more ladies and gentlemen of that station, and the liquor—Mrs. Brett was shocked to own it—had proved too much for Mrs. Betty. Should Mrs. Brett undress my lady? My lady said she would undress without a maid, and gave Mrs. Brett leave to withdraw. "She has the letters in her stays," thought Madame Bernstein. They had bidden each other an amicable good-night on the stairs.

Mrs. Betty had a scolding the next morning, when she came to wait upon her mistress, from the closet adjoining Lady Maria's apartment in which Betty lay. She owned, with contrition, her partiality for rum-punch, which Mr. Gumbo had the knack of brewing most delicate. She took her scolding with meekness, and, having performed her usual duties about her lady's person, retired.

Now Betty was one of the Castlewood girls who had been so fascinated by Gumbo, and was a very good-looking, blue-eyed lass, upon whom Mr. Case, Madame Bernstein's confidential man, had also cast the eyes of affection. Hence, between Messrs. Gumbo and Case there had been jealousies, and even quarrels; which had caused Gumbo, who was of a peaceful disposition, to be rather shy of the Baroness's gentlemen, the chief of whom vowed he would break the bones or have the life of Gumbo, if he persisted in his attentions to Mrs. Betty.

But, on the night of the rum-punch, though Mr. Case found Gumbo and Mrs. Betty whispering in the door-way, in the cool breeze, and Gumbo would have turned pale with fear had he been able so to do, no one could be more gracious than Mr. Case. It was he who proposed the bowl of punch, which was brewed and drunk in Mrs. Betty's room, and which Gumbo concocted with exquisite skill. He complimented Gumbo on his music. Though a sober man ordinarily, he insisted upon more and more drinking, until poor Mrs. Betty was reduced to the state which occasioned her lady's just censure.

As for Mr. Case himself, who lay out of the house, he was so ill with the punch that he kept his bed the whole of the next day, and did not get strength to make his appearance, and wait on his ladies, until supper-time; when his mis-

tress good-naturedly rebuked him, saying that it was not often he sinned in that way.

"Why, Case, I could have made oath it was you I saw on horseback this morning galloping on the London road," said Mr. Warrington, who was supping with his relatives.

"Me! law bless you, Sir! I was abed, and I thought my head would come off with the aching. I ate a bit at six o'clock, and drunk a deal of small beer, and I'm almost my own man again now. But that Gumbo, saving your honor's presence, I won't taste none of his punch again." And the honest major-domo went on with his duties among the bottles and glasses.

As they sate after their meal Madame Bernstein was friendly enough. She prescribed strong fortifying drinks for Maria against the recurrence of her fainting fits. The lady had such attacks not unfrequently. She urged her to consult her London physician, and to send up an account of her case by Harry. By Harry? asked the lady. Yes. Harry was going for two days on an errand for his aunt to London. "I do not care to tell you, my dear, that it is on business which will do him good. I wish Mr. Draper to put him into my will; and as I am going traveling upon a round of visits when you and I part, I think, for security, I shall ask Mr. Warrington to take my trinket-box in his post-chaise to London with him, for there have been robberies of late, and I have no fancy for being stopped by highwaymen."

Maria looked blank at the notion of the young gentleman's departure, but hoped that she might have his escort back to Castlewood, whither her elder brother had now returned. "Nay," says his aunt, "the lad hath been tied to our apron-strings long enough. A day in London will do him no harm. He can perform my errand for me and be back with you by Saturday."

"I would offer to accompany Mr. Warrington, but I preach on Friday before her ladyship," said Mr. Sampson. He was anxious that my Lady Yarmouth should judge of his powers as a preacher; and Madame Bernstein had exerted her influence with the king's favorite to induce her to hear the Chaplain.

Harry relished the notion of a rattling journey to London and a day or two of sport there. He promised that his pistols were good, and that he would hand the diamonds over in safety to the banker's strong-room. Would he occupy his aunt's London house? No, that would be a dreary lodging with only a housemaid and a groom in charge of it. He would go to the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, or to an inn in Covent Garden. "Ah! I have often talked over that journey," said Harry, his countenance saddening.

"And with whom, Sir?" asked Lady Maria.

"With one who promised to make it with me," said the young man, thinking, as he always did, with an extreme tenderness of the lost brother.

"He has more heart, my good Maria, than

some of us!" says Harry's aunt, witnessing his emotion. Uncontrollable gusts of grief would, not unfrequently, still pass over our young man. The parting from his brother; the scenes and circumstances of George's fall last year; the recollection of his words, or of some excursion at home which they had planned together, would recur to him and overcome him. "I doubt, madam," whispered the Chaplain, demurely, to Madame Bernstein, after one of these bursts of sorrow, "whether some folks in England would suffer quite so much at the death of their elder brother."

But, of course, this sorrow was not to be perpetual; and we can fancy Mr. Warrington setting out on his London journey eagerly enough, and very gay and happy, if it must be owned, to be rid of his elderly attachment. Yes. There was no help for it. At Castlewood, on one unlucky evening, he had made an offer of his heart and himself to his mature cousin, and she had accepted the foolish lad's offer. But the marriage now was out of the question. He must consult his mother. She was the mistress for life of the Virginian property. Of course she would refuse her consent to such a union. The thought of it was deferred to a late period. Meanwhile it hung like a weight round the young man's neck, and caused him no small remorse and disquiet.

No wonder that his spirits rose more gayly as he came near London, and that he looked with delight from his post-chaise windows upon the city as he advanced toward it. No highwayman stopped our traveler on Blackheath. Yonder are the gleaming domes of Greenwich, canopied with woods. There is the famous Thames, with its countless shipping; there actually is the Tower of London. Look, Gumbo! "There is the Tower!" "Yes, master," says Gumbo, who has never heard of the Tower; but Harry has, and remembers how he has read about it in Howell's Medulla, and how he and his brother used to play at the Tower, and he thinks with delight now, how he is actually going to see the armor and the jewels and the lions. They pass through Southwark and over that famous London Bridge which was all covered with houses like a street two years ago. Now there is only a single gate left, and that is coming down. Then the chaise rolls through the city; and, "Look, Gumbo, that is Saint Paul's!" "Yes, master; Saint Paul's!" says Gumbo, obsequiously, but little struck by the beauties of the architecture; and so by the well-known course we reach the Temple, and Gumbo and his master look up with awe at the rebel heads on Temple Bar.

The chaise drives to Mr. Draper's chambers in Middle Temple Lane, where Harry handed the precious box over to Mr. Draper, and a letter from his aunt, which the gentleman read with some interest seemingly, and carefully put away. He then consigned the trinket-box to his strong-closet, went into the adjoining room, taking his clerk with him, and then was at Mr.

Warrington's service to take him to a hotel. A hotel in Covent Garden was fixed upon as the best place for his residence. "I shall have to keep you for two or three days, Mr. Warrington," the lawyer said. "I don't think the papers which the Baroness wants can be ready until then. Meanwhile I am at your service to see the town. I live out of it myself, and have a little box at Camberwell, where I shall be proud to have the honor of entertaining Mr. Warrington; but a young man, I suppose, will like his inn and his liberty best, Sir."

Harry said yes, he thought the inn would be best, and the post-chaise and a clerk of Mr. Draper's inside was dispatched to the Bedford, whither the two gentlemen agreed to walk on foot.

Mr. Draper and Mr. Warrington sat and talked for a while. The Drapers, father and son, had been lawyers time out of mind to the Esmond family, and the attorney related to the young gentleman numerous stories regarding his ancestors of Castlewood. Of the present Earl Mr. Draper was no longer the agent: his father and his lordship had had differences, and his lordship's business had been taken elsewhere: but the Baroness was still their honored client, and very happy indeed was Mr. Draper to think that her ladyship was so well disposed toward her nephew.

As they were taking their hats to go out, a young clerk of the house stopped his principal in the passage, and said, "If you please, Sir, them papers of the Baroness was given to her ladyship's man, Mr. Case, two days ago."

"Just please to mind your own business, Mr. Brown," said the lawyer, rather sharply. "This way, Mr. Warrington. Our Temple stairs are rather dark. Allow me to show you the way."

Harry saw Mr. Draper darting a Parthian look of anger at Mr. Brown. "So it *was* Case I saw on the London Road two days ago," he thought. "What business brought the old fox to London?" Wherewith, not choosing to be inquisitive about other folks' affairs, he dismissed the subject from his mind.

Whither should they go first? First, Harry was for going to see the place where his grandfather and Lord Castlewood had fought a duel fifty-six years ago, in Leicester Field. Mr. Draper knew the place well, and all about the story. They might take Covent Garden on their way to Leicester Field, and see that Mr. Warrington was comfortably lodged. And order dinner, says Mr. Warrington. No, Mr. Draper could not consent to that. Mr. Warrington must be so obliging as to honor him on that day. In fact, he had made so bold as to order a collation from the Cock. Mr. Warrington could not decline an invitation so pressing, and walked away gayly with his friend, passing under that arch where the heads were, and taking off his hat to them, much to the lawyer's astonishment.

"They were gentlemen who died for their king, Sir. My dear brother George and I always said, we would salute 'em when we saw 'em," Mr. Warrington said.

"You'll have a mob at your heels if you do, Sir," said the alarmed lawyer.

"Confound the mob, Sir," said Mr. Harry, loftily, but the passers-by, thinking about their own affairs, did not take any notice of Mr. Warrington's conduct; and he walked up the thronging Strand, gazing with delight upon all he saw, remembering, I dare say, for all his life after, the sights and impressions there presented to him, but maintaining a discreet reserve; for he did not care to let the lawyer know how much he was moved, or the public perceive that he was a stranger. He did not hear much of his companion's talk, though the latter chattered ceaselessly on the way. Nor was Mr. Draper displeased by the young Virginian's silent and haughty demeanor. A hundred years ago a gentleman was a gentleman, and his attorney his very humble servant.

The chamberlain at the Bedford showed Mr. Warrington to his rooms, bowing before him with delightful obsequiousness, for Gumbo had already trumpeted his master's greatness, and Mr. Draper's clerk announced that the newcomer was a "high fellar." Then, the rooms surveyed, the two gentlemen went to Leicester Field, Mr. Gumbo strutting behind his master; and, having looked at the scene of his grand-sire's wound, and poor Lord Castlewood's tragedy, they returned to the Temple to Mr. Draper's chambers.

Who was that shabby-looking big man Mr. Warrington bowed to as they went out after dinner for a walk in the gardens? That was Mr. Johnson, an author, whom he had met at Tunbridge Wells. "Take the advice of a man of the world, Sir," says Mr. Draper, eying the shabby man of letters very superciliously. "The less you have to do with that kind of person the better. The business we have into our office about them literary men is not very pleasant, I can tell you." "Indeed!" says Mr. Warrington. He did not like his new friend the more as the latter grew more familiar. The theatres were shut. Should they go to Sadler's Wells? or Marybone Gardens? or Ranelagh? or how? "Not Ranelagh," says Mr. Draper; "because there's none of the nobility in town;" but, seeing in the newspaper that at the entertainment at Sadler's Wells, Islington, there would be the most singular kind of diversion on eight handbells by Mr. Franklyn, as well as the surprising performances of Signora Catherina, Harry wisely determined that he would go to Marybone Gardens, where they had a concert of music, a choice of tea, coffee, and all sorts of wines, and the benefit of Mr. Draper's ceaseless conversation. The lawyer's obsequiousness only ended at Harry's bedroom door, where, with haughty

grandeur, the young gentleman bade his talkative host good-night.

The next morning, Mr. Warrington, arrayed in his brocade bed-gown, took his breakfast, read the newspaper, and enjoyed his ease in his inn. He read in the paper news from his own country. And when he saw the words, Williamsburg, Virginia, June 7th, his eyes grew dim somehow. He had just had letters by that packet of June 7th; but his mother did not tell how, "A great number of the principal gentry of the colony have associated themselves under the command of the Honorable Peyton Randolph, Esquire, to march to the relief of their distressed fellow-subjects, and revenge the cruelties of the French and their barbarous allies. They are in a uniform; viz., a plain blue frock, nankeen or brown waistcoats and breeches, and plain hats. They are armed each with a light firelock, a brace of pistols, and a cutting sword."

"Ah, why ain't we there, Gumbo?" cried out Harry.

"Why ain't we dar?" shouted Gumbo.

"Why am I here, dangling at women's trains?" continued the Virginian.

"Think dangling at women's trains very pleasant, Master Harry!" says the materialistic Gumbo, who was also very little affected by some further home news which his master read; viz., that *The Lovely Sally*, Virginia ship, had been taken in sight of port by a French privateer.

And now reading that the finest mare in England, and a pair of very genteel bay geldings, were to be sold at the Bull Inn, the lower end of Hatton Garden, Harry determined to go and look at the animals, and inquired his way to the placé. He then and there bought the genteel bay geldings, and paid for them with easy generosity. He never said what he did on that day, being shy of appearing like a stranger; but it is believed that he took a coach and went to Westminster Abbey, from which he bade the coachman drive him to the Tower, then to Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work, then to Hyde Park and Kensington Palace; then he had given orders to go to the Royal Exchange; but catching a glimpse of Covent Garden, on his way to the Exchange, he bade Jehu take him to his inn, and cut short his enumeration of places to which he had been by flinging the fellow a guinea.

Mr. Draper had called in his absence, and said he would come again; but Mr. Warrington, having dined sumptuously by himself, went off nimbly to Marybone Gardens again, in the same noble company.

As he issued forth the next day, the bells of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, were ringing for morning prayers, and reminded him that friend Sampson was going to preach his sermon. Harry smiled. He had begun to have a shrewd and just opinion of the value of Mr. Sampson's sermons.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS adjourned on the 14th of June. The Washington Union gives the subjoined tabular summary of appropriations made for the ensuing year:

REGULAR APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE SERVICE OF THE YEAR 1859.

Pension.....	\$769,500 00
Indian, Regular.....	1,333,104 49
Indian, Supplemental.....	959,657 36
Indian, Deficiency.....	339,595 00
Consular and Diplomatic.....	912,120 00
Military Academy.....	182,804 00
Naval.....	14,508,354 23
Sundry civil.....	5,557,143 07
Legislative, Executive, and Judicial....	6,134,043 61
Army.....	17,145,806 46
Mail Steamer.....	960,750 00
Post-office.....	3,500,000 00
Collecting revenue from imports, <i>permanent</i> , additional.....	1,150,000 00
Total.....	\$53,458,233 22

To which add:

Treasury notes, 1858.....	\$20,000 00
Manufacture of arms, 1858.....	360,000 00
Expenses of Investigating Committee, 1858.....	35,000 00
Treaty with Denmark, 1858.....	408,731 44
Deficiency in printing, etc., 1858.....	341,189 58
Deficiency for the year 1858.....	9,704,209 89
Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, Dis. of Columbia, 1858.....	3,000 00
Expenses of Investigating Committee, 1858.....	12,000 00
Clerks in Oregon to Register and Receiver, 1858.....	7,000 00
Running Texas boundary line, 1858.....	80,000 00
Incident to the loan of \$20,000,000.....	5,000 00
	\$10,976,130 91
	\$64,434,364 13

Estimate:

Other appropriation bills not printed and <i>indefinite</i> , including all private bills ..	3,565,635 87
	\$68,000,000 00

It is supposed, however, that this amount falls considerably below the sum which will be required to carry on the Government. To meet the anticipated deficiency in the revenues, an additional loan of twenty millions of dollars was authorized.

The excitement growing out of the proceedings of the British cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico has entirely subsided. Their proceedings were warranted by no new instructions from Government, but arose from the wish of the officers to obtain the prize-money resulting from the capture of slavers. Orders were promptly forwarded for the cessation of their offensive proceedings; and from the proceedings in Parliament, elsewhere noted in this Record, it is apparent that the British Government has no intention of advancing any offensive pretensions as to the right of search or visitation.

The remains of Ex-President James Monroe, who died in New York July 4, 1831, were taken up on the 2d of July in order to be removed to Virginia, his native State. The ceremonies were of an appropriate character. Hon. John Cochrane, in behalf of the authorities of New York, consigned the remains, in a feeling speech, to the Committee appointed by Virginia, who responded through Mr. Wise. They reached Norfolk on the 4th of July, and were received with appropriate marks of respect.—The months of May and June were marked by unusually destructive freshets in the rivers of the West and Southwest. The loss was espe-

cially great upon the Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois, Wabash, and Ohio. Early in May the levees above New Orleans gave way, causing the overflow of an immense tract of sugar and cotton country. A month later another series of inundations took place in the Upper Mississippi and its northern tributaries. On the 12th of June the levee above Cairo, in Illinois, yielded, and the entire town was soon submerged, causing much damage. The Western railroads have suffered severely by the destruction of tracks, bridges, and station-houses. The total loss occasioned by these freshets is estimated at more than thirty millions of dollars, of which nearly one-half falls upon the cotton crop, and one-third upon the grain crop.

From Utah our intelligence is confused and contradictory. Governor Cumming, under date of May 2, describes his journey from the camp at Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City. He left the camp on the 5th of April, accompanied by Colonel Kane, as guide, and two servants. He was every where received and recognized as Governor of Utah, and upon approaching the city was met by an escort, including the Mayor and other municipal authorities, who conducted him to lodgings which had been prepared for him. Brigham Young immediately waited upon him, and promised him every facility for the performance of his official duties. The Territorial seal and other public property were tendered to him. He says that the public records were found in perfect preservation, and the public property generally was in good condition. Having been informed that a number of persons who were desirous of leaving the Territory were prevented from doing so, he issued a proclamation announcing that he assumed the protection of all such persons, and requested that they would communicate to him their names and residences. The names of 56 men, 33 women, and 71 children were sent to him as desiring protection. Of these the majority were of English birth, who stated that they left the congregation from a desire to improve their circumstances. Leading men among the Mormons had promised to assist them in leaving the country. The Governor describes a meeting at the Tabernacle, at which he was present. Between three and four thousand people were present. He was introduced to the assembly by Brigham Young as Governor of Utah, and proceeded to address the audience, informing them that he had come to vindicate the national sovereignty, and to secure the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws. He was listened to with respect and apparent approbation. "The whole manner of the people," he says, "was calm, betokening no consciousness of having done wrong, but indicating a conviction that they had done their duty to their religion and their country. The meeting was then addressed by Mormon speakers, who adverted to the wrongs which they had suffered, and charged the Federal Government with a wish to introduce troops into the Territory, whether a necessity existed for their employment to support the civil government or not. The congregation became greatly excited, and Governor Cumming says he was fully confirmed in the opinion that "this people, with their extraordinary religion and customs, would gladly encounter certain death rather than be taxed

with submission to the military power." He explained to them that it was not his intention to station the army in immediate contact with their settlements; that they were entitled to a trial by their peers; and that the military posse would not be resorted to until other means of arrest had been tried and had failed. By the efforts of Young the excitement was calmed, and the meeting was restored to order. Governor Cumming says that he is sure that the Mormons "would submit to trial by their peers, but that they will not brook the idea of trials by juries composed of teamsters and followers of the camp, nor of an army encamped in their cities or dense settlements;" and though the army could overwhelm them, yet there were among them many men accustomed to the use of arms, who would fight desperately as guerrillas, and who, if their settlements were destroyed, would submit the country to an expensive and harassing war, without any compensating results. He congratulates the country upon "the auspicious issue" of the difficulties, but adds: "I regret the necessity which compels me to mingle with my congratulations the announcement of a fact which will occasion great concern: The people, including the inhabitants of the city, are moving from every settlement in the northern part of the Territory. The roads are every where filled with wagons loaded with provisions and household furniture, the women and children, often without shoes or hats, driving their flocks they know not where. They seem not only resigned, but cheerful. 'It is the will of the Lord;' and they rejoice to exchange the comforts of home for the trials of the wilderness. Their ultimate destination is not, I apprehend, definitely fixed upon. 'Going south' seems sufficiently definite for most of them; but many believe that their ultimate destination is Sonora. Young, Kimball, and most of the influential men, have left their commodious mansions, without apparent regret, to lengthen the long train of wanderers. The masses every where announce to me that the torch will be applied to every house, indiscriminately, throughout the country, so soon as the troops attempt to cross the mountains. I shall follow these people, and endeavor to rally them." The Governor concludes his dispatch by announcing that he should restrain all operations of the military for the present, which would probably enable him to receive additional instructions from the Government. Upon the reception of this dispatch, the President transmitted it to Congress, with a Message, dated June 10, announcing that there was reason to believe that the difficulties in Utah had terminated, and that there would be no occasion to make any appropriations for calling into service the two regiments of volunteers authorized to be raised for the purpose of quelling disturbances in the Territory of Utah. Private letters from the camp, however, give a much less favorable aspect to the affairs of Utah. According to these, Governor Cumming has been overreached by the Mormons, whose object is to gain time to gather their crops. Mr. Bernhisel, the delegate to Congress from Utah, has issued a card asking the public to "distrust the letters with which the journals abound, purporting to come from the station of the army of Utah, which are composed without any regard to truth of statement by those whose personal interests will be promoted by our country's persevering in the wicked enterprise denominated 'the Mormon War. Can they hope," he asks, "after we have entirely aban-

doned our plans, and sacrificed all our preparations for defense—after we have opened a way into Utah to troops whose existence no reasonable man will doubt was at our mercy—do they still hope to bring on a war by following after our flying people so closely that the conduct of a licentious soldiery will compel our citizens to defend themselves by force?"—The troops had suffered much privation from want of provisions, and had been obliged to kill many of their mules for food; but at the latest dates, which come down to June 12, supplies and reinforcements—including Captain Marcy's command, who had been sent to New Mexico for mules—had arrived, and the army, numbering between two and three thousand men, were about to begin the march upon Salt Lake City.

A new gold-field, said to be of extraordinary richness, has been discovered upon Frazer's River, in the British possessions. This river empties into the Gulf of Georgia, a branch of Puget's Sound near the boundary between our territory and the British Possessions. At the distance of 160 miles from its mouth, in latitude 52° 30', or some 300 miles further north than Quebec, it receives Thompson's River, a considerable stream flowing from the east. The gold-diggings are at the junction of these rivers. According to report, this new gold-field rivals in richness and extent those of California and Australia. A large emigration from California had proceeded to this region, many of whom encountered great hardships in endeavoring to make their way to the mines. The Governor of the colony had issued a proclamation forbidding all persons to enter the river for the purpose of trade, without a license from the Hudson's Bay Company, under penalty of seizure and forfeiture. —There is imminent danger of a general outbreak of hostilities among the Indians of the north. A detachment of troops consisting of four hundred men, under command of Colonel Steptoe, is reported to have been attacked on the Snake River, near its junction with the Columbia, by fifteen hundred savages, and totally defeated, with the loss of three officers and fifty men. The attack was made while the troops were crossing the river. They lost every thing except sixty pack-mules, and were compelled to fall back with the utmost precipitation.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we continue to receive tidings of anarchy and confusion, but their general tenor is unfavorable to the prolonged existence of the Zuloaga Government, which is reduced to the utmost straits for want of money. In the capital a forced loan was imposed upon foreigners. The French Minister appears to have acquiesced in this. Mr. Otway, the British Minister, declined to agree to it until he had consulted with his Government. Our Minister, Mr. Forsyth, refused his assent, and formally protested against the contribution being exacted from American citizens. Juarez, the "constitutional President," was at Vera Cruz, which still held out against the Government of Zuloaga. From the various States we have vague and contradictory intelligence of military operations being undertaken by the two parties; but the contest was feebly waged in consequence of the exhaustion of both.

From *Central America* the only news of importance relates to the efforts made by various parties to secure the Transit Route across the Isthmus. Martinez, the President of Nicaragua,

and Mora, President of Costa Rica, concluded an agreement with M. Belly, a Frenchman, for the exclusive construction of a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by whatever route might be found most advisable. To this agreement, which was concluded on the 1st of May, was appended a declaration reciting the dangers apprehended from a fresh invasion of the filibusters, and affirming that three years of war had deprived the two republics of the means of resisting a fresh attack, and that they must therefore succumb before a superiority of numbers, unless Europe deign at last to defend them against attempts unprecedented in the nineteenth century: And therefore it is solemnly declared that this convention for the construction of a canal is placed under the patronage of civilized Europe, by appealing to the justice and humanity of all Christian nations against the attacks of pirates and buccaneers; that the independence and nationality of Nicaragua and Costa Rica are placed under the guarantee of the three powers who have caused the independence and nationality of the Ottoman Empire to be respected—namely, France, England, and Sardinia; and these governments are supplicated no longer to leave the coasts of Central America without defense, its rich countries at the mercy of barbarians, and the future route of the trade of the world without a serious guarantee of liberty and neutrality; and that therefore the chiefs of the two republics bind themselves, in the name of their people, to accept from these three powers all the conditions they may attach to their assistance, provided the public law of civilized Europe be extended to all the States of America, and imposed by force, if need be, on those who so audaciously violate it.—Considerable importance was at first attached to this document from the supposition that M. Belly was acting in the name of the French Government. This, however, has been peremptorily denied by the French Minister, and present appearances indicate that M. Belly is merely an agent of private speculators, who will not be able to fulfill the conditions of the contract, so that the whole will come to nothing. In the mean while the American claimants to the proprietorship of the Transit Route are urging their demands, and the treaty negotiated by Messrs. Cass and Yrissari not having been ratified, the matter is undecided.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Bright interrogated the ministers in respect to the alleged outrages upon the American flag. Mr. Fitzgerald, the Under-Secretary of State, replied that Government had received no further intelligence. It was obvious that the cases reported in the newspapers had been grossly exaggerated, but it was quite possible that the commanders of some vessels had exceeded their duties; if they had done so Government would be ready to make ample and frank acknowledgment. He had entire confidence that when the disposition of this country was known, all difficulties would be amicably arranged. The Government, acting under the advice of the Crown lawyers, had given up the right of search and of visit in time of peace, but had invited the United States to join in an ocean police. It was under consideration whether the squadron should be withdrawn from the Cuban waters, and orders had been sent to the commanders of cruisers enjoining upon them the strictest prudence and caution. Lord John Russell said if

the Government conducted the affair in the temperate spirit manifested by the Under-Secretary, there could be no doubt that the House would give its support. Lord Palmerston said the cruisers had been sent into the Cuban waters in compliance with the wishes of Parliament, and of the American Government. He hoped the American Government would be urged to send out cruisers to prevent the abuse of the American flag, which had occasioned the difficulty. Mr. Disraeli said the best dispatch that could be sent to America was the calm and dispassionate spirit in which the House of Commons was discussing the question. He was not annoyed that American ships of war had been sent into the Cuban waters, because they would then see for themselves what had taken place. He added, that the American Government had been invited to engage in measures to protect each country against abuses of its flag.—In the Peers, Lord Malmesbury said that he had admitted to the American Government, as a question of international law, that England was not entitled to the right of search; but he had put it to that Government whether it would permit its flag to be prostituted to the worst of purposes; had urged the necessity of an ocean police, and that some understanding should be come to between maritime nations which would enable the nationality of vessels to be verified without any danger of a breach of international law. He believed, from a conversation with the American Minister, that such an arrangement would be effected. With regard to Spain, it was notorious that the moral support which she had received from England had materially aided her in resisting the wishes of the United States to annex Cuba; but if she persisted in supporting the slave-trade, it was probable that the present anxiety of Great Britain would be exchanged for indifference. Earl Gray thought the United States and France solely responsible for the renewal of the slave-trade. As he understood the question of international law, an American vessel filled with slaves might leave Africa without England being able to interfere with her, notwithstanding a perfect knowledge of her character. The Earl of Aberdeen coincided in this view of international law.—The Coolie trade, carried on between China and the West Indies and other British colonies, has been brought before Parliament again. The Bishop of Oxford denounced it as amounting to a renewal of the slave-trade in a most objectionable and illicit form.—The bill for the government of India has passed to a second reading. In moving the reading Lord Stanley explained the details of the bill. It proposed that the government should be carried on by a Minister responsible to the Crown, assisted by a Council of fifteen members, holding office for life; seven to be nominated by the present Court of Directors and eight by the Crown; vacancies arising to be filled alternately by nomination of the Crown and of the Council itself. The final decision upon all questions would rest with the Secretary of State. The civil service would be open to competition.—Mr. Bright said that the system of annexation had created an empire too vast for management. As an indispensable preliminary to good government, the office of Governor-General should be abolished, for it was impossible that one man should govern well the twenty different nations which compose that empire. India should then be divided into five or six Presidencies, independent of each other,

with Presidents responsible to the country, and all holding equal rank. As an immediate step, a proclamation should be issued assuring to the people of India security for their property, their rights, and their religion, which would do more to restore tranquillity than could be done by sending out an additional army.—The Transatlantic Telegraph squadron started from Plymouth on the morning of the 10th of June. The vessels were to proceed together to latitude 52° 2', longitude 33° 18', be-

ing as nearly as possible in mid-ocean. The cable was then to be spliced, the *Agamemnon* proceeding to lay it toward Great Britain and the *Niagara* toward the United States. In case the cable should break before 250 miles had been payed out, the ends were to be spliced and the work to be commenced again. If the cable should part when more than 250 miles had been payed out from each ship, the vessels were to return to Queenstown for further orders.

Literary Notices.

History of the United States, by GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. VII. (Published by Little, Brown, and Co.) Mr. Bancroft has arrived at what may be deemed the culminating period of his great historical work, in the events which formed the introductory scenes to the drama of the American Revolution. He is no longer to record the struggles of the early settlers with the elements of nature, the horrors of savage warfare, and the oppressions of arbitrary legislation; but to depict the stirring and fearful times when the colonists were called to pass through the baptism of blood and fire as their initiation to the blessings of freedom.

It is curious to notice, in the pictured narrative of the historian, the slowness of the movement which led to independence. It was long before the men of Massachusetts could make up their minds to advocate a final separation from England. Yet, for the most part, they were not a little in advance of the people in the other colonies. Never, in the history of the world, was a national crisis brought about with such deliberate and measured steps. The Revolution was not the child of passion, much less of a feverish love of change, of impatience of restraint, or a blind craving for innovation; it was hardly, indeed, the creature of human will; nor was the decisive blow struck until every peaceful measure had proved of no avail, and resistance by arms had become an inevitable necessity. Almost even to the date of the battle of Lexington the most devoted patriots of New England did not renounce the hope of reconciliation with the mother-land. On the landing of Gage in Boston, May 17, 1774, he was received more as a friend and a counselor than the instrument of an implacable, hostile power. He was escorted by the Boston cadets to the State House; was welcomed with a loyal address from the Council; was declared Governor of the province amidst volleys of musketry and the cheers of the populace; was feasted at a public dinner in Faneuil Hall. Many hearts still beat with hope of relief from his intercession. It is true that more fiery spirits were not wanting who were eager to test their power by an immediate attack on the British troops; but even the bold patriot, Samuel Adams, inculcated the duty of patience, and the people waited calmly for the messenger of consolation.

In New York there was scarcely less excitement on account of the Boston port-bill than in the town at whose commercial prosperity it was aimed. Even the lukewarm kindled with resentment. The flame of liberty, however, blazed brightest among the mechanics of New York. The merchants were yet timid, and the great landed proprietors stood aloof. There were many who, like John Jay, sought to reconcile the just freedom of the colonies with continued dependence on England.

The same spirit prevailed in Philadelphia. No one was ready for extreme measures. The merchants were unwilling to sacrifice their trade; the Quakers were principled against an appeal to arms; a numerous class, like Reed, cherished an intense desire for reconciliation, although the traditions of the Presbyterians justified resistance to tyranny. Dickinson, especially, was averse to a violent policy. Of a naturally sensitive temperament, his singular caution verged on pusillanimity. With strong claims on public respect, by his spotless morals, his eloquence, and his services in the colonial Legislature, his personal tastes inclined him to study and repose, and he lacked the vigor of will to encounter the stormy elements just rising into agitation. His timidity colored his system of measures, but he succeeded in making it the policy of Pennsylvania. So late as October, 1774, Washington expressed his conviction that not one thinking mind in all North America desired independence. The people so yearned for a bloodless restoration of the old relations with England, that no experiment was left untried which promised to bring the Government to reflection. Even down to the commencement of 1775, Jay held nothing in greater abhorrence "than the malignant charge of aspiring after independence." In his oration on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, but six weeks before the Lexington battle, Warren expressed himself with almost equal decision to the same purpose. "An independence of Great Britain," said he, "is not our aim. Our wish is, that Britain and the colonies, like the oak and the ivy, may grow and increase together." "See what indignities we suffer rather than precipitate a crisis!" wrote Samuel Adams to Virginia. Even so late as the first day of April the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts still fondly hoped for the peaceful end of their troubles. Four days before the battle of Lexington the Congress adjourned, with no preparation for the struggle which was at hand. There was not a soldier in actual service; no artillery, but ten cannon of iron, four of brass, and two colorns; scarcely ammunition enough for a parade-day; and no distinguished general to take command of the Provincial troops.

When the moment arrived for the spilling of blood, the Americans were slow to plunge into the terrible vortex. John Parker, who commanded the men of Lexington, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. On receiving the volley of the British the rustic soldiers were ordered to disperse, and not until that moment was the British fire returned. A few random shots were given, on their own impulse, by the fugitives, but almost entirely without effect. Nor at the bridge of Concord were the yeomen patriots in haste to commence the

bloody fray. Not till after several shots had been received, leaving Davis and Hosmer dead on the field, was the command given by Buttrick to fire. Two of the British now fell; several were wounded; and in two minutes all was hushed. The next moment the Americans were astonished at what they had done. They made no pursuit, and permitted the enemy to depart without molestation. But the decisive blow was struck. The inevitable time had come, and in that morning hour the Revolution was born. Before nightfall of that day the covenant of American freedom was indelibly sealed with blood. During the terrible retreat from Concord the loss of the British in killed, wounded, and missing, was two hundred and seventy-five; among the wounded were many officers, including the leader of the expedition. The ensuing night brought no sleep to the neighboring inhabitants. For miles around the men of Massachusetts streamed in to the scene of action, determined to rescue the liberties of their country. It was but little more than a month since John Adams, in Boston, had published to the world, "That there are any who pant after independence is the greatest slander on the province." The night preceding the outrage at Lexington there were not fifty people in the whole colony that ever expected any blood would be shed in the contest. The night after, the King's governor and the King's army found themselves closely beleagured in Boston.

With the decisive day of Lexington and Concord the hope of reconciliation passed away. The oft-quoted words of Samuel Adams, on hearing of the resistance of the Americans, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" embodied the inspiration of a new era. The rapidity with which the appeal to arms was met by the people was in proportion to the delay of its utterance. The yeomanry from the fields rushed to the camp of liberty, often with nothing but the clothes on their backs, without a day's provisions, and many without a farthing in their pockets. On their hurried march every door was opened to give them a resting-place. They found a cordial hospitality at every table. During the first night of the siege, Prescott, with his minute-men of Middlesex, kept the watch over the entrance to Boston. The town was at once fortified at all points, but the Americans talked of nothing but driving Gage and his regiments into the sea. Three days after the battle Massachusetts resolved that an army of thirty thousand men should be raised in New England; her own quota was fixed at thirteen thousand six hundred. Long before the summons the ferries over the Merrimac were crowded with men from New Hampshire. By the twenty-third two thousand men had arrived from her granite hills, desirous "not to return, before the work was done." The day after the battle the news was carried to Putnam, who, in leather frock and apron, was laying stone wall on his farm, with his hired men, and the brave veteran at once started to rouse up the militia officers of the nearest towns. Upon his return he found hundreds who had mustered, and chosen him for their leader. Directing them to follow, he pushed forward at once, without even waiting to change the check shirt he had worn in the field, and reached the camp at Cambridge by sunrise the next morning, having rode the same horse a hundred miles in eighteen hours. Rhode Island also sent her companies of armed men to the aid of their brethren in peril. Boston was thus surrounded, from Roxbury to

Chelsea, with a little army of volunteers, each man with his own firelock and cartridges, and such provisions as he had brought with him, or were sent by the friends who remained at home. Never were a body of troops so ill provided with the munitions of war. Of artillery, there were but twenty-three pieces of all sizes, and some of them good for nothing. There was but a scanty supply of ammunition to serve the guns. After searching throughout the colony for powder, not quite sixty-eight barrels could be found. The other colonies were equally destitute. In New York not more than one hundred pounds of powder were for sale. Money was equally scarce.

Such was the condition of the colonists between the day of Lexington and that of Bunker Hill. With the battle of the last-named field the Revolution properly commences, as the retreat from Concord put an end to all lingering hopes of reconciliation. On this topic Mr. Bancroft has laid out all the strength of his historical genius. The chapters devoted to Bunker Hill are master-pieces of concise and vigorous composition. With no parade of descriptive eloquence, the scene is depicted in the vivid colors of reality. No incident, however minute, has escaped the sagacity of the historian, but he dwells on none at inordinate length; and has arranged his materials with the nicest artistic perspective. Every thing like exaggeration has been conscientiously avoided. The writer has been intent only on producing a true picture of the scene, placing it in the light of authentic history, without setting it off with elaborate adornment. In the course of the narrative some delicate questions arise, on which he calmly states the results of impartial research. Without a taint of the cynical disposition alluded to by Washington Irving, in his chapters on Bunker Hill, which loves to tarnish a conspicuous reputation, Mr. Bancroft seeks to mete out due honors in the spirit of scrupulous impartiality. According to his version of the events of the day, after the Committee of Safety had recommended to the council of war that a post should be established on Bunker Hill, Colonel Prescott was selected for the perilous enterprise, and a brigade of one thousand men was placed under his command. They were a body of husbandmen, with no uniform, for the most part armed only with fowling-pieces, which had no bayonets, and carrying their scanty store of powder and ball in horns and pouches. Late in the evening of the 16th they marched for Charlestown, after prayers on Cambridge Common, by Langdon, the President of Harvard College. Under the light of the stars the engineer drew the lines of the redoubt. The bells of Boston had struck twelve before the first sod was thrown up. Prescott, bending his ear to catch every sound, twice went down to the margin of the water, and heard the sentinels cry "All's well!" from the decks of the men-of-war. During the night Putnam also came among the men of Connecticut on the hill, but assumed no command over the detachment. As day dawned the cannon of the British man-of-war *Lively* began to play on the redoubt. A battery of heavy guns was forthwith mounted on Copp's Hill, in Boston, which rained an incessant shower of shot and bombs on the works, while Prescott calmly considered how he might best continue his lines of defense. Meantime Putnam made his appearance on Breed's Hill, which, by some misunderstanding, had become the scene of action, proposing to take the intrenching

tools for the erection of a redoubt on Bunker Hill. This was acceded to, but the rapid succession of events did not permit him to accomplish his purpose. He was not seen again during the day on Breed's Hill, but was busy in other parts of the field—"now planning additional works on Bunker Hill; now mingling with the Connecticut troops at the rail-fence; now threatening officers or men who seemed to him dilatory or timid; now at Cambridge, in person or by message, earnestly demanding reinforcements," and aiding and encouraging here and there as the case required.

About two o'clock Warren crossed Bunker Hill, unattended, with a musket in his hand. He stood for a short time near a cannon at the rail-fence (in the rear of the breast-work on Breed's Hill), where a hasty defense had been erected of new-mown grass and rails, conversing with Putnam, who declared a readiness to receive his orders, but Warren declined to assume authority, and passed on to the redoubt. Here he met Prescott, who proposed that he should take the command; but Warren replied, as he had done to Putnam, that he came as a volunteer, to learn from a soldier of experience. Putnam, who was absent at the final onset, employed in collecting men for a reinforcement, was encountered by the retreating party on the northern declivity of Bunker Hill. He now, for the first time during the day, assumed the supreme direction, rallied as many of the fugitives as would obey him, and took possession of Prospect Hill, where he encamped that night. It is the contemporary record that during the battle "no one appeared to have any command but Colonel Prescott, and that his bravery could never be enough acknowledged and applauded."

The present volume is published without the usual reference to the sources of the narrative. To the sincere historical student this is no slight loss. But the authorities made use of were so numerous, and to such an extent in manuscript form, that they could not be cited without unduly burdening the page. The author, however, holds out the encouragement that he may, at no very distant day, publish a selection of documents which may confirm his statements, and illustrate the character of the people at the date of the Revolution.

A Cyclopaedia of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, edited by J. SMITH HOMANS and J. SMITH HOMANS, Jun. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The design of this work is to furnish the merchant, the navigator, the manufacturer, the general business man, and, in short, the intelligent reader of every class, with an authentic compendium of the most recent information on whatever concerns the relations of trade and commerce. It comprises a series of papers, arranged in the order of the alphabet, on the principal topics of mercantile interest, including geographical descriptions of the leading countries, states, and cities of the world—a view of the animal, mineral, and vegetable productions of different climates—copious historical notices illustrating the development and course of business—an account of remarkable mechanical inventions and processes—sketches of eminent merchants and navigators—and extensive statistical tables and statements on every branch of industry, finance, commerce, internal improvements, and international relations. The volume contains over two thousand closely printed large octavo pages, and embodies a mass of valuable practical information rarely found in so convenient

a form in any language. Among the articles to which the reader may especially be referred, as specimens of the character of the work, we will mention those on Corn, Coal, Cotton, Bread and Breadstuffs, Fairs and Markets, Great Britain, Gold, Iron, Provisions, Rice, Tobacco, and other important staples of national industry. In preparing the volume the editors have drawn upon a great variety of sources, embracing the best standard works on commercial affairs, numerous official reports and other documents, tabular views in different branches of statistics, and the results of the latest geographical explorations, maritime surveys, and general scientific research. The experience of the editors as accomplished writers in the department of "commercial literature"—to use the favorite phrase of the late Freeman Hunt—and their reputation as industrious and careful statisticians, bespeak a favorable reception of their labors in a field in which they are eminently at home, and on which they must have bestowed no ordinary degree of effort, vigilance, and perseverance. The value of an elaborate manual of reference, like the present, can not be fully appreciated from a cursory examination; its practical use for a considerable term of time is the only genuine test of its merits; but the difference between the man of business who habitually consults its pages, and one who finds no time nor inclination for such a task, will often prove the difference between the enlightened merchant, who goes forward with his eyes open, and the ignorant adventurer, who rushes blindly ahead.

Harper and Brothers have issued a new volume of ABBOTT'S *Illustrated Histories*, containing a narrative of the life and fortunes of King Richard II. The events of his troubled reign afford a variety of fruitful themes to the historian, which Mr. Abbott has not failed to make use of with his accustomed skill and adaptation to youthful readers. He has given a lively description of the rebellion of the ancient radical, Wat Tyler, illustrating the condition of society which made such outbreaks inevitable. His account of the wonderful "little queen," who was married to the English monarch when she was a mere child, is an entertaining history in itself, and places the interior of royal domestic life in a striking light.

Ticknor and Fields continue to issue their excellent "household edition" of the *Waverley Novels* with promptness, giving the works of the immortal Scotchman in a form which, for neatness and accuracy, can scarcely be surpassed. The last installment, in two volumes, is "St. Ronan's Well."

Mary Derwent, by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS (published by T. B. Peterson and Brothers), is a highly successful production of the popular American novelist. It exhibits her characteristic glow and energy of style, her power of effective grouping, and her facility in applying the forms and colors of the material world to the illustration of a narrative. The plan of the work is bold—not to say audacious—involving demands on the faith of the reader which defy all sense of probability; but the incidents are wrought up into a succession of striking scenes, forming a sort of tragic unity which excites both the imagination and the sympathy of the reader. The theme of the story is taken from the traditions of Wyoming Valley, and affords the writer an admirable opportunity for the exercise of her remarkable talent of description, which, in a great degree, compensates for what we deem the inherent defects of her plot.

Editor's Table.

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY.—It was a forcible and striking, but just, remark of Fisher Ames, in his speech on the Faith of Treaties, delivered more than half a century since in the Senate of the United States, that "if there could be a resurrection at the foot of the gallows—if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would find themselves compelled, however loth, to make justice—the very justice by which they suffered—the fundamental law of the state." The ethics of social life are not arbitrary. They are not a matter merely conventional, born of compacts or moulded by individual or popular caprice. Social life may be a Proteus in its forms. It may wrap itself in the furs of the savage or the silks of the civilized; it may breathe amidst splendid palaces or be half-stifed in caverns; but the principles that vivify and sustain it are invariably the same. The interests of a commonwealth are paramount to all private interests, and a common responsibility is the mutual bond that unites its members.

The very idea of social life implies restraint of private impulse. By the necessity of its existence it sets bounds to individual action, and originates a system of social ethics. "Order is Heaven's first law," in a higher sense than the poet fancied. There is no such thing in the world—no such thing possible—as a perfect individualism. No man stands, or can stand, alone—disconnected from his fellows. Our constitution, as well as the circumstances and necessities of our life, make us social beings. The individual is a thread in the fabric, a fibre in the common trunk. Looking before or after, he is a link midway in the common chain. The first breath he draws introduces him to a social world, and the last gasp of his death-bed, witnessed by survivors, consigns the care of his very dust to them as a social duty. And at every step of his intermediate course his hand is clasped by others, his condition shared and his destiny modified by others. In the expressive language of Scripture, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Even when his form is no longer met among living men his spiritual presence may linger amidst the scenes of his former activity, or move with a mien of authority before minds of an after age.

The laws and responsibilities of social life are rooted, therefore, not only in the surface-soil of human compacts, but in the deeper, underlying granite of human nature itself. By the original elements of our constitution—by the inevitable fact of our mutual relations—by the essential necessity by which we are held, and hold others, accountable, a social system, with its regulations, responsibilities, and penalties, is originated and sustained. Men may dispute as they will in regard to the grounds of morals; they may experiment their Pyrrhonism upon the most sacred and generally-received truths; they may ignore every thing supernatural, and even rail at the fundamental principle of morals as well as religion—the being of a God; but they can not evade the force of those facts out of whose combination—as inevitable as the angle originated by the meeting of the two lines of a triangle—the idea of moral obligation—of mutual duty—is

evolved. Even Comte, in his Positive Philosophy, ignoring all Deity save an Ideal Humanity exalted into an object of worship, is constrained to say, that "the new philosophy takes social morality for the basis of its whole system." With a rare sagacity on some points, strangely conjoined with an obtuseness upon others, he clearly perceived that no social order was possible without the confessed and constant recognition of a moral basis, and distinctly asserts that "social subordination is common to the old and the new philosophy." It is necessarily so. No Utopia of speculation could present even a consistent ideal, except as that feature of mutual and moral obligation is interwoven with it. The loftiest theory, like the eagle's wing even in its highest soarings, still under the control of the earth's attraction, can not escape beyond the ever-pressing necessity that draws it to the inevitable recognition of mutual responsibility in any social body or system whatever.

Herein we find the necessary conservatism of the social principle. It demands a moral code; it demands order and government, it demands the constant recognition of the obligations growing out of mutual relations; and it allows no man, be he skeptic, atheist, or libertine, to ignore them. As a member of the social body his position is defined and his duties are prescribed. He is not an independent; he is not a concrete individualism. His sovereignty of himself, even if he denies the sovereignty of God, is not absolute. It can not be. What he claims under the charter of that much-abused word—freedom—can not be allowed him; at least, under his perverted idea of it. His individuality, not annihilated, but restrained, is continually modified by the facts of his relationship as a member of the social body. A state of nature—according to Rousseau's conception! There is, there can be, no such state. It was never recognized in the original plan of our creation. It can never be actualized in human experience.

And yet grave errors rise and prevail from a misconception or non-perception of these important truths. The strangest theories are put forth, the strangest deeds committed, the strangest (so-called) reforms initiated, in defiance of the fundamental principles, the necessary morality of social order. It accords with the perversity of apostate nature to make self the centre of the system to which it belongs, to deify the human will, and lay upon its idol shrine, as offerings, the prerogatives of God himself, the very jewels of the divine crown. The planet is made the central orb, and the sun forced to revolve around the earth. The exaggerated individualism of our day is the Ptolomaic system of morals. The conception of human rights is derived, not from the unerring oracles, not from the conclusions of moral order, but from that Delphic priesthood of the heart which is at once bribed and inspired by the pride and arrogance of self-will. Men go back to a fabulous state of nature, or give ear to the passions, and impulses, and lusts of their own individualism, to learn what they may or may not do. Of the character of the counsel received from such a source there can be no doubt. It is necessarily false, self-flattering, anarchical, and revolutionary. Each will, unconstrained by the high-

er social law of its relationships, tends to take an independent position, indifferent, if not hostile, to all besides. Its ambition, rapacity, self-gratification, would break down all barriers, would sacrifice all to its own aggrandizement; would, in its self-idolatry and disregard of others, accomplish, by the stroke of a volition, infinitely more than Nero would have accomplished in the malignity of his wish that all Rome had but a single neck.

The dangers of tyranny, on the one hand, and of social insubordination on the other, spring alike from this same source. It matters little whether it be a Louis Quatorze, or a rabble by the lips of its leader, that says, *I am the state!* When Paul of Russia replied to a French ambassador, who spoke to him of a certain resident of St. Petersburg as a man of consequence, and the Czarish reply was, "There is no man of consequence in this empire but he with whom I am actually speaking; and so long only as I am speaking to him is he of any consequence:" he only gave utterance to that same spirit of intense individualism which is common to emperor and serf—that despotism of self-will which constitutes alike the oppression of the tyrant and the intolerance of the radical. An absolute empire is only an immense egotism—self-will magnified to the dimensions of the state. Its nature is the same, whether it works on a broad or on a narrow platform. Its essence, in either case, is a sin against social ethics. If it crawls with the worm, it must have the whole earth beneath it; and if it sits upon a throne, its sceptre must be an Archimedes's lever. The usurpations of power and the restlessness of popular turbulence are, in most cases, only different phases of the same principle. The Megatherium of fossil despotisms is of the same original type with the apes of a living mob, and a moral classification would range the overbearing grandee in the same order with his miniature satellite.

We hear in these days much of the wrongs of arbitrary power. It is only the same self-will that domineers in streets and alleys, but armed with a longer scourge. We hear of the overbearing conduct of great capitalists. It belongs to the same class of crimes against social morals with the cupidity of the laborer taking advantage of occasion to dictate his own terms. In every case it is the arrogance of self-will, taking varied but always appropriate forms. The spark elicited by the key of Franklin's kite was of the same nature with the lightning that smites down the stately palace or rocks the mountains. And so between the magnificent conquests of an Alexander, sighing that he had but one world to conquer, and the exactions of a petty employer, regretting that he has but one subject to his control, there runs a parallel. The language of Cain, insolent in the pride of violence, and perversely presuming to frame a moral code to cover his sin, in the question, "*Am I my brother's keeper?*" meets a full response in the license of speech in which the slanderer and denunciator indulge, exclaiming, "*Our tongue is our own; who is lord over us?*"

Our theories allow the largest liberty of thought and speech. We read over, with enthusiastic admiration, Milton's noble "Plea for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." We repudiate censors of the press, and glory in the privilege of diffusing our individual speculations with unrestricted freedom. Even a bad man, giving utterance to dangerous sentiments, becomes a martyr in popular

esteem the moment that any step is taken, whether legal or not, that threatens to cut him off from access to the public ear. The violent reformer frames a well-turned plea to popular sympathy the moment his own harsh epithets are echoed back upon himself. Only in extreme cases does the law of the land interfere with him who handles type or pen. He may denounce all that is venerable in authority, or sacred in religion, or revered in character, yet no official personage seizes his portfolio, or calls him down from the rostrum. He may give publicity to principles which vitiate purity, or ridicule the most sacred truths of revealed religion, yet no police disturbs him in the sacrilegious enterprise.

Yet is there no law here, back of all statutory enactments or State legislation, plainly evolved in the principles of social ethics, of solemn obligation upon writer and speaker? Are words dead things, with which one may play as at foot-ball, casting them hither and thither at random, or striking them against whatever comes in their way? Are a man's thoughts flung out upon the community without a scruple—mere airy nothings, dying with the breath that uttered them? Are deadly weapons only those that are made of wood and iron, or pointed and edged with steel? Are the written or spoken utterances of men things in which they may indulge a reckless license, restrained by no moral obligation? Are they like clouds passing over the green earth, and leaving no trace; rippling waves on the sea of mind, surviving only in transient bubbles? It may indeed be so, but it is often far otherwise. A man's thought, save his own immortal nature, is the most living thing about him. It will work on when he sleeps upon his bed, or when he sleeps in his grave. It has an activity of nature that knows no dotage or decrepitude; it has a genealogy never to be written till time shall be no more. The impressions which it makes, delicate, perhaps, as the ripple-marks on the shore, may pass down into the strata of character, and become a record, graven as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond in the rock forever. Impalpable as the air we breathe, it may yet bear, like it, upon its wings the blessings of bracing health or the blast of pestilence. Like the pent fire of the volcano, it may spread till it underlies the whole social fabric, and rocks it in momentary danger of an outburst by its convulsive throes. All organic or material forces are weak by the side of it. A master mind, by tongue or pen alone, accomplishes more for the social destiny of the race, for good or evil, than a thousand engines. It is a weak and superficial estimate of the forces that mould the social life of the state that will allow us to overlook the imperishable and ever-active nature of those which, because unseen by the outward eye, attract less notice. The most deadly things that the world has seen or known are not the Nimrods or the Neros, the asps of a Cleopatra or the potions of a Borgia, but the subtle essences of false or corrupting thought—the diffusive leaven of error or impurity, spread with the art of genius over pages which it graced by its own charm, and beneath which it concealed its venom.

The genealogy of influence opens to us chapters that outvie romance in absorbing and often thrilling interest. The bread cast upon the waters returns after many days. The buried seed is not lost, but will find a resurrection in what seemed its grave. The volatile utterance, borne afar and

lost to the sight, like the thistle's down, has proved a flying curse. The fable of the Trojan horse is, in literary history, fable no more. Many a page of withering, soul-blighting philosophy has turned into grave reality the story told by the old mythology of the Gorgon's head. There are stranger things in the actual experience of the victims of others' thoughts than the genius of Greek Tragedy associated with the Sphinx of Ædipus. The Cretan Minotaur was less ravenous and cruel in his hunger than the printed error that has consumed its thousands of living men. The giant of Gath may be forgotten when we call to mind other names that have stood forth with as impious a challenge on the intellectual field. One of the most remarkable productions of the fifteenth century is John Gerson's "*Trial of the Romance of the Rose*," the more important now, as disclosing his sagacious estimate of the immense but terribly corrupting power of a bad book. In his judgment, its history would compose a volume written within and without, with mourning, lamentation, and woe. Its course over the minds of thousands of readers would be marked by the slime of the serpent's trail. A good book is all that Milton has described it; but even the genius, mighty enough to grasp the conception of archangel fallen, might shrink back consciously unequal to the effort of depicting a bad one, when over its pages had been cast the spell of brilliant intellect.

Stories, strange as Arabian fancy, are told of the kindlings, inspirations, or infections of thought. An author sleeps a thousand years in his grave, and his mouldy, moth-eaten parchments are rescued from cloisters to change the philosophy of the world. The sermon of an obscure pastor on this side the Atlantic crosses the ocean, is thumbed by admiring readers, and Dr. Duff, the Indian missionary, incorporates the title of that sermon—*The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise*—into a living heroism whose deeds answer to the thought that inspired them. Who shall dare say how much the genius of the poet Burns owed to that life of Sir William Wallace which he read as a boy, and which poured a tide of Scottish prejudices into his veins, such as—so he said—"would boil along them, till the flood-gates of life were shut in eternal rest?" What a light might be thrown upon the fate of the unfortunate Hood, could we have entered with him, in his early years, his father's bookstore, and traced there, in the volumes drawn from the shelves, the source of his erratic tastes!

But no human eye, not the most observant, can trace the ten thousandth part of those influences that spring out of a present, to say nothing of a past literature. We may trace the genealogy of pious thought in some marked instances. Thomas à Kempis falls into the hands of John Newton, and an impression is made that changes his career. The reformed sailor, in a London pulpit, arrests the attention of William Wilberforce, and the thoughtless member of Parliament, the idol of a gay world, becomes the author of a volume that gives the Church distinguished preachers, and, traveling across the Atlantic, kindles a new religious life over broad regions, till it becomes no exaggeration to say, that the author of the *Imitation of Jesus* is preaching to-day in hundreds of American pulpits.

So, on the other hand, the story is trite that Homer's *Iliad* gave to the world an Alexander. The "Macedonian madman" inspired Caesar's ambition. That first Roman usurper kindled the am-

bition of Charles XII. of Sweden, and the first Napoleon gathered early his bad lessons from them all. There are underground streams, that flow on unseen and at length reappear to the light of day, holding on their course with undiminished volume. In like manner do the streams of influence disappear from view only to rise again, oftentimes when least expected, hewing their rocky way over the barriers of time or watering the broad valley till it smiles anew in an Eden bloom. The more carefully we observe, the more deeply are we impressed by the fact, that social influence, and especially that which grows out of recorded thought and utterance, is fraught with vast and momentous issues. Powerful in the world of mind, the actual world of feeling, art, traffic, and social intercourse, is he above others, who has the talent of speech or pen to command attention to his uttered thought. He may scorn the meed of fame. He may shrink from notice and notoriety, and may even despise what many crave. But he has in him the forces whose possession and control are matter of grave responsibility. It is not of light esteem how he employs them. His words are not pawns, but they wear a kingly power. They are not to be despised. They are not mere airy phantoms, uttered breath, shadowy ideals, evanescent and transient, without a further record. A man can not, if he would, recall the spoken, printed word. He can not set bounds to it. As soon might mere mortal arm compress the winds of Æolus in their ancient cave. It has gone on its winged path to be arrested by no authority, no arrow's flight.

And, in the case of a popular author, the impression of his personal failings is almost, if not quite, inseparable from the impression of his writings. The two will be interwoven, conjoined. The errors of the life will gain wider currency, and lose something of their repulsiveness, by the charm which gifted intellect casts not only over the mind but the moral sense of the reader. In a recent Review article on the works of a brilliant but grossly depraved author, we read "the influence of his faults was limited, and the penalty (such as it was), he only had to bear." We protest against the idea suggested, if not implied, in the language. A merciful deliverance it would indeed be, if the principal transgressor were the only victim, if his own wretchedness were the only fruit of his transgression. But this is far from being the case. No eye can discern the horizon that bounds the dark and clouded prospect of possible results. There are deserts of human suffering more inexorable than the Sahara—ocean depths of guilt that defy the soundings of human plummet, which must be computed, before the influence of a bad writer—so like the great original sin—can be fairly measured. What a check might have been exerted over such men, could they have but once fairly looked at the facts of the social system of which they were themselves a part! What vigilance would have watched over each utterance, could they but have apprehended the solemn and intense realities of social ethics! Yet how often has the spirit of the literary adventurer been one of self-sufficient independence, a rioting in the legal license of pen and type which seemed to say, I am absolute in my sovereignty over the use of these my powers. I can speak and write without scruple, if only within legal limits. Such a sentiment is not only in utter antagonism to the modesty and self-respect of true merit, but it broadly violates the funda-

mental principle of social ethics, and must be classed at once alongside the tyranny on the one hand, and the insubordination and self-grasping on the other, to which society so often falls a victim.

No more than courage can genius be properly judged irrespective of the moral element. As, without this, the first sinks into mere brutal recklessness, so the last degenerates into the capricious wit or logic of selfish impulse, worthy of contempt. The brilliancy of a Byron bears about the same relation to the pure and lofty grandeur of a Milton that the reckless bearing of Benedict Arnold, or a bandit, does to the lofty courage of a Washington. Literature may become the victim, as the instrument, of a corsair spirit—disorganizing, turbulent, corrupting, seditious.

Never has there been an age when a true conservatism of public interests more urgently demanded the recognition of these principles than now. The pen and the press have succeeded to the perished dynasties of more material forces. The age of feudal violence is past. We dread no more the lawless self-aggrandizement of petty lords. We set legal and effectual bounds to the aggression of brute strength. An overbearing will can scarce rely now, as it once could, upon its band of hired retainers, with "Might makes right" for its only creed. The strength of clan and castle, the rude barbaric elements of state anarchy, treading down law and lawgiver, or crushing its helpless victims by extortion, are not now what society has to fear. Other forces have come upon the stage and shoved these aside. The press and the pen are now the vikings, the counts, and the barons, or the Jack Cades and Wat Tylers of rebellion. They wield a power that never dwelt in buttressed walls or fortress; and if they wield it recklessly, it is but little better for social order and social justice than if Danish freebooters, or soldiers of fortune, with their venal followers, were come again. Let the spirit of the old feudalism find a place in our literature—let men use their pens as the restless, self-willed nobles used their swords—let authors write with no more regard to truth and justice than the adherents of the league or the Italian bravos fought, and we have a new and more dangerous phase of that barbarism which, in its earlier forms, has been subdued by Christian institutions and social progress. *I can and will*, was the spirit of the violent chieftain as of the lawless mob. *I can and will*, is the spirit which to-day will animate all equally regardless of moral restraint, and blindly bent on self-aggrandizement; and if it can command the strength of intellect, the power of language, the spell of genius, it can accomplish results full as lamentable. Marshaled words may have the force of marshaled armies. False or corrupting thought may be hidden in attractive speech as deftly as in figs the deathly drug of Italian poisoners. The heathenism of literature may prove more fatal than the prowess of Paynim hosts. Bandits of the sword may give place to bandits of the pen, and Borgias of Rome to Borgias of the press. Robespierre was the principle of the French Revolution incarnate; and the perfection of the Duke of Alva, that fitted him for his stern, relentless task, was his almost dehumanizing approach to a principle clothed in flesh and blood, and armed with the power, the autonomy, of its own realization. There are few Robespierres, few Dukes of Alva, in real life, but they live and move in the pages of a Hume, a Prudhon, and a Comte. A

whole *Reign of Terror* lay hid in germ in the volumes of the French Encyclopædists; and a sagacious eye might have read future Corn-Law Leagues, Chartism, and mobs in the brawny Saxon of William Cobbett. There are books and publications to-day among us that only illustrate, in their modern phase, the turbulence, self-will, and aggression of ages which we count barbarous. The once armed band takes the form of the printed thought. Insurrection and riot go masked in lampblack to preach their sedition. False principles in paragraphs are like Milton's fleshless angels, and live on by the power of the press, though a thousand times pierced to the heart or cut in twain. Words are daggers when assassins wield them, as they sometimes do. The language of the poet, in all its force, falls below rather than exceeds the reality:

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
'Tis strange the shortest letter which man uses,
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages: to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his!"

Literary energy succeeding to the place of the old semi-material forces that crushed or rocked the social body, must yield to the same law to which they have bowed. The end, however, can not be brought about by precisely the same means. An English monarch might awe his barons, or a Louis XI. raze the castles of his turbulent nobility, and scatter their retainers by craft or force of arms, but the principle of social insubordination which was once incarnate in them, and which, exorcised thence, has taken refuge in the fortresses of intellect and the barricades of the press, can be ejected by no such methods. Force might subdue force, but the license or recklessness of genius must be quelled by exposure. Even legal restraint would rarely attain the object; and our weapons of resistance must be shaped on the same anvil with those of the enemy. We must make the authority of the true laws of social ethics more deeply and widely felt. We must arraign the trespasser at the stern tribunal of moral as well as literary criticism. We must bring the principles of authorship to the test of the vital principle of all social organization, and brand the wrong-doer—the man who wields his pen in the spirit in which the outlaw wielded his sword—with the reprobation which he deserves.

Bad books, moreover, must be supplanted by good ones. Men will read. Words of some kind will circulate and become the speech of millions. Many a bad book is taken up because a good one is not at hand. No proselytism is more active than that of error. No willfulness is more stubborn than that of evil designs. The errorist, the infidel, the panderer to lust, are restless unless they can have those who shall keep them in countenance. They must have their satellites. Hence the strange zeal sometimes manifested in the production and circulation of a pernicious literature. Equally earnest and equally active must be the friends of truth. They have a higher object and better motives. All honor, then, to the patrons and promoters of a pure literature. They are filling with a healthful current channels that would else flow with poison. They are supplanting error and vice by unexceptionable methods. Society owes them a debt which it should be prompt to pay.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"MR. SOLOMON GUNNYBAGS, being about to withdraw from town for the summer, and being desirous to secure a certain quantity of light reading during his absence, ventures to present his compliments to the Easy Chair, and to ask its opinion of Congressional manners.

"Mr. Gunnybags makes this inquiry the more willingly because, if he correctly understands the intention and scope of the Easy Chair's department, it embraces precisely such questions. It professes to be a critic of the minor morals and manners, and to eschew politics. Nothing can be wiser. What is so impure as politics? Mr. Gunnybags ventures, also, to add—since he has mentioned the subject—that he was very sorry to notice, in your incomparable number for April, a proposition for the establishment of a political lyceum. Is not one Congress enough? Would any sane man seriously suggest a smaller lyceum of the kind in every little village in the land? The remarks quoted in that number from a speech of Mr. Gunnybags, he is happy to state, still express his opinions upon the point. A wise and good man will have nothing to do with politics.

"Mr. Gunnybags would also venture to inquire whether the Easy Chair could furnish his son, Gustavus Adolphus Gunnybags, who proposes to make his first round of the watering-places, with some judicious hints concerning his conduct under such circumstances. G. A. G. has accompanied his parents and sisters to those resorts, but he has been hitherto in a state of pupillage, and, consequently, less exposed to the peculiar temptations and dangers which beset young gentlemen at such places. Any observations suggested by superior experience would be most welcome, and, Mr. Gunnybags trusts he may say, most useful.

"Mr. Gunnybags would also respectfully inquire whether the Easy Chair could furnish the Misses Gunnybags with a recipe of a good wash for the complexion, or any such article ready made, in which there is not arsenic in extravagant quantities; or any fresh intelligence concerning the wardrobe of the Empress Eugénie; or any authentic statement in relation to the discontinuance of hoops, or basques, or flounces; or the exact amount of the income of the Marquis of Westminster, whose son, Lord Richard Grosvenor, may be looked for at the watering-places this summer; or whether his friend, Lord Edward Cavendish, is the oldest son of the Duke of Devonshire; or whether, as Miss Alice Gunnybags blushing asks Mr. S. G., either of the young men are likely to *conjugate* in this country.

"If the Easy Chair will kindly attend to these inquiries, Mr. Solomon Gunnybags will be happy to reciprocate in any feasible manner. Until the middle of July he may be addressed at Berkeley Springs—from then, until the first of August, at Cape May; the second week in August at Sharon; the third at Saratoga; the fourth at Newport. The first week of September, at the Notch House, White Mountains; second, at Caldwell, Lake George; the third, at the Catskill Mountain House; and in the last week, Mr. S. G. hopes to be found sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, on the corner of the Fifth and Second avenues, where he will be always happy to see the Easy

Chair, to whom he wishes a tranquil and refreshing summer.

"FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER OF SECOND,
"Monday Morning."

"DEAR OLD EASY CHAIR,—What a time we girls are going to have this summer! I saw it in the papers. Lord Edward Cavendish and Lord Richard Grosvenor! Oh, what bliss! *Two* of them, you know; and Gustavus Adolphus says the Marquis of Westminster is the *richest man in England*.

"Well, I tell you one thing. I don't see why a young man isn't a young man; nor why a Lord Richard or Lord Edward (did you ever hear such lovely names?) might not fall in love with an American girl. I should like to know if American girls are not as good as English girls? I tell you one thing. Lord Edward and Lord Richard (which name do you prefer? I think Lord Edward is, somehow, most aristocratic—don't you? It's so sort of Lord Edward, you know)—well, they will never see such dancing as they see at Newport and Saratoga. Our girls are famous for dancing—I mean our New York girls. I wonder if they are handsome, and tall, and have fair hair, and blue eyes, and small hands and feet, and wear those horrid English clothes, and checked trowsers, and clumping shoes with scalloped toes! I wonder if they stutter, and blush, and are awkward, and wear English collars, and bosoms horizontal or perpendicular! Whether they can dance decently, and so on. I suppose they can, of course, because they are Lords. Now, dearest Easy Chair, when they are introduced to me, must I say, 'Yes, Lord Edward,' 'No, Lord Richard,' or 'Yes, my lord,' 'No, my lord?' When I ask them a question, must I say, 'My Lord Edward, how do you do?' or 'Lord Edward, how do you do?' Now, dear, good Easy Chair, I tell you one thing. You know you are the dearest, best, old Easy Chair, and all we girls love you dearly; you're such an old quiz; only you must *not* use a certain word, you know—don't you know?—well, dear me!—where am I?—this is a dreadful snarl of a sentence—oh dear!—and I keep getting deeper in! There, here I begin fresh. What I am saying is, that you are such a dear, kind, obliging, gallant old Easy Chair, that in these pleasant, lazy summer days, when you have nothing to do but to sit on the grass on all-fours, you might just write out '*The American Young Ladies' Social Manual; or the Etiquette to be observed with Young Noblemen, with special reference to the case of Lord Edward and Lord Richard*.' Then, when you have written it, you could just send it to me, and I will tease papa to send it to Mayor Harper (they are particular cronies, pa and Mr. Harper), and ask him to print it on beautiful vellum paper, in gilt letters, and bound in velvet, with gold clasps. I am sure he'd do it to oblige papa; and if he did not, I would go to see him myself, and ask him to do it to oblige me.

"However, first you write it, and then we can see about the rest. It would be real good in you to do it, and it would be a help to lots of girls. I tell you *one* thing. I think if a girl sees that a young man of proper age, and good person, and manners, and family, and means, and disposition, and character, *of course*, is very much in love with her, and very constant and devoted, and offers himself, you know, and she has no dislike of him, but, on the contrary, likes him very well, and

knows nobody she likes better, I think she ought to marry him. And if he is an English nobleman, and going to be the richest Marquis (suppose) in England, I don't think that ought to prevent her.

"I'm tired of hearing girls talk about marrying for love. Of course a woman ought to love her husband. Every baby knows that. But you've got to have something to live on. You can't eat and drink love. You can't have roast and stewed, and boiled and baked love, as they do fish at Black-wall, you know—making it seem as if you were eating steaks and chops and things, when it's all fish. I want people to be reasonable. Jane says if you marry a man you don't really love, you may afterward meet *the* individual. What nonsense! A married woman has no right to fall in love. And suppose you marry the man you're in love with, and then fall out of love—get over it, in fact—what are you going to do then? It seems to me about as broad as it is long, you know. Jane says you don't fall out of love. Now, what stuff that is! There's Jane herself. She was desperately in love with Washington Jefferson. She was engaged to him, and all that, you know. Then they broke it off, and now she's koo-tooing with Franklin Adams in precisely the same way. Only she says to me in the most sentimental way, 'Ah! Alice, I never really knew what it was to love before.' Oh, fiddle! Suppose she marries him—then, when Madison Munroe, or somebody else, comes along, suppose she is fascinated by him, I wonder if she'll say to her husband, 'Ah! Franklin, I never really knew what it was to love before.'

"I want girls to be reasonable; and I consider when a young lady engages herself to a man who is old enough to direct her—who has sown all his wild oats, and takes sound, sensible views of life, and doesn't expect raptures and that silly sort of thing—and has an income large enough to secure their living in good style—has a good temper, and no bad habits—that she has done as she ought to do. Of course she doesn't profess poetry; she doesn't pretend that it's romantic. It isn't poetical and it isn't romantic—it's sensible and discreet. She respects her husband, and he loves her—or rather esteems her; and the whole affair is the most tranquil and dignified you can fancy. Will you please mention the mamma who wouldn't want her daughter to make such a match?

"Gracious, how I have run away from the young English noblemen! I've made a bet of half a dozen gloves already with Jane that Lord Edward is the handsomest; and Cousin Laura and I have bet a *sachet* of mignonette that Lord Richard's hair is a curly chestnut—she goes for the chestnut, and I for a very light Saxon *chevelure*. Tilly Midge offers to bet any girl three worked collars to one, that they both stutter and say 'aw, 'aw. I wish, dear old Easy, you'd let us know where they are going first. We might contrive to have our various visits at the watering-places hitch.

"Well, I see I've said a great deal. I think I'll stop now. But you must not fail to tell me whether you will write the little book—I just think you might. I'm going to slip this into John's hand when he takes the note papa said he was going to write to you. Good-by, you dear old Easy Chair—are you very bald, or only thin and grizzly?

"*Tout à vous,*

"ALICE GUNNYBAGS."

such notes? There is some compensation, you see, for being made of wood and having four legs. To reply to the notes of father and daughter, *seriatim*, would be a serious performance for the warm weather, and yet the Easy Chair means to try it.

First, of course, it must address itself to the important point of both notes, namely, the illustrious personages who are about to tread our soil—at the time of writing, and will, perhaps, be actually treading it at the time of printing. The Easy Chair presents its compliments to its fair correspondent, Miss Alice, and begs to subjoin:

A FEW HINTS FOR THE TREATMENT OF
THE BRITISH NOBLEMAN.

INSCRIBED

TO

THE YOUNG LADIES OF AMERICA,

BY

THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EASY CHAIR.

- I. All young ladies are to bear in mind, as much as possible, that the nobleman is still a man; and, therefore,
- II. That he is not propelled by wings, but moves upon ordinary feet in shoes extraordinarily massive:
- III. That he does not converse like the gentlemen in Mrs. Gore's novels;
- IV. But like any other gentleman:
- V. That there is no halo about his head:
- VI. That he is not always sighing for Buckingham Palace, and the society of crowned heads:
- VII. That he probably dances badly;
- VIII. And rides well;
- IX. And plays a good game at cricket;
- X. And stutters in talking, and tumbles over sofas;
- XI. And says, "'Aw really," and, "I say, that's jolly:"
- XII. That he mixes colors in his clothes, wears a glass in his eye, and is not a fop or dandy:
- XIII. That he is well-educated; speaks several languages fluently, and is conversant with literature:
- XIV. That when an allusion is made in literature, science, or art, he can understand it:
- XV. That he is modest and well-bred.
- XVI. That he seems cold and haughty.
- XVII. That he will be called by many, a snob;
- XVIII. Which does not make him one:
And therefore,
- XIX. That all young ladies need not lose their breath when the British nobleman is presented;
- XX. Nor say, "My Lord Cavendish—I mean, Mr. Devonshire—that is, mee lord,"
- XXI. Nor, "My Lord Richard,"
- XXII. But simply, "Lord Edward," and "Lord Richard."
- XXIII. Every young lady is to remember that she is a lady;
- XXIV. And the young man a gentleman:
- XXV. That if she be a lady, the reminder is unnecessary;
- XXVI. And if she be not, it is useless:
- XXVII. That there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught;
- XXVIII. And many a nobleman without a title.

Bearing in mind these twenty-eight points, the Easy Chair is persuaded that its fair friends can hardly fail to treat the expected guests as they would treat any other gentlemen; and wishing them all many a waltz and drive and stroll, many a serenade and chat, many a brisk bath and bowl, plenty of taffy, caromels, and burnt almonds—all pleasant things to remember, and no foolish words and acts to regret—it commends them to sea-air, roses, and Saratoga—to gallant young men, and indulgent old—to friendly hearts and gentle arms—it wishes them a most respectful and tender farewell.

THE Easy Chair presents its compliments to Mr. Solomon Gunnybags, and begs to say, in reply to his inquiry about Congressional manners, that the record is sufficient. The conduct of several representatives, of all parties, upon the floor of Congress during the recent session, has been such as would have caused them to be soundly whipped and sent to bed, had they been children in the nursery. Nothing serious has, apparently, resulted; but it is not possible for grave senators and representatives to bandy the lie freely, without exposing the country itself to serious dangers. Nothing, certainly, can be more contemptible than for a legislative body to declare dueling a crime, and then for its members to send and receive challenges—and nothing more ridiculous than for gentleman to exchange the lie, when they each know, and all the country knows, that within a day or two they will receive a paper from a Committee declaring that *if so, then so*, which they will both sign, and so have the matter ended. Often enough the Easy Chair has defined its own position upon this subject; but a word farther shall be said, to furnish the respected Gunnybags with a little more light reading.

The estimable Mr. Gunnybags once declared, in a private conversation with the Easy Chair, that no decent man would ever call another names, in public, and insisted that every cause was injured, under all circumstances, in which this habit was allowed.

Now, evidently, the worthy man stated the case too broadly. As a general rule, unquestionably it is unwise to resort to personal vituperation; because, in every discussion of great principles, persons are of the smallest possible account; and to provoke a debate upon points of personal character is to alienate sympathy from the main issue, and invite a private and particular opposition of jealousy and prejudice. So much may safely be granted.

But sometimes a dexterous personal thrust—a taunt—a sneer—a withering word—an innuendo—or a cumulative invective—may be of the greatest possible service to a cause, and of the profoundest propriety. Was a representative in the Continental Congress not to speak contemptuously of Benedict Arnold? Is every orator and historian to be silent upon the heartless profligacy and fat ignorance of George the Fourth? Because the Borgia was Pope, was his office to protect him from being called a murderer—if any body dared to call him so?

Yet this personality must be of two kinds only. In the first place, if it be an attack upon the private character, nothing, of course, can justify it but truth, nor then unless the person has ventured into the debate. Thus, in a temperance discussion,

no orator has a right to say, for the purpose of making a point, that the Right Reverend Bishop of Coney Island, who takes no part in the debate, drinks a glass of port every day to his dinner. It is an impertinence, as if the orator should say that the Bishop's wife wouldn't mend his gloves. But if there be a conspicuous temperance brother who occasionally pledges a friend in the rosy bowl, it is unquestionably fair, if the orator is sure of the fact, to expose the inconsistency, for the sake of the cause. If it is not true, or he makes a worse assertion, which is untrue, he should be well prosecuted for slander. And so if an opponent in a case has been himself guilty of a mean personality, he justly exposes himself to have the fact stated in the most forcible and contemptuous way.

In the second place, if a public debate be engaged upon a question—of politics, for instance—every public man is fairly liable to have his public career openly criticised and discussed. The speaker has no right to go behind that. He may prove conclusively that the person in question has been openly bought, and he may, therefore, say—having the proof at hand—he is a dishonest man. Then, if he is sued, he can plead the truth in defense. But it is his duty—his imperative duty—if he knows an opponent to be dishonest, by proof that he can adduce, to make it apparent to the people, in order that they may understand the probable sincerity of the support given by that opponent to a measure the orator himself believes to be injurious. So if the open, public career of a man convicts him of evident inconsistency, for the sake of political advancement—if he has made himself the tool of any set of men—that fact may justly be set forth in the most glowing form the speaker may choose. If it be untrue, nobody suffers but the speaker. If it be true, the speaker will only have said what myriads of people believe.

Personal vituperation, or denunciation, or criticism, proceeds upon the ground that the advocate himself is often, with great masses of people, one of the strongest arguments for his cause. The Honorable Richard Roe, for instance, is such a respectable, dignified, watch-keyed, and bank-directorish gentleman, that a hundred people consider it perfectly safe to go as the Honorable Richard goes. Now let us suppose Mr. Roe to be an honest man enough, but so shrinkingly timid, that if any body vigorously assailed the law of gravitation, he would desire to be considered not to have committed himself in favor of that law. So long as he keeps out of the discussion, and confines himself to twiddling his watch-keys, and reading religious newspapers in the bank-parlor, nobody has any business with his weakness and entire want of moral heroism. But if the Honorable Richard Roe puts himself forward into public affairs—if, for instance, he attends scientific congresses, and mingles in the debates, or writes a Life of Sir Isaac Newton—may it not be justly said to those who are hanging their faith upon him, "Why, this man, whose opinion you quote in favor of the gradual change of the North Star, doesn't even believe in gravitation! What is the opinion of such a man worth upon any scientific subject? The truth is, he has no opinions. His mind is so hopelessly cowardly, that he refrains from saying, 'How do you do?' lest somebody should reply, 'How do you do yourself?' He would be sure to answer, pale and quivering, 'Ah—no—yes—I didn't mean how do you do; I meant—merely—nothing.'"

Of course, nobody has a right to say that Mr. Richard Roe beats his wife, or tells falsehoods, or gets intoxicated; but if he is worth considering at all, the only way to destroy his influence is by some truthful sarcasm. That is not calling names. That is not ribaldry. Of course, also, it must be done with great discretion. Men must not forget the cause in following an individual enemy. Hence prolonged and studied invective is usually a failure. In fact, it is always a failure unless it is evidently peculiarly pointed and just. It is a spice, like Cayenne pepper, to be most sparingly used. Sometimes a man's whole career, and position, and distinction may be summed up in one sharp, explosive word or epithet—favorably as well as unfavorably. No man could justly complain that Thackeray spoke too hardly of the Georges in his lectures, or Burke of Warren Hastings in his speeches. And E. G., "while washing the breakfast-cups this morning," reminds the Easy Chair of "a few instances of what the world would have lost if the Easy Chair's non-personality system had been carried out." The Letters of Junius; Pope's Dunciad, and all the satires and satirists; Byron's English Bards; Horace Walpole's Letters; New Bath Guide; Dr. Johnson's best sayings; Pasquin; many of Sydney Smith's good things; Victor Hugo's Napoleon the Little; Tom Moore's Political Verses; John Randolph's Speeches; John Quincy Adams's; Webster's Reply to Hayne; Clay's best invectives; and a host more, which every reader will immediately remember.

Personality is "calling names" without justification. Many of Herrick's epigrams are impure and simple personality. They could only produce indignation in the mind of the person assailed, and disgust in the minds of every body else. Burke is as personal when he speaks of Warren Hastings; but it is an intellectual and moral personality in which he engages. His "names" are tropes. He borrows force from metaphor; and so long as men speak, in public or in private, many of the most fiery flights of eloquence will be in that kind.

To get back again to our Congress—the cases which have suggested the inquiry of the thoughtful and conservative Gunnybags are not of this kind. They were mere ebullitions of personal spite and spleen. They were in every way worthy the contempt they have received from all parties in the country. If any man who engaged in them has raised himself thereby in the estimation of others, those others have furnished the standard by which themselves must be judged.

Mr. Gunnybags may not be displeased to be reminded that the first personal encounter in our Congress was during the second session of the fifth Congress. The excellent Hildreth tells us the story. It seems that, on the 30th of January, 1798, the House of Representatives was conversing informally together, the Speaker having left the chair. Lyon, of Vermont, was saying that the Connecticut members had voted against the wishes of their constituents, whom he knew well, having had occasion to fight them when they came to visit their relations in his district. "Did you fight them with your wooden sword?" asked Griswold, of Connecticut, alluding to a newspaper story that Lyon had been drummed out of the army and made to wear a wooden sword. Lyon took no notice of the reply, and continued, saying, finally, that he would move into Connecticut and discuss the question with the people, fighting them upon

their own ground. "With your wooden sword, I suppose, Mr. Lyon," replied Griswold again; upon which Lyon suddenly turned and spat in his face. Griswold drew back to strike, but his friends interfered. The Speaker resumed the chair, and a motion was made for Lyon's expulsion. This was referred to a Committee, with the understanding that if the combatants misbehaved in the mean while, it was to be held a high breach of privilege.

Lyon wrote a note apologetic to the House, which was referred to the Committee, who reported in favor of his expulsion. But political reasons, and the failure of a two-thirds vote, saved him. On the 15th of February, the first time that Mr. Lyon reappeared in the House, Mr. Griswold walked up to him as he sat reading in his seat, and began to beat him over the head with a cane. Lyon had a cane, which he forgot in the confusion, and, rising, tried to grapple with Griswold, who retreated slowly, beating him all the time. Lyon, disentangled from the seats, seized a pair of fire-tongs; the combatants closed, and pommelled away at each other, until Griswold was drawn off by the legs—*after which the Speaker went up to his seat and called the House to order.* At the same moment Lyon struck out feebly with a cane at Griswold, who had lost his. The latter drew back, and the call to order ended the fray; and not even a vote of censure could be obtained.

Let S. Gunnybags, Esq., console himself, therefore. The "fathers" could forget themselves upon occasion. There is a great deal of human nature in man. It is a fair question, even, whether people are more dishonest than they used to be.

For all that, let us try to send gentlemen to Congress; and, by gentleman, the Easy Chair does not mean duelist, but simply men who will not use "language" in hot blood—but, if they consider themselves justified in using personal denunciation, will not be surprised if they are attacked, and will defend themselves accordingly. A man who does not fight a duel ought not to use hard words lightly, nor expect to use them with impunity. But having used them, in his discretion, believing himself justified, he will be prepared for the usual consequences of declining to fight. One thing, at least, every body must admit: if no Christian gentleman will ever allow himself to use offensive expressions, certainly no such man, under any conceivable circumstances, will fight. One man may injure another so sorely that he may consider him a beast, and exterminate him accordingly. But no man thinks of allowing a beast the chance of eating him as well as his child; and for any thing less than that there can be no excuse for one man's deliberately taking the life of another.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is hot weather to broach political talk; but we can not escape Montenegro. In the journals, in the reading-rooms, in the *foyers*, all—since poor De Pène's duel has grown old—you hear of Montenegro.

And where, and what, is Montenegro?

Let us play statistician, while we tell you: Montenegro—or, literally, Black Mountain—is a district of country, some sixty miles long by thirty broad, lying a short way to the eastward of the eastern shores of the Adriatic, contiguous to Albania, Dalmatia, and Bosnia.

Sixty thousand brave and hardy mountaineers, who are of the Greek Church, and zealous Chris-

tians, people this region, and have maintained there—thanks to their courage and their love of liberty!—an independent government since about the close of the fourteenth century. Time after time they have repelled Turkish invasion, and, jointly with Venice, have carried war into the Ottoman territory. In the middle of the sixteenth century the reigning prince, tired of the mountain quietude and Arcadian simplicity of his people, retired to Venice, leaving all authority in the hands of a Bishop, or Vladika, under which title a little Christian republic has been governed there ever since.

In 1807 they were sustained by the Russian Government in resisting Turkish domination; and in 1813 were aided by an English fleet in contending with the French at Castelnuovo and Cattaro. In 1833 the frontier line was established by treaty, as between Montenegro and Austria and Montenegro and Turkey, and a permanent peace declared between the Ottoman and the mountain Christians. Notwithstanding this, however, altercations have succeeded from year to year along the borders; the Montenegrans always asserting their independence, and the Turks assuming the privilege of occasional forays into their territory.

At the Congress of Paris, in 1856, the affair came up, under the auspices of the Russian representatives, when the Minister of the Sublime Porte, Ali Pacha, declared the determination of his government to disturb in no way the existing *status* of affairs.

At this epoch the Prince Danielo, the chivalrous representative of Montenegrin interests, came to Paris, and had interviews with the Emperor; in the course of which, it is affirmed, Napoleon, jointly with Russia, guaranteed the independence of his little State.

Such was the condition of Montenegro when the Western cabinets were startled by the intelligence that the Turkish Government—with the connivance, and under the provocation of Austria—had sent an army over the borders of Montenegro, and actually taken possession of one of the lesser cities upon the plain. A Turkish fleet, too, was understood to be hovering on the Albanian coast for the purpose of giving any desired assistance.

Secret orders were at once dispatched to Toulon by the Imperial Government; the Austrian papers industriously defend the action of the Sultan, while French journals and Russian discuss the affair in terms of great acrimony, as a wanton violation of engagements, an act of cruel bravado, and an insult to the Christian powers of Europe.

The noise is over now; Prince Danielo has driven out the marauders, written a sensible, manly letter to the French consul (for the eye of the Emperor), while two or three of the Imperial warships, suddenly dispatched from Toulon, have tacked leisurely and threateningly abreast of Cattaro and Ragusa.

It seems not a little odd that Austria should take so decided an attitude in favor of Turkey, and against the pretensions of her fiery little Christian neighbor of Montenegro; the explanation, however, lies in the fact that the Montenegrin Church is Greek (Russian), and not Romish; and Francis Joseph and Metternich would delight to see the wings clipped of the brave little game-cock that struts upon the hills of Montenegro.

England, naturally enough, is disposed to side with Austria and Turkey. England does not rel-

ish the idea of too noisy a national independence so near to her Ionian Isles. She is friendly to independence where it is not dangerous or loud.

Sir Henry Bulwer, moreover, who you will see has now taken the place of the inexorable old Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople, is understood to have yielded very much to the strangely-persuasive powers of the Prince Metternich, and to be resolute in his endeavors to keep up a close alliance with Austria.

As for the long-vexed questions of the Principalities, they are dragging slowly through the hot sessions of the present Paris Congress, without any outside thought or care. There is a prevailing feeling in the public mind that no important interests are involved in the issue, however the contested points may be decided. The relations of the great powers, each to the other, have at length assumed a *status* which the Principality question has not weight enough to disturb. In fact, Turkey, the Danube, Wallachia, and all Eastern matters, are now lost in the more pressing gossip of home.

In France, the Pène duel, the visit of the Queen of Holland, the curtailment of the Tuileries garden, the rout at Fontainebleau, the races of Chantilly, and the new fashions. In England, the Slough speech of Disraeli, the Derby Day, the death of the Duchess of Orleans, the sailing of the Telegraph fleet, and the search of American coasters. Shall we take them *seriatim*; or are you already tired with leading topics?

First—though it has grown hackneyed—the Pène duel. You know the circumstances. Pène, a *feuilletoniste*, who gained his largest distinction in writing the Paris *Courrier* in the *Nord* paper of Brussels, over the signature of “Nemo,” and who had associated himself with that witty weekly, *Figaro*, contributed a paper satirizing, incidentally only, the manners of the sub-lieutenants of the French army; whereupon French army pride boils over in challenge, duels, and almost death. The affair is more important than it seems, as starting into action a dangerous and threatening antagonism between France civil and France military. The antagonism, unfortunately, is not new, but it has gained new force. Yet another antagonism has been illustrated by the duel—more narrow, but more vital. The literary men of France represent (*exceptio probat regulam*) the Republican instincts of France; the army represents her despotic inclinations. The Republic gave Despotism a flesh wound; whereupon Despotism grew disdainful of courtesies, and ran the Republic through the body. Great causes, such as that of free speech, gain by martyrdoms; and popular sympathy has rallied strongly about Pène, and by just this sum of sympathy is the dominant party weaker, and the thinking and suffering party in France stronger.

M. Pène may recover, or he may die (and at our writing the chances are even); in either event the duel will have this much of fatal sequence—it will demonstrate that, in all questions of those privileges for which men of free aspirations are wont to contend, the pen is stronger than the sword; its wounds are longer in the healing; its blows for the Right reach farther. An arm may go or a head be lost under the fence of his Majesty's minion; but from grave or sick-bed will go out a subtle potency that no armies can stay.

From Pène let us pounce upon the Queen of Holland—a good, comely, matronly-looking lady, who does not disdain ringlets, who fears her husband

more than she loves him, who has fondness for travel, and a habit of giving verge and play to whatever fondness possesses her, has latterly come up to Paris for a first visit. Of course, a first visit to Paris is as much an event to a queen as to you, with this difference—that the queen must conceal her delight, and you can wear it. There have been fêtes, and balls, and visitings to great places, and a week at Fontainebleau; of all which, without doubt, the good lady has grown heartily tired. But what to do? Can a queen slip out of a morning before breakfast to snuff those bursting eglantines in the garden, while yet the dew is on them, and the swans brushing with white wings the marble marge of the great pool? Can she saunter, as you might, at the shop-windows of the Grand Conde, studying new *baréges* and the last fancy of plaids? Can she *marchander* a score of trinkets at Tahan's, or indulge in an ice (noting all the passers-by) upon a marble table against Tortoni's?

She says aye; and she is to prove it by moving among us *incognito*. She has bidden adieu to the grand pleasures of the palace already. She is living at a quiet hotel, with a waiting-woman for sole attendant. Perhaps the stout lady who brushed us on the corner this morning was her Majesty. She is not unused to a game of this kind. We chanced to meet her once in Switzerland—to lunch at table with her in the Chalet of the Wengern Alps. A guide of our party had suspected, traced, and established her identity. Will our democratic friends believe us when we say she ate chamois meat and stewed pears like any hungry Christian woman?

Ah! for those brave bites at the mountain lunches, how the memory of them haunts us in these hot days! Cool snow mountains piling yonder; great rifts, in which the blue glaciers gleam; fringing firs below, belting the Jungfrau, where begin the green skirts of rounded hills. People are flocking thither; they never will cease to go; the old, every-summer story of a deserted capital, dull streets, empty houses, has just now been tuned anew. It is as true as ever, and as false as ever. True to the pleasant, fretful dowagers, who live upon the scandal and syllabubs of Paris interior; but thoroughly false to those who live and grow fat upon such food as Paris external offers to eye and ear.

Can any Countess of Montebello carry away the linden terrace of the Tuileries to the walks of Baden? Can Eugénie, with a flip of her pretty fingers, transport the gay pennants of the Hippodrome and its Moorish splendor to the shores by Biarritz? Is not the Pré-Catalan as laughing, as noisy, as fruitful of cheer and flirtations as before the last ball of the palace? Are not the old book-stalls along the quay as tempting, as full, as beguiling as always? And what shall we say of the great dank court by which you enter upon the halls of the Imperial library? All undisturbed; the Jewish rabbi is leaning, as he has leaned all winter past, over some musty tome of Hebrew; the yellow-faced artist is working yet at his copy of some old illuminated missal; the inventor is exploring folios of plans; the great army of attendants is at its post; the familiar, low sounds creep on your ear—rustling leaves, the clasp of an old book-clasp, whispered orders, low, shuffling footsteps, and the twirl of the little windlass as it brings down its book-loads from the vast regions above.

More than all this, just now, is the flower show

at the Palace of Industry upon the Champs Elysées; a garden under glass; not exotics merely; it is no forcing house; but it is as if you could throw arches of iron and crystal over the loveliest parterre that catches the fogs of England. There are great coppices of firs and yews—rare trees that have come hither after ocean pilgrimage; and they seem to grow out of clumps of native rock, where ferns and anemones have taken root. And from a cleft between the rocks pours out a cascade that wets with its spray constantly a hundred different mosses that grow upon the edge of a pool. And in the pool large-leaved lilies float and bloom; then the water flows away between grass banks (always in the palace), where rare and costly shrubs are planted; bright beds of verbenas crop out here and there, and your path is arched with trellises bearing passion flowers and clustering roses. Every shrub, plant, be it never so small or unimportant, is ticketed and named. What lecture-room for the botanist! What fairy realm for the Dreamer!

It is well, perhaps, that this new garden-diversion should come at a time when a cherished slip of the old Tuileries walk is yielding to the inexorable will of the Emperor. The iron gates that look to the south, between the palace and the river terrace, are coming down; the photographers we have seen from our window these many days past, taking last images of the statuary, which passes away with the gates; the lilacs of the last Louis' planting are being uprooted; in a month a high wall will shut up forever(?) the grated entrance, where now we watch, hour after hour, the passing hundreds. In times gone in France, a smaller matter than the shutting of a garden privilege has made a revolution.

The uprooted lilacs of poor Louis Philippe call to mind his discomfited family; the aged Queen struggling on, with only strength enough to carry her through the thronging afflictions; last year mourning one daughter; this year another; and the next—who knows?—perhaps a son.

Now, it is the Duchess of Orleans who is dead. "The lady who was followed on Saturday to her private and almost lowly grave by a long train of European diplomatists, princely relatives, loyal adherents, and attached friends, comprised, in her brief career, the beginning and the end of how many brilliant and just expectations! Young as she died, there had successively surrounded her a halo of royal splendor; the brightest colors of hope; the solemn interest of a sudden bereavement; the regards of a great nation toward the surviving parent of its future sovereigns; and, lastly, that deepest of all sentiments which is felt for one who has discharged these positions hopelessly and nobly, but in vain. Princess, parent, widow, heroine, and exile, Helena, Duchess of Orleans, ever submitted to the behests of Providence, and acquired a new dignity by fulfilling them rightly. She was always that which by duty and position she was to be; and while her nation seemed running, under various impulses, from one excess to another, in wild attempts to make its own destiny, she ran and overcame in her race, by simply doing her duty in those successive stations of life to which she was called by a higher Power. But in this very submission, and in this unity of character, shining through many vicissitudes, we see marked all the more strongly the fallacy of those hopes which, thirty years ago, were emphatically the hopes of the world against its torpor and

its despair. Fast follows the younger branch of the Bourbons after the elder. The young France of 1830 has been as much out in its reckonings as the dull, dim, gross spirit of legitimacy which it vanquished and expelled. Conservatism and Progress, Bigotry and Liberalism, Content and Hope—all the opposites of the political system, have been equally outwitted and perplexed. We allude to no man or party, but to events, when we say that the France we see this day is as far out of the hopes and calculations of one side as of the other. Could hope, could resolution, could that moral constancy which hopes against hope have sustained a cause, and even prolonged human life, we might be now regarding the Duchess of Orleans as the probable Queen-Mother of France. But a higher Power confounds even the lofty auguries we draw from the heroism of a saint. The living centre of a once great and hopeful cause is gone, and all seems passed away. The Orleanist has gone after the other Bourbon. One winter of calamity has followed another. This crop of new-blown hopes has been cut down and 'cast into the oven' like the last, and nothing remains but names, titles, adherents, and pretenders."

It will be remembered that in the latter days of the reign of Louis Philippe it was rumored that the King was engaged upon a history of his times. His papers were kept in a private study of his own at the Chateau of Neuilly, just without the fortifications. In the sack of this chateau, which followed hard upon the Revolution of 1848, these papers were lost sight of, and supposed to be destroyed. Last year, however, a certain M. Valette addressed a letter to the Duke d'Aumale, informing him that he was in possession of the MSS. in question, which, for a proper consideration, would be given up. The Duke referred the matter to the Paris manager of the Orleans property, who offered Valette five hundred francs for the papers in his possession. This sum Valette declined as insufficient, whereupon the agent brought an action for their recovery. The first judicial decision was in favor of Valette; but the case was appealed, and a recent decree of the Imperial Court sets aside the judgment of the lesser tribunal, and restores the papers to the hands of the Orleans family. They embrace material for a history—not of Louis Philippe, but of the Bourbon family.

Lamartine's name is still bruited incessantly in connection with the proposed national subscription. Its amount, thus far, has signally disappointed his friends. Only some two hundred thousand francs are as yet pledged. Belgium and England have, however, lent their aid to the matter, and spirited appeals in his behalf have been printed in the *Times* of London and the *Nord* newspaper of Brussels.

The first discusses the affair in this way: "Had Lamartine been a mercenary, had he had the least particle of those stock-jobbing tendencies which have not been wholly unknown to some of his less illustrious successors, nothing would have been easier for him than to acquire a colossal fortune. In the hurry and tumult of the sudden revolution nothing would have been easier than the practice, with the most perfect impunity, of the arts of corruption. But this, to Lamartine, was impossible. His lofty spirit could not stoop to such degradation. He is, we sincerely regret to hear, at this time suffering the evils of poverty, almost of destitution; and France, who could not find words strong

enough to express her admiration of his poetic genius, or shouts loud enough to do justice to his burning eloquence—France, that owes to him so much and has paid him so little, looks on and makes no sign. Buried in the interests of the moment, the community which Lamartine has done so much for can not spare a mite out of the property he has preserved to rescue from want the latter days of a man whose name and whose sufferings will be a reproach to her forever. We trust that England is animated by another spirit. The writings of Lamartine do not enrich our literature, do not adorn our language. It was not for us that he bravely confronted the armed mob of Paris in the very height of its democratic fury; it was not for us that he strove, and strove not in vain, to moderate the frenzy which sought to add to intestine revolutions a war of opinion waged against all Europe. Yet we trust we are not ungrateful. We have derived a pure and innocent pleasure from the chaste and noble effusions of his genius; we have received advantages the amount of which we scarcely know how to estimate, from his courage and moderation as a statesman. A committee of noblemen and gentlemen has been formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions for this man, tried by so many changes of fortune, endowed with so many of the choicest gifts of nature, yet never guilty of employing any of his vast opportunities otherwise than for the good of others. We have laid his case before the public as we feel it. It is strange that such a man should need such aid—stranger that his own country should leave such homage to be paid by the hands of foreigners; but such things have been before now, and English generosity is not wont to shelter herself under the excuse that the kindness she is called on to perform would have been more gracefully and appropriately discharged by others."

We have reason to believe that the story of his poverty and destitution is somewhat overstated. His various pensions, as member of the Institute of the Legion of Honor—to say nothing of the income of his literary journal—would forbid this; and we can not but regret, even supposing the poverty real, that his magnanimity has not risen to the level of quiet endurance.

Lytton Bulwer, whose homilies upon money and its value, in his new story, make his interest noticeable, has given the French poet the benefit of a warm letter of eulogy. He promises aid, and hopes for him success.

Nor must we fail to put on record the British novelist's appeal to his constituents for a re-election, upon being named to the post of Colonial Secretary. The curious reader will compare it with the political addresses of "My Novel."

He says: "Gentlemen, — Her Majesty having been graciously pleased to appoint me one of the Secretaries of State, my seat in Parliament is vacated, and I appeal to you for a renewal of that confidence with which you have previously honored me. They who know me best are aware how little at any time of my life the desire of office has actuated me in the part I have taken in public affairs. I accept office now with a profound sense of its responsibilities, and that sincere diffidence which impels men to supply by assiduity and labor their defects in ability or experience. I ask from you what the Government to which I have the honor to belong asks from the country—a fair trial. The old land-marks of party are in much

effaced; the old battle-cries of party few thoughtful men will care to revive. Intelligent persons on all sides find that the settlement of questions on which they formerly differed has cleared from obscurity many points on which they can agree; abroad, liberty befriended without sacrifice of peace; alliances secured without loss of honor; where war is inevitable, English vigor; where victory is achieved, English mercy. In domestic policy, judicious economy, industrial development, and those practical reforms by which the elastic nature of free institutions accommodates itself to the progressive intelligence of a loyal people. For myself, I hold, with one of the ablest statesmen of the last century, that 'there is no worthier attribute of a British Minister than a fearless confidence in the generous temper and good sense of his countrymen.' It is not always at its formation that the strength or weakness of a Government is clearly ascertained. Governments become strong in proportion to their success in establishing sympathy with public opinion; and if I ask you to ratify by your suffrages the distinction which our Sovereign has been graciously pleased to confer upon me, it is with the conscientious belief that I join an administration of which it is the earnest desire to prove that a Conservative policy is never more completely realized than when employed in promoting throughout all the dominions and among all the subjects of her Majesty the contentment and prosperity which are the surest guarantees for the maintenance of law and order."

In contrast with the needs of Lamartine, we have to note new evidence of the success and the affluence of Scribe, who is just now completing a charming hotel in the Rue Pigale.

In his study are five panels, on which are pictures representing a sort of history of his life. The first shows an old shop in the Rue de la Cordonnerie, with the inscription above the door, "Scribe, cloth-dealer." It was the place of business of his father; and leaving it is the whole of the Scribe family, with a nurse carrying a child in her arms—that child being the dramatist—to church, to be baptized. The second panel represents "The entrance of the Gymnase Théâtre," which was the house in which M. Scribe achieved his celebrity. The third is called "Happy days," and represents his country house at Sericourt, with a boat floating on a calm lake. The fourth is called "Honors," and shows the portal of the Palais Mazarin, the seat of the French Academy, to which M. Scribe belongs; and the last, entitled "Repose," represents a comfortable brougham going quietly along the streets of Paris—with the dramatist reclining inside.

M. Thiers is about publishing memoirs of his own time, under the title of "Simple Notes." With these before us, in conjunction with the reminiscences of Guizot, also nearly ready, we shall be able to compare again the observing powers of the two great Parliamentary gladiators of the reign of Louis Philippe.

Another illustration of the last *régime* is just now come into notice again—Prudhon and his Socialist theories. The philosopher, as well as his publisher and printer, has been indicted for the publication of a recent book, which is reckoned not only infidel in its tendencies, but dangerous to every cherished interest of society. The trial has only recently taken place, and has quickened very general curiosity, from the fact that the Utopian

reformer had announced his intention to defend his own cause. He was but a sleepy and heavy talker in the old days of the Republican Convention, when a vital intensity belonged to every topic of discussion. Imagine what he must have proved as special pleader for the healthiness of his own philosophy!

The Procureur Impériale, after showing the abominable tendency of the book in question, by numerous citations, undertook a pleasant little moral portrait of Prudhon. "Born," he says, "of respectable parents, he has been educated to entertain contempt for whatever is noble, whether by birth, talent, merit, or virtue of any sort. That intelligence, which no one can doubt in him, he has uniformly directed against justice and reason, and has made of it a great social danger. He insults all that the world honors; he detests all that the world respects.

"Permit me," said the Procureur (and this is the manner of a French prosecuting magistrate), "to cite you an instance which will illustrate the man's character:

"While yet young, he presented himself at a lodge of Freemasons for the ceremony of initiation. The usual questions were put—'What do you understand to be your duties toward your family, toward your country, and toward God?'

"Prudhon wrote beneath, 'These several duties may be resumed in three words—War against God!'

"Such is the man," said the Procureur, "for whose conviction we ask."

And not vainly: Prudhon is condemned to pay a fine of four thousand francs, and to three years of prison; his publisher to one month's confinement, and a fine of one thousand francs.

You will have learned before this of poor Bartholomew's death in Italy. A correspondent of a London paper gives this mention of him:

"An eminent American sculptor, Signor Bartolomeo, died in Naples, last week, with whose life and death circumstances are connected which are worth recording. He came to Rome about eight or nine years ago without a farthing in his pocket, and at the time of his death he had orders to the amount of 40,000 piastres, or £8000. Perhaps his finest piece was his 'Eve after the Fall'—a figure in repose, as Angellini's Eve represents Eve before the fall. Bartolomeo sold his to a Parisian gentleman for 5000 piastres. For some time he has been suffering very severely from erysipelas, which appears to have settled in his throat, and his medical advisers recommended him to visit Naples, but he died a few days since of ulcerated sore throat. On some friends going to visit the body, it was found that the seals had been placed on the doors of the room where it lay. Intelligence of it was immediately communicated to the American Minister, who directly went to the judge and questioned him about it. The judge asserted his ignorance of the fact, and maintained that he had ordered only the effects to be sealed up. On being informed that the body, too, had been sealed up, he called his chancellor, and abused him, and threw all the blame upon him; and the chancellor, imitating the example of his superior, threw the blame on the landlord, and the landlord retorted upon both; and the long and the short of it is, that the chancellor was sent to break the seals in a hurry, and the body was taken out and was buried. Such

was the end of poor Bartolomeo, the sculptor, who has worked well, and won a name by dint of talent united with unwearied perseverance."

At the Exhibition of the Royal Academy (British) the present year, a picture of the "Derby Day"—an ugly subject, one might think—has carried off the palm for attractiveness. The Continental critics speak of it as an admirable illustration of one of the most striking phases of British character.

Another painting of the year which keeps its group of admirers is the "Maid and Magpie" of Landseer—a companion piece to his famous "Horse-Shoeing." It is understood to be the property of Mr. Jacob Bett, for whom the "Horse-Shoeing" was painted, in token of the artist's gratitude for kindnesses in early life.

The Pre-Raphaelites are not strong in their representation. Mr. Millais is engaged upon a large picture, "The Return of the Crusaders," which could not be finished in time for the opening of the Academy. Mr. Holman Hunt is still busily occupied with his "Christ in the Temple," of which his friends say all manner of generous things.

Editor's Drawer.

SUMMER heat is not so friendly to the flow of soul as it is to the "sweat of the brow." The man who tends this Drawer, however, has no very arduous task to try his strength in summer's heat or in winter's cold; he has but to open it, and the rills of good-humor flow so refreshingly along that he loves to drink and offer a glass of pure water to all who draw near. In other words, he takes it coolly, and advises his friends to do the same. This is the season for such counsel. To keep cool one must be in good-humor. To be in a passion is to be in a heat. The Drawer, therefore, is the cooler for the summer, as it is full of warmth for the winter. Take it in the country, under the dense shadow of some umbrageous tree, when the cares of the world sit lightly on the heart, and the flies are not specially disposed to try the patience of the people, then read these genial pages, for which we are indebted to many widely distant friends of the Drawer. Much would we fear that, in the midst of the season, they will relax their attentions, and leave us empty when we are most in need; but we hope better things of the Drawer's correspondents, and to them and to its readers we now come, greeting.

WHEN Judge Longstreet wrote the "Georgia Scenes," we are assured by a correspondent in that State, "swopping horses" was a passion amounting almost to a mania. On all occasions of public gatherings, even on the Sabbath when they met at church, every man was ready to trade horses, and one who was averse to the business was hardly reputed a good member of society. This we take to be an overdrawn picture. The true state of the case probably is that the Georgians were, and now are, fond of showing their skill in outwitting one another in this line of business, and such anecdotes as the following are, therefore, very often told of others besides the Mr. Jackson, of Kingston, who is made the father of it here:

"Mr. Jackson had been trading his horse for a fine-looking nag, and, mounting him, rode on toward his home, some twenty miles from the Crossings, where he had made a bargain and 'done'

somebody by the operation. But five miles of good round trotting proved his new nag to be badly spavined, and a closer examination showed the beast to be blind as a bat. To make the best of the worst was all he could do, and mounting again with a heavy heart, he rode on. He met a stranger on horseback, and challenged him to swop. Stranger agreed. Saddles were exchanged, and each mounted anew, when Jackson, tickled with the idea that he had done his man again, turned upon him and said:

"'Stranger, you had better look out for yourself as you ride; that nag of yours is stone blind.'

"'That's of no consequence,' returned the stranger; 'I am used to it; the horse I have just let you have is blind too.'

"So Jackson gained nothing by that venture, and went home a wiser man."

THE same writer says:

"I think Judge Underwood has been in the Drawer more than once. But the Drawer can not contain half the good things the Judge has said, and the most of them will pass into forgetfulness for the want of a Boswell to pick them up and send them to you.

"A few years ago Judge Underwood was employed in a lawsuit at Rome, in Georgia. General Jones, a good lawyer, and an aspiring politician, was opposed to him in the case. The General had lately changed his politics, to the great astonishment of his friends, of whom the Judge had been one. In the progress of the trial Judge Underwood was examining an old woman witness, who became turbulent and unruly, gesticulating violently, and, in flourishing her long, bony arms about, threatened to hit the Judge's head, to the danger of the thatch thereon.

"'Take care of your wig—take care of your wig, Judge!' said General Jones.

"Thinking that his wig was really out of place, and that his opponent was making fun at his expense, the Judge turned upon him, and retorted:

"'Well, General Jones, this is a free country, and I think a man has as good a right to *change his hair as his politics!*'"

THE power of early associations is displayed in a story of early Texan hunting life that is too long for our use, but in brief we will venture to repeat it:

Dave Harris went to Texas when he was quite young, and became renowned for his break-neck daring exploits with savage beasts of prey, and men more savage still than they. When his father settled in Harrisburg, under a grant from the Mexican Government, the buffaloes were ranging over what is now the populated part of Texas. Dave and a party like him were out one day on a buffalo hunt. Riding madly into a herd, they blazed away promiscuously, hoping to bag a fine lot of this noble game. The gallant leader of the herd was badly wounded, and, turning upon Dave, charged furiously, and sent him and his horse flying for dear life over the plain. The sudden bound of the frightened steed threw the rider out of the saddle, but he clung to the neck of the creature and rode on, chased by the maddened bull, and the whole herd pressing after. Dave's friends could only stand and anxiously behold the stampede. It was a race for life or death. Perched on the neck of the mustang, and clinging with the grasp of de-

spair, Dave held on, but his situation grew more and more desperate, and, for the first time in many years, Dave bethought himself, as he was sure to be killed, that he ought to pray. But when did Dave Harris ever pray? Why, when he was a little boy, at his mother's knee, as he was about to go to bed; and now the only words of prayer the wild Texan rover could recall were the child's evening petition,

"Now I lay me down to sleep;"

and this prayer he put up over and over again, as, Mazeppa-like, he was whirled over the plain, with a troop of mad buffaloes thundering in his rear. While thus engaged in praying, the horse undertook to leap a hole and struck his fore-feet on the other side, which accident dropped Dave back into the saddle; and, once more in his seat, he managed to elude his pursuers and make good his escape.

Dave often told the story, but never omitted to confess that he was frightened, and wished with all his might that he knew how to pray. But, like a great many other Dave Harrises, he was mighty willing to say his prayers when he thought the devil was after him, and quite as ready to live without them when he thought the danger was over.

OUR bribery men at Washington are up to all manner of tricks to evade the laws and yet buy the votes they want; but in the old country they have had longer experience, and know the ropes better than we. A correspondent says:

"At a warmly contested election in one of the rotten boroughs in Ireland, all sorts of tricks were resorted to, for the sake of buying votes, in evasion of the law. One of the candidates, Mr. Anson, went into a barber's shop, and, having submitted to the idle ceremony of being shaved, paid the barber, who was a voter, five guineas for the operation. When the polls were opened, the knight of the razor came forward and voted openly for Mr. Benson, the opposing candidate.

"Anson, astounded, cried out to him, 'What do you mean? Didn't you shave me yesterday?'

"Yes, indade, Sir," replied the sharp-set barber; 'but I shaved Mr. Benson this morning!'

There are plenty of men up to just that trick all around. A rascal in Congress or Common Council, who will take a bribe, is not to be trusted even by the rascal who offers it. They will cheat one another if they get the chance.

JUDGE BRACKENRIDGE says:

"I once had a Virginia lawyer object to an expression in one of the acts of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, which read that 'the State House yard in the city of Philadelphia should be surrounded by a brick wall and remain an *open inclosure* forever.' But I put him down by citing one of the acts of the Legislature of his own State, which is entitled 'A supplement to an act entitled an act making it penal to alter the mark of an unmarked hog.'"

A KENTUCKY contributor asks us if we ever heard of Judge Koonston of that State. He is no judge of law, but is a good judge of leather, having followed the tanning and currying profession for many years, and has worn the title of Judge so long that nobody knows how he got it, and nobody cares. The fact is, that he does not know one letter of the alphabet from another, and, what is

stranger still, he thinks that no one knows his ignorance. When he comes into the tavern he will take up the newspaper and study it as closely as if he were deeply interested in its perusal. He was so engaged the other day, when Colonel Wines coming up to him said, familiarly,

"Well, Judge, what's the news?"

"Bad, Colonel, very bad," replied the Judge; "there's been a terrible gale at sea, and the ships are upside down, and the niggers are all running off on their heads."

The Judge had the paper wrong side up, and had drawn these dreadful inferences from the inverted pictures, which he had been studying for half an hour.

"WHY is a pun always styled the lowest kind of wit?"

"Because it lies at the base of all other wit."

"A FRIEND of ours in the country," writes an entertaining correspondent, "has a peacock, that, like other peacocks and people, has a habit of spreading himself considerably. Our friend has a German servant in his employ quite unacquainted with the peacock tribe and nature; and when the bird expanded himself the boy was frightened, thought something was the matter, and, having vainly tried to put the upright feathers down, he ran in to tell his mistress that the wind had blown the peacock up. The lady came out, and, for the sake of seeing how far the boy would go in his wonder, she told him to catch the bird and bring him to her. As he made the attempt, the queenly bird dropped his tail, and the boy exclaimed:

"So longer as a man lives so more he finds out."

True, very true; and happy he who has wit enough to know it.

THE crowds were coming out of Burton's theatre at the close of the prayer-meeting, when one of the by-standers observed that it looked like a *benefit*, there had been so full a house.

"You are right," said another; "it is a *benefit* for the soul. All the world's a stage, and all the men and women actors—acting for eternity."

There's a good thought there: half Shakspeare, and all true.

DID you ever hear of the Scotch clergyman, Rev. Mr. Morrison, who was insulted at a dinner-party by a half-tipsy army officer? The military man had taken more wine than was wise, and began to worry the Dominie, and finally offered to bet ten pounds that he could preach off-hand half an hour from any text that might be given. Mr. Morrison accepted the wager, and opening his pocket Bible read a text from the story of Balaam: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake." The officer was not so drunk but that he felt the cutting rebuke, and gave up the attempt, keeping his mouth shut the rest of the evening.

"JUDGE DAGGETT," you say in the April Drawer, "had no faculty of making rhymes. Some men have not, and some have no power of distinguishing colors: they can not tell red from green, nor yellow from blue. But in the rhyming line Judge Wilkins, of Richmond County, was the queerest specimen of this infirmity. He could not make a rhyme, and did not know when one was

made, and did not know that he was deficient in this faculty. In fact, he was quite offended, on one occasion, when the peculiarity was made the subject of conversation. He was then challenged to perpetrate a rhyming couplet on the spot; and, putting a bold face on the matter, he said:

"Johnny Ray
They say so."

"Of course the company were satisfied, and so was the Judge. It was all one to him, and he never knew but he had convinced them of his genius at making poetry."

AMONG the thousands who met at Indianapolis to welcome Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky, when he made his electioneering tour through the Western States in 1840, was "Old Charlie," a negro who once was a servant of the Colonel, but was now free and settled in Indiana. Charlie was now in full feather. He took the old soldier under his protection, installed himself as door-keeper, and no one was permitted to shake hands with his former master unless by Charlie's introduction. While the crowd was at the door, a portly, pompous man came up, and, taking the negro by the hand, said:

"How d'do Charlie? glad to see you."

Charlie's dignity was touched by this familiarity, and he refused to recognize the gentleman.

"Why, I used to know you," said the man, "when you belonged to Colonel Johnson."

"Very likely, Sar, very likely," replied Charlie; "there was a great many people that knew us Johnsons that we didn't know. The Johnsons didn't associate with every body!"

And the pompous gentleman was decidedly cut.

KITTIE.

KITTIE is a country lass,
From the early morn
Till the shades of evening come
Do I see her form;
Chasing butterflies and birds
As she laughs along—
Never sad or mournful sounds
Darling Kittie's song.
Light of foot and light of heart
Is my dainty Kittie;
Dancing o'er the grassy lawn
With a gleeful ditty
Hanging to her ruby lips
Like the bee to flowers—
Thus my bonnie Kittie doth
Pass away the hours.
Kate is wild as wild can be,
Mocks at all restraint;
Pulls my hair, and tweaks my nose—
Says my eyes do squint!
But I know she'd pause,
Nor make my cheek to smart,
If she knew each careless blow
Echoed sadly through my heart.
Kittie is a baby yet—
She's but just sixteen—
And no shaft from Cupid's bow
Has pierced her heart, I ween;
But I hope ere long to find
Love has power to move her;
And dare hope in me
Kate will own a lover.

MANY years ago, when Judge Haines was presiding over the Orphan's Court of one of the western counties of Alabama, he stepped into the County Clerk's office one day—a sultry afternoon in August—and requested the clerk to call the sher-

iff. Supposing that the Judge was about to hold a special term of the Court, he obeyed the request by calling the sheriff's name three times at the door. The sheriff hastened across the public square in a broiling sun, dashed into the office, wiped the perspiration from his dripping brow, and asked his Honor if he should open Court.

"No," said the Judge, "I only wanted to *borry* twenty dollars, and I thought you could accommodate me."

The Sheriff complied with the demand; but, considering the state of the weather, he thought it the coolest operation he ever knew. We think the Judge liable to indictment for obtaining money under false pretenses.

A TUSCALOOSAN correspondent sent us a budget of good ones last autumn, and they have turned up at last. They have kept well, and poorer ones would have spoiled in half the time.

"At a 'big meeting' in Sumter County, Alabama, I was fortunate in hearing the famous Mr. Whigins preach a sermon on the miracle in Cana of Galilee. When he reached the sixth verse, he read: 'And there were set six water pots of stone, containing two or three *firkins* apiece.' On these words he gave a curious exposition, equally original and amusing as a specimen of critical exegesis:

"Now, my bretheren, see how this miracle was wrought without the intervention of any visible second cause. You see that in each one of these water pots there were two or three *fur-skins*; and you know there is no power in any kind of a skin, least of all in a *fur-skin*, to generate any vinous fluid: yet this was the instrumentality employed to turn this water into superior wine."

"After the service was over, one of the ministers, the Rev. Mr. Benedict, a man of much learning and ability, took Father Whigins to task for confounding *firkins* with *fur-skins*; and, giving him the true reading and sense of the passage, compelled the old gentleman to admit his mistake.

"But," said he, "I confess I never could see exactly what the Jews should put *fur-skins* into their water pots for; and, after all, I'm sorry you told me, for you have spoiled one of the best sermons in the whole lot I have got."

"But his turn for criticism came, and well did he improve it. Mr. Benedict preached in the afternoon. Unfortunately for him, he used some illustration drawn from the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. The eye of old Father Whigins twinkled; for now he had caught his critic in a prodigious blunder. After service he took Mr. Benedict home with him, and alluding most delicately to the fact that the wisest men are sometimes mistaken, he went on to say: 'Brother Benedict, I am astonished that a well-read preacher like you should draw an illustration from a work of fiction like the life of Bonaparte!'

"Mr. Benedict was puzzled to know what the good man was at, but ventured to say he presumed Father Whigins was jesting.

"Not a bit of it," said he; and going to a closet brought out a copy of Archbishop Whateley's 'Historic Doubts,' in which that able writer shows what kind of an argument might be constructed to prove that no such man as Napoleon ever lived.

"There," said the old gentleman, "read that; and any man who will read it and believe that any such person as Napoleon ever lived, must be a fool!"

"Father Whigins had been convinced by the Archbishop's reasoning, and Brother Benedict did not attempt to unreason him, hoping one day to hear a sermon on the 'Fictitious in French History.'"

WE hope to hear "many a time and oft" from the correspondent who furnishes the two or three stories below from the "Old Dominion:"

"In the early history of the Richmond Theatre, under the management of the late Charles Gilfert, North Carolina money formed part of our currency, and ranged in our city at a discount of from ten to fifteen per cent.

"Gilfert was frequently hard pressed to meet the current expenses of his theatre, and it was no unusual circumstance for him to resort to the expedient of borrowing North Carolina money of a noted broker, to be returned in Virginia money. With this depreciated currency he paid the salaries of his actors and orchestra, much to their discontent and injury.

"Gilfert had in early life cultivated a knowledge of music, and was not only a skillful leader but a composer of merit; he prided himself in his orchestra, and had among its members artists of distinguished ability, and made music a prominent feature of the establishment. His flute-player was a venerable-looking old gentleman, by the name of Stone; his leader, Nickola. Stone was eccentric and irritable, and justly felt the injustice of Gilfert's financiering, and had made more than one complaint to the treasurer of the imposition.

"On one occasion Gilfert had bestowed considerable time and labor in preparing music for some piece about to be produced, in the success of which he felt deep interest, and which prompted him to give his personal attention to its rehearsal. In the overture was introduced a beautiful flute solo, which Stone failed to take up in time. Gilfert directed Nickola to commence again, but with the same result—flute not heard. After examining the flute part with the score, and finding it correct, Gilfert directed the orchestra to try it again; but the flute failed to come in. Seizing the part, and striking it in an excited manner with his finger, he, in great passion, said, 'Mr. Stone! don't you see these notes?' Stone, equally excited, replied, 'Yes, Sir!' 'Well, Sir,' said Gilfert, 'can't you play them?' No, Sir,' said Stone; 'I can't play North Carolina notes at ten per cent. discount!' Sufficient to say that Gilfert and his green spectacles made quick exit off the stage."

"JARVIS, no less celebrated as an artist than a wit, from his versatile talents, was a most desirable companion in all convivial parties; and whether at the dinner-table, in the evening soirée, or his studio, he was the life and the spirit, and but few could be long in his society without yielding to the force of his flashes of wit and his remarkable repartees, and imbibing much of his cheerful disposition. The late venerable Bishop Morse was prevailed upon to have his portrait painted by Jarvis, and during his sittings availed himself of the opportunity of conversing with him on the subject of religion. Though Jarvis listened with deference and respect to the aged Bishop, the subject was not one, at that time, in which he felt much interest.

"At one of the sittings the subject was resumed, when Jarvis, becoming somewhat impatient, looked for a time alternately at the Bishop and then at

the canvas with his twinkling and laughing eyes, and thus addressed him: 'Now, Bishop, sit up straight; turn your head a little more to the right—that will do. Now, Sir, look at me, and *shut up your mouth!*' It may be conceived that the venerable Bishop appreciated the joke, took the hint, and remained silent."

"I WAS coming down the Hudson on the night-boat, and trying to sleep in a berth in the cabin. Two country dealers—slow, old coaches—sat near me, drawling out a conversation about store-keeping and buying goods, while I was wishing they would go to bed and let me go to sleep. They kept up a low, buzzing kind of a dreamy talk—not life enough in it to interest a sleepy hearer, and just too much to let him drop away. But I was finally amused by overhearing them, as they got upon two or three of the big merchants of New York, who, they allowed, were something. 'Purty smart, I 'spose, they are in York,' said one of the men; 'but I'd like to know what chance any of them fellows would stand in Willsville?'"

"At the 'Lyceum,'" writes an Owego correspondent, "a rising young lawyer spread himself on this wise:

"'Mr. Per-res-e-dent, methinks I have some indistinct er-im-iniscences that I had the honor to discourse before this society, upon this subject, at a *future* period of time.' Then, dashing into the merits of his subject, he 'spread' himself for a few minutes, and his peroration was as follows: 'You will understand me, Sir, as saying, if this be so, consequently, er-er—I remark, Sir, if what I have stated be true, then, consequently—please observe, Sir, my position is, if the reasoning be correct, then, consequently [long pause]—consequently—I had a very good speech, Sir, but it has gone from me.'

"And the young orator shared the fate of many another whose great speech went from him before it went out of him, and so the world lost it."

ONE of the sweetest poets ever born—the poet whose verse has gladdened more firesides than any other's—was a poor melancholy madman.

"Great wits to madmen oft are near allied;" but one of the drollest incongruities in Nature's works appears in so building the human brain that fun and woe shall nestle in adjoining cells. Think of poor Cowper seeking to die by his own hands; trying poison, and the halter, and razor, and river, and then driving away the demon by composing the John Gilpin ballad! Who has not laughed over it? Who has not been amazed that a mind frenzied with pain—a wretched, melancholy patient, unfitted for the world he lived in, and anxious to rid himself of the intolerable burden of life itself—should toss on his sleepless pillow and cheat his own agony into such amusing, laughter-making rhymes? Alluding to it in one of his letters, he said, "If I trifle, and merely trifle, it is because I am reduced to it by necessity; a melancholy, that nothing else so effectually disperses, engages me sometimes in the arduous task of being merry by force. And, strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood—perhaps had never been written at all but for that saddest mood."

"The experience of Cowper in this regard," says a writer in the *Journal of Insanity*, "does not

stand alone, as the history of literature abundantly shows."

True—very true; but how very little does the *history* of literature ever reveal of the inner life of the men whose wits have gladdened the homes and hearth-stones of the world! Who knows the tears that have been crystallized into diamonds of thought? Who knows the heart-throes in which the sweetest lines and the most entertaining pages have been born? To coin money out of heart-blood; to make smiles come from a breast where all is desolation, death, and despair; to laugh when you want to go away into the wilderness and die; to flash with the merry quip, the polished jest, the gay retort, the genial humor, when the chambers of imagery are all hung in sackcloth, and the soul is sick unto death—this is the work that poor Cowper had to do, and many a man who lives by the sweat of his inner brow has had to do since Cowper composed "John Gilpin."

Griefs there are for which philosophy has no antidote and religion no balm. They are griefs that crush a mind diseased; or, if that is what may not be affirmed with truth of mind, they are griefs that crush a mind imprisoned in a brain diseased. The victim is conscious of his doom, and powerless to make an effort to escape. He knows that his suffering no medicine will cure; and in that bitterness of his hopeless anguish he puts forth the wondrous energies of his excited, over-worked, but ever new-creating mind; and the town laughs at his wit, and calls him the happiest man alive.

"Every scene of life," said Cowper himself, "has two sides—a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either. He can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection."

Then let it not be imagined, saith the keeper of the key of the Drawer, that he who laughs the most has the lightest heart. As weeds of mourning often cover faces that are not sad, so smiles are flowers that sometimes deck the grave, or hide heart-sorrows deeper and darker than the tomb.

"A SMALL CONTRIBUTOR" writes: "A man came to Philadelphia some years ago, exhibiting six boys and six girls, but all of them were dressed in girls' clothes. They were all so much *like* girls in appearance, that he made money betting that no one could tell t'other from which. An Irishman went out and returned with a dozen apples. Throwing one to each of the children, he observed that some caught them in their hands; these, he said, were boys. Others held their aprons; these, he said, were girls. Pat hit right."

A NOVA SCOTIAN writes from Halifax to the Drawer, and tells a story of a lord and his tailor that is as pleasant a bit of reading as we have had in many a day. It is all the better for coming from over the line, where our correspondent volunteers to tell us that the Magazine is sought for all the more for the fuss that was made about it in the reading-room of some Canadian city—we forget which. This gentleman goes on to say:

"During the stay of the Rifle Brigade in the city of Halifax Lord Jocelyn was among its officers, and his extraordinary feats are still well remembered by many among us. At the same time there was one Sam Sweet, a tailor, here, whose chief business lay in the army and navy line. A

right good fellow was Sweet, and fond of a joke, and not slow in working one off upon his customers, if it came in his way. Like most others given to joking, he sometimes carried things a little too far, and found the laugh coming out on the wrong side. Now Lord Jocelyn had a coat made by this same Sam Sweet, and it proved to be a perfect fit. His lordship thought it a little too long—half an inch, or so—and as his friends concurred in the sentiment, he sent it back to Sweet to have the fair proportions of its tail curtailed to that 'extent, no more.'

"Sweet says to his foreman, Breed, 'I told you I thought my Lord Jocelyn's coat about half an inch too long; now, hang it up for three or four days, then send it home, without cutting off a bit of the tail; his lordship will never know the difference, and one of these days we will tell him of it.'

"Breed did as he was told. Lord Jocelyn sent for his coat, as it did not come home; Sweet sent him word that his best man was off on a spree, but he would have it done at once, and sent to-morrow. The next day the coat went home as it came.

"Two or three days afterward Jocelyn, with a brother officer, sauntered into Sweet's with his coat on—Sweet's make—and, accosting the tailor, said to him, 'I say, Sweet, I think my coat looks twenty per cent. better since you took off that half inch; it needed just that, I told you, to make it *the* thing.'

"'You are right, my Lord,' said Sweet—'you always are; it needed just exactly that much to come off. I told my foreman so when he cut it, and when you sent it back I had him take off the very half inch that your quick eye detected as being more than was needed.'

"'Oh, ah! have you the piece here you cut off?' says Jocelyn; 'I want to see just how much you did cut off, for I'm not to be trifled with about it; let's see the piece.'

"But the piece was not to be found; and Jocelyn, giving the wink to his brother officer, went on: 'Now, look here, Sweet, perhaps I can find the piece for you;' and, lifting up the skirt of his coat, he said to him,

"Do you see that little mark there?"

"Sweet said he saw it very plainly.

"Well, you audacious little rascal, I put that mark there before I sent the coat to be altered—just half an inch from the end of the coat—and you pretend to have cut off just so much, and yet the mark is just where I put it, eh?"

"Sold, by scissors!" says Snip; and, fearing his lordship's foot, he shot out of a side-door, and left his lordship to blow out and cool off at his leisure. This cured the tailor of practical joking; or, if he ever tried his hand at it again, he made no experiments of the kind on live lords."

SCOTCH wit is uncommon rich; there's not much of it in circulation, though Sandy is full of good-humor when he is also full of whisky-toddy. A Canada correspondent says:

"During the rebellion of 1837, at a place called Port Sarnia, there were stationed three brothers from the borders of Scotland and an English sergeant, a poor fellow. The sergeant was in the habit of boiling his beef in large quantities, enough for two or three days at one time, and it grieved these canny Scots that Bull would throw away all the water in which he boiled his beef. They could

turn it to good account if they had it, and resolved on making an application for the waste. One of the brothers, therefore, said to the Englishman one day:

"'Sergeant, gin ye like, ye can boil your beef in our soup.'

"Bull was roused. 'Hang your soup!' he cried; 'what kind of soup would it be before the beef was boiled in it?'

"The three Scotchmen gave it up; and were next seen near a hen-coop, gathering loose feathers to make a bed."

A WESTERN man writes: "When the laws of our State required parties wishing to be married to get a license from the County Clerk, an Irishman, evidently of full age, applied for the writ of execution. After the Clerk had put the usual questions as to his native place, occupation, etc., he asked,

"'Will you swear that you are twenty-one years old?'

"'Faith and I will do that same,' said Jemmy.

"'And Bridget,' said the Clerk; 'will you swear that she is twenty-one?'

"Jemmy straightened up, and looking somewhat indignant, replied, 'Sure an' I can swear she's *double* it!'

"He got his license, and hastened off to his waiting bride."

A JERSEYMAN writes: "I was over in your city the other day, and dropped in at a gallery of daguerreotypes. There I saw a picture, an Irish hod-carrier standing by the side of his hod, pipe in mouth. The poor fellow looked wearied enough with his toil, and I appreciated the fanciful title written underneath, 'The Greek Slave, By the Powers!'

"Just then a dandyfied fellow happened to spy it, and, taking out his eye-glass, gave it a critical examination and drawled out, 'Ah, yes! Greek Slave! Powers's Greek Slave: very fine; saw the original; very good copy this is; very good; fine specimen of the art.' And being perfectly satisfied that he had seen a copy of the Greek Slave, he walked on to study the next."

"Bright youths, some of your fellows are over there in York!

"Some time ago I was at a public table at a Philadelphia hotel, and among the boarders was a conceited fellow from the District of Columbia, who was running down Jerseymen, and Jersey Quakers as the worst even of them. I asked him how many persons present he supposed were of the class he was vilifying. He presumed there were none! On inquiry, for the whole table joined heartily in it, it was found that three-fourths of the company were Jerseymen and nearly half of them of Quaker families. The fellow was glad to finish his dinner and get out of the room.

"An old Quaker gentleman, of Trenton, New Jersey, having occasion to visit the town of Salem, took passage in one of the steamboats down the river. He had never been down before; a remarkable fact but true, nevertheless, and of course was desirous to learn the names of the places by which he was passing. He took the liberty of asking a passenger sitting near him, who answered gruffly a few times, and then, being annoyed at his repeated inquiries, exclaimed in a pet, 'Why, you think I know every thing, don't you?' The mild old gentleman looked at him quietly, and replied,

'No, my friend, I don't think thee knows good manners!'

"And so I say of all the correspondents of your Drawer who send silly stories, mixing up Yankees and Jerseymen, and making fun of both. They (your correspondents, I mean) don't know good manners. That's my opinion."

TIOGA County, Pennsylvania, is the scene of the following, which a clever writer there paints up for the Drawer:

"Uncle Bill Fenton is one of the shrewdest old Dutchmen in these parts. He is a thrifty farmer, two miles from town, and often comes down to do a little trading and ask all hands about the store to *duke a liddle zumbtin!* Free and easy, and fond of a social glass, he would now and then get tipsy; but with the progress of the age he was actually overcome by the Temperance reform, and of late years he has given up drinking in a *great* measure. [Meaning, we suppose, that he drinks out of a small measure.—*Ed.*] On one of his recent visits to town, he came with a yoke of oxen to the mill, loaded his grist, and was starting for home, when he saw some of his old friends hanging about the store. Getting into a little chat with them, he invited them in to take something; took something himself, and then a little more, till it got to be too much, and night coming on, he set off with his oxen and cart, having perched himself as well as he could on the top of the load. The road was muddy and so was his head, and he soon sunk down under the power of the liquor, and with a lurch of the cart, was rolled into the road, while the oxen went swinging along home. One of his neighbors coming along from town with a team saw Uncle Bill lying in the mud, and, getting down, shook him soundly and cried out,

"'Uncle Bill, is this you?'

"'No no, it ain't Uncle Bill. I quit drinking more'n a year ago, and dis ere feller's drunk as a peest.'

"But when Uncle Bill is sober, nobody can get the advantage of him in a trade. He brought a load of pork in barrels to town, and left it with Bacon and Hanson, merchants, to be sold and accounted for, and the barrels to be returned to him. The dealers sent it off to their lumber works, and settled with Uncle Bill, paying him off. By-and-by the pork came back, proved to be bad, and the dealers thought to fasten Uncle Bill with it by showing him the barrels and telling him that they were his and ready for him. Not he. Uncle Bill looked at the barrels, couldn't recognize them, never had seen them before! And he never called for his empty barrels."

"We have a sexton who has officiated in his office a long time, but was very green when he first undertook the office. He was desired to *blow the organ* until the plummet should rise to a certain mark. The organist took her seat and tried to strike the notes, but there was no wind. She kept calling to him to 'Blow, blow!' It was still a failure. She then proceeded to the back of the organ, and there was John, down upon all-fours, his cheeks distended, and the perspiration rolling off his face. 'Faith, Miss,' he said, 'I have been blowing all the time as hard as I could, but the thing won't rise at all, and I'm jist used up with the trying!'"

An attentive friend in St. Louis sends us several

scraps from his scrap-book, warranting them all to be old and good; that is, ancient and respectable.

A spendthrift, who had wasted his patrimony, rallying a frugal country gentleman, said, among other things, "I'll warrant these buttons on your coat were your grandfather's." "Yes," said the other, "*and I have got my grandfather's lands, too!*"

Epigram by Voltaire, on being frequently disturbed in the night by the ringing of the bells in a town where he resided a short time:

"Ye rascals of ringers, ye merciless foes,
And disturbers of all who are fond of repose;
How I wish—for the quiet and peace of the land
—That ye wore round your necks what ye hold in
your hands!"

When the body of the illustrious hero of Trafalgar was put into a cask of spirits to be transported to old England, the bung accidentally fell out and one of his Lordship's fingers made its appearance at the opening. A seaman who had for some years served in the Admiral's ship, seized the hand, and giving it a cordial gripe, at the same time wiping away a tear that glistened on his weather-beaten cheek, exclaimed, "Hang me, old boy, if you are not in better *spirits* than any of us."

EPITAPH IN KIZMURRY CHURCH-YARD.

"This stone was rais'd by Sarah's lord,
Not Sarah's virtues to record—
For they're well known to all the town—
But it was *rais'd*—to keep her *down*."

A counselor examining a witness in the Court of King's Bench whose evidence he endeavored to invalidate, was whispered to by a wag behind him to interrogate the witness as to his having been a prisoner in Gloucester jail. Thus instructed, the advocate boldly asked, "When, Sir, were you last in Gloucester jail?" The witness, a respectable man, with astonishment declared that he never was in jail in his life. The counselor turned round to his friendly brother, and asked for what the man had been imprisoned? The answer was, "For suicide." Without hesitation he addressed the witness, "Now, Sir, I ask you, upon your oath, and remember I shall have your words taken down, was you not imprisoned in Gloucester jail for the crime of suicide?" The whole Court burst into a fit of laughter, and the counselor's embarrassment may be easily imagined.

WHEN the opera of "Julius Cæsar" was performed in London, in 1733, a piece of machinery tumbled down from the roof of the theatre upon the stage just as Senesino, who was playing the part of Julius Cæsar, had chanted forth the words, "Cæsar does not know what fear is." The mock hero was so frightened that he lost his voice, fell to trembling, and then to weeping, to the infinite amusement of the audience, who knew there was no danger, and felt the contrast between the words and the man. How many mock heroes of a day are as great cowards as Senesino!

A NEW ENGLAND PASTOR, to whom we have been previously indebted for good matter, lays us under new obligations by communicating more, as follows:

"While those just coming upon the stage are superior to any that have gone before them—certainly in their own judgment, and that of fond parents—it must be admitted that the *risen* generation had some smart boys among them. I have before me a veritable composition submitted by a *Sopho-*

more in Yale College, fifty years ago. I send you the introduction:—

"From the extensive survey which we have of mankind, we should naturally conclude that it takes all sorts of men to make a world. I will first take a view of the upright man, who is not like those who go to the taverns, for the sake of alleviating contentions and allurements; but is like to the eight notes, which rise higher and higher unto the perfect day. I will next consider on what basis the thief is founded, who, not considering his illegitimate condition, and taking no thought of future exchange, rushes down the stream of rapidity into the gulf of desolation, and the keys of unconquerable nature are turned upon him!"

"And so on; proving beyond a peradventure that the boys were handy with the pen half a century ago. Then there was the case of a risen lawyer of our State, who, when he was a boy, received from his parents the memoirs of a very excellent youth, named John Mooney Mead, and was told to read them. He read the book, and very quietly remarked, that he had no doubt he should have been just as good a boy as John Mooney Mead if he had only had as good parents!"

"And yet another: A little girl in our family had a great aversion to the study of the Catechism, though very fond of hearing or reading stories. She mastered the 'Commandments,' but was greatly troubled with the answers to 'What are the reasons annexed,' etc. She was listening one day to the story of Moses and the Israelites at Sinai, and when she was told that there the Lord gave the Commandments to Moses, she looked up, and very innocently asked, 'Did He give the *reasons annexed*?'"

A WAG in a Justice's Court in Kentucky comes into the Drawer. Squire Hobborn was holding court in Boone County. The attorney for the defendant was piling up the law, and making a very knotty case of it, when the magistrate suddenly remembered that he had left his spectacles in his house, near by, and adjourned the court for a few minutes that he might go and get them. The counsel on the other side made the following record of the case: "The Court, unable to see the 'pint,' adjourned to get its specs."

AN ear-witness, a reputable lawyer of Kentucky, is the voucher for one more anecdote of glorious old Henry Clay:

"Clay was addressing an immense crowd in Nashville. The distinguished Democratic statesman, Felix Grundy, resided there, but was now absent. He had a great reputation as a lawyer in criminal cases, and was eminently successful in their defense. At this time, however, he was off on an electioneering tour in support of the Democratic party. 'I had hoped,' said Clay, 'when I came to Nashville, to have the pleasure of meeting and renewing my acquaintance with my old friend, Grundy; but I understand that he is in East Tennessee, at his old business—*defending criminals!*'"

"The hit was so palpable and characteristic, and withal good-natured, that the crowd, 'without distinction of party,' received it with cheers."

SPEAKING of Clay calls to mind Colonel A. K. McClung, who delivered the eulogy on old "Harry of the West" in the Mississippi House of Representatives, and of whom the Drawer, for June, printed

a couple of stories, against which a correspondent thus remonstrates. The Drawer can say that it by no means considered the stories alluded to in the light of imputations upon the character of the gallant but unfortunate Colonel:

"Why speak lightly of the dead? Don't you remember the anecdote of the little girl who went with her father through the Père la Chaise Cemetery, and when she had read the inscriptions of perfection on all the graves, said, 'Now, papa, show me where the wicked people are buried?'"

"But Colonel M'Clung was *really* a noble and generous-hearted man. Those fatal duels were all the promptings of necessity, not inclination. The following touching lines are said to have been written by him a few months before his death. Though one of the honored heroes of Monterey and Buena Vista, he was long known, from some inexplicable cause, to be tired of life, and afterward committed suicide.

"Swiftly speed o'er the waves of time,
Spirit of Death!
In manhood's morn, in youthful prime,
I woo thy breath.
For the fading hues of hope have fled
Like the dolphin's light;
And dark are the clouds above my head
As the starless night!

"Oh, vainly the mariner sighs for the rest
Of the peaceful haven;
The pilgrim-saint for the home of the bless'd—
The calm of heaven;
The galley-slave for the night-wind's breath
At burning noon;
But more gladly I'd spring to thy cold arms, Death—
Come soon! come soon!"

THE scolding habit that some preachers get into, denouncing the people with a violence that does not become the place or the subject, was very naturally and unintentionally reproved in a church in Mississippi some years ago.

When the Hon. R. R. Rodgers was a boy, he was once at "meeting" with his father and mother, and they had given him the carriage-whip to keep him quiet. The preacher was very violent, and impressed the boy so deeply with the idea that he was scolding, that the little fellow stepped forward, whip in hand, and said, "Here, Sir, take this and whip them."

The same boy grows to be a man, and his own daughter makes a beautiful remark, which we set among the gems of child-thought.

Her father was amusing her by the echo on the banks of a river. He asked her what it was that caused the words to be repeated. She thought a moment, and, turning up her rosy face, replied, "Why, it's the shadow of your voice, pa!" As pretty a definition of the echo as we have ever heard, and made by a child. Long may the echo of her voice be heard in her father's halls! Long may it be ere there is a shadow on his hearth!

GEORGE STEPHENSON, the father of locomotives and of Robert Stephenson, was the greatest engineer that England ever produced, unless his son is greater than the father. The Drawer might be filled with anecdotes of this wonderful man, who could not read when he was eighteen years old, but educated himself, revolutionized the trade and travel of the world, became the companion of literary, philosophical, and royal personages, and had statues reared to his memory when he was dead.

After this we are ready to tell two stories of him, to give his opinion as to the two greatest powers in Nature or Art.

Mr. Stephenson was for some days the guest of Sir Robert Peel, with the famous naturalist, Buckland, Sir William Follett, and other company. One day an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr. Buckland, on one of his favorite theories, as to the formation of coal. But the result was that Dr. Buckland, a much greater master of tongue-fence than Stephenson, completely silenced him. Stephenson could work, and work wonders, but he could not talk up to his knowledge. Next morning, when he was walking in the grounds, deeply pondering, Sir William Follett came up and asked him what he was thinking about.

"Why," said he, "about that argument with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I only had the command of words which he has, I'd have beaten him."

"Let me know all about it," said Follett, a splendid lawyer, "and I'll see what I can do for you."

The two sat down in an arbor, and Stephenson went over the whole ground, and made Sir William master of the subject, who rubbed his hands and said, "Now I'm ready for him!"

The subject was brought up at dinner by Sir Robert Peel, who was let into the plot. Follett pitched into Buckland and routed him, horse, foot, and dragoons—talked him down and out, and beat him all to pieces. Peel enjoyed it amazingly, and asked,

"What do *you* say, Mr. Stephenson?"

"Why, I will only say this," he replied, "that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of the gab!"

That's one power, and verily it *is* great; but the other is more than a match for it.

One day, at dinner—during the same visit—a scientific lady asked Mr. Stephenson, "What do you consider the most powerful force in nature?"

"Oh!" said he, right gallantly, "I will soon answer that question; it is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back. There is no other force in nature which could do that."

Very well said that was for a boor-born, self-taught coal-heaver, but more of a gentleman in his soul than titled thousands,

"Whose ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

A CORRESPONDENT in North Carolina writes: "Some years ago the subject of a State Penitentiary was agitated among us, and candidates for the Legislature were called on to declare their sentiments very distinctly in regard to it before election. The Hon. Peter Jackson was up for the House, and, in presence of his constituents, stood up to make a speech.

"Fellow-citizens!" he said, "in accordance with time-honored custom, I come to declare my political sentiments. You know I am a Democrat, rocked in the cradle of Democracy, and was never any thing else, and never shall be. There are three topics that now agitate the State: the United States Bank, the Tariff, and the Penitentiary. I

shall pass over the first two very briefly, as my sentiments are well known, and come to the Penitentiary, *where I shall dwell for some time.*'

"It was long before the audience could allow him to reach his destination."

A GEORGIA writer tells us of one of the intelligent pedagogues of that State:

"He was visiting a family in a town adjoining the one in which he pursued his profession of 'keeping school.' One of his scholars had been recently injured by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of another pupil. Without any thought of this misfortune, the gentleman at whose house he was now visiting remarked to him,

"Well, Sir, I suppose you are still engaged in teaching the young idea how to shoot?"

"You mistake, Sir," he replied on the instant; 'if I had had my way, neither of them should have taken the gun in his hands!'"

Bright, wasn't he?"

"DR. JOHNSON, of Morris County, New Jersey," writes a friend, "an old physician, known and respected by all the community, was riding leisurely along, one summer day, and a party of Irish hay-makers, taking a nooning with their bottle under a tree, thought to put a joke upon him. One of them stepped out, and calling to the Doctor to stop, asked him to come over and pull a tooth. Hitching his horse, he was soon among them, when the man who had called him handed him a hay-rake, and asked him to pull one of its teeth. Without hesitation, the Doctor took it, and was preparing to perform the operation, when the fellow said he guessed he wouldn't have it drawn to-day.

"Oh, very well," said the Doctor; 'it's all the same to me—fifty cents, Sir!' And sure enough the fellow found he was bit, and had to pay the usual fee. He never trifled with the old gentleman again."

A CLERK in a Western post-office writes that, in making up the mails, he found two letters directed in the same handwriting, as follows:

MISS EMILY ALLAN,
BUCK KANNON CO.,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

MISS BARBARA DITTO,
BUCK KANNON CO.,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

He imagines that the writer had recently learned the meaning and use of the word *ditto*; and, writing two letters to two sisters, availed himself of the opportunity to employ the convenient abbreviation. We say *ditto* to the clerk.

DR. CHAPMAN, of Philadelphia, was easily the chief of humorists. The best of his wit will never be put in print, but will travel from mouth to mouth for generations to come. We have had a score or more of his sayings and doings in the Drawer, and hope to have a hundred more.

In a summer rustication Dr. Chapman made the acquaintance of a country doctor—a clever man in the Yankee sense of that word, and not a clever man as the English people call clever. Having never had a regular medical course of instruction, he was quite unacquainted with the technical terms of the profession; and, in fact, was an interloper, with no genuine claim to respect as a physician.

Dr. Jonson, the rural medico, proud of the acquaintance of the great Philadelphia physician, brought a patient to him and asked advice, saying that he had exhausted medicine and skill upon the case, with no effect. Chapman knew he was a quack, and began:

"Have you used *depletions*?"

"No, Sir," said Jonson; "I have thought of that, but it is not to be had out here in the country!"

"Perhaps you have tried *venesection*?"

"I have not; indeed it has never been introduced among us here."

"Then I would recommend *phlebotomy*," continued Dr. Chapman.

"The very thing I was going to give him as soon as I could get some of it from the city. You didn't happen to bring any with you, Dr. Chapman—did you, Sir?"

The Philadelphia doctor could hold in no longer. He laughed so heartily that Jonson insisted on an explanation; and when he learned that the three suggestions amounted to the same thing, and that was *bleeding*, he bolted out, drawing his recovering patient along with him. The story got out also; and Jonson went by the name of "Phlebotomy" to the day of his death, which happened a few years ago.

LONG time ago the Drawer had the story of the two honest Dutchmen who were, for the first time, using a *note of hand*. Hans lent Staats a hundred dollars, and, between them, they managed to write a note; but then the question came up, Who should keep the note? At last it was agreed that Staats, who had borrowed the money, should keep the note, so as to know when it must be paid. At the time appointed he brought the note and the money, and Hans now took them both, and kept the note, that he might be sure it was paid. But this old story is not half as good as one which a Western New York correspondent furnishes of some of the pioneers who settled the region from which he writes. He says:

"Many years ago the first settlers in this, then a wilderness almost, were obliged to take their grain one hundred and fifty miles in wagons to Albany, to find a market. The roads were bad, and traveling dangerous. Three of our farmers found a purchaser for their loads of wheat at Amsterdam, a village some twenty-five miles west of Albany, and were glad to dispose of it, and save themselves the travel. They took an order on the bank at Amsterdam for their pay, which was offered them in silver, but they objected to taking it, as it was too heavy to carry, and they preferred the notes of the bank. And here the laugh comes in. The officers of the bank refused to give them the bills, because the farmers were going so far out into the wilderness the bills would never come back to the bank again! The matter was finally compromised by the bank's paying each of them one dollar extra on their consenting to receive silver instead of paper money."

THE Drawer never complains of any body. Finding fault is not in keeping with that good-humor which puts up with every thing; but the Drawer takes the liberty of saying that *Harper's Weekly* man has lately been in the habit of helping himself to some of our good things, and if contributors miss any of their pleasantries they may know where to find them.

Guesses at the Truth.



ANXIOUS MOTHER. "I wonder what George is doing in California. Reading his Bible, I hope."



PRECOCIOUS BOY. "If the Old Man should see me, wouldn't I catch it!"



YOUNG LADY. "I know that Augustus is so sad because he could not come to see me this evening."



MAN ABOUT TOWN. "That is the daughter of Old Skivers. I'll go in. She's worth a million."



CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPER. "Yes, my dear, Biddy is in bed and asleep. I told her to go an hour ago."



ROMANTIC MAIDEN. "What a splendid fellow! He must be an English nobleman."



BOLD BURGLAR. "Now for the Key. Coast all clear."



BROADWAY DANDY. "I thought this Coat would attract attention."



TRUSTING WIFE. "Poor Charles! How tired he must be; kept at the Office till 12 o'clock every night."



BANK DIRECTOR. "Our First Teller is invaluable. He looks after our money as though it were his own."



POLITE SHOPKEEPER. "Certainly, Madame. It shall be there in time. My Errand Boy never loiters by the way."



TARDY TRAVELER. "Oh, plenty of time. Cars start in fifteen minutes. Drive down in ten."



COUNTRY COUSIN. "Jack writes that he is going into business at Sing Sing. Making his Fortune, I dare say."



VERDANT YOUTH. "Patent Lever—Double Case—Twenty-two Carats—Full Jeweled—Only Five Dollars—Cheap as Dirt."



ASSURED LOVER. "I'll ask Old Barnacle's consent. He'll jump at the chance of getting me for a Son-in-Law."



FOOLISH TRAVELER. "I wish the Cars would run off the Track. I'd like to know how it seems."

Fashions for August.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—DINNER, EVENING, OR CARRIAGE TOILET.



FIGURE 2.—LACE BASQUINE.

THE DRESS illustrated on the preceding page is appropriate for any occasion where full-dress is not required. If, instead of the material represented, some of the *robes à disposition* are used, and the trimmings are omitted, the style will be found suitable for the promenade. Made of taffeta, as in the illustration, the dress will be suitable for the early autumn; while, if produced in any of the light summer tissues now so prevalent, it is admi-

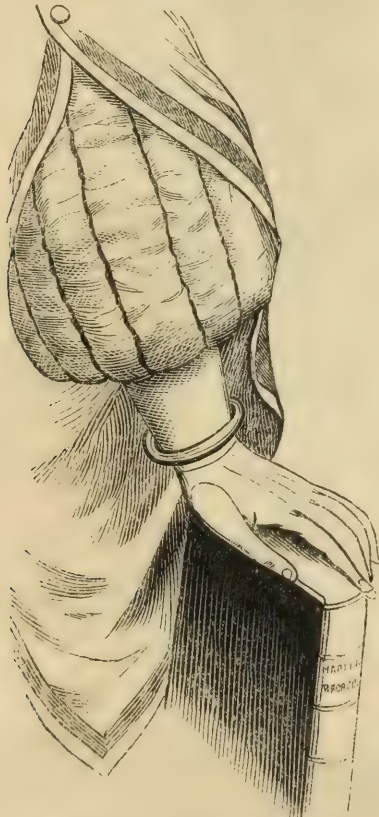


FIGURE 3.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

rably suited for our sultry August weather.—The corsage is half-high, cut low in front, square, and *demi-busque*. The sleeves are shawl-shaped, square, and flowing. The ornament is of pipings of the same material as the dress, graduated in size, and intertwined with black. This borders the neck and sleeves, and is festooned upon the skirts, being arranged in bows, at the sides and upon the front of the bodice, with ends ornamented with tassels to match. The Dress is further trimmed with an edging of black lace, relieved upon the neck by a purling of white point.—The *Coiffure* is of black lace, with *barbes*, and large pearl drops.

For *Evening Toilettes* the black lace shawls, illustrated last summer, worn over the head in the Spanish manner, are much admired; or worn shawl-wise for the promenade, they are equally in vogue.

THE BASQUINE is of black lace, trimmed with *bretelles* and a double flounce of Chantilly lace. A black satin ribbon, with bows and ends upon the sleeves and waist, is passed through the puffings.

THE UNDER-SLEEVE is composed of *bouillonnées* of illusion tulle, divided by lines of narrow black velvet. It is only half-way to the wrist, and open.

THE CHEMISE is quite new in model. The illustration requires no verbal description.

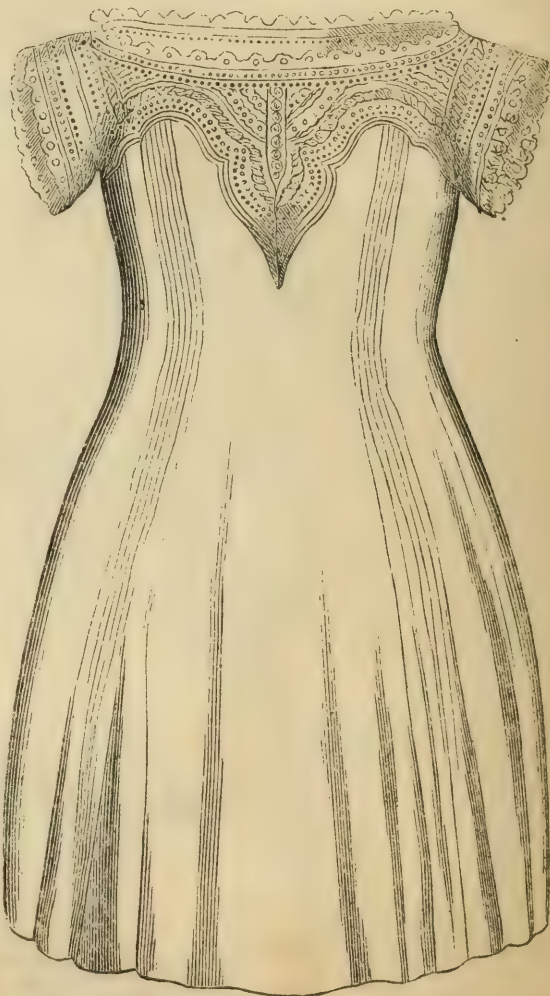


FIGURE 4.—CHEMISE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. C.—SEPTEMBER, 1858.—VOL. XVII.



“HER VOICE WAS DELIGHTFUL, HER TEETH NOT HER OWN—
AND A CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR WHEN SHE SAT SEEMED A THRONE.”

THE FINISHING SCHOOL.

THE SCHOOL.

MISS MARY DEGAI, at the age of sixteen,
Was as pretty a maiden as ever was seen.
Her eyes were deep blue—
Not that meaningless hue
That one sees on old china, and sometimes on new ;
Which really implies
Hers were not saucer eyes,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XVII.—No. 100.—E E

Though the people declared—and I'm not sure which worser is—
 That though not saucer eyes they had worked many sorceries.
 Her hair was that shade of which poets are fond,
 A compromise lustrous 'twixt brown and 'twixt blonde.
 Her figure was fragile,
 Yet springy and agile;
 While her clear pallid skin, so essentially Frenchy,
 Neither brunette nor fair,
 Just gave her the air
 Of a sort of Fifth Avenue Beatrix Cenci.

With a spick and span new, superfine education,
 Befitting a maid of such fortunate station,
 Miss Mary Degai had just made her *début*,
 From the very select,
 Genteel, circumspect,
 Establishment kept by—it can not be wrong
 Just to mention the name—by one Madame Cancan.
 This Madame Cancan was a perfect Parisian,
 Her morals infernal, her manners elysian.
 She was slender and graceful and rouged with much art.
 A mistress of dumb show, from ogle to start.
 Her voice was delightful, her teeth not her own—
 And a cane-bottomed chair when she sat seemed a throne.
 In short, this dear, elegant Madame Cancan
 Was like a French dinner at some restaurant—
 That is, she completely was made *à la carte*,
 And I think she'd a truffle instead of a heart!
 But then what good rearing she gave to her pupils!
 They dressed like those elegant ladies at Goupil's
 One sees in the prints just imported from France;
 With what marvelous grace did they join in the dance!
 No Puritan modesty marred their *tournure*—
 Being modest is nearly as bad as being poor—
 No shudder attacked them when man laid his hand on
 Their waists in the Redowa's graceful *abandon*,
 As they swung in that waltz to voluptuous music;
 Ah! did we but see
 Our sisters so free,
 I warrant the sight would make both me and you sick!
 Thus no trouble was spared through those young misses' lives
 To make them good partners, and—very bad wives.
 Receptions were given each regular Wednesday—
 Which day by the school was entitled “the men's day,”
 Because on such date young New York was allowed
 To visit *en masse* that ingenuous crowd,
 When they talked threadbare nothings and flat shilly-shally.
 Of Gottschalk's mustache, or Signora Vestvali,
 Followed up by the *thrillingest* questions and answers,
 Such as—which they liked best, the Schottische or the Lancers?



..... "THEIR GAIT IN THE STREET
WAS FIVE-BARRED—ONE MIGHT SAY—'T WAS SO HIGH AND COMPLETE."

No flirting of course was permitted. Oh dear !
If Madame Cancon such a word were to hear
She would look a whole beltful of dagger-blades at you,
And faint in the style of some favorite statue.
The men were invited alone to impart
To her young *protégées* that most difficult art
Of conversing with ease ; and if ease was the aim
That Madame had in view she was not much to blame,
For I vow she succeeded so well with her she's,
That her school might take rank as a chapel of ease !
Au reste, Madame's *pension* was quite the fashion :
None better knew how to put shawl or pin sash on
Than did her young ladies ; 'twas good as a play
To watch the well-bred and impertinent way
They could enter a room in. Their gait in the street
Was five-barred—one might say—'twas so high and complete.
Then their boots were so small, and their stockings so neat—
Alas ! that such dainty and elegant feet



"SMUGGLED CANDY IN SCHOOL; SMOKED CIGARS, AND—OH, FIE!
READ A GREAT MANY VERY QUEER BOOKS ON THE SLY."

Should be trained *à la mode*
In that vicious gymnasium—the modern school—
To trip down the road
That, while easy and broad,
Conducts to a place that's more spacious than cool!

Miss Mary Degai
Was the pet *protégée*
Of dear Madame Cancan. She was excellent pay.
In her own right an heiress—a plum at the least—
A plantation down South, and a coal-mine down East—
I can't state the sum of her fortune in figures,
But I know she had plenty of dollars and niggers.
She was petted and *fêted*,
And splendidly treated,
Lay abed when she chose, and her school-teachers cheated;
Smuggled candy in school; smoked cigars, and—oh, fie!—
Read a great many very queer books on the sly.
She'd a love-affair, too—quite a sweet episode—
With a wonderful foreign young Count, who abode
In the opposite dwelling—a Count Cherami—
A charming young beau,
Who was *très comme il faut*,
And who was with our boarding-school Miss *bien pris*.
So he shot letters on to the roof with an arrow,
From whence they were picked by a provident sparrow,



"THAT MILLION
OF MARVELOUS MAZES—THE GERMAN COTILLION."

An amiable housemaid, who thought that the course
Of true love *should* run smooth,
And had pity on youth—

So, sooner than leave the fond pair no resource,
She disinterestedly brought all the letters to Mary,
At a dollar apiece—the beneficent fairy !

THE BALL.

'Twas the height of the season, the spring-time of Brown,
Who sowed invitations all over the town.

Soirées musicale, tableaux, matinées,

Turned days into nights, and the nights into days ;

And women went mad upon feathers and flounces,

And scruples gave way to auriferous ounces.

Amanda came over her father with new arts

To grant her a credit at amiable Stewart's,

And sulked till he'd promised that, if she'd not miff any,

He'd give her the bracelet she wanted from Tiffany.

As a matter of course,
 Young New York was in force.
 Tight boots and loose coats,
 Stiff, dog-collared throats ;
 Champagne under chair,
 Drunk with dare-devil air.
 Mr. Brown's light brigade
 Was in splendor arrayed.
 Oh ! that season, I wot,
 Will be never forgot,

For 'twas then that young Belzebub proved all his vigor
 Of mind by inventing a wonderful figure,
 To be danced every night by "his set," in that million
 Of marvelous mazes—the German cotillion.



"THE POOR SUMMER FLOWERS
 WERE FORCED TO COME OUT AT UNREASONABLE HOURS."

'Twas the height of the winter. The poor summer flowers
 Were forced to come out at unreasonable hours.
 Camelias, amazed at the frost and the snow,
 Without asking their leaves, were requested to blow ;
 And gardeners, relentless, awaked the moss-roses
 From slumbers hybernant to tickle the noses
 Of maidens just budding, like them, out of season ;
 And pale, purple violets, sick and etiolate,
 Tried in vain to preserve their wan blossoms inviolate.
 In short, 'twas the time of the ball-giving season,
 The reign of low dresses, ice-creams, and unreason.
 And the greatest event of the night—not the day—
 Though the latter's the phrase the most proper to say—
 Was the *bal de début* of Miss Mary Degai.

What a ball that one was ! All the city was there.
 Brown reigned like a king on the white marble stair.

And whistled—perhaps 'twas to drive away care—
 Loud, shrilly, and long, to each carriage and pair
 As it landed its burden of feminine fair.
 And Kammerer hid in a nice little lair
 Of thick-tufted laurels, played many an air,
 Soft waltz, wild mazourka, quick polka, slow schottische,
 With all those quadrilles called by Jullien “the Scottish.”
 Globed lamps shed soft light over shoulders of satin,
 While men, hat in hand—fashion *à la* Manhattan—
 Talked in tones that were muffled in sweet modulation
 To all those fair flow'rs of the fairer creation,
 About—whether the play or the ballet were properer?
 Or—they did not observe them last night at the Opera.

Oh! the nooks and the corners—the secret expansions—
 That are found in the depths of Fifth Avenue mansions—
 The deeply-bayed windows, screened off by camelias,
 Just made for the loves of the Toms and Amelias;



“TÊTE-A-TÊTE, THAT IS, CLOSE AS 'T WAS PROPER TO BE,
 MISS MARY DEGAI AND THE COUNT CHERAMI.”

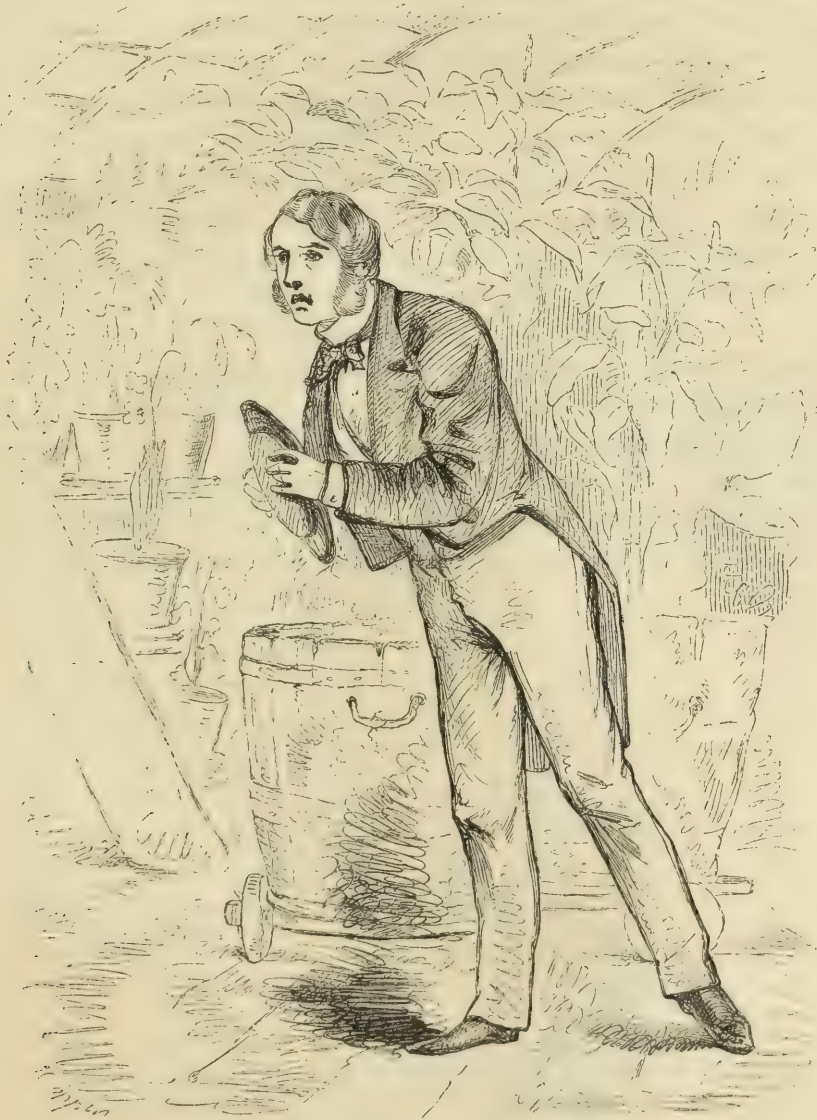
The dim little boudoir
 Where nestles—*proh pudor!*—
 That pair of young doves, in the deep shadow cooing—
 Which means, in plain English, legitimate wooing.
 The ancients, I know, or I've got the idea,
 Placed Love in some spot that they called Cytherea—
 A commonplace garden, with nothing but sparrows
 To shoot at—and that would be wasting Love's arrows—
 And where, if he sat on the grass with his Psyche,
 He'd probably start before long with, "Oh, Criky!
 There's a bug on my—tunic!" But that was all gammon.
 The true home of Love is the palace of Mammon,
 Where gardens grow up, under glass, nice and neat,
 And lovers may wander,
 And ever grow fonder,
 Without even once getting wet in their feet!

In one of those bowers, remote and secluded,
 With pale-blossomed roses ingeniously wooded,



"THE COUNT WAS EXACTLY THE MAN FOR SIXTEEN,
 HE WAS TALL, HE WAS DARK, HE WAS HAUGHTY OF MIEN."

Through whose light-scented leaves a faint music stole in—
 Like perfume made audible—here might be seen
Tête-à-tête, that is, close as 'twas proper to be,
 Miss Mary Degai and the Count Cherami.
 The Count was exactly the man for sixteen,
 He was tall, he was dark, he was haughty of mien,
 He had beautiful feet, and his smile was serene,
 Though his hair might have needed a little wahpene—
 Still, what he had left was of glossiest sheen;
 His age—let me see—well, his age might have been
 Between thirty and forty—a dangerous age—
 All the passions of youth, and the wit of the sage.



"DISCONSOLATE WANDERED IN SEARCH OF MISS MARY—
 SEEKING HERE, SEEKING THERE, THAT INVISIBLE FAIRY."

The Count was an exile—a matter of course—
 A foreigner here has no other resource,
 Saving labor—and, what! ask a noble to work?
 Ask a Scotchman for money, or a Jew to eat pork!
 The Count was an exile, for reasons political,
 Though some said—but people are really so critical—

That he was but a *croupier* who'd made a good swoop.
 And had tried change of air for his fit of the *croupe*.
 And 'twas true that his eyes had a villainous flash—
 But then he had got such a lovely mustache,
 And his English was broken to exquisite smash!

There he sat *tête-à-tête* with Miss Mary Degai,
 Talking low in her ear, in his Frenchified way,
 Of his chateau at home, and the balls at the Tuileries,
 Longchamps, and Chantilly, and other tom-fooleries,
 While poor Madison Mowbray—a rising young lawyer
 Who promised, his friends said, to be a top-sawyer—
 Disconsolate wandered in search of Miss Mary—
 Seeking here, seeking there, that invisible fairy,
 Who'd promised him a turn in the very next waltz,
 And who now was accused as the falsest of false.
 Oh, Madison Mowbray, go home to your briefs—
 To your Chitty and Blackstone, and such like reliefs!
 For though Mary Degai pledged her hand for the dance,
 And though Mr. Degai promised it in advance
 To your keeping forever, you'll never possess it,
 Or swear at the altar to hold and caress it;
 For while you are moping in blankest amazement,
 Two black-shrouded figures slip out of the basement,
 And so to the corner, then into a carriage—
 Which looks rather like an elopement and marriage.
 But, to cut matters short, of the whole the amount
 Is that Mary Degai has run off with the Count.



"AND SO TO THE CORNER, THEN INTO A CARRIAGE—
 WHICH LOOKS RATHER LIKE AN ELOPEMENT AND MARRIAGE."

DÉNOUEMENT.

There's a tenement-house in Mulberry Street,
 Where thieves, and beggars, and loafers meet—
 A house whose face wears a leprous taint
 Of mouldy plaster and peeling paint.
 The windows are dull as the bleary eyes
 Of a drunken sot, and a black pool lies
 Full of festering garbage outside the door.
 The old stairs shudder from floor to floor,
 As if they shrank with an occult dread
 From the frequent criminals' guilty tread.
 And blasphemous women and drunken men
 Inhabit this foul, accurséd den,
 And oaths and quarrels disturb the night,
 And ruffianly faces offend the light,
 And wretches that dare not look on the sun
 Burrow within till the day is done.

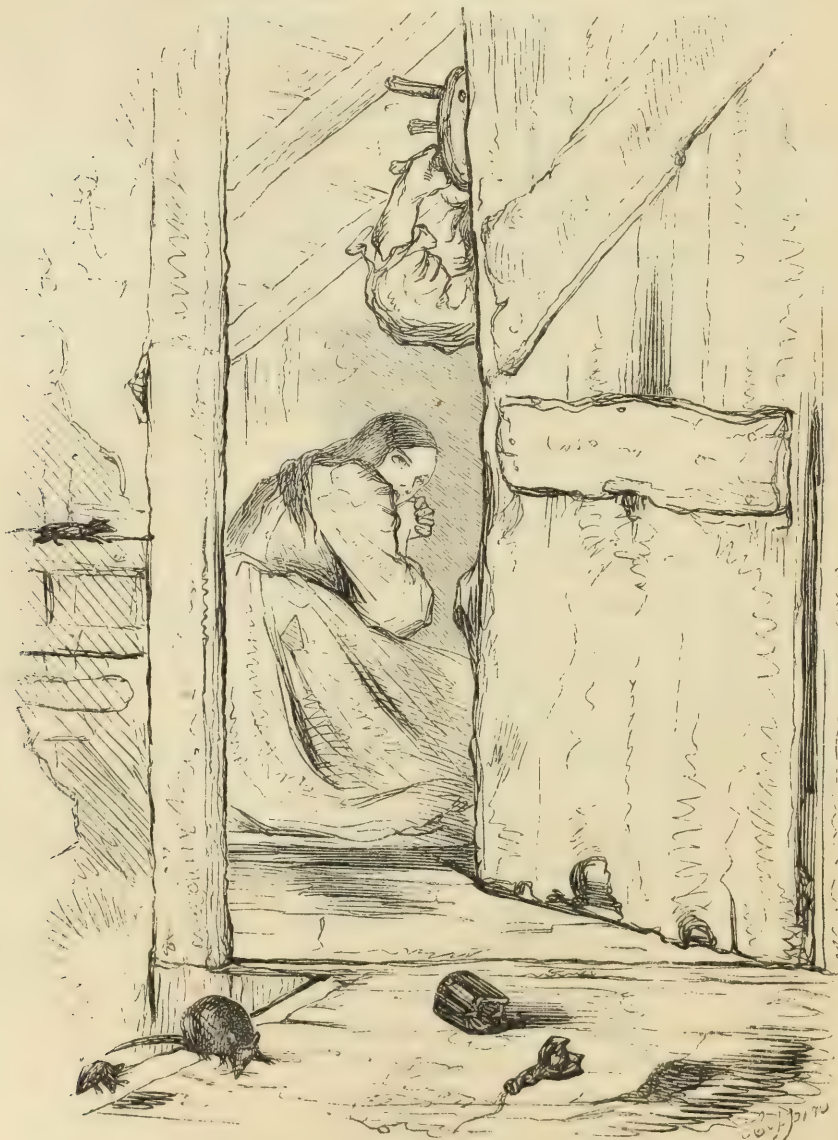
Here, in a room on the highest flat—
 The playground of beetle and of rat—
 Almost roofless, and bare, and cold,
 With the damp walls reeking with slimy mould,
 A woman hung o'er one smouldering ember
 That lay in the grate—it was in December.
 Oh, how thin she was, and wan!
 What sunken eyes! what lips thin drawn!
 Her mouth how it quivered!
 Her form how it shivered!
 Her teeth how they chattered as if they'd cheat
 Each skeleton limb
 With the pantomime grim
 Of having something at last to eat!

There is no sight more awful, say I,
 To look upon, whether in earth or sky,
 Than the terrible glare of a hungry eye!

The woman sat over the smouldering ember
 Pinched with the cold of that bitter December,
 Passing her hand in a weariful way
 Over the sparkles that faded away,
 Till one could see the faint red ray
 Gleam through the thin, transparent palm
 As one beholds the sunshine calm
 Through a painted window play.
 Who that beheld her in sunnier day,
 Lapped in roses and bathed in balm,
 Would credit that this was Mary Degai?

But where was the money in stocks and in rents?
 All squandered! The niggers? All sold! The per cents.?
 All gone! The magnificent Count Cherami
 Had made with her money a seven-years' spree
 In Paris and London: had known *figurantes*,
 Played at poker and bluff with one-thousand-franc antes,
 Bred racers, built yachts, and in seven years' time
 Neither husband nor wife had as much as a dime.

There was no help from father. The old man was dead
 With the curse unrevoked that he'd laid on her head.
 No help from her husband. A Count could not work
 And slave to enrich some tyrannical Turk.
 No help from herself—thanks to Madame Cancan,
 She had not a notion of getting along.
 Her fingers revolted from needle and thread,
 And to earn a loaf were by far too well bred.



"HARK! A STEP ON THE STAIRS! HOW HER THIN CHEEK GROWS WHITE
 AS SHE COWERS AWAY WITH A SHIVER OF FRIGHT."

Too proud for a beggar, too thin for the stage.
 She lay like a log in this hard-working age—
 The dreary result of a fashion fanatic,
 And helplessly starved in a comfortless attic.

Hark! a step on the stairs! How her thin cheek grows white
 As she cowers away with a shiver of fright.
 And the door is burst open—the Count staggers in,
 With a hiccup and oath, and a blasphemous din.
 Mad with drink, crazed with hunger, and weary of life,
 He revenges his sins on the head of his wife.
 Let us hasten the door of that garret to close
 On the nakedness, poverty, hunger, and woes;
 On the oaths, on the shrieks, on the cowardly blows!

Oh! young ladies who sigh over novels in yellow,
 And think Eugène Sue an exceeding smart fellow,
 There are more aims in life than a crinoline skirt.
 And a maid may be charming and yet not a flirt;
 And merit is better than title, my dears;
 In this country we've no occupation for peers
 Save those ones that our beautiful harbor affords,
 And those piers are worth more than the whole House of Lords.

And though money, I know,
 Is voted quite slow

In circles pretending to elegant rank,
 There's no very great sin in a sum at the Bank.
 Nor is marriage the portal to idle enjoyment.
 The true salt of life is an active employment.
 And if you have money there's plenty of work
 In the back-slums and alleys, where starvingly lurk
 Humanity's outcasts, 'mid want and disease;
 Broken hearts to be healed; craving wants to appease:
 Who'll come forward? don't speak all at once if you please!
 Above all, ye young heroines, take this amount

Of wholesome advice,
 Which like curry with rice

Gives a flavor, and saves one from saying things twice,
 Be this axiom forever with you paramount,
 Don't you ever advance all your cash on a Count.

Madame Cancan still lives, and still ogles and teaches,
 And still her lay sermons on Fashion she preaches;
 Still keeps of smooth phrases the choicest assortment;
 Still lectures on dress, easy carriage, deportment;
 And spends all her skill in thus moulding her pets
 Into very-genteelly-got-up marionettes.
 Yes! Puppet's the word; for there's nothing inside
 But a clock-work of vanity, fashion, and pride;
 Puppets warranted sound, that without any falter
 When wound up will go—just as far as the altar;

But when once the cap's donned with the matronly border,
Lo! the quiet machine goes at once out of order.

Ah! Madame Cancan, you may paint, you may plaster
Each crevice of Time that comes faster and faster;
But you can not avert that black day of disaster,
When in turn you'll be summoned yourself by a master!
You may speak perfect French, and Italian, and Spanish,
And know how to enter a room and to vanish,
To flirt with your fan quite as well as did Soto,
To play well-bred games from *écarté* to *loto*;
But in spite of all this, won't you sing rather small
When you're called up before the great Teacher of all?
False teacher, false friend—more, false speaker, false wife,
Dare you stand to be parsed in the grammar of life?
What account will you give of the many pure souls
To be guided by you through the quicksands and shoals



"BUT YOU CAN NOT AVERT THAT DAY OF DISASTER,
WHEN IN TURN YOU'LL BE SUMMONED YOURSELF BY A MASTER!"

That beset their youth's shore? Were they harbored or wrecked?
You didn't take trouble to think, I expect;
For each cockleshell boat,
When you set it afloat,
Had guitar strings for ropes, crinoline for a sail—
Nice rigging that was to encounter a gale!

Ah! Madame Cancan, our great Master above,
Who instructs us in charity, virtue, and love,
When he finds you deficient in all of your lessons,
A deliberate dunce both in substance and essence,
Will send you, I fear, to a Finishing School,
Which differs from yours though, in being less cool,
And kept on the corporal punishment rule.
There's excellent company there to be found:
The uppermost ranks you'll see floating around;
Some for grinding the poor are placed there underground—
So the hind has his justice as well as the hound.
Nor is dress much less thought of there than in Manhattan,
You may not find silks, but you'll surely find Satan;
And I doubt if you'll like their severe education—
There's lots to be learned, and no recreation,
And what's worse is—you'll never have any vacation.



"HAD GUITAR STRINGS FOR ROPES, CRINOLINE FOR A SAIL—
NICE RIGGING THAT WAS TO ENCOUNTER A GALE!"



CHOCTAWS.

THE TRIBES OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH PARALLEL.

UNDER the 10th and 11th sections of the Military Appropriation Act, approved 3d March, 1853, directing such explorations and surveys to be made "as might be deemed necessary in order to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean," the War Department (on May 14, 1853) directed such "explorations and surveys" to be begun as would develop the availability for that purpose of the portion of our territory lying near the parallel of 35° north latitude; and a party was forthwith organized under the command of First Lieutenant A. W. Whipple, of Topographical Engineers, assisted by Brevet Second Lieutenant I. C. Ives, T. E., together with such civil assistants as seemed to be required.

The main party was ordered to rendezvous at some convenient point on the Mississippi River, and thence proceed, by the most favorable route, westward, toward the Rio del Norte: "The reconnoissance will continue along the head-waters of the Canadian, cross the Rio Pecos, turn the mountains east of the Rio del Norte, and enter the valley of that river at some

available point near Albuquerque. Thence, westward, extensive explorations must determine the most practicable pass for a railway through the Sierra Madre, and the mountains west of the Zuñi and Moquis countries, to the Colorado. From Walker's Pass it would be advisable to pursue the most direct and practicable line to the Pacific Ocean, which will probably lead to San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, or San Diego."

On the 29th of May the last division of the party left Washington for the Mississippi River and the frontier; on the 2d of July they arrived at Fort Smith, just one hundred feet west of the western boundary of the State of Arkansas; and here the business of the expedition began in earnest.

Let us accompany Messrs. Whipple and Ives, for the sake of some new and curious acquaintance—for which we shall be indebted to those intelligent and experienced path-finders—with the interesting Indian tribes who hold the right of way in the territory they traversed.

On July 15 the explorers struck camp and moved southwest ten miles, to Ring's Plantation, within the country ceded to the Choctaw nation, wherein no white man can, in his own



CHOCTAW FEMALES.

right, acquire a land-title or residence without permission of the Indians or their agents. Ring married a Choctaw woman, and in her name holds a valuable estate.

From Ring's the route lay westwardly, over gentle slopes and through wooded valleys, to Scullyville, the seat of the Choctaw Agency, whence a party made an excursion to Fort Coffee, six miles distant, on the south side of the Arkansas. This is no longer a military post, but a flourishing academy for Choctaw boys, under the direction of Methodist missionaries, whose system of education is strictly practical, and includes agriculture as a special branch.

On the 18th of August the exploring party had traversed the whole extent of country occupied by the semi-civilized Indians of the Choctaw nation, and were now on the verge of the great Western prairies, over which the veritable Bedouins of the Western continent hold undisputed sway. The season had been remarkably dry; many streams and springs, usually unfailing, were now waterless. The Canadian River was, almost without precedent, low; and Black Beaver, a Delaware chief and famous guide, apprehended that they would soon suffer for want of water.

Every inducement was held out to the tried guides of the neighborhood. Black Beaver, the only Indian of the country who had traversed the route to be taken, near the Canadian, was in ill health; nor could he, by any means, be prevailed upon to accompany the party. Johnson, the Shawnee guide, who had conducted

ed them thus far, refused to proceed, for fear of savages. John Bushman, the Delaware, said, "Maybe you find no water—maybe you all die." Impressed with this idea, no arguments, no money, could prevail on him to go. Jesse Chisholm, the Cherokee, had just arrived. He is a man of considerable wealth, and engaged in trade. In the prosecution of his regular business he could realize twice the amount that Government would be willing to pay for his services. Therefore he also declined. This was the more to be regretted, as he is a man of excellent judgment, who has decided influence among the wild tribes westward. At a great Indian Council, held not long before his introduction to the Whipple party, he was chosen Interpreter-General for all—Comanches, Kioways, Kichais, Creeks, Delawares, Shawnees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws. He has traded much among the Comanches, and understands not only their language but their customs, traditions, and ceremonies, probably better than any Indian not belonging to their tribe. Lieutenant Whipple succeeded in compiling a tolerably accurate vocabulary of Comanche words, according to his pronunciation.

Chisholm possesses several Mexican captives, purchased from the Comanches. Among these was a bright, active, intelligent lad, named Vicente, son of one Demensid, from Parras. Vicente was a long time among the Comanches, and had learned to speak their language perfectly; so that Chisholm, although much attached to the boy, very kindly permitted the

explorers, who greatly needed an interpreter, to take him with them.

On the 23d of August two Indians, professing to be Kichais, came into the camp; one was tall and well-formed, the other ill-looking. Their dress consisted of a blue cotton blanket, twisted around the waist, a head-dress of eagle's feathers, brass-wire bracelets, and moccasins. The outer cartilages of their ears were perforated in many places, and short sticks inserted instead of rings. They were painted with vermilion, and carried bows of *bois d'arc* three feet long, and cowskin quivers filled with arrows. The latter were about twenty-six

inches in length, with very sharp steel heads, tastefully and skillfully made; the feathers with which they were tipped, and the sinews that bound them, were prettily colored with red, blue, and green; the shafts were colored red, and said to be poisoned.

After the two Indian visitors had eaten and smoked, Vicente, Chisholm's "Spanish boy," was required to examine them. They understood neither Comanche, Spanish, nor English, but the little interpreter was not at all disconcerted by that difficulty. With an occasional word of Caddo, which, to some extent, seems to be understood by all the tribes of the "Cana-



HUÉCO INDIANS.

dian" region, and with signs, such as are comprehended by the universal Indian race, a rapid conversation was maintained. The graceful motions of their hands seemed to convey ideas faster than words could have done, and our friends were highly amused and interested by the performance.

The strangers now acknowledged that they were not Kichais, but Huécos, and that they were on a hunting excursion; that their tribe numbered "plenty," and lived beyond the Washita River, toward Texas. When they had received some presents, and the accompanying sketch of them had been taken, they took their leave, well pleased with the entertainment they had met with. These Huécos wore neither beard nor mustache, so common among the Shawnees and Delawares. Some of the Choc-taws sport a heavy beard, for which manly development their intermixture of white blood may account.

September 7th. A relief party, scouring the prairies, came across a small party of mounted Comanches, whom they brought in prisoners; they appeared wary and watchful. Having told their captors, glibly enough, that on the other side of the Canadian were large numbers of their tribe, they suddenly forgot all their Spanish, and by signs protested that they could not understand a word that was said to them. Indians consider it undignified to speak out of their native tongue, hence all great chiefs have their interpreters. Vicente was sought for, but as usual, when urgently needed, he was off, chasing deer and buffalo over the prairies—that was his passion.

The Comanches declined an invitation to camp; but before suffering them to depart, the explorers gave them pipes and tobacco to smoke. They performed the operation in an especially noticeable manner: the first two puffs, with much ceremony and muttering between, were discharged toward the sun; the third, with equally imposing demonstrations, was blown downward to the earth.

Speaking of the Comanches, Jesse Chisholm expressed much respect for their intellect. Their language is copious, but difficult to learn—there being often many words to express the same idea. They entertain an unwavering confidence in the Great Spirit, and believe that, however formidable the disproportion of numbers or strength, if He be on their side the victory must surely fall to their share. If defeated, they say, "He was angry with us, and He sends this punishment for some offense." They have yearly gatherings to light the sacred fires; they build numerous huts, and sit huddled about them, taking medicine for purification, and fasting for seven days. Those who can endure to keep the fast unbroken become sacred in the eyes of the others. While the ceremony proceeds perfect silence reigns—not a word is spoken. But when the "Spirit moves," they arise and dance until they are exhausted; then resume their seats on the ground.

The custom of fasting is practiced by all the tribes of this region. With the Cherokees it is the received mode of purification, and an abstinence of seven days renders the devotee famous. Seven is a magic number. The seventh son is necessarily a prophet, and has the gift of healing by the touch.

On the 9th of September the path-finders entered upon a broad trail which, leading through a deserted camp, soon brought them to an Indian village. Their advent threw the red citizens into noisy excitement. The scene presented was a strange one. On one side of the "Valley River"—a rapid stream flowing into the Canadian a hundred yards below—was gathered a crowd of wild Indians; on the other, the exploring party, each ignorant of the other's purpose and temper. The Indians were plainly prepared for battle, decked in their gayest attire, mounted on spirited horses, having bows and arrows in their hands.

As the whites advanced, Vicente thought proper to attach a white handkerchief to the end of a ramrod, and wave it; whereupon the Indians, with friendly shouts, rode briskly toward the party. They called themselves Kaiowas, and professed to be amicably disposed. They presented quite a splendid spectacle as they flew to and fro, their horses prancing, their silver trappings gayly glittering in the sun. An old fellow, who appeared to be their chief—or, more probably, their medicine-man—was on foot, and almost naked. He begged permission to ride in the *carretela*, and informed the strangers, through Vicente, that, as friends, they ought to encamp at the village and hold a council. The road beyond, he said, was very bad. The explorers accepted his invitation, and drove at once into the village, where, among a mixed crowd of old men, women, and children, were two Mexicans, endeavoring to trade flour, biscuits, and sugar, for horses and buffalo-robos. They confirmed the Kaiowa's statement, that there was no better place for encampment than this, and that our friends would be compelled to cross the river at this point. They added that they were defenseless, with only three peons to attend them; and, the Indians having robbed them of nearly all their goods, they wished to accompany the exploring party toward New Mexico.

The village contained about a dozen large conical tents and as many wigwams. The tent-frames were of shapely poles, from fifteen to twenty feet long, "stacked" at the top, and covering a circular area of about twelve feet diameter—the whole being covered with buffalo-robos, with the hair inside, the skins beautifully dressed and painted with curious figures.

A pretty blue-eyed boy of twelve years made his appearance, to the pleasant surprise of the *voyageurs*. His mother was a Mexican captive, named José Maria, from Rio de Noces, who had been captured by the Comanches when she was but twenty years of age, and had lived with them seven years. Her pretty child was the son of a chief; but she earnestly desired to quit her



KAIOWA TENTS.

hard masters and accompany our friends, in the hope of being restored to her home. She was closely watched, and with difficulty stole a chance to speak with the strangers. There were other captives; one, a man named Andres Nuñares, from Chihuahua, who had been a prisoner five years. On a pole in the centre of the village hung two scalps, sacredly guarded by an old woman, who made much ado if any one attempted to approach them.

Scarcely had the explorers pitched their tents when the Kiowas began to assemble for the council. A wilder-looking crew could scarcely be imagined; cunning, duplicity, treachery, were stamped upon every lineament. Men, women, and children—all, indeed, except the chiefs—wore fine blue blankets, which had been given them, they said, by their good father, the white-haired man whom they had met on the northern trail. They said he had assured them that the Americans would continue to make them presents so long as they behaved well. This they had apparently construed into a claim to tribute from every party of whites they might meet.

Có-tat-Sin, the great chief of the Kaiowas, was said to be on a buffalo hunt to the northward. Some who appeared to be petty chiefs had painted their faces yellow, and colored the tops of their heads, where the long black hair was parted, with vermillion. Their noses were long and aquiline, their chins beardless, their eyes small, bright, and sparkling, their foreheads retreating, their cheek-bones high and ugly. They carried superb bows of *bois d'arc*, adorned with brass nails, silver plates, and wampum beads; the arrows were about twenty-eight inches long, with steel points and painted feather trimmings; the quiver and belt, of wolf-skin,

were wrought with beads. They wore moccasins and buckskin leggins, bound with wampum and bead-work, and fastened with silver buckles. From the crown of the head was suspended a queue of horse-hair reaching nearly to the ground, and decorated with ten circular plates of silver, from one to three inches in diameter, and terminating in a silver crescent and wampum. They wore no pendants to the nose, but in their ears were brass rings, to which were attached chains and bugle-beads of bone or iridescent shells, hanging low on the shoulders. Similar ornaments were worn on the neck; and all had bracelets of brass wire or silver bands. One of the chiefs had suspended from his neck a large silver cross, weighing half a pound or more, curiously wrought, and terminating in a crescent—a trophy, probably, from some Mexican church. Hanging on a post in the village was a yet more elaborate head-dress—a cap, richly embroidered with wampum, with a pendent eight feet long to trail behind, composed of a row of scarlet goose-quills, which, when worn, stand out fiercely from the back.

Our friends expressed a wish to purchase some of these fine vanities; but the Indians said they loved their ornaments, and would not part with them. In truth, there was nothing in the exploring train of equal magnificence wherewith to tempt the red nabobs to exchange.

At length the chiefs were invited to be seated in what they styled the Grand Council. A pipe was passed from hand to hand around the circle; and it was especially noticeable that every man of them directed his first puff toward the sun. The old chief then spoke.

At a short distance, he said, were two other camps, where formidable numbers of Kaiowas were congregated. He boasted of their inva-

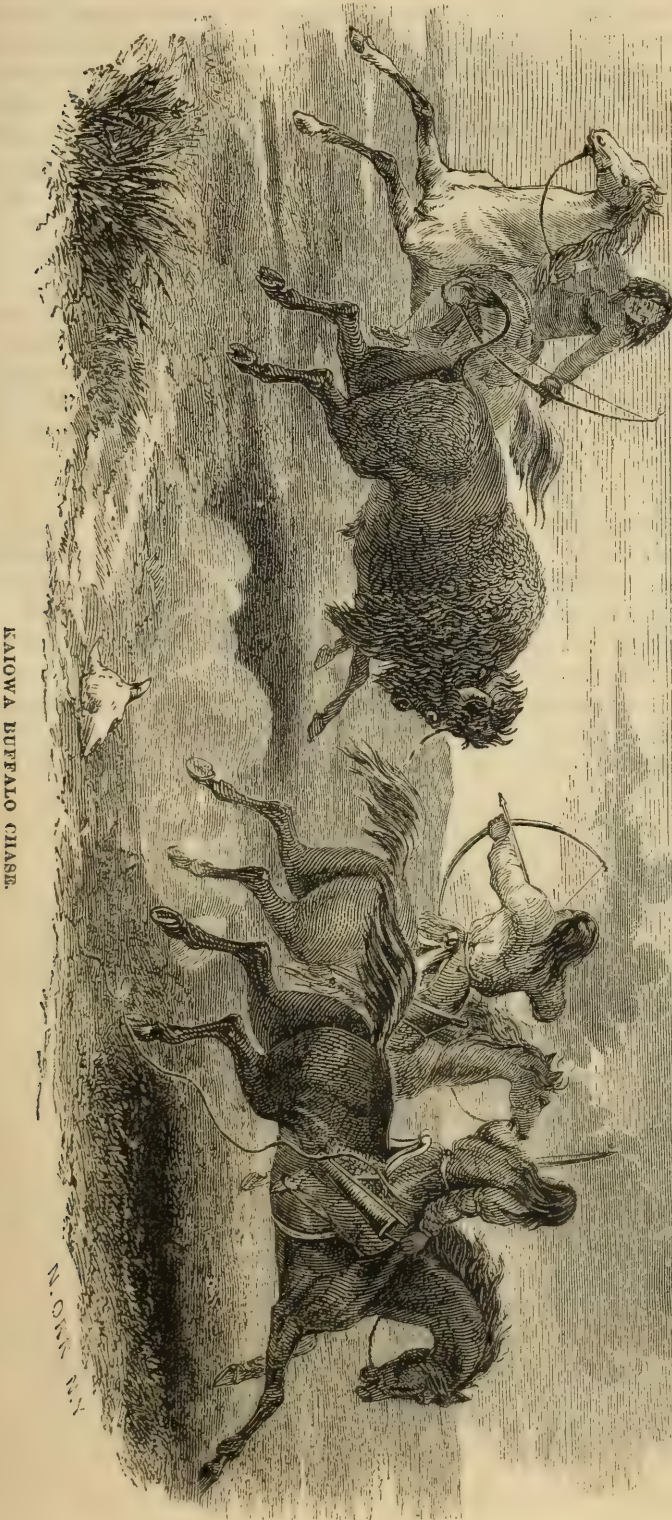
riably good conduct toward Americans; claimed particular friendship with his present guests; and closed by asking, without circumlocution, for the reward which, he said, the good Indian agent had promised them.

Mr. Whipple replied, that the Great Chief at Washington had sent him and his friends on a long journey through many Indian tribes, and had given them merely a few presents, to indicate to the good people they might meet his approbation, and in token of his assurance that, if they continued friendly to small parties of emigrants, Government would protect and assist them.

A red blanket, some beads, and tobacco were

then offered to each of the five chiefs. They looked disdainfully on the gifts, and said that the good, white-haired Father had led them to expect at least a blanket for each individual of the band, besides calico for the women and children, and that on these terms only could they be friends with Americans.

They were told that the American Government gave free gifts only—nothing on compulsion; if they were not satisfied with the presents they could return them; no doubt the peace could be preserved with powder and ball. Besides, there was another account to settle with them, regarding certain Mexican captives who wished to return to their friends.



This unexpected demand created a lively commotion. The old chief was fairly convulsed with anger; his hitherto placid countenance assumed an expression of dark malignity. He said it was not the part of a friend to come among them separating wives and children from husbands and fathers. He was assured that none would be taken save such as wished to go. So, making a virtue of a necessity, he presently agreed that if they really desired to leave, and their protectors would give him "a heap of things," he would consent to their departure; but he begged that his white brothers would bestow something to eat on their red friends, who were hungry.

As the storm was lulled, and the fear of aggression now evidently on the Indian side, the explorers could afford to be generous, and a cow was presented. Good-humor was at once restored; the Kaiowas proposed to entertain their guests by hunting and killing the cow, as if she were a wild buffalo. So, mounting their horses, and goading the poor animal to madness, they pursued her, piercing her with arrows until she fell exhausted.

During the commotion in the tent Vicente was terribly frightened; he disliked their smoking toward the sun, and said "they were bad men to do that; they were sorcerers, and were casting a spell to do us harm." Nothing could shake the boy's belief in the witchcraft he had seen practiced among the Comanches. Andres, the Mexican captive, was asked why the Kaiowas smoked to the sun; he replied, that they thus invoked the blessing of their God.

Next day a chief, the reputed father of the pretty blue-eyed boy, came into camp soon after daybreak, leading the child, for whom he begged a present. Doubtless he thought that, by the judicious exhibition of a little paternal affection, he might be spared the costly pangs of separation. The mother soon followed, rid-

ing up to the tents on a vicious-looking pony, with a rough thong for a bridle and two strings for stirrups. The old chief seemed vexed at her coming, she being his third and favorite wife. He probably ordered her to return, for she suddenly retired without speaking a word; the child followed her. The woman seemed very sad; her looks eloquently supplicated for freedom.

While Messrs. Whipple and Jones (First Lieutenant 7th infantry, in command of escort) were discussing this matter, one of the Mexican traders reported that the Indians had robbed him of several articles. The chief was ordered to see them restored, and repaired to the village as if to obey; but almost instantaneously their skins were packed, their lodge-poles tied to the sides of their horses, and the whole party mounted, ready for a start. Confiding in the fleetness of their horses, and with their captives well guarded, they quietly awaited the departure of the exploring party.

On the 14th of November we find the explorers at Covero—a small Mexican town, of about sixty families, in one of the valleys between San Mateo and the Rio San José. Covero being a frontier settlement, the people had suffered much from incursions of the Navajos. Occasionally they had been driven from their village to take refuge among the neighboring cliffs, where defiles and difficult passages afford concealment and defense. Many had been made captives by the Indians, and ransomed after years of servitude. One of the men exhibited a Navajo shield called "chimal"—a trophy he had won in battle. It was of raw hide, circular, about two feet in diameter, with an image of a demon painted on one side; it had also a border of red cloth, the ends of which hung in long streamers trimmed with feathers.

The Navajos are not always hostile—they



REMOVING CAMP

have frequently visited the village on friendly terms; and probably the inhabitants have gained as much in trade with them as they have lost in war. It was once the boast of these Indians that, if they chose, they could exterminate the Mexicans, and that they spared them only to save themselves the trouble of raising corn and sheep. Caravajal, the Navajo chief, seems to have been a man of much enterprise and cunning. It is said that, formerly, he was accustomed to hover about the settlements until a chance for pillage presented itself, when he would communicate the fact to some band in the vicinity, prepared to improve the opportunity; then, turning informer, he put the Mexicans on the trail of the freebooters—thus securing a reward from both sides.

On the 23d, the explorers entered the valley, several miles in width, which leads to Zuñi. The soil seemed light; but, where cultivated, it produces fine crops without artificial irrigation. Not an *acéquia* was to be seen, and an Indian, who accompanied the party, said they were not resorted to, the rains affording sufficient moisture. Within the valley were towers, here and there, whence laborers and herdsmen watched, to prevent a surprise from Apaches. Near the centre of the apparent plain stood, on an eminence, the compact city of Zuñi. Beside it flowed the river of the same name—said to be sometimes a large stream, but at present an humble rivulet. The Zuñian guide was communicative by the way, and pointed out various places where he had displayed valor in battle with the Navajos. Of the ruined pueblo on the *mesa*, called by Simpson "Old Zuñi," he related a tradition, which he said had been handed down by the caciques from time immemorial. In the most ancient times (*tiempo quanto hai*) their fathers came from the West, and built the present town. Here they lived till one *noche triste*, at midnight, a great flood came, rolling in from the west. The people fled in terror—some to the *mesa*, and escaped; the rest perished in the deluge. The waters rose to near the top of the *mesa*, and there rested; and the people built the pueblo crowning the hill. To appease the angry spirit who had brought this calamity upon them, a young man and a maiden were thrown from the cliff into the flood, which thereupon subsided, leaving the victims transformed into statues of stone; and so they stand to this day. The people then returned to the valley.

On reaching the town of Zuñi a most revolt-



ZUÑI.

ing spectacle met the eyes of our friends; small-pox had been making terrible ravages among the people, and the strangers were soon surrounded by men, women, and children infected with this loathsome disease in the different stages of its progress. Passing beneath an arch, they entered a court consecrated to the Montezuma dances—ceremonies of a most singular character: the corn-dance, also, is a fantastic, annual festival. This court was quite surrounded by houses of several receding stories, communicating by means of ladders. One of three stories was pointed out as the residence of a cacique, where frequently, at night, all the officers of Government met in consultation. The caciques are the chief of these; they are four in number—their office hereditary. The caciques exercise a general superintendence over all that pertains to the public welfare, and have the power of declaring war or peace. They appoint two chief captains, whom they consult on all occasions—one is the war-chief, the other a sort of superintendent of police. The latter, mingling intimately with the people, selects the most active and intelligent, whom he nominates to the caciques for the appointment of Governor and subordinate officers. Should any one of these prove avaricious and exacting, the people complain to the caciques, and the offender is officially decapitated. The caciques are supreme, though sometimes voluntarily deferring to the will of the people.

The strangers ascended to the house-tops, climbing ladder after ladder, and encountering on the way successive groups of miserable wretches who bore unmistakable signs of incipient or departing disease. Here were many tamed eagles; they are caught in the cliffs when young, and become quite domesticated; the people are attached to them, and can not easily be persuaded to part with them.

From the top the pueblo reminds one of an immense ant-hill, from the denseness of its population, and even some similarity of form. There are said to be white Indians in Zuñi, with fair complexions, blue eyes, and light hair; the prevalence of small-pox prevented the explorers from seeing them. A sort of tradition, too vague to be worthy of credence, prevails among the New Mexicans in explanation of this phenomenon. They say that, many years ago—centuries perhaps—a company of Welsh miners, with their wives and children, emigrated thither, and that the Zuñians killed the men and married the women.

There is a most curious resemblance between certain Zuñi and English words: "Eat-a" is to eat; "Eat-on-o-way" signifies *eaten enough*: to express admiration they exclaim, "Look ye!" or, sometimes, "Look ye here!" These facts, known to Americans, may serve to explain the origin or revival of the Welsh legend.

As the train unwound itself, stretching along in the direction of Zuñi, the explorers turned their looks wistfully toward the legendary tableland that lay about a league away, on their left. A Zuñi captain, who had promised to conduct them, not appearing, Messrs. Whipple and Parke and Dr. Bigelow resolved to find their own way to the top, if possible. Striking a trail, they proceeded southward two miles, to a deep cañon, where were springs of water, whence, by a zigzag course, they led their mules up to the first bench of the ascent. Here, hollowed from the rock, was an Indian cave, looking down into which they saw, in the centre, six small birds, carefully placed side by side, in two rows; as no other object was visible within the apartment, they concluded that some superstitious rite was being performed. Beyond this place, on the sandy slope, were orchards of peach-trees, which, although the soil seemed dry, and there was no arrangement for artificial irrigation, presented a flourishing appearance. Overhead, the projecting summit of the cliff seemed inaccessible, and as Indians were here gathering fuel, an effort was made to engage their services as guides; but, being very young men, and probably fearful of offending their elders, they were shy and not to be tempted. At length an old man, crippled by his weight of years, accepted the reward, and pointed to the road, along which the young fellows now led the way with alacrity; and the explorers, leaving their mules, followed a trail which, with singular pains, had been hammered out from seam to seam of the rocks along the side of the precipice. At various points of the ascent, wherever a projecting ledge permitted, were barricades of stone, whence, the old man said, the Zuñians had hurled rocks upon the invading Spaniards. Having ascended about one thousand feet, they found themselves on a plateau covered with thick cedars, the old man having been left far behind. The young guides, who understood no Spanish, led the way to the opposite side of the mesa, and pointed to a pair

of stone pillars, which, from description, were at once recognized as the legendary statues of the Flood and the Sacrifice.

José Maria, the war-chief, on another occasion, repeated this story of the flood:

Once, he said, the waves rolled in from the west, and water gushed from the earth. It was at midnight. A few of the people fled to the top of the mesa and were saved; the rest perished in the greedy waters. Navajos, Apaches, and even wild beasts, save only such as took refuge on the mountain-top, suffered a common fate. The Zuñians, on the lofty eminence, built a pueblo to await the subsidence of the waters. But as time passed, and the waves still resounded from the sandstone cliffs that begirt their island of refuge, it was evident that the Great Spirit was angry. A sacrifice of signal honor and awfulness must be offered to appease him. The youthful son of the cacique and a beautiful virgin were the devoted ones. Girt with sticks trimmed with feathers, they were lowered into the deep. Immediately the waters retired, leaving the young man and the maiden solemn statues of everlasting stone. Then the people returned to the valley, abandoning the city on the hill till the Spaniards came, when once more they climbed the heights—fortifying at every turn two steep approaches, by which alone they could be assailed. "Old Zuñi" was rebuilt; and by hurling down stones upon the heads of their invaders, for a long time they held their own. But at last the enemy were victorious—the heights were scaled; and the Zuñians say that, imprinted in the solid rock, as though in clay, may be seen to this day the foot-print of the first white man that reached the summit.

The top of the mesa, a mile in width, was of an irregular figure, defined by perpendicular bluffs. Three times our friends crossed it, searching in vain for traces of a ruin; not even a fragment of pottery could be found, and they were about to relinquish to pleasant fable all claim to the vaunted pueblo, when the old Indian, to the surprise of all, made his appearance, like Meg Merrilies, at the top of the cliff. Probably the guide had waited for his permission; for he now led the party at once to a spot which, on examination, displayed interesting traces of art. A few very small fragments of pottery were lying on the ground, and with some care the remains of a thick wall, in the shape of a V, could be demonstrated.

But the guide hurried the party forward half a mile, where, indeed, appeared the ruins of a city; crumbling walls, from two to twelve feet high, were gathered, in confused heaps, over several acres of ground. Covering every mass of rubbish were tall cacti, *opuntia arborescens*, tipped with bright yellow fruit, that gave the place the appearance, from a little distance, of a garden. On examining the pueblo, the explorers found that the standing walls rested on ruins of greater antiquity. The original masonry, as well as they could judge, must have

been about six feet thick ; the more recent did not exceed a foot, or eighteen inches, but the small sandstone blocks had been laid in mud-mortar with considerable skill.

Having gathered a few specimens of painted pottery, abundant in such places, and an obsidian arrow-head that was found, the party again followed the guide. Within a forest of cedars a secluded nook disclosed a Zuñi altar. An oval basin, seven feet in length, had been scooped from the ground. Near one end stood a vertical shaft, two feet high, neatly trimmed with feathers, and a circular net-work of cord.

Symmetrically placed upon the opposite side was a cedar post, about two and a half feet high, and quaintly carved. Shells were suspended from the centre ; and below was inserted a grooved horizontal piece, decorated with beads and shells. Between and around these was a little forest of feathered sticks, planted generally in rows, and united by means of twine. Behind stood a thin board, two or three inches wide and three feet high, with seven angular notches at the top ; while, in regular order below, were representations of a star, the moon, the sun, a T, and two parallel lines. Back of



ZUÑI INDIANS

all lay a flat rock, apparently placed for an altar, though there were no signs of a fire or a sacrifice. Upon this rock were piled a great number of sticks, cut precisely like those already described, all partially decayed, and some in the last stage of decomposition: it was evident that they had once, in their turn, occupied places in the basin. Judging from the soundness of cedar ties at El Moro, some of these remnants of carved pieces of wood indicated great antiquity.

Although many sea-shells and other ornaments were lying around the guide would not suffer the strangers to take away the least thing. When the party were about to leave he took from his pouch a white powder, and, muttering a prayer, blew it three times toward the altar. He then followed the officers, intimating by signs that, on other table-lands, east, south, and west, were similar consecrated spots. The white powder he had used was found to be "pinole," the flour of parched corn. His object, he said, was, "pidiendo fortuna," to ask the blessing of Montezuma and the Sun on his daily bread.

On the 28th, a Mexican herder deserted. His services could not well be spared, and, besides, should he have escaped, his example would have been followed by others; so the Governor was requested to search the town. The church bells were rung, and the chief of police passed through the streets proclaiming the order. Very soon the fugitive was dragged from his hiding-place, and sent under escort to the train, where he was delivered over to the safe-keeping of the guard. The promptness and success with which the Governor discharged the duties of his office, in this case, spoke well for his ability to maintain discipline among his people.

Having heard that some curious manuscripts were in the keeping of the chief cacique, several of the exploring party went to his house to see them. Climbing a ladder, they entered a comfortable room where the old man sat by the fire in the midst of his family. The papers were sent for, and, after some delay, brought in by a very good-looking boy of twelve years, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion—a son of the cacique, and claiming to be of pure Indian blood. These manuscripts were found to consist of a correspondence between the Governor of New Mexico and certain priests of Zuñi, and one bore the date of 1757. The old man declined giving them to his guests, saying that, a long time ago, they had been found in a corner of the old church, and had ever since been handed down from generation to generation, till now they were regarded as a part of the insignia of the cacique's office. Besides, they were sacred, and to part with them would bring evil upon the pueblo. He consented that they might be copied; but there was not time for that.

The Pueblo Indians say that there is but one God, but Montezuma is his equal. Inferior to both of these is the Sun, to whom they smoke and pray, because he looks upon them, knows

their wants, and answers their prayers. The Moon is the younger sister of the Sun, and the Stars are their children; all are worshiped. Besides these there is the Great Snake, to whom, by command of Montezuma, they must look for life.

Some Pueblo Indians, called Tiguex, who visited the camp on the Canadian, near the Llano Estacado, related many interesting traditions of their tribe:

The Tiguex, they said, first appeared at Shipap, the northwest source of the Rio del Norte. Whence they came is not known. They were wandering without fixed abode, and sought shelter among the cañons of the river, in caves which yet remain. They sojourned a while at Acoti, the birth-place of Montezuma, who became the leader and guide of the subsequent migration. He taught them to build pueblos, with lofty houses and *estufas*, and to kindle sacred fires, to be guarded by priests. Taos was the first pueblo established by him. Thence he proceeded southward, forming settlements in the order of succession represented in a rude map which they traced upon the ground. Acoma was strongly built and fortified under his direction. Pecos also was one of his principal towns. While here, Montezuma took a tall tree and planted it in an inverted position, saying that when he should disappear a foreign race would come and rule over his people, and there would be no rain; but he commanded them to watch the sacred fire till that tree should fall, at which time white men would pour into the land from the east, and overthrow their oppressors; and he himself would reappear to restore his kingdom; the earth would again be fertilized by rain, and the mountains yield treasures of silver and gold.

From Pecos, which—as though it had fulfilled its destiny—is now desolate, Montezuma continued southward, spreading pueblos far and wide, till he reached the City of Mexico. There, they say, he lived till the arrival of the Spaniards, when he disappeared.

"Since then," said the narrator, becoming quite excited by his story, "the prediction has been verified, and the tree at Pecos fell as the American army was entering Santa Fé." For some time previous the Indians of that pueblo had been dwindling away; and soon after the falling of the sacred tree an old priest, the last of his tribe, died at his post, and the sacred fire was extinguished. They are now anxiously expecting the return of Montezuma; and it is related that, in San Domingo, every morning at sunrise, a sentinel climbs to a house-top and looks eastward for his coming.

The Tiguex say that Comanches, Navajos, and, indeed, all tribes of Indians, are alike descended from Montezuma. All smoke to the Sun, that he may send them antelope to kill and Indians to trade with, and that he may save them from their enemies.

The first of the Indian hieroglyphics discovered on the route were at Rocky Dell Creek,

between the edge of the Llano Estacado and the Canadian. The stream flows through a gorge, on one side of which a shelving sandstone rock forms a sort of cave. The roof is covered with paintings, some evidently ancient ; and beneath are innumerable carvings of foot-prints, animals, and symmetrical lines.

The carvings are of horses and men, with combinations of right lines and curves, producing various hieroglyphic figures. A favorite symbol is the track of a moccasin. Seven is the number most frequently noted, reminding one of Chisholm's remarks. The Tigux recognized these hieroglyphics, and said that this place was once a favorite buffalo range; here their fathers hunted, feasted, and danced; and then, sitting by the water-side, recorded their deeds and thoughts upon the rocks.

In the valley of Zuñi there is a singular spring, surrounded by high walls of earth, on the top of which are many earthen jars in an inverted position. Pedro-Pino, Governor of Zuñi, was questioned regarding this fountain. He replied:

“We live in a country without *acéquias*, and for the growth of our crops depend upon rain. To obtain this blessing from the Great Spirit it is necessary that we perform the rites, and keep holy the traditions, of our ancestors. This spring has been ever sacred to the rain-god; no animal may drink of its waters. It must be annually cleansed with ancient vases, transmitted from generation to generation by the caciques, and which, having been thus used, are deposited upon the walls, never to be removed. The frog, the tortoise, and the rattlesnake, represented upon them, are sacred to Montezuma.



INDIAN POTTERY.

the patron of the place, who would consume by lightning any sacrilegious hand that should dare to despoil the holy place of its relics.

The caciques are priests as well as governors; and Pedro Pino is the high priest—his special duty being to officiate before the water-deities. To him belong the invocations for rain.

Although tolerating in their pueblo a church of the Cross, and the occasional visits of a Christian priest, these people seem to have but little regard for the Catholic religion. In secret they glory in their loyalty to Montezuma. They endeavor to keep their Spanish neighbors ignorant of their ceremonies, but say that Americans are brothers of the children of Montezuma, and their true friends; therefore they hide from them neither their sacred dances in the courts nor the midnight meetings of caciques in the estufa.

In passing through the Navajo country the natives kept obstinately aloof from the exploring party. A Mexican herder, from Covero, who understood their language, supplied the materials for a vocabulary. A few years since, while playing at Covero spring, he was captured by Navajos. For nine months he was a prisoner, and followed the Indians on their hunting and war paths. He accompanied a party of one thousand warriors through the Moqui country, and afterward spent much time among their rancherias in the famous Cañon de Chelly. Though their fields are numerous, they are cultivated by women alone—no man ever condescending to lend a helping hand. Their numbers, he says, can not be told. They are thickly spread from Cañon de Chelly to Rio San Juan, and he believes them equal to the total population of New Mexico. But these statements must be taken with abatement, in consideration of the characteristic and invariable exaggeration of these people. It is probable that the number of Navajos exceeds the usual estimates. Their wealth, according to this herder's account, consists of immense flocks and herds; some of the richer chiefs own one thousand horses each, besides mules, cattle, and sheep.

The Navajo marriage-ceremony consists simply of a feast upon horse-flesh. A plurality of wives is allowed, and a man may purchase according to his means—the price being paid in horses; hence the wealthy often keep from ten to twenty women—the wife last chosen being always mistress of the household.

The Navajos believe in one Great Spirit, to whom, like the Zuñians, they make offerings of flesh and flour, imploring particular blessings, or invoking general good fortune. They also erect altars, with stones, and sticks trimmed with feathers. Sun, moon, and stars are sacred to them, as the authors of rain and harvest. But here the resemblance to the Pueblo Indians ceases; they do not acknowledge Montezuma, nor is he referred to in their traditions. Neither they nor any other tribe of Apaches regard rattlesnakes as sacred, though they have

a superstition which leads them to entertain a particular veneration for bears, which they will neither kill nor eat. Pork, also, they have been known to refuse, even when suffering from hunger.

The tribe now occupying the region from Pueblo Creek to the junction of the Rio Verde with the Salinas is called Tonto—a wild, rude people, living in huts, ignorant of labor, and subsisting only upon game, mezcal, and whatever nature yields spontaneously. "Tonto," in Spanish, signifies *stupid*; but the Mexicans do not so characterize these Indians. On the contrary, they consider them rather sharp, especially as thieves. Therefore, as it is not a term of reproach, it is reasonable to suppose that—as is frequently the case—"Tonto" is a Spanish corruption of the original Indian name. It is a coincidence worth noting, that when Father Marco de Niça, in 1539, was in search of the kingdom of Cevola (now Zuñi), he met an Indian from that place who gave him information of several great nations and pueblos. Having described Cevola, the friar adds: "Likewise he saith that the kingdom of Totontec lieth toward the west—a very mighty province, replenished with infinite store of people and riches." The position indicated (west from Zuñi) would apply to Pueblo Creek; and from "Totontec" to "Tonto" is an easy corruption. Don José Cortez calls them Apaches; but Savedra, a well-informed Mexican, who has been much among the wild tribes, and is considered authority as to whatsoever relates to them, says the Tontos are Indians of Montezuma, like the Pueblo tribes of New Mexico; Pimas, Maricopas, Cuchans, and Mojaves, also, he says, belong to the same great nation. In proof of this he asserts that they have a custom in common—that of cropping the front hair to meet the eyebrows, and suffering the rest, behind the ears, to grow and hang down its full length. Lieutenant Whipple says there is not an exception to this rule among the Gila and Colorado Indians.

On the 29th of January, while the exploring party were at breakfast, an Indian whoop was heard, and two tawny figures looked down upon them from the hills. A couple of Mexicans were sent out to bring the savages into camp—which they did under cover of a flag of truce, and all the ceremonious precautions that pertain to it. These fellows, calling themselves Yampais, produced a fire-brand from behind a bush, and showed a slender column of smoke as their signal of peace. One of them was facetiously inclined, and without ceremony converted the Mexicans' flag of truce, which happened to be a towel, into a breech-cloth for his abominable person.

These Yampais were broad-faced specimens of the red man, with aquiline noses and small eyes, not unlike the Dieginos of California. Their language, also, bore some resemblance to that of the Dieginos. The first word they uttered—"hanna," meaning *good*—was at once



TONTOS.

recognized as an old acquaintance, learned several years before, from the Mission Indians at San Diego. Two other words—"n'yatz," *I*; and "pook," *beads*—were likewise familiar as belonging to the language of the Cuchans (Yumas) and of the Coco Maricopas. Their hair was rudely clipped in front, to hang over the forehead, in the fashion of the Gila and Colorado tribes. Their back hair hung down nearly to the waist, and was bound with variegated fillets of Pima manufacture—a custom prevailing, but not universal, among all the tribes that trim the hair in front. For costume, the

strangers were not remarkably distinguished; the breech-cloth was, of course, the principal feature. One had a blue woolen shirt, and the other a Navajo blanket, which, they said, were obtained from the Moquis. Their moccasins were of buckskin, of home manufacture; and one sported leggins, made from the skin of a mountain sheep. This man had also a quiver of sheep-skin, on which the soft hair of the same animal yet remained. On his neck he wore strings of white and blue beads, which, he said, were obtained from Mojaves. Both had painted their faces with red ochre.

Although the evidence is abundant that the Yampais are allied to, and, as it were, a connecting link between, the Gila, Colorado, and Puebla Indians, they by no means display the fine muscular development and the intelligence generally found among those nations, if the specimens seen were fair samples of their tribe. They permitted the explorers to purchase their best bow and a quiver of beautiful arrows. The former was of cedar, strung with sinews; the arrows of reed, fledged with feathers, tipped with a wooden stem, and pointed with stone. Some were of white quartz or agate, others of obsidian—all exquisitely cut and highly finished. As lapidaries, these Yampais would seem to excel the other tribes.

Savedra had already recounted some interesting examples of the courage and daring of the Yampais. He had formerly joined a party of Moquis and Mexicans, for the purpose of stealing children for slaves. On entering this country they were met by the Yampais, and attacked with such fury that the whole party fled. They are said to possess in a most remarkable degree the characteristic stoicism of the Indian race. Neither fear for their lives, nor the hope of escape, nor despair, nor gratitude for freedom and for gifts, disturbs even for a moment the quiet dignity of their deportment.

On the 22d of February, in the magnificent Valley of the Colorado, our friends first came in contact with the Colorado Indians. As they entered a ravine a whooping band sprang up on all sides, some armed with bows and arrows, others without weapons, and many carrying articles of private baggage abandoned at the last

camp. They professed to be Chemehuéis—a band of the great Pai-Ute nation—and spoke a language bearing no relation to that of the Cucans or the Mojaves.

About fifty Pai-Utes came into camp. The chief, followed by a long train of warriors, approached to pay his respects. He was short, muscular, and inclining to corpulency, his face oval and pleasing, though painted in black-and-red stripes. His black hair was cropped in front and clubbed behind, although some of his people wore it in plaits, matted with mud and cut squarely, to hang in the middle of the back. His nose was wide and slightly aquiline, his eyes small and oval, and surrounded by large blue circles of paint. His dress consisted of an old blue flannel shirt, instead of the simple apron worn by his people; but the white strangers soon decked him in gay costume. This excited among the rest the desire for finery, and they accordingly brought in, for trade, considerable quantities of maize, wheat, beans, and squashes—affording dainty fare for the camp.

These Pai-Utes are closely allied to the band that massacred the lamented Captain Gunnison and his party. Though supposed to maintain a scanty and precarious subsistence, principally upon roots, they are probably distinct from the Digger Indians of California. We have seen that, in favorable localities, they sometimes cultivate a fair supply of corn, wheat, and vegetables.

The Chemehuéis bind their infants to a board, and cover their heads with a cradle-like contrivance made of osiers. The hands are not confined, however, and the constraint does not seem irksome to the child. Partly to this practice may be ascribed the erect and faultless forms for which the Colorado Indians are famous.

Leaving the beautiful valley of the Chemehuéis, we presently find our friends among the shrewd, sprightly, and hospitable Mojaves. On the 25th of February they were honored by a visit of ceremony from a pompous old chief of the Mojaves, who presented credentials from Major Heintzelman.—The Major wrote that the bearer, Captain Francisco, had visited Fort Yuma, with a party of warriors, while on an expedition against the Cocopas, and that he had professed friendship;



PAI-UTE INDIAN.

but Americans were advised not to trust him.

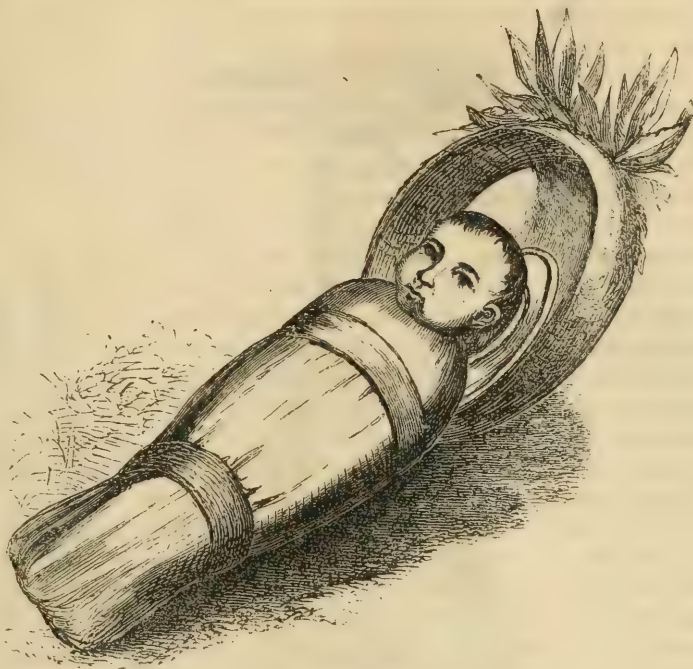
The parade and ceremony with which the visit was set off were not, in this instance, altogether vain and idle, for without them that august personage, Captain Francisco, might easily have been mistaken for the veriest beggar of his tribe. He was old, shriveled, ugly, and naked—but for a strip of dirty cloth suspended by a cord from his loins, and an old black hat, bandless and torn, drawn down to his eyes. But his credentials being satisfactory, he was received with all the honors, and installed in a stately manner on a blanket. The object of the expedition was explained to him, and he cordially promised aid and comfort. A few trinkets, some tobacco, and red blankets cut into narrow strips, were then presented for distribution among the warriors. The chief would accept nothing for himself, so the council was dissolved. The Mojave chiefs look upon foreign gifts in a national light, and accept them only in the name of the people.

Savedra counted six hundred Indians in camp, of whom probably half had brought bags of meal or baskets of corn for sale. The market was opened, and all were crowding, eager to be the first at the stand, amidst shouts, laughter, and a confusion of tongues—English, Spanish, and Indian.

When the trading was concluded, the Mojave people sauntered about the camp in picturesque and merry groups, making the air ring with peals of laughter. Some of the young men selected a level spot, forty paces in length, for a play-ground, and amused themselves with their favorite game of hoop-and-poles. The hoop is six inches in diameter, and made of elastic cord; the poles are straight, and about fifteen feet in length. Rolling the hoop from one end of the course toward the other, two of the players chase it half-way, and at the same time throw their poles. He who succeeds in piercing the hoop wins the game.

Target-firing and archery were then practiced—the exploring party using rifles and Colt's pistols, and the Indians shooting arrows. The fire-arms were triumphant; and at last an old Mojave, mortified at the discomfiture of his people, ran in a pet and tore down the target.

Notwithstanding the unity of language, the family resemblance, and amity between the Cuchans and Mojaves, a jealousy, similar to that observed among Pimas and Maricopas, continually disturbs their friendship. A squaw detected her little son in the act of concealing a trinket that he fancied. She snatched the bauble from him with a blow and a taunt, saying, "Oh, you Cuchan!" Some one inquired if he



PAI-UTE INFANT.

belonged to that tribe. "Oh no," she replied; "he is a Mojave, but behaves like a Cuchan, whose trade is stealing!" Nevertheless, the Cuchans are welcomed by the Mojaves wherever they go.

These Indians are probably in as wild a state of nature as any tribe on American territory. They have not had sufficient intercourse with any civilized people to acquire a knowledge of their language or their vices. It was said that no white party had ever before passed through their country without encountering hostility. Nevertheless they appear intelligent, and to have naturally amiable dispositions. The men are tall, erect, and well-proportioned; their features inclined to European regularity; their eyes large, shaded by long lashes, and surrounded by circles of blue pigment, that add to their apparent size. The apron, or breech-cloth, for men, and a short petticoat, made of strips of the inner bark of cotton-wood, for women, are the only articles of dress deemed indispensable; but many of the females have long robes, or cloaks, of fur. The young girls wear beads. When married, their chins are tattooed with vertical blue lines, and they wear a necklace with a single sea-shell in front, curiously wrought. These shells are very ancient, and esteemed of great value.

From time to time they rode into the camp, mounted on spirited horses; their bodies and limbs painted and oiled, so as to present the appearance of highly-polished mahogany. The dandies paint their faces perfectly black. Warriors add a streak of red across the forehead, nose, and chin. Their ornaments consist of leathern bracelets, adorned with bright buttons, and worn on the left arm; a kind of tunic, made of buckskin fringe, hanging from the shoulders; beautiful eagles' feathers, called "sormeh"—sometimes white, sometimes of



MOJAVE INDIANS.

a crimson tint—tied to a lock of hair, and floating from the top of the head; and, finally, strings of wampum, made of circular pieces of shell, with holes in the centre, by which they are strung, often to the length of several yards, and worn in coils about the neck. These shell beads, which they call “pook,” are their substitute for money, and the wealth of an individual is estimated by the “pook” cash he possesses. Among the Cuchans, in 1852, a foot of “pook” was equal in value to a horse; and divisions to that amount are made by the insertion of blue stones, such as by Coronado and Alarçon were called “turquoises,” and are now found among ancient Indian ruins.

The Mojave rancherias are surrounded by granaries filled with corn, mezquite beans, and tornillas. The houses are constructed with an eye to durability and warmth. They are built upon sandy soil, and are thirty or forty feet square; the sides, about two feet thick, of wicker-work and straw; the roofs thatched, covered with earth, and supported by a dozen cottonwood posts. Along the interior walls are ranged large earthen pots, filled with stores of corn, beans, and flour, for daily use. In front is a wide shed, a sort of piazza, nearly as large as the house itself. Here they find shelter from rain and sun. Within, around a small fire in the centre, they sleep. But their favorite re-

sort seems to be the roof, where could usually be counted from twenty to thirty persons, all apparently at home. Near the houses were a great number of cylindrical structures, with conical roofs, quite skillfully made of osiers; these were the granaries, alluded to above, for their surplus stores of corn and mezquite.

As the explorers passed these rancherias, the women and children watched them from the house-tops; and the young men, for the moment, suspended their sport with hoop and poles. At first only a few of the villagers seemed inclined to follow them, but at length their little train swelled to an army a mile in length.

On the 27th of February, being favored with a clear and calm morning, they hastened to take advantage of it to cross the river; but the rapid current and the long ropes upset their “gondola” in mid-stream. The Mojaves, who are capital swimmers, plunged in, and aided them in saving their property. Many had brought rafts to the spot, anticipating the disaster. These were of simple construction, being merely bundles of rushes placed side by side, and securely bound together with osiers. But they were light and manageable, and their crews plied them with considerable dexterity. It was night when finally the great work was accomplished—the Colorado crossed, and the camp pitched on the right bank.

Our friends had now quite exhausted their stock in trade in gifts, although large quantities of grain were yet in camp for sale. When told that their white brothers were too poor to buy, the Indians expressed no disappointment, but strolled from fire to fire, laughing, joking, curious but not meddlesome, trying, with a notable faculty of imitation, to learn the white man's language, and to teach their own.

As long as our explorers were among them, these Mojaves were gay and happy, talking vivaciously, singing, laughing. Confiding in the good intentions and kindness of the strangers, they laid aside for the time their race's studious reserve. Tawny forms glided from one camp-fire to another, or reclined around the blaze, their bright eyes and pearly teeth glistening with animation and delight. They displayed a new phase of Indian character, bestowing an insight into the domestic amusements which are probably popular at their own firesides: mingling among the soldiers and Mexicans, they engaged them in games and puzzles with strings, and some of their inventions in this line were quite curious.

No doubt these simple people were really pleased with the first dawning light of civiliza-

tion. They feel the want of comfortable clothing, and appreciate some of the advantages of trade. There is no doubt that, before many years pass away, a great change will have taken place in their country. The advancing tide of emigration will sweep over it, and, unless the strong arm of Government protects them, the Mojaves will be driven to the mountains or exterminated.

When the exploring party were about to leave, the chiefs came with an interpreter, to say that a national council had been held, in which they had approved of the plan for opening a great road through the Mojave country. They knew that on the trail usually followed by the Pai-Utes toward California the springs were scanty, and insufficient for the train; that thus the mules might perish on the road, and the expedition fail. Therefore they had selected a good man, who knew the country well, and would send him to guide their white brothers by another route, where an abundance of water and grass would be found. They wished their white brothers to report favorably of their conduct to the Great Chief at Washington, in order that he might send many more of his people to pass that way, and bring clothing and



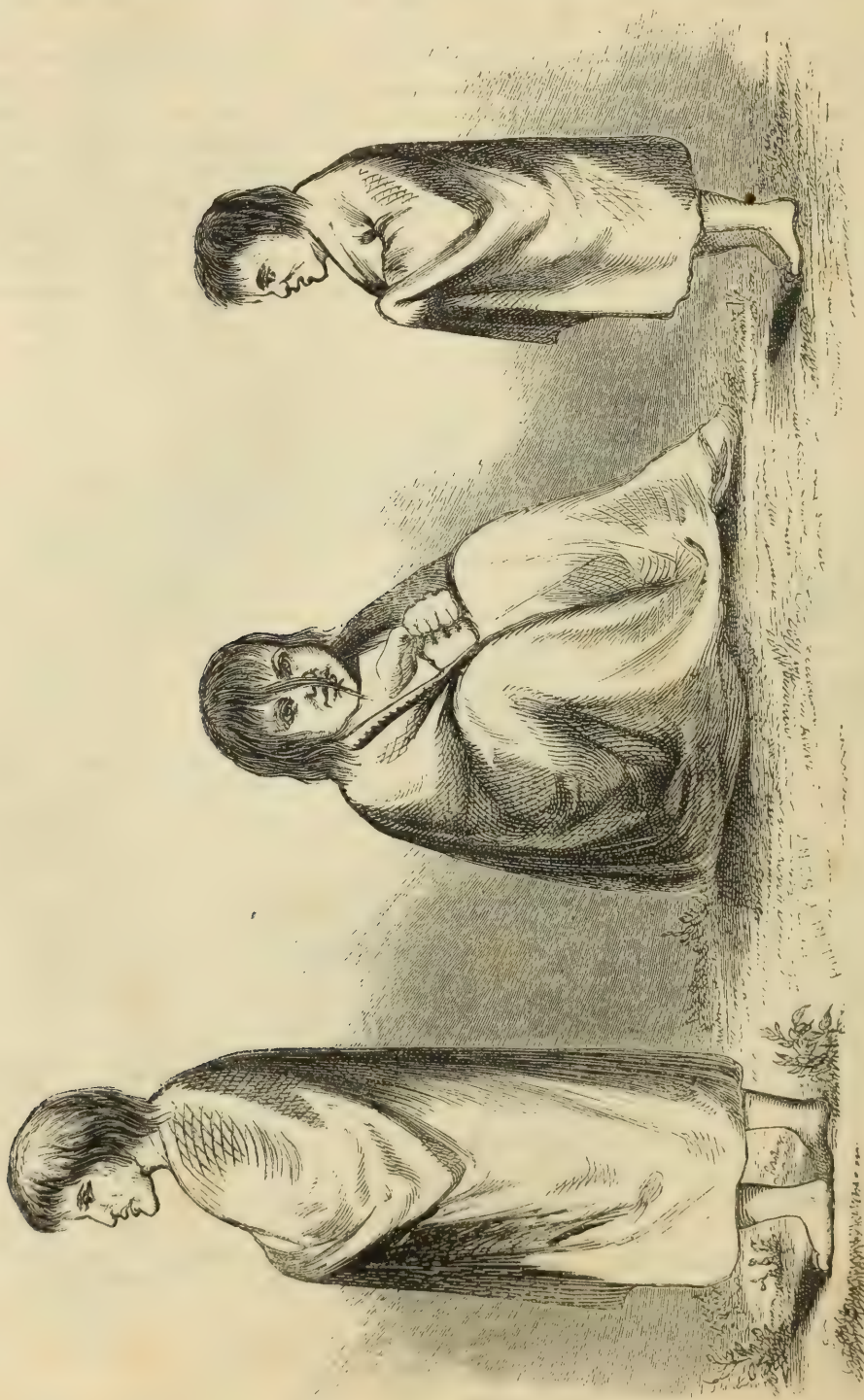
MOJAVE DWELLING.

utensils to exchange for the produce of their fields.

Desiring to learn something of their notions regarding the Deity, death, and a future existence, Lieutenant Whipple led an intelligent Mojave to speak upon these subjects. He stooped and drew in the sand a circle, which he said was to represent the former *casa*, or dwelling-place of Mat-e-vil, Creator of Earth (which was a woman) and Heaven. After speaking for some time with impressive, and yet almost unintelligible, earnestness regarding the traditions of that bright era of their race which all Indians delight in calling to remembrance, he referred again to the circle, and suiting the action to the word, added :

"This grand habitation was destroyed, the nations were dispersed, and Mat-e-vil took his departure, going eastward over the great waters. He promised, however, to return to his people and dwell with them forever ; and the time of his coming they believe to be near at hand."

The narrator then became enthusiastic in the anticipation of that event, which is expected to realize the Indian's hopes of a paradise on earth. Much that he said was incomprehensible. The principal idea suggested was the identity of their Deliverer, coming from the east, with the Montezuma of the Pueblo Indians, or perhaps the Messiah of Israel ; and yet the name of Montezuma seemed utterly unknown to this Indian guide. His ideas of a



CARULLA INDIANS.

future existence appeared somewhat vague and undefined. The Mojaves, he said, were accustomed to burn the bodies of the dead; but they believe that an undying soul arises from the ashes of the deceased, and takes its flight, over the mountains and waters, eastward to the happy spirit-land.

Leroux says, that he has been told by a priest of California that the Colorado Indians were Aztecs, driven from Mexico at the time of the conquest of Cortez. He thinks the circle represents their ancient city, and the water spoken of refers to the surrounding lakes. This idea derives some plausibility from the fact, mentioned by Alarçon, that, in his memorable expedition up the Colorado River in 1540, he met with tribes that spoke the same language as his Indian interpreters, who accompanied him from the City of Mexico, or Culiacan.

It is to be regretted that the explorers had not a better medium of communication with this people, as, on this subject, much that is interesting might be learned from them. They have not yet received from white men any impressions to conflict with or to change the traditions handed down from their ancestors. They seem to be isolated even from the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Although a blanket made by Moquis, and a sash of Zuñi manufacture, were found among them, they stated that these had been brought to them by Pai-Utes and Yampais Indians.

Between the Mormon Road and the Pacific Ocean our attention is called to but one tribe more. In the blooming valley that leads to Los Angeles, and near the rancho of Cocomonga, a village of the wretched Cahuillas was found. With them was an old Indian, attired in an entirely new suit, in the fashion of a Californian ranchero, who professed to have come from José Antonio, the general-in-chief of the tribe. His object was to learn from the explorers, officially, whether the Californians had told them the truth, in saying that Santa Anna was on his way thither to drive the Americans from the land. The old fellow declared that he was not a Cahuilla, but a Christian, because, when a boy, a priest of San Luis Rey converted him. When questioned regarding the traditions and religious notions of his tribe he became very reserved, as though he suspected some sinister design beneath the inquiry. His people were a filthy and miserable set, presenting a painful contrast to the Indians on the Colorado.

The wilder bands of these Cahuillas range from the Mormon Road to the Sierra Nevada, and frequently commit depredations upon the frontier ranchos of California. They are not numerous—perhaps do not exceed five hundred in number. Formerly, they all belonged to the California missions; but since the decadence of those institutions they have been peons on the ranchos, where many yet remain.

On the 24th of March we find Lieutenant Whipple and his party at San Pedro, on the

Pacific, whence all the officers, with the exception of Messrs. White and Sherburne, immediately proceeded by steamer to San Francisco, *en route* for Washington.

THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

AS soon as the King had withdrawn from the Assembly, that body was thrown into great tumult in consequence of the application of Louis for the assistance of counsel. It was, however, after an animated debate, which continued until the next day, voted that the request of the King should be granted, and a deputation was immediately sent to inform the King of the vote, and to ask what counsel he would choose. He selected two of the most eminent lawyers of Paris—M. Tronchet and M. Target. Tronchet heroically accepted the perilous commission. Target, with pusillanimity which has consigned his name to disgrace, wrote a letter to the Convention, stating that his principles would not allow him to undertake the defense of the King.* The venerable Malesherbes, then seventy years of age, immediately wrote a letter to the President, imploring permission to assume the defense of the monarch. This distinguished statesman, a friend of monarchy and a personal friend of the monarch, had been living in the retirement of his country seat, and had taken no part in the Revolution. By permission of the Commune, he was conducted, after he had been carefully searched, to the temple. With a faltering step he entered the prison of the King. Louis XVI. was seated reading Tacitus. The King immediately arose, threw his arms around Malesherbes in a cordial embrace, and said,

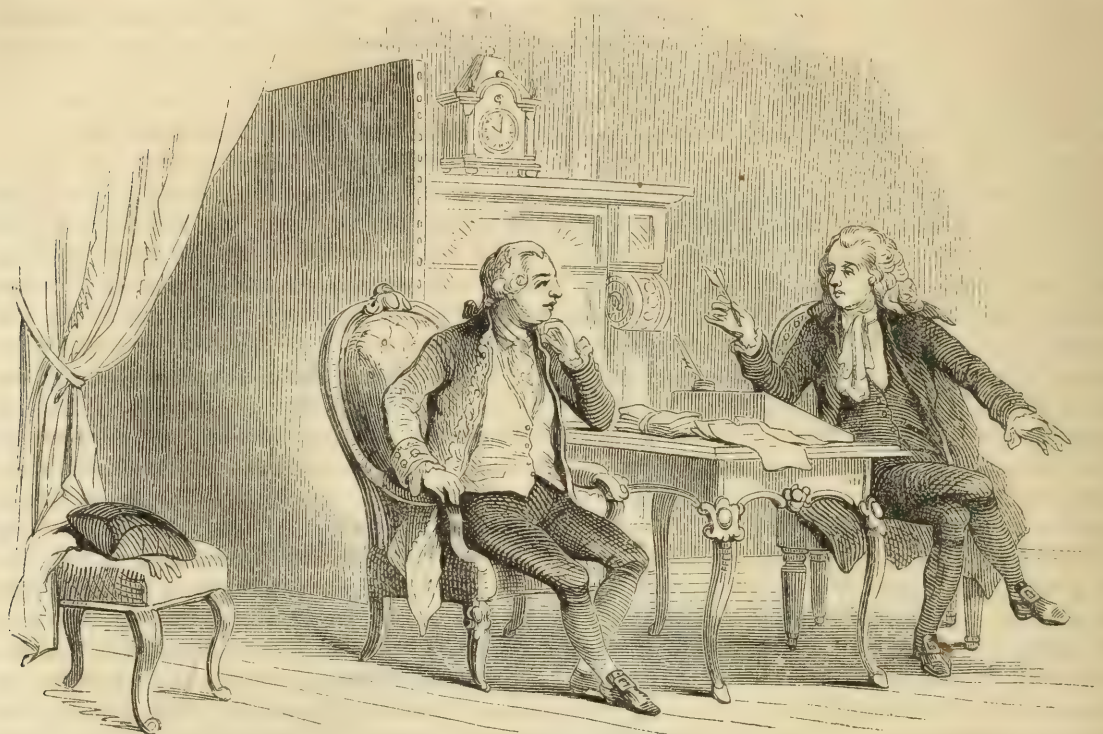
"Ah, is it you, my friend! In what a situation do you find me! See to what my passion for the amelioration of the state of the people, whom we have both loved so much, has reduced me! Why do you come hither? Your devotion only endangers your life and can not save mine."

Malesherbes, with eyes full of tears, endeavored to cheer the King with words of hope.

"No!" replied the monarch, sadly. "They will condemn me, for they possess both the power and the will. No matter; let us occupy ourselves with the cause as if we were to gain it. I shall gain it in fact, since I shall leave no stain upon my memory."

The two defenders of the King were permitted to associate with them a third, M. Deséze, an advocate who had attained much renown in his profession. For a fortnight they were employed almost night and day in preparing for the defense. Malesherbes came every morning

* One of Napoleon's first acts upon becoming First Consul was to show his appreciation of the heroism of Tronchet, by placing him at the head of the Court of Cassation. "Tronchet," he said, "was the soul of the civil code, as I was its demonstrator. He was gifted with a singularly profound and correct understanding, but he could not descend to developments. He spoke badly, and could not defend what he proposed."—*Napoleon at St. Helena*, p. 192.



LOUIS XVI. AND MALESHERBES.

with the daily papers, and prepared for the labors of the evening. At five o'clock Tronchet and Deséze came, and they all worked together until nine.

In the mean time the King wrote his will; a very affecting document, breathing in every line the spirit of a Christian. He also succeeded in so far eluding the vigilance of his keepers as to open a slight correspondence with his family. The Queen pricked a message with a pin upon a scrap of paper, and then concealed the paper in a ball of thread, which was dropped into a drawer in the kitchen, where Clery took it and conveyed it to his master. An answer was returned in a similar way. It was but an unsatisfactory correspondence which could thus be carried on; but even this was an unspeakable solace to the captives.

At length the plan of defense was completed. Malesherbes and the King had furnished the facts, Tronchet and Deséze had woven them all into an exceedingly eloquent and affecting appeal. He read it aloud to the King and his associates. The pathetic picture he drew of the vicissitudes of the royal family was so touching that even Malesherbes and Tronchet could not refrain from weeping, and tears fell from the eyes of the King. At the close of the reading the King turned to Deséze, and, in the spirit of true majesty of soul, said,

"I have to request of you to make a painful sacrifice. Strike out of your pleading the peroration. It is enough for me to appear before such judges and show my entire innocence. I will not move their feelings."*

Deséze was very reluctant to accede to this request, but was constrained to yield. After

Tronchet and Deséze had retired that night, the King, left alone with Malesherbes, seemed to be troubled with some engrossing thought. At last he said,

"I have now a new source of regret. Deséze and Tronchet owe me nothing. They devote to me their time, exertions, and perhaps their life. How can I requite them? I possess nothing; and were I to leave them a legacy it would not be paid; besides, what fortune could repay such a debt?"

"Sire," replied Malesherbes, "their consciences and posterity will reward them. But it is in your power to grant them a favor they will esteem more than all those you had it in your power to bestow upon them formerly."

"What is it?" added the King.

"Sire, embrace them," Malesherbes replied.

The next day, when they entered his chamber, the King approached them and pressed each to his heart in silence. This touching testimonial of the King's gratitude, and of his impoverishment, was to the noble hearts of these noble men an ample remuneration for all their toil and peril.

The 26th of December had now arrived, the day appointed for the final trial. At an early hour all Paris was in commotion, and the whole military force of the metropolis was again marshaled. The sublimity of the occasion seemed to have elevated the character of the King to unusual dignity. He was neatly dressed, his beard shaved, and his features were serene and almost majestic, in their expression of imperturbable resignation. As he rode in the carriage with Chambron, the mayor, and Santerre, the commander of the National Guard, he conversed cheerfully upon a variety of topics.

* Lacretelle.

Santerre, regardless of the etiquette which did not allow a subject to wear his hat in the presence of his monarch, sat with his hat on. The King turned to him, and said, with a smile,

"The last time, Sir, you conveyed me to the Temple, in your hurry you forgot your hat; and now, I perceive, you are determined to make up for the omission."

On entering the Convention the King took his seat by the side of his counsel, and listened with intense interest to the reading of his defense, watching the countenances of his judges to see the effect it was producing upon their minds. Occasionally he whispered, and even with a smile, to Malesherbes and Tronchet. The Convention received the defense in profound silence.

The defense consisted of three leading divisions. First, it was argued that by the Constitution the King was inviolable, and not responsible for the acts of the Crown—that the Ministers alone were responsible. He secondly argued, that the Convention had no right to try the King, for the Convention were his accusers, and, consequently, could not act as his judges. Thirdly, while protesting, as above, the inviolability of the King, and the invalidity of the Convention to judge him, he then proceeded to the discussion of the individual charges. Some of the charges were triumphantly repelled, particularly that of shedding French blood on the 10th of August. It was clearly proved that the people, not Louis XVI., were the aggressors. As soon as Deséze had finished his defense, the King himself rose and said, in a few words which he had written and committed to memory,

"You have heard the grounds of my defense. I shall not repeat them. In addressing you, perhaps for the last time, I declare that my conscience reproaches me with nothing, and that my defenders have told you the truth. I have never feared to have my public conduct scrutinized. But I am grieved to find that I am accused of wishing to shed the blood of my people, and that the misfortunes of the 10th of August are laid to my charge. I confess that the numerous proofs I have always given of my love for the people ought to have placed me above this reproach."

He resumed his seat. The President then asked if he had any thing more to say. He declared he had not, and retired with his counsel from the hall. As he was conducted back to the Temple, he conversed with the same serenity he had manifested throughout the whole day. It was five o'clock, and the gloom of night was descending upon the city as he re-entered his prison.

No sooner had the King left the hall than a violent tumult of debate commenced, which was continued, day after day, with a constant succession of eager, agitated speakers hurrying to the tribune for twelve days. Some were in favor of an immediate judgment, some were for referring the question to the people; some demanded the death of the King, others impris-

onment or exile. On the 7th of January all seemed weary of these endless speeches, and the endless repetition of the same arguments. Still, there were many clamorous to be heard; and, after a violent contest, it was voted that the decisive measure should be postponed for a week longer, and that on the 14th of January the question should be taken.

The fatal day arrived. It was decreed that the subject should be presented to the Convention in the three following questions. *First*, Is Louis guilty? *Second*, Shall the decision of the Convention be submitted to the ratification of the people? The whole of the 15th was occupied in taking these two votes. Louis was unanimously declared to be guilty, with the exception of ten who refused to vote, declaring themselves incapable of acting both as accusers and judges. On the question of an appeal to the people, 281 voices were for it, 423 against it.* And now came the *third* great and solemn question, What shall be the sentence? Each member was required to write his vote, sign it, and then, before depositing it, to ascend the tribune and give it audibly, with any remarks which he might wish to add.

The voting commenced at seven o'clock in the evening of the 16th, and continued all night, and without any interruption, for twenty-four hours. All Paris was during the time in the highest state of excitement, the galleries of the Convention being crowded to suffocation. Some voted for death, others for imprisonment until peace with allied Europe, and then banishment. Others voted for death, with the restriction that the execution should be delayed. They wished to save the King, and yet feared the accusation of being Royalists if they did not vote for his death. The Jacobins all voted for death. They had accused their opponents, the Girondists, of being secretly in favor of royalty, and as such had held them up to the execration of the mob. The Girondists wished to save the King. It was in their power to save him. But it required more courage, both moral and physical, than ordinary men possess, to brave the vengeance of the assassins of September who were hovering around the hall.

It was pretty well understood in the Convention that the fate of the King depended upon the Girondist vote, and it was not doubted that the party would vote as did their leader. It was a moment of fearful solemnity when Vergniaud ascended the tribune. Breathless silence pervaded the Assembly. Every eye was fixed upon him. His countenance was pallid as that of a corpse. For a moment he paused, with downcast eyes, as if hesitating to pronounce the dreadful word. Then, in a gloomy tone which thrilled the hearts of all present, he said, *Death.*†

* Lamartine, Hist. Gir., ii. 342.

† "The crowd in the galleries received with murmurs all votes that were not for death, and they frequently addressed threatening gestures to the Assembly itself. The deputies replied to them from the interior of the hall, and hence resulted a tumultuous exchange of men-

Nearly all the Girondists voted for death, with the restriction of delaying the execution. Many of the purest men in the nation thus voted, with emotions of sadness which could not be repressed. The noble Carnot gave his vote in the following terms: "Death; and never did word weigh so heavily on my heart."

When the Duke of Orleans was called, deep silence ensued. He was cousin of the King, and first prince of the blood. By birth and opulence he stood on the highest pinnacle of aristocratic supremacy. Conscious of peril, he had for a long time done every thing in his power to conciliate the mob by adopting the most radical of Jacobin opinions. The Duke, bloated with the debaucheries which had disgraced his life, ascended the steps slowly, unfolded a paper, and read in heartless tones these words:

"Solely occupied with my duty, convinced that all who have attempted, or shall attempt hereafter, the sovereignty of the people merit death, I vote for Death."

The atrocity of this act excited the abhorrence of the Assembly, and loud murmurs of disapprobation followed the prince to his seat. Even Robespierre despised his pusillanimity, and said,

"The miserable man was only required to listen to his own heart, and make himself an exception. But he would not or dare not do so. The nation would have been more unanimous than he."*

At length the long scrutiny was over, and Vergniaud, who had presided, rose to announce the result. He was pale as death, and it was observed that not only his voice faltered but that his whole frame trembled.

"Citizens," said he, "you are about to exercise a great act of justice. I hope humanity

aces and abusive epithets. This fearfully ominous scene had shaken all minds and changed many resolutions. Vergniaud, who had appeared deeply affected by the fate of Louis XVI., and who had declared to his friends that he never could condemn that unfortunate prince, Vergniaud, on beholding this tumultuous scene, imagined that he saw civil war kindled in France, and pronounced sentence of death, with the addition, however, of Mailhe's amendment (which required that the execution should be delayed). On being questioned respecting his change of opinion, he replied that he thought he saw civil war on the point of breaking out, and that he durst not balance the life of an individual against the welfare of France."—*THIERS'S History of the French Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 68.

* "Robespierre was by no means the worst character who figured in the Revolution. He opposed trying the Queen. He was not an atheist; on the contrary, he had publicly maintained the existence of a Supreme Being, in opposition to many of his colleagues. Neither was he of opinion that it was necessary to exterminate all priests and nobles, like many others. Robespierre wanted to proclaim the King an outlaw, and not to go through the ridiculous mockery of trying him. Robespierre was a fanatic, a monster; but he was incorruptible, and incapable of robbing or of causing the deaths of others, either from personal enmity or a desire of enriching himself. He was an enthusiast, but one who really believed that he was acting right, and died not worth a sou. In some respects Robespierre may be said to have been an honest man."—*Napoleon at St. Helena*, p. 50.

will enjoin you to keep the most perfect silence. When justice has spoken humanity ought to be listened to in its turn."

He then read the results of the vote. There were seven hundred and twenty-one voters in the Convention; three hundred and thirty-four voted for imprisonment or exile, three hundred and eighty-seven for death, including those who voted that the execution should be delayed. Thus the majority for death was fifty-three; but as of these forty-six demanded a suspension of the execution, there remained but a majority of seven for immediate death. Having read this result, Vergniaud, in a sorrowful tone, said: "I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment pronounced against Louis Capet is death."

The counsel of Louis XIV., who, during the progress of the vote, had urged permission to speak, but were refused, were now introduced. In the name of the King, Deséze appealed to the people from the judgment of the Convention. He urged the appeal from the very small majority which had decided the penalty. Tronchet urged that the penal code required a vote of two-thirds to consign one to punishment, and that the King ought not to be deprived of a privilege which every subject enjoyed. Malesherbes endeavored to speak, but was so overcome with emotion that, violently sobbing, he was unable to continue his speech, and was compelled to sit down. His gray hairs and his tears so moved the Assembly that Vergniaud rose, and, addressing the Assembly, said, "Will you decree the honors of the sitting to the defenders of Louis XVI.?" The unanimous response was, "Yes, yes."

It was now late at night, and the Convention adjourned. The whole of the 18th and the 19th were occupied in discussing the question of the appeal to the people. On the 20th, at three o'clock in the morning, the final vote was taken. Three hundred and ten voted to sustain the appeal; three hundred and eighty for immediate death. All the efforts to save the King were now exhausted, and his fate was sealed. A deputation was immediately appointed, headed by Garat, Minister of Justice, to acquaint Louis XVI. with the decree of the Convention.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th Louis heard the noise of a numerous party ascending the steps of the tower. As they entered his apartment he rose and stepped forward with perfect calmness and dignity to meet them. The decree of the Convention was read to the King, declaring him to be guilty of treason, that he was condemned to death, that the appeal to the people was refused, and that he was to be executed within twenty-four hours.

The King listened to the reading unmoved, took the paper from the hands of the secretary, folded it carefully, and placed it in his portfolio. Then turning to Garat, he handed him a paper, saying,



LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN LOUIS XVI. AND HIS FAMILY.

"Monsieur Minister of Justice, I request you to deliver this letter to the Convention."

Garat hesitated to take the paper, and the King immediately rejoined, "I will read it to you," and read, in a distinct, unflinching voice, as follows:

"I demand of the Convention a delay of three days, in order to prepare myself to appear before God. I require, further, to see freely the priest whom I shall name to the commissaries of the commune, and that he be protected in the act of charity which he shall exercise toward me. I demand to be freed from the perpetual surveillance which has been exercised toward me for so many days. I demand, during these last moments, leave to see my family, when I desire it, without witnesses. I desire most earnestly that the Convention will at once take into consideration the fate of my family, and that they be allowed immediately to retire unmolested whithersoever they shall see fit to choose an asylum. I recommend to the kindness of the nation all the persons attached to me. There are among them many old men, and women, and children, who are entirely dependent upon me, and must be in want."

The delegation retired. The King, with a firm step, walked two or three times up and down his chamber, and then called for his dinner. He sat down and ate with his usual appetite. But his attendants refused to let him have either knife or fork, and he was furnished

only with a spoon. This excited his indignation, and he said, warmly,

"Do they think that I am such a coward as to lay violent hands upon myself? I am innocent, and I shall die fearlessly."

Having finished his repast, he waited patiently for the return of the answer from the Convention. At six o'clock Garat, accompanied by Santerre, entered again. The Convention refused the delay of execution which Louis XVI. had solicited, but granted the other demands.

In a few moments M. Edgeworth, the ecclesiastic who had been sent for, arrived. He entered the chamber, and, overwhelmed with emotion, fell at the monarch's feet and burst into tears. The King, deeply moved, also wept, and as he raised M. Edgeworth, said,

"Pardon me this momentary weakness. I have lived so long among my enemies that habit has rendered me indifferent to their hatred, and my heart has been closed against all sentiments of tenderness. But the sight of a faithful friend restores to me my sensibility, which I believed dead, and moves me to tears in spite of myself."

The King conversed earnestly with his spiritual adviser respecting his will, which he read, and inquired earnestly for his friends, whose sufferings moved his heart deeply. The hour of seven had now arrived, when the King was to hold his last interview with his family. But

even this could not be in private. He was to be watched by his jailers, who were to hear every word and witness every gesture. The door opened, and the Queen, pallid and woe-stricken, entered, leading her son by the hand. She threw herself into the arms of her husband, and silently endeavored to draw him toward her chamber.

"No, no," whispered the King, clasping her to his heart. "I can see you only here."

Madame Elizabeth, with the King's daughter, followed. A scene of anguish ensued which neither pen nor pencil can portray. The King sat down, with the Queen upon his right hand, his sister upon his left, their arms encircling his neck, and their heads resting upon his breast. The Dauphin sat upon his father's knee, with his arm around his neck. The beautiful Princess, with disheveled hair, threw herself between her father's knees, and buried her face in his lap. More than half an hour passed during which not an articulate word was spoken; but cries, groans, and occasional shrieks of anguish, which pierced even the thick walls of the Temple and were heard in the streets, rose from the group.

For two hours the agonizing interview was continued. As they gradually regained some little composure, in low tones they whispered messages of tenderness and love, interrupted by sobs and kisses and blinding floods of tears. It was now after nine o'clock, and in the morning the King was to be led to the guillotine. The Queen implored permission for them to remain with him through the night. The King, through tenderness for them, declined, but promised to see them again at seven o'clock the next morning. As the King accompanied them to the stair-case their cries were redoubled, and the Princess fainted in utter unconsciousness at her father's feet. The Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Clery carried her to the stairs, and the King returned to the room, and burying his face in his hands, sank, exhausted, into a chair. After a long silence he turned to M. Edgeworth and said,

"Ah! Monsieur, what an interview I have had! Why do I love so fondly? Alas! why am I so fondly loved? But we have now done with time. Let us occupy ourselves with eternity."

The King passed some time in religious conversation and prayer, and having arranged with M. Edgeworth to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the earliest hours of the morning, at midnight threw himself upon his bed, and almost immediately fell into a calm and refreshing sleep.

The faithful Clery and M. Edgeworth watched at the bedside of the King. At five o'clock they woke him. "Has it struck five?" inquired the King. "Not yet by the clock of the tower," Clery replied; "but several of the clocks of the city have struck." "I have slept soundly," remarked the King; "I was much fatigued yesterday."

He immediately arose, an altar had been prepared in the middle of the room, composed of a chest of drawers, and the King, after engaging earnestly in prayer, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Then leading Clery into the recess of a window, he detached from his watch a seal, and took from his finger a wedding-ring, and handing them to Clery, said:

"After my death you will give this seal to my son, this ring to the Queen. Tell her I resign it with pain that it may not be profaned with my body. This small parcel contains locks of hair of all my family; that you will give her. Say to the Queen, my dear children, and my sister, that I had promised to see them this morning, but that I desired to spare them the agony of such a bitter separation twice over. How much it has cost me to depart without receiving their last embraces!"

He could say no more, for sobs choked his utterance. Soon recovering himself he called for scissors, and cut off his long hair, that he might escape the humiliation of having that done by the executioner.

"A few beams of daylight began now to penetrate, through the grated windows, the gloomy prison, and the beating of drums, and the rumbling of the wheels of heavy artillery, were heard in the streets. The King turned to his confessor and said,

"How happy I am that I maintained my faith on the throne! Where should I be this day, but for this hope? Yes! there is on high a Judge, incorruptible, who will award to me that measure of justice which men refuse to me here below."

Two hours passed away, while the King listened to the gathering of the troops in the court-yard and around the Temple. At nine o'clock a tumultuous noise was heard of men ascending the stair-case. Santerre entered, with twelve municipal officers and ten *gens d'armes*. The King, with commanding voice and gesture, pointed Santerre to the door, and said,

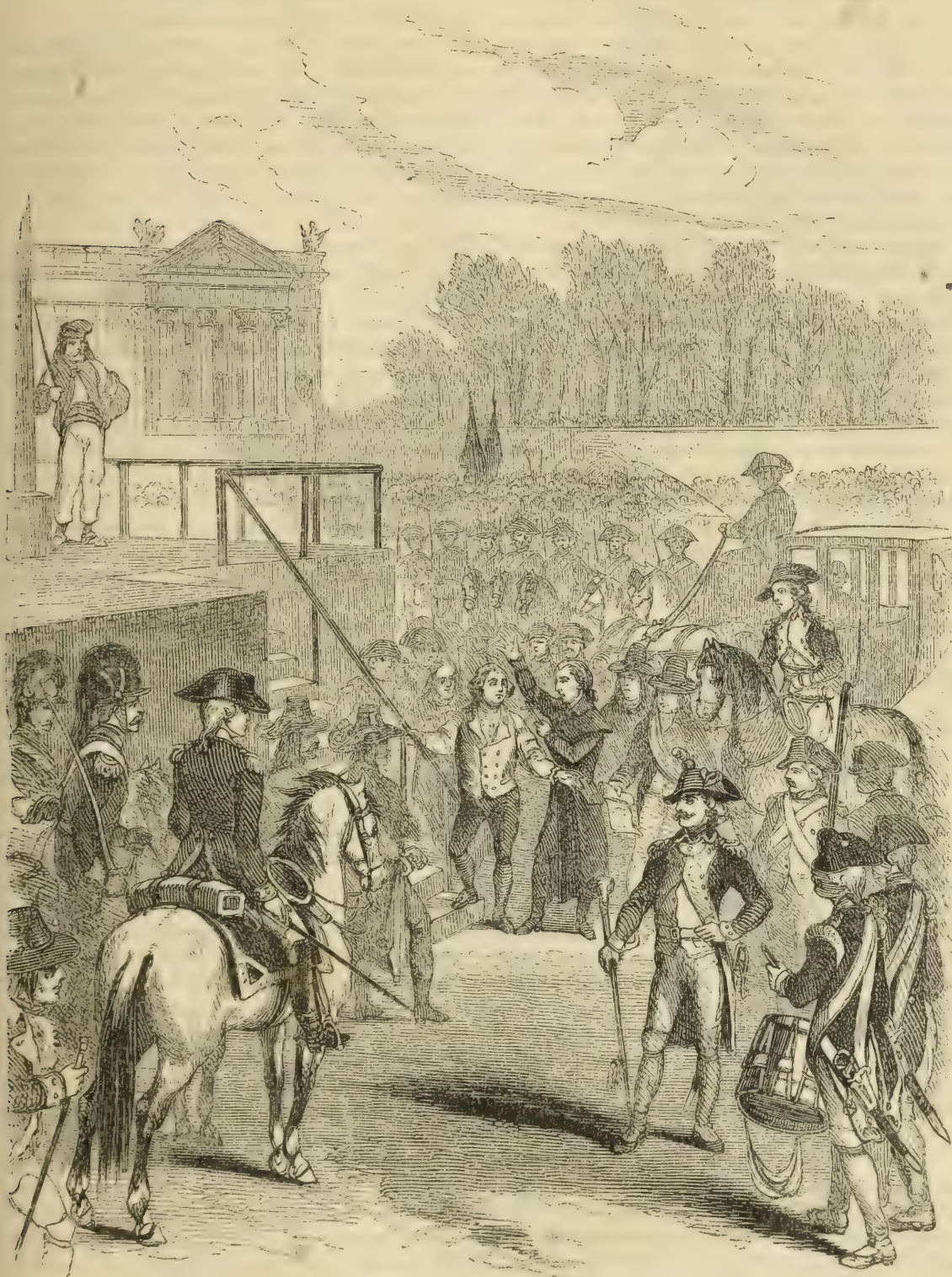
"You have come for me. I will be with you in an instant; await me there."

Falling upon his knees, he engaged a moment in prayer, and then, turning to M. Edgeworth, said,

"All is consummated. Give me your blessing, and pray to God to sustain me to the end."

He rose, and taking from the table a paper which contained his last will and testament, addressed one of the municipal guard, saying, "I beg of you to transmit this paper to the Queen." The man, whose name was Jacques Roux, brutally replied: "I am here to conduct you to the scaffold, not to perform your commissions."

"True," said the King, in a saddened tone, but without the slightest appearance of irritation. Then carefully scanning the countenances of each member of the guard, he selected one whose features expressed humanity, and



EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

solicited him to take charge of the paper. The man, whose name was Gobeau, took the paper.

The King, declining the cloak, which Clery offered him, said, "Give me only my hat." Then taking the hand of Clery, he pressed it affectionately in a final adieu, and turning to Santerre, said, "Let us go." Descending the stairs with a firm tread, followed by the armed escort, he met a turnkey whom he had the evening before reproached for some impertinence. The King approached him and said, in tones of kindness,

"Mathey, I was somewhat warm with you yesterday, excuse me for the sake of this hour."

As he crossed the court-yard, he twice turned to look up at the windows of the Queen's apartment in the tower, where those so dear to him were suffering the utmost anguish which human hearts can endure. Two gens d'armes sat upon the front seat of the carriage. The King and M. Edgeworth took the back seat. The morning was damp and chill, and gloomy clouds darkened the sky. Sixty drums were beating at the heads of the horses, and an army of troops,

with all the most formidable enginery of war, preceded, surrounded, and followed the carriage. The noise of the drums prevented any conversation, and the King sat in silence in the carriage, evidently engaged in prayer. The procession moved so slowly along the boulevards that it was two hours before they reached the Place de la Revolution. An immense crowd filled the place, above whom towered the lofty platform and blood-red posts of the guillotine.

As the carriage stopped the King whispered to M. Edgeworth, "We have arrived, if I mistake not." The drums ceased beating, and the whole multitude gazed in the most solemn silence. The two *gens d'armes* alighted. The King placed his hand upon the knee of the heroic ecclesiastic, M. Edgeworth, and said to the *gens d'armes*:

"Gentlemen, I recommend to your care this gentleman. Let him not be insulted after my death. I entreat you to watch over him."

"Yes, yes," said one, contemptuously; "make your mind easy, we will take care of him. Let us alone."

Louis alighted. Two of the executioners came to the foot of the scaffold to take off his coat. The King waved them away, and himself took off his coat and cravat, and turned down the collar of his shirt, that his throat might be presented bare to the knife. They then came with cords to bind his hands behind his back.

"What do you wish to do?" said the King, indignantly.

"Bind you," they replied, as they seized his hands, and endeavored to fasten them with the cords.

"Bind me!" replied the King, in tones of deepest feeling. "No, no; I will never consent. Do your business, but you shall not bind me."

The executioners seized him rudely, and called for help. "Sire," said his Christian adviser, "suffer this outrage, as a last resemblance to that God who is about to be your reward."

"Assuredly," replied the King, "there needed nothing less than the example of God to make me submit to such an indignity." Then holding out his hands to the executioners, he said, "Do as you will! I will drink the cup to the dregs."

With a firm tread he ascended the steep steps of the scaffold, looked for a moment upon the keen and polished edge of the axe, and then turning to the vast throng said, in a voice clear and untremulous,

"People, I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me! I pardon the authors of my death, and pray to God that the blood you are about to shed may not fall again on France."

He would have continued, but the drums were ordered to beat, and his voice was immediately drowned. The executioners seized him, bound him to the plank, the slide fell, and the head of Louis XVI. dropped into the basket.

OUR CHARLEY.

I OUGHT to be a happy woman.

We live in a neat house, in a pleasant neighborhood. By *we* I mean my husband and myself; Charley, his father's namesake, our son and heir, aged seven years; the baby, two years old, whose name stands in our Family Bible as Mary, which becomes Minnie when spoken; and Ellen O'Brien, cook and maid of all work.

My husband is in a very comfortable business, large enough to supply our moderate wants, and leave something over, even in these hard times; yet not so large as to compel him to make a slave of himself to manage it. He goes to his work at nine o'clock; this gives him time to read the paper, chat with me, play with the children, and breakfast leisurely. He comes home at five; so that he can rest, dress, dine at six, and be ready for any arrangement that we may have made for the evening. These, I take it, are just the right hours for a husband. He is not at home enough to be in the way, and is absent just long enough to be glad to see me when he returns.

Our Ellen is a jewel. She can broil a steak, make capital coffee, and even boil a potato. With a little assistance from me she gets up my husband's linen in a way that satisfies his critical taste; and never grumbles at taking care of baby or looking after Master Charley. She never flirts in the area with the butcher or milkman, or dawdles at the Dutch Grocery on the corner. She is proof against the blandishments of itinerant peddlers and book agents. The smoothest-tongued of all the tribe never yet succeeded in inducing her to leave him alone in the hall while she went to call the "Lady of the House." She has cousins in plenty—as what genuine Milesian girl has not?—but they only visit her at reasonable hours, and never undertake surreptitious forays upon the tea-caddy or sugar-basin. If she makes tea for them, she does it openly and above-board, as though she had a perfect right to do so—as indeed she has—for "servants" are human beings, and have a just claim to the gratification of kindly feelings. Foremost among her cousins is Patrick Brady, a strapping, fresh-looking bricklayer, with a nice little account in the Savings' Bank, and a lot in Brooklyn, upon which, they say, he is building a house. He makes his appearance in our kitchen two evenings in the week. There is no concealment or subterfuge when I happen to "drop down," as I make it a point to do. Mr. Brady wishes me good-evening with the air of a man satisfied with himself and his position—which is perfectly right, for when the Brooklyn house is completed, our Ellen is to be installed in it as Mrs. Brady, and I know that I shall always be kindly welcomed there. Twenty years hence, if all goes well, I dare say Mr. Brady will be a richer man than my husband.

Baby is never sick, and rarely cries. My husband never comes home tired out and cross;



CHARLEY'S SPECULATION.

or hints that my milliner's bills are ruining him; or grumbles out a curse at the mention of Stewart or Brodie.

With such a husband, baby, and "help," I ought to be, as I began by saying, a happy woman. So I should be were it not for Charley.

How that seven-years-old urchin manages to get into so many scrapes, perpetrate such an infinite deal of mischief, and pick up such a variety of queer acquaintances, passes my comprehension. I can not keep him in-doors all day, yet I never let him go out for a run in the Parade Ground without feeling sure that he will come back escorted by a troop of ragged, dirty followers, and minus some article of dress which

he has given or swapped away. He has a natural affinity for shipwrecked sailors, old-clothes' men, and dog-sellers. If he could lead about an organ-grinder's monkey he would be perfectly happy. He is ready to strike up a friendship with any urchin who has an unwashed face, crownless hat, and ragged nether garments.

Looking from the window not a week ago, I saw him with his father's new hat and best coat in his hand, in deep consultation with a Dutch peddler. The faithful Ellen rushed out in time to prevent the consummation of the bargain. Upon descending to the street I found that he had traded off a vinegar-cruet, two silver-forks, his cap, and one of baby's frocks, for two razors,



RUNNING WITH FORTY.



FIGHTING FASHION.

a bunch of cinnamon cigars, six sticks of candy, a piece of colored soap, and a dozen steel pens. The Dutchman could not speak a word of English, but was negotiating by signs for the purchase of my husband's coat and hat. He had offered a jack-knife, plaster casts of Little Samuel, General Jackson, and the Babes in the Wood, three packages of lozenges, a paper of pins, two dozen pearl buttons, and a wooden shaving-dish. Charley was standing out stoutly for a Jews-harp, a crying baby, and a bottle of Cologne, in addition, when the opportune arrival of Ellen put a stop to the business.

The very next day Master Charley came rushing to me.

"Mamma," he asked, "mayn't I run with Forty?"

I consented, though I had not the remotest idea what running with Forty meant.

"That's gallows!" shouted Master Charley. "Look out for the bull-gine when the bell rings! Nix cum raush! Jim-along-Josey!"

He was away before I could recover myself from my astonishment. Where can the child have picked up such phrases?

Half an hour later, hearing a great noise before the door, I looked out. There was our Charley at the head of a squad of a dozen ragged urchins. They had rigged an old candle-box upon wheels, with something that looked like the breaks of a fire-engine on the top. Charley, his long curls flying in the wind, was making a most unearthly tooting upon a tin horn. Pasteboard badges stuck in their caps,



AIN'T HE A BEAUTY?



GROWLER.

bore the number 40. I now began to understand what "running with Forty" meant.

Having dutifully honored their captain's family by a salute, the juvenile firemen dashed around the corner before I could summon Master Charley.

In an hour my hopeful son made his appearance, but sadly changed. His long curls had been clipped off close to his head, giving him a most hang-dog, villainous aspect.

"Charley," said I, "what have you been about?"

"Been havin' my hair cut, regular fightin' fashion. Just like Jake's."

"Like Jake's! Who is Jake?"

"Oh, he's a real nice little boy. His ma sells candy and cigars. She gave me two sticks of candy and a cigar for my handkerchief; and Jake gave me such a pretty dog for my cap, my new knife, and six cents. He's such a pretty dog, and his name's Growler. I'll go and fetch him."

Charley bolted from the room, and soon returned lugging in a half-starved, mangy mongrel, almost as big as himself.

"Ain't he a beauty, mamma? Jake says he can kill rats and worry cats beautiful. Mayn't he sleep in my bed? He barks so gallows."

"Growler, true to his name, set up a terrific howl, and snapped viciously at his new master. Charley dropped the brute, who darted under the sofa, and lay there, obstinately refusing to be coaxed out, and snarled and showed a formidable set of teeth when any one approached him. Charley began to cry. His new acquisition had suddenly lost all its charms.

"Lemme call Jake. He'll catch him!" he whimpered; and rushing out, he soon returned with his nice friend, whose original style of coiffure had so captivated him.

After a vigorous hunt around the room, in the course of which Growler contrived to demolish sundry articles of crockery and commit sad havoc among the books and papers, Jake managed to secure the cur.

"There, Jake, you may have him. I guess I don't want him," sobbed Charley.

"Gimme a shill'n for ketchin' on him," whined Jake.

The shilling was produced, and Master Jake departed with his prize, to the great relief of Charley.

What shall I do with the boy?

MARK WILTON'S WIFE.

WHEN I began my artist-career in New York painting was not the thing it now is. Allston had become great alongside of Peale and Stuart, but hardly any body else hoped to be. I verily believe that the first ten years I spent here, any young journeyman of the brush who, like Hosea Bigelow's grandfather, restricted entirely the exhibitions of his breadth of execution to the sides of barns, had a better chance of success than I who worked on canvas. Rome was then the rapture of dreamers or the heavy bore of school-books, not the winter-quarters of the merchant's family. Art had few patrons, and the Tenth Street palace of studios slept uneducated in its original clay-pits and timber woods.

The place I called my studio was an attic on East Broadway, just out of Chatham Square. There, above the noise of the streets, I painted, sometimes for a pittance, sometimes for practice; and dreamed for pleasure, or for nothing.

It is true I had very hard times. I have seen the day when the Aurora that would not bring bread was put down for the tinman's sign-board that would. Art may be degraded by painting sign-boards, but, I fancied, hardly so much as by starving.

Yet I had my happy hours too. Their cause partook of the nature of a feeling of superiority to the rest of mankind—to certain ones of the rest in particular. A sentiment not approved in the moral philosophies, yet, perhaps, permissible in a man whose exercise of it must have been so innoxious as mine, situated as I was in a garret, where what I did could never hurt any body's feelings. I live on the Avenue now, and from motives of kindness do not indulge in the gratification.

But superiority to whom? I will tell you. There was my classmate at college, young Whiffletree, who at his graduation was worth five thousand a year. Having opened the ball of this life with an heiress expecting twice as much, at the time I sat in my garret, he was gayly dancing down the reel to the music of golden trumpets, and careless of whose toes he stepped on. Yet in that very garret I used to regale myself, at least once every day, on this reflection, "How much better off I am than young Whiffletree!"

I doubt whether there was any sky-light to Whiffletree's house; or, if there was, whether he ever used it. I had one, and there is no saying how valuable it was to me. It gave me right of entry to a patch of heaven just six feet square, and in all his acres there was not one spot so fertile. There grew the blue tints that, being transplanted to canvas, made beautiful women's eyes; thence I brought the gold that made my angels' hair; and there were cloud-



GIMME A SHILL'N.

masses, sun-streaks, and burning tinges for any number and variety of landscape views. But especially did I glory, as, at the drawing nigh of evening, I sat beneath the panes taking that humble meal, my tea. Tea by compliment; for it was often only a glass of water which moistened my bread, and as I held the goblet up and let the rosy light stream through it, I exulted, crying, "Now is Whiffletree just at his port, drowsily nodding healths to the table-friends who love him not; mine is the self-same vintage that crowned the wedding of the young couple in Galilee, and heaven hath given it its purple like theirs!"

But my sky-light was not my only stimulus to cheerfulness. Like all men with any of the true artist-soul in them, I had always looked forward to the day when I should be able to claim that great happiness—a good and lovely wife. I had pictured to myself the kind of woman I would like to be ever with me; I had moulded her, in my mind, into all that exquisite softness which makes her heart a sweet pillow in trouble, and an elastic reservoir for the joy which is too large to bear alone; I had beautified her brows with that heroic patience which rests on woman's head like a halo—on ours like a crown of thorns. She shall be just so tall, said I; just so roundly formed; with this expression, this pose.

At last it struck me that I would paint her. For surely to have some tangible image of this reward which was to be—even though it might not, could not, thoroughly represent the ideal—would be a great incitement, a goal to struggle toward.

I took a week out of my most inspired season—the early spring—and gave it up to this delicate work. For a whole day at a time I could paint on easily, proudly; the very next, perhaps, saw me dissatisfied after an hour's work, but undiscouraged. I blotted out the failure, and went forward anew.

At last I finished it. Sacrificing the physical to the spiritual for a while, I stinted some of my lower daily needs until I could afford to give it a handsome oval frame, and then hung it close by my easel where I might glance at it now and then, and gain courage in the work for food and fame.

Somehow or other I did far better after that picture than ever before. The paintings which I sent to the Academy, just then in its childhood, were every where pronounced successes. One by one patrons dropped in, or rather up, and at length I became of a mind to move into a politer and more accessible studio. One May morning that change, by the intervention of one cart and a small boy with a hand-car, was accomplished without detriment to my meagre stock of movables.

My wife I carried, wrapped in much cotton and paper, in my own arms. My new studio consisted of two rooms, communicating by a door. Against the wall of the inner one I suspended her, so that I could still look at her as

I painted, yet guard her from unhallowed eyes of curiosity or custom, by closing the passage at the first footfall outside. Oh the sweet progress I made as I painted toward that woman—felt her growing more possible—and said, "Not tomorrow, perhaps, nor the day after, but next year, who knows but you may be mine!"

Now that I had become known, young Whiffletree patronized me. Forgetting entirely the obscure hiatus between our parting at the college threshold and his meeting me as the lionized artist, he was glad to see me—devilish glad—thought I had been dead, old boy—and all that sort of thing. And finding I was not in the sculpture line too, to his great sorrow, for he would have liked an equestrian statue of himself as appearing in the mounted militia, he gave me an order to paint his wife.

For the first sitting I appointed a bright day in June, when the leaves were all out, and a fresh smell of the flowering orchards up the river came down on the brisk north breeze, so that I felt in grand spirits for the work, and betook myself to Whiffletree's house with alacrity. I was ushered into the presence of a lady, stately, handsome, frigid, and in velvets. At that day the idea of painting a lady in any thing but velvets or the stiffest of brocades would have been thought an absurdity. The mistress of a house who expected to be handed down to coming generations, would have shuddered at the thought of being seen by her grandchildren, like Healy's beauties, in the informality of tulle and muslin, quite as much as if it had been proposed to her to sit for her portrait in gauze or tissue paper.

We had broken the ice of the ceremonious introduction—interchanged the ordinary platitudes of compliment—got the right light, seat, and pose, and I had been sketching away diligently for about half an hour, when there came a ring at the door—very faint and timid, like that of a little child. The door of the parlor in which I stood before the lady was half open, and I could see the footman as he went to answer it, hear the knob turn, and then a girl's voice, which said, "Will you ask your mistress if she can give me any sewing?"

Involuntarily I started at that voice. It was the sweetest I had ever heard—*had* heard only in dreams before.

With an irresolution strangely contrasting with his usual imperturbable impudence, the flunkey stood for a moment hesitating whether to slam the door in her face. Then recovering his habitual pomposity, he answered, "We've nothing for you."

"Ask, if you please."

These last words were said in so calm yet decided a tone that even the blunted instincts of the man showed him he was dealing with a superior—one who had been used to the respect of others, and never forgot her own. He left the front door just ajar, and retreating to the parlor, looked in to say, "There's a woman at the door, Mrs. Whiffletree, who wants work."

"I thought my orders were, Thomas, always to send such people away!"

"Very true, ma'am; but she wouldn't go without my asking."

"Make her, then."

Upon which the menial returned to the door, and, deigning no further parley, triumphantly slammed the door in the suppliant's face.

It must have been the sound of that voice—or the surprise at any one so much in want as to ask for work so earnestly, yet at the same time so little cowed by that want as not to cringe and go away at the first rebuff—or, it may have been a little momentary disgust at the ice-beauty I was painting, which would hide itself. At any rate, I put down the crayon for a minute, and looked out of the window. Just then the tired foot of the young girl came slowly off the last step; with a short hesitation she looked the other way up the street, then, more decidedly, she turned and came past the window. All the time I looked at her with that steadfast gaze which sees but one thing, and surely obedient to the powerful law of magnetism which never fails between men and women, she lifted her face so that it looked full into my own.

Gracious Heavens! The face! the face! *It was the one I had been painting toward for six years.*

No wonder young Whiffletree's wife was startled from her coldness; no wonder she thought me suddenly gone mad; no wonder that on that account she and her husband dismissed me forever, and to my somewhat injury yet exceeding little care spoke of me always after that, as we speak of old acquaintances in Bedlam. I lost that portrait—but I found my own!

For with a half murmured incoherent apology—dashing my pencil down and my hat on—and leaving Madam and my easel where they stood, I rushed through the door, half knocking down the astonished flunkey in my way, and was in the street at a leap.

She had not gone very far to be sure, but then the fear of losing sight of her in the wilderness of New York, that was terrible. So then, straightway, if Mrs. Whiffletree had condescended to come to the window, she beheld the mortifying spectacle of the artist-friend whom her husband had presented in close pursuit of a repulsed sewing girl.

At first it struck me that I would instantly catch up with her and address her. A moment's reflection showed me that this was not the best way. That womanly self-possession in trouble which would not let any thing in her walk or the carriage of her head proclaim to the street that she had been chilled or pained, together with what I had learned of her from the few words spoken at the door, told me that such conduct would be intrusion on a native lady. Perhaps an intrusion to be distinctly repelled.

Keeping at just such a distance behind her as might enable me to notice without being noticed, I followed her footsteps for more than

an hour. She stopped at several doors, and repeated the same petition only to meet the same refusal that had fallen to her portion at Whiffletree's. While she stood on the steps, I lay perdu behind tree boxes, waiting to renew my pursuit as soon as she came down. As I stood in this position at one corner, three ladies whom I knew passed by, and recognizing me with some surprise in so curious a situation, resorted to the hypothesis that I was studying the natural tints of wood, which, being told to other friends of theirs, gained me quite a reputation for industry.

At length the young girl seemed utterly hopeless of success for that day at least, and tried no more doors. Even her heroic patience almost gave way, and I could see from the air with which she drew her veil closer and quickened her steps that she was wanting to cry, and getting home as fast as possible that she might do it unnoticed. It was now easier to follow her. Through the streets, on toward the upper and then almost unsettled part of the city, we kept our common way, until at last, reaching a broad waste field, now thick sown with free-stone houses, she took the narrow pathway which ran across it through scanty grass and luxuriant weeds toward a very small wooden house lying alone in the middle of the dreary blankness. We were the only two upon the waste, and fearing that she might turn, I sat down behind a huge boulder and waited until she was quite on the door-sill. Then she passed in.

It was now but the work of a moment to complete my chase. I too hurried to the door and knocked. Before the knock was answered, I had time with one quick glance to take in a hundred little things which spoke of tenants within blessed with the rare appreciation of this fact—the poor of this world are too poor to refuse God's free gifts. All around the exquisitely clean door-step were blooming those flowers which Heaven gives to all of us for the asking—wild violets, forest geraniums, anemones, and many another of the transplanted children of the wood. An eglantine, deftly trained by unmistakable woman-fingers, hid with its fragrant leaves and blossoms half the side of the house, growing ever more and more into a mantle of gentlest charity for the rough boards to which man's workmanship had only granted one coat of coarse yellow paint, and verily man could not, had he the will, have brightened that house with such tints as Nature and the womanly heart had given it. Smoothly graveled was the little path in front of the low step—not a weed was any where to be seen marring its cleanliness—and the small knob of the door was bright to such a degree, that it seemed like a ball of sunlight set there by some fairy to guide the inhabitants home.

I wondered that no answer came to my knock. So I repeated it, and began my survey again. Very strange! Nearly five minutes more, and not a sign of any one coming. The suspense was too much to bear—I turned the latch with

my own hand and entered. At the other end of the clean uncarpeted entry was a closed door, and, drawing near it, I heard the low sobs of a girl and an elder voice, as of a mother saying comforting things tremulously as if she would fain weep too.

Then, growing still bolder, I made my way in—so softly that at first they did not observe me. On a low wicker chair by the closed window sat a sad-faced woman, her eyes full of a patient, trustful tenderness undimmed by her sorrowful middle age, and kneeling with her head in that woman's lap, the young girl whom I sought gave way to her mortification and pain in perfect abandonment.

Stepping forward I drew their attention. The girl rose hastily, and, throwing back her long dark curls, turned on me a bewildered face, and shrunk toward her mother. Thank God to have found that face even in tears! The mother looked at me for a moment with an air of dignified inquiry.

"Madam," said I, hurriedly, "my only apology for what, I am aware, is a very strange intrusion, is the fact that I was present at one of those houses where the young lady was disappointed, and so pained by her trouble that I could not help coming to ask the favor of your commanding my own efforts. Forgive my unasked entrance—permit me to hand you my card."

"Mr. Wilton," answered the lady, quickly glancing at my name, "it is my misfortune this day to be of gentle blood, yet without a soul to call me kin or friend save this daughter in all the great lonely city. If God, therefore, sends a friend, it is not for me to quarrel with the way in which He introduces him. There have been days when you might have been as proud to be my guest as I to receive you whom the world honors. Be seated, please."

The involuntary self-assertion of the born lady which toned the last few words, gave way to a gratified and warmer look as I replied,

"Believe me, I could not be prouder than I am now if you permit me to know you."

Ah! The same sad old story. Repeated daily in the mournful sonnet of a thousand city lives—yet never hackneyed—never done. There had been a young professional man—a lawyer, proud as John Halifax in the consciousness of having only two levers to lift him into fame, his brains and hands. With Heaven's blessing on these means, he had built slowly up around him a New York practice, just large enough to admit of his bringing under the same dear little roof with him the woman he loved. This young couple lived together till one child was born to them—a daughter. Then just as the great gates of prestige and reputation began to rock on their hinges before his sturdy shoulder, and the gleam of the garments of those who had broken their way to the bright inner heights before him flashed more and more upon his eyes through the widening breach, he fell—fell on the very threshold. Fall of a great, patient,

working heart in the morning—out of his armor forever, at the nightfall. And in this poor, small house now lived his widow and his orphan.

Years had gone by since the father went his way. Wall Street and the courts had forgotten him—his few clients hardly now remembered his name—yet this wife and daughter kept his remembrance holy, and still clung to New York that they might be near his old arena and oftener visit his grave. There were friends of the husband's—friends of the wife's far up the country—they would not ask home and sustenance of them, lest the name of the dead might be dishonored by that bitterest reproach upon a young man's tombstone: "He left his family almost nothing." Up to the day on which I first saw the two, they had just eked out life together on that "almost nothing." Just then the banks were beginning to fail, and they lost it all. And then came the dreadful question which stares at widows and orphans out of every financial night, "Where is bread to come from?" How they were trying to solve it, I had seen at Whiffletree's. Yes, that tender woman, still cherishing the memories of her younger life of luxury and the refined comforts of her wedded home—that slender, graceful girl of seventeen, educated by her mother into a delicacy of thought and feeling, into those riches of all mind and heart culture which no poverty could make dim, had come at last to the point where the world called on them for its menial services as the only condition of their staying in it.

And do you think I let them sew? Do you think that while heart beat and muscles might strain in my body, I suffered the face that had drawn me on through long nights and days to honor for its sake, to grow sad and pinched ever more and more over the garments of the rich, and the ill-paid slop-work of the great shops that stab woman to the heart with needles? Never! Not over a tambour frame, whereon a king's throne cloth was brodered, if I could help it!

In a more pleasant and decenter part of the town I hired a small, comfortable house, already furnished. Into it I brought the two ladies, utterly overwhelmed at what seemed to be my perfectly inexplicable kindness. They could not know the reason of it then—the reason which lay in my knowing that that young girl, or no one upon earth, was to be my wife, and any thing I could do to shelter her was but giving shelter to my own soul.

To allay what I felt must be their fear of the world's suspicion, though they never mentioned it, I would not live with them, alone by ourselves, as I would have done in Arcadia, heaven, or any other country where people can be happy and innocent without being talked about. So I persuaded the mother to receive several other lodgers, and from the best of my acquaintance procured two young married men, with their wives, to take rooms with us.

I resolved that, although Ellen Lorn seemed

mine already by right, from the long years' possession of that heavenly face of hers in my heart and my studio, I would not treat her as such in any sense until I might woo and win her. I was more painfully scrupulous than I would have been with any other lady to avoid doing or saying any thing which might look like asserting a claim. I carefully governed myself against all intrusions upon her quiet and privacy, and suffered myself only to see her at first upon grounds of the most polite etiquette, that, if possible, I might be thought worthy for my own sake, regardless of any past relations of benefactor and beneficiary, to have a place where alone of all others I would give my life to sit supreme.

My course was a successful one. In time came the blessed, the unmistakable signs of being loved. The involuntary, warmer pressure of the hand, when late in the evening, after talking with them or reading to them for hours, I left her mother's parlor; the solicitude, the nursing, bestowed by gentlewoman goodness upon my slight pain or illness; the interest in all that I cared for; the pleasure with which my day's calendar of labors was listened to at nightfall by the breezy windows.

And, finally, I determined to do that act which the truest and the bravest man must ever come to with more trembling than to any other passage of his life; which only the flip-pant coward dares boast he approached nonchalantly, and according to mere cool forms—the finding out whether you have not been flattering yourself, and it is possible, after all, that you are to her you love the one man in the world, as she is to you the only woman. My thorough respect and self-respect had won the mother, and it was by her consent that, for my end, I invited the daughter to accompany me one morning to my studio. Ellen granted the request, and, reaching there, I opened the door of the inner room, and drew back the curtain that hung over my wife's picture.

"Look, Miss Lorn!"

A deep blush of delighted surprise and awakening spread over the face of the beautiful girl, and, as soon as she could get words, she said:

"Why, when did you do this? I never sat to you."

"That portrait was painted nearly seven years ago."

"What! Is it possible that any one just like me—"

"No, there is none else like you; and, therefore, if *you* can not do for me the one thing which I live for, on the broad earth I have nowhere else to go! Ellen! can it be that the last few months leave you still ignorant of what that one thing is?"

I drew her gently toward me, and, as she hid her face upon my breast, she just whispered, "I can not find the words to tell you what I would say. I am sure you know it without—"

"Yes, thank God! I do. I know it at last,

and feel it, without words, for I love you, and you love me!"

And then I told her the story of the portrait—the story, actually incredible save by her who trusted me. And my soul was full of hymns to think that this *was* indeed my wife's portrait.

It will always be my great sorrow, though now it be a consoled one, that we did not marry, as the Law of Heaven calls all such as we to do, immediately. But the Law of Society said, "Wait; wait till you are able to put your wife at the head of a more expensive—a more luxurious establishment. The world will visit you then, and you shall begin your married dance, like young Whiffletree, to the music of golden trumpets."

I grieve to say that the Law of Society so far overruled in my foolish mind the Law of Heaven, that I proposed to remain engaged for one year before the wedding. In that time I would work—oh, how I would work!—with one single aim—the increase of wealth and distinction for *her* sake. The year passed, we would open a house on Washington Square, perhaps, and keep servants and a carriage with the best of them.

To this end I greatly enlarged my circle of acquaintances. I went more into society, and suffered myself to be lionized, with an ulterior view to orders. I became hail-fellow-well-met with many a dashing young blood, whose wealth would have hitherto been to me but a miserable compensation for listening to his horse, militia, and quadrille twaddle. I suffered myself to be talked to on the comparative merits of tailors by Snobson, to take drinks and rides with De Fasteboie. I went into general routs and crush parties, and was seduced by learned women into dissertations upon Annibale Caracci. The just nascent taste for and study of art in town enabled mothers, with daughters who did not despise the lure of a rising artist, to "book-up" those young persons in all the commonplaces of dilettante painting and sculpture; so that they imagined their fascinations took me on my weak side, when they made sweet, bashful love to me, as an obvious professional character. How little they thought that I was all the time looking through them and over their heads to that quiet parlor where a young girl, who never got one of their cards, sat waiting my return over some choice old passage I had marked for her to read! How little they thought that I was using them all, men and women, waltzers and talkers, sons, daughters, and mammas, merely as the steps of a ladder, above whose top round sat—the sewing girl repulsed from Whiffletree's! Yet how often did I say to myself, "Wilton, after all, what better are you in all this selfish mingling with the people you despise than a walking advertisement—a rollicking sign-board, with 'Painting done here!'" And I confess I had my misgivings as to how far I was acting nobly.

As the time went on I began to feel all this excitement wearing on me. After painting all day, the whirl of incessant party-life was not

the thing for me. I ought to have been on Ellen Lorn's peaceful little sofa. I suspect, too, that the drinks with De Fasteboie were not good for me; they told on my constitution in a feverish brow and a nameless craving.

A night came which I shall never forget while I live. I had promised, in the morning, to take out Ellen in the evening for a moonlight row upon the North River. We would go to Weehawken on the flood tide, take a little strawberry supper there, and come back by eleven or twelve on the ebb. It was all arranged before I kissed her good-by and left for the studio. A little after noonday, as I rested from my easel to take my lunch upon the sandwich which Ellen always had ready in its clean white napkin when I left home, De Fasteboie sauntered in from his restaurant breakfast, taken, as his wont was, very early in the afternoon, and hailed me with,

"How're ye, old fellow! Well, what's up? Br-e-ad and ha-am, on my soul! really, equal to What's-his-name's hermit—'water and cresses from the spring'—the exact words, I think. Come, put down that melancholy stuff. Bob and Bouncer are at the door, and my tiger can't keep them more than a minute longer from kicking over the traces. Prime order, shiny as glass, and the oats fairly sticking out of them. Hurrah for the road and a Champagne dinner at Stryker's! Come—quick!"

Almost without knowing how, I consented—locked my door, and jumped up by De Fasteboie's side on the dog-cart. Aside from having to hear him talk, it certainly was pleasant to be bowling along at a steady rate of twelve miles the hour on a smooth, tough, elastic road, to the rhythm of spirited hoofs, out of the din and dust, all among blossoms, river breezes, and deep, green lawns of country houses.

Our dinner at Stryker's was elaborately good, even at that earlier day of luxury. The Champagne was, perhaps, the child of vineyards then, and not of orchards. At any rate, we drank freely of it—drank till we felt its generous thrill with poignant pleasantness. And such good-fellowship, so-called, rose out of its bubbles that not until the clock aroused us, striking seven, did we think of taking to the road again.

Seven o'clock! Oh shame!—at that very hour had I appointed to go with Ellen to the boat; and for what had I forgotten my promise? I, the earnest man and the worker, to revel with *bon-vivants*—to while a long summer day in banqueting—to waste even the hour I had pledged to the woman of my love!

Full of that feverish restlessness which torments the man who has criminally laughed away an appointed time, I prevailed upon De Fasteboie, after much reluctance, to order up the horses.

We neither of us said much on our way in. With De Fasteboie it was after-dinner satiety that kept him taciturn; with me it was that remorse which likes not to talk—only to get forward, both to repair injury, if possible, and to run away from itself.

The bays, stabled all the afternoon, needed only to feel the reins, and warmed to work without urging. The sunlight was not yet quite out of one side of the sky, and the moon had just risen on the other, when we came whirling into the upper portion of Broadway. Of a sudden, above all the other blended hum of town, then pealed upon our ears the quick alarm of fire-bells. Men, boys, and engines began to run and rattle through the streets, and making a strange mixed glare with the contending sunset and moon-rise, the lurid surges of the fire, canopied with heavy smoke-clouds, rolled on our view from further down town.

"Where is the fire?" I shouted to a man whom we hurled past as he ran. "In Macdougall Street," he replied, behind us.

"Oh! I hope not any where near my studio. De Fasteboie—do me the favor to take me there—I may be necessary, if it is near."

Into the Avenue—past the Square—into Macdougall Street—fast as we could drive. Heavens! could it be? It was my studio! Then De Fasteboie set me down among the struggling mob and the engines. After which, spite the bold training of his horses, he left, for their sake not daring to stay.

"Friends, make way, if you please." I shook off the hands whose rough kindness would detain me, and just plunging my handkerchief in a water-pail, tied it over my mouth and rushed up the half-charred stairway. There were pictures up stairs for the Exhibition—orders in every stage of progress—none of these were in my mind. My wife's portrait—the talisman of all my hardest life—the goal to which I had painted forward for six years with all their nights and days—I would bring that down safe though I had to leap back from the window. With the floor half yielding beneath me and almost strangled, I reached the landing and felt for my key. But no—no need—the studio door had been opened before me and stood ajar. Through dense clouds I groped, holding my breath, to the inner door—as I pushed that open, the floor within fell down, crackling with the pictures all ashes upon it, and a bright sheet of flame rolled up into my very eyes. A quick pain shot through them—then I opened them, and finding I could not see, cried out in agony, "Blind, O God! blind!" Yet Heaven helped me as I groped my way back to the stairs—then plunged down them to the ground.

"Did you get it?" cried a hundred throats simultaneously, who knew not what, to me, that "it" meant. "No," I answered, mechanically, and the low murmur that went through the crowd showed how much those kind, rude souls felt sorry for my unknown wretchedness.

"Blind, O God! blind!" In the quickening of that sudden, great affliction, there fell upon me like a tempest remorse for what I had lost and the sense of irreparable blight. I saw quickly go past me, in mournful procession, all the blind beggars I had ever pitied at the street

side and in hospitals. I saw Bartimeus as he saddened on the road before Christ came—Belisarius asking alms in the forum—the blind old King of Judah in the foul dungeons of Babylon. Blind like them!—yea, blinder than them all; for I had shut my eyes to happiness, and chased ambition, pleasure, world-note, bandaged. And, the blind painter! his occupation gone in a moment, what more could he do for her who was his only life?

Thrown out of this world's work-shop as a ruined tool, what more was left for me? One thing—and that I would do. At the foot of Hammersley Street the deep river was now running in swift and strong flood. I *might* go to Weehawken yet to-night—I laughed in my despair—yet not as I meant to go in the morning. Ellen would not be with me; no, she would not see me as I drifted cold and unpained through those quick waters, a drowned blind man—with my eyes glassily staring up to the moonlight, and my hair waving back like a strange waif of sea-weed.

With this resolution in my mad soul, I managed to feel my way down toward the river—never stumbling at crossings or striking against posts—until the monotonous lashing between the piles and the feel of boards beneath my feet told me I was on the wharf. Going to the edge I shut my teeth, and without a prayer got ready to leap.

Almost off! when a small round arm, nerved mightily beyond its common strength, caught me around the waist—and a bitter voice of grief—a woman's voice—yes, Ellen's—cried out close to my face, "Oh, Mark, Mark! Pity me—pity me, and do not die!"

Utterly exhausted by my passion of despair I fell to the wharf, helpless as a child. And she, the loving and true-hearted, sat down, taking my hot head into her lap. "Would you kill me, Mark? Me whom you love? Speak to me—look at me—you will frighten me to death. Oh, look at your Ellen!"

I turned my sightless eyes up to that heavenly, invisible face which bent over me, and answered, "I shall never see you again. I am blind—blind by fire!"

For a moment the anguish that shook that tender young girl was like the wrath of a great whirlwind. In passionate sobs and tears it broke over me and mingled with my own sorrow, till I seemed growing mad again, and struggled to rise, saying, "No help for it—I *must* die!"

And then the mighty, self-conquering heroism of woman came to her aid. She brushed the tears from her eyes, and clasping my hand, answered with a voice of firm cheerfulness, "No! you shall never die, while I have eyes and hands for us both." And almost unconsciously she led me from the pier, and guided me gently home.

I slept a long and heavy sleep till late in the next morning. When I awakened, it was to feel instantly Ellen's kiss upon my lips; to hear

her voice asking how I felt. Then she said to me, "Will you do me one favor?"

"Any thing, my darling, any thing that one blind and cursed of God can do."

"Oh! don't speak so. Dear Mark, do you love me still as much as ever?"

"Can you ask me that—me whom you saved, both soul and body last night?"

"Well, then, you will grant me this one thing—let us be married immediately."

"O God! to think I can never take care of you, now!"

"Never mind—I can take care of *you*. Mother and I have two more rooms to ourselves than there is any need of: we will take more boarders—don't be afraid; we shall live. I only want to belong to you before all the world—that I may have a right to take care of you. If you love me still, let it be as I say this once."

We were married that very day. I, the blind—ah, the doubly blind—to her the beautiful, the patient, and far-seeing.

For many a day afterward I sat in my little room with my eyes bound up, for they were very tender for a long time, while Ellen talked hopefully to me, and made bright pictures in my mind by telling me how the clouds and the grass and the trees were looking. Oh, the blessing she was to me in that darkness!

Very soon after our marriage she told me how she came to save me at the wharf. At the first cry of fire, fearing I was away—for seven o'clock had come without bringing me—she had hurried to my studio, and reached it just in time to bear away out of the thickening smoke that one beloved picture. She had carried it to a safe place, and then returned in the vain desire of having the other paintings saved. She had been hemmed in by the crowd when I came—her voice lost in theirs, when I rushed up the burning stair-case. She had seen me return, groping strangely—broken through the crowd, and tracked me down Hammersley Street. She just reached the wharf in time and saved me!

For many days, I have said, she sat with me, lighting my darkness. Her plans for keeping house, helped by our good and tender mother, were all successful. We lived comfortably, if not luxuriously, and I only groaned in spirit when I thought to myself, "*I* might have been doing all this for *her*, and more." No—not more—God never gives more, before heaven comes (and that coming only brightens and strengthens it), than a noble woman's love on earth.

Gradually *I* was able to do something. People that had heard of me while yet I painted seemed willing to hear further from the blind artist. So using my Ellen's pen, I wrote lectures upon the art whose practice must now be a memory only with me forever. Then she read them over to me till I learned them, and I traveled with her, talking them to the sympathizing audiences whose pity softened without mortifying me, because I could not see it.

Yes—and I did well at lecturing. This greatly helped me to be content in blindness.

By-and-by what strange thing, do you think, happened to me? Early in the dawn—just before the time when I always woke, now that I was blind—I had a dream in which I thought I could see again—Ellen's face seemed upturned close beside me on the pillow, and I could perceive its lovely outlines quite plainly. In my sleep I felt ravished with joy—so that I woke from the very excess of it. "But," said I to myself, "I must be very long waking—how that dream clings!" For still I saw that face, clear as in sleep. "What! my God, can it be? Not sleep—but real waking?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen! I see you again! I am not—not quite blind!" As she woke in sudden amazement, and saw the truth—that I could see a very little—she shed the first tears from her brave steadfast eyes that she had permitted herself since she had to uphold me.

After that, little by little, my full sight came back to me. I painted again, and became more famous than before. I realized my dream of a fine house, equipage, all material splendor I had striven for. But as He who knows all hearts bears me witness, I would be blind again, if no otherwise could I see the heaven of that woman's heart as I saw it in my blindness!

LYDIA LANKFORT'S WEDDING.

HAVING shown me the chambers of the house—the dairy-room, with its hundred cheeses, like so many flattened spheres of gold, ranged upon shelves—the wool-loft, in which were stored the results of three seasons' shearing—the yellow-white blocks of fleeces packed away, in regular rows, to the ceiling, with little aisles and arches, all of wool, and having explained to me, very innocently, that this crop, reaped from the backs of sheep, was a commodity which increased in weight by being kept, and that it would probably command a better price per pound another season than this, the young ladies of the farm conducted me to the pantry, where they exhibited a trayful of extraordinary hens'-eggs; then to the wash-room, to show me the glossy water-tank, supplied by a spout from the hill; and, finally, asked me if I would like to see their grandmother?

"By all means!" I replied; and they accordingly led me to a sitting-room, where the old lady sat, with a large gray cat in her lap, knitting a sock which was precisely the color of the cat.

"Gran'ma!" cried the youngest of the girls—the prettier of the two, if there was any difference in their beauty, for they were both handsome as cherries—"Gran'ma!" she repeated, raising her voice, for it appeared that the old lady was rather deaf, "here's a gentleman come to see you."

"A gentleman from Boston!" added her sister, laughing.

"From Boston!" echoed the old lady, putting on her spectacles. "I declare! Why

didn't you tell me—I'd have slicked up a little. No matter now, though. How do ye do? So you're from Boston, be ye?"

There was a good-humored smile of curiosity on her face as she examined me through her glasses; and at the same time I observed that both the girls were laughing.

"You'll have to tell your story about the gentleman from Boston!" said Delia (that was the younger), in the old lady's ear.

"And Lyddy Lankfort's wedding!" exclaimed the grandmother, quite merrily. "That's jest what come into my head! I never hear of a gentleman from Boston but I think on't, I do believe. But I couldn't tell it; my memory's a failin' on me so. Here, Susie! you take up this stitch I've dropped; I've took up many a stitch for you, girls, when you was childern, and larnin' to knit, and that's all the good it ever done ye. 'I guess you'd go without stockings, if ye didn't have me to knit 'em for ye, for all knittin' on 'em yourselves.'"

Having given Susie the sock, with this severe comment, the old lady wiped her glasses, and held them pensively in one hand, while she gently stroked the cat's neck with the other. The cat purred; Susie bent blushing over the sock; Delia played with a string; I looked with pretended interest at the pathetic picture of the old lady and her cat; but I was, in reality, thinking how handsome the girls were, and how captivating they would be had they possessed a little sentiment with their fun, and been less shockingly practical.

"Gentleman from Boston!" suddenly burst forth the old lady, with a laugh. "I don't know as I've thought on't for the last sixty years without laughin', no matter where I was—even if 'twas in meetin'!"

"Sixty years!" I observed. "That is a long road to look back over."

"Wa'al, in one sense, 'tis. There's been changes that make it seem so. Times wasn't then as they be now. You'd think 'twas rather funny, wouldn't you, to go back to where there wasn't any railroads, or steamboats, or tally-grafts? I don't remember as we ever used to see a newspaper very often them days. And as for chaises, and buggys, and such things, I don't believe there was over a dozen or so in all Connecticut. At least I never see one in our village—only Deacon Lankfort had a kind of a one-hoss wagin he used to drive to meetin', and thought drea'ful smart!

"The Deacon was one of the richest men there was in town; he had a noble farm, and kept store besides—sold sugar, calico, brooms, Boston crackers, and no end of rum. 'Twa'n't considered any disgrace them days to sell rum. Temperance—I never heard of temperance when I was a girl.

"It's the Deacon's darter, Lyddy Lankfort, I was goin' to tell ye about. She liked Enos Foote. Enos was a clerk in her father's store, and as likely a young man as any there was in town. I don't know 't they was exactly engaged; but

'twas understood well enough by every body that he was to marry Lyddy, and go into business with her father, who was to take him into partnership; and every thing went on smooth enough, till up comes that everlastin' gentleman from Boston.

"I never shall forgit the fust time I see him. 'Twas to meetin'; he had some business with the Deacon, and he sot in the Deacon's pew. He was dressed up mighty smart, with his hair all queued down behind, and pomatumed up straight before, and powdered all over, as if it had jest come out of a flour-bag. That was the fashion them days. But I couldn't help laughin' to see him lookin' so uncommon stiff and f'erce! He staid in town three or four days, and the Deacon introduced him around, and had so much to say about the *gentleman from Boston* that it got to be a by-word; for the Deacon thought there never was any body like him. We used to joke Lyddy about him, and asked Enos if he knew there was a sock knittin' for him? and it worked 'em both up so, I began to mistrust how the land lay. The Deacon had his weaknesses—he was human, and desperit worldly—and he'd thought it all over, how nice 'twould be to have the gentleman from Boston a member of his family.

"Lyddy warn't a girl to be slighted neither, by the best of 'em. She was amazin' perty—clear red and white—with eyes bright as diamonds. She wa'n't none too good for Enos, though. But while every girl in the neighborhood was after him, and he was after Lyddy, she changed her mind all at once, and began to receive attentions from the gentleman from Boston. 'Twas her father's doin's mostly; but she was young, and a little giddy, and I s'pose she thought it would be a fine thing to marry a stranger that dressed so smart, and talked so large, and walked so like a prince of the 'arth, and had so much money as folks told about—and that, arter all, was the main thing, I imagine.

"They managed perty shrewd to keep Enos quiet, and at last he was sent off to Hartford on some pretense of business, but for no 'arthly reason under the sun, only to have him out of the way when the weddin' come off. The gentleman from Boston was f'erce enough for the match—and no wonder; for whoever got Lyddy got a perty wife, and a fortin' with her.

"Your gran'ther Slade was courtin' me along 'bout that time; he was a kind of half-cousin of Lyddy's—her father was old granny Slade's half-brother—and since we'd been engaged, Lyddy and I had got to be tolerable intimate. So one day, arter she was published—the minister used to read off in meetin' them that contemplated matrimony, always, in those days—Lyddy sent for me to come over and see her. I took my knittin', and went over—girls never thought of goin' a visitin' then 'thout some kind o' work. I remember I went cross-lots, and picked some ros'berries by the way, and strung some on a stalk of grass to take to Lyddy. She run out by the well to meet me, and hugged me

in her arms, and bust out a cryin' right there on my neck.

"My, Lyddy!" says I. "What on 'arth is the matter?" says I. "Now don't cry!" says I. But all the time I was a cryin' myself; for I knowed what the trouble was—and many a sad and lonesome time I'd had thinkin' of her and poor Enos Foote, though 'twa'n't no business of mine.

"I an't cryin'! or if I be, it's cause I'm so glad to see ye!" says Lyddy, says she. "Come in, do!" So I went in, and she began to look a little chirk, showin' me her weddin'-dress and fixin's. But I couldn't feel happy somehow; I kep' thinkin', thinkin', and e'ena'most chokin', when I tried to talk; and at last I couldn't help speakin' right out:

"What 'u'd Enos say, Lyddy?"

"She turned white as a sheet, and dropped her dress, and stood a minute the most distressed object ever I set eyes on; then she began to cry agin!

"Oh, don't mention Enos!" says she. "There never was any body so miserable as I be!"

"She took on terrible for much as ten or fifteen minutes; and I let her, for I thought 'twould do her good to have her cry out. But I felt awful while I sot by and looked on. I was in love a little myself then, and I could jest enter into her feelin's, and feel for Enos, too, exactly as if't had been my own case. At last she wiped up, and tried to put a good face on the matter.

"It's no use now," says she; 'le's talk about somethin' else.'

"But I was determined to dive into the matter a little deeper. So says I:

"If you don't like him, what makes ye marry him?" says I.

"If I don't like who?" Lyddy spoke up, real spunky for a second or two.

"Your gentleman from Boston!" says I.

"Who says I don't like him? Of course I like him, or I shouldn't marry him," says she; but her voice was beginnin' to tremble.

"But there's somebody you like better," says I. "No use your denyin' that. And there's somebody likes you a good deal better than ever you desarved he should. And you're willfully and wickedly breakin' his heart, as if 'twa'n't of no more vally than a stun under a cart-wheel! Excuse me for bein' so plain with ye, Lyddy; but that's jest what I think, and I couldn't help sayin' it.'

"Instid of bein' mad, as I s'posed she'd be, what did she do but run up to me, and git right down on her knees by my side, and look up in my face, with her hands a holdin' both of mine tight, and the tears a running out of her eyes jest like two springs of water!

"Oh! will it break his heart?" says she. "Do you think he loves me so—do you?" And she laughed and sobbed, both at the same time, as if it made her happy, even then, to think how Enos loved her.

"Then she told me the hull story; and it did really seem as though she wa'n't so much to blame, arter all. 'Twas all her father's and relations' doin's—for they was bent on havin' her marry the gentleman from Boston, and they'd fairly talked it into her, and made her think she must. She owned right up that she didn't like him a bit, and never could; and declared she had never for a minute thought Enos would feel half so bad about it as she did.

" 'Tan't too late yit,' says I.

"She brightened up at that; but when I told her what she ought to do, her countenance fell, and she gasped out that she never could do it in the world!

" 'Turn right about,' says I, 'and undo jest all you've done wrong—that's the only way. Tell your father you never understood your feelin's till now; that you never can love any body but Enos; and that, as for marryin' the gentleman from Boston, you can't and won't!' That's what I told her; and I was so worked up about it I guess I laid it down to her perty strong.

" 'What 'll every body say?' says she.

" 'Never mind what every body 'll say,' says I. 'Think of Enos. Think of bein' married to a man you don't like, and the man you do like breakin' his heart about ye! What 'll you care for a little property more or less, or 'pearin' smart, or what folks 'll say or think, when there ain't no more love for you in the world? Think on't,' says I. 'Then be brave as a lion, and have your own way for once. It's your right and duty, and it's Enos's right, above all.'

" 'Wa'al, I made her almost promise. But 'twan't much use talkin' to her about bein' brave as a lion, for she was nothin' but a lamb. If I had only been in her place a little while I guess there'd have been a stir! She wanted to think on't one night, she said. So I went and left her. But it seemed as though I'd took all her trouble with me. I was so distressed I didn't sleep a wink all night, thinkin' of her and Enos. Toward mornin' an idee come into my head: I'd write a letter; I'd write to Enos, and tell him jest how matters stood. Soon as the birds began to twitter I was out of my bed; and 'fore noon that letter was on its way to Hartford. If Enos should come back, I felt perty sure he and I together could have influence enough with Lyddy to break off the match. But mails didn't go so quick then as they do now; 'twas only five days 'fore the weddin', and I was dread'ful 'fraid Enos wouldn't git the letter and come on in season.

" 'Wa'al, I'm makin' a long story on't, as 'tis; and if I should begin to tell ye all that was said and done in them five days, 'twould keep ye here till this time to-morrow, sartin. Lyddy was in a terrible state o' mind—dreadin' the weddin', wishin' to break off with the gentleman from Boston, but afraid to do any thing. I didn't let her know a word about my writin' to Enos till the very last. As he didn't come, I thought I'd tell her, and maybe that would

put a little sperit into her. 'Twas the day of the weddin'—the bridegroom was expected, and they was to be married that evenin', and I was over to the Deacon's, a dressin' on her, and helpin' git ready for the ceremony. She'd had a talk with her father, and he'd fairly frightened her out of the idee of breakin' off; and I found her so helpless and meek over it, that I lost all patience, and told her I'd done all I could, and now if I was to deck her off, I'd do it, jest as I would for her funeral; for I felt for all the world as if she was goin' to be buried insted of married.

" 'But,' says I, 'there 'll be somebody here you don't expect, and somebody you won't care to see.'

" 'Who do ye mean?' says she, lookin' white and scar't, 'not Enos?'

" 'Yes,' says I, 'Enos; for I wrote to him five days ago, and he'll have jest time to git here.'

"She sunk right down on the floor where she stood, and dropped her face between my feet, and lay as still as if 'twas really goin' to be a funeral 'stid of a weddin'; till bime-by she began to moan and take on desprit, and twist herself out o' my arms when I tried to raise her up. Jest then I heard the gate slam, and looked, and see the Deacon a comin' toward the house. Now I was always afraid of the Deacon, he was such a stern, hard man; but I knew he loved his darter, and meant her good; and when I see him comin', an idee struck me, so sudden, it fairly took my breath away for the time bein'. Thinks I to myself, he ha'n't no notion how bad she feels; and if he should see her now! So up I jumped, and ran down stairs, and spoke to him—

" 'Deacon Lankfort!' says I.

"But my heart was in my throat; and he looked at me with such a scowl, I couldn't say another word, only 'Lyddy!' He see somethin' was the matter; and up stairs we went together; and there we found Lyddy on the floor, jest as I'd left her, only she was sobbin' now as if her heart was broke.

" 'Lyddy!' says he, 'what's this?'

"He spoke stern, and took hold of her, and made her sit up; and she was so 'fraid of him, she hushed up right away, and I see that then was the time for me to say my word, if ever.

" 'It's jest this, Mr. Lankfort,' says I. 'She's afraid to tell ye; but you ought to know, and if she won't speak, I will. She's a cryin' herself to death, 'cause she don't want to marry that man. She don't like him—she says she don't. She likes Enos; and Enos expects to marry her; and it's like throwin' away all her happiness to give him up; and, for my part, I declare it's a sin and a shame!'

" 'You hush up your nonsense!' says the Deacon to me, lookin' black as a thunder-cloud. 'Lyddy has got school-girl notions enough of her own without you puttin' more into her head. It's too late to draw back now, if she wanted to. But she don't want to. She an't

so unreason'ble. She'll like one husband as well as another arter she's married to him. What do you girls know about such matters? Now don't le'me hear any more of this nonsense, or I'll give ye both a good whippin', and shet ye up!"

"Wa'al, he had shet *me* up—I couldn't say another word!"

"'You see it's no use,' says Lyddy, says she, arter he was gone. 'So don't say another word about Enos. I shall try not to think of him any more. If he comes—but I don't think he'll come. If you wrote five days ago, he ought to be here, if he's coming. He never loved me, or he would have come!' And from that she began to take on agin, layin' all the blame on to Enos, 'cause if he had cared for her, he never would have kep' so long away.

"For my part, I see the only thing left was to go through with it like a bad job, the quietest way possible. I didn't speak of Enos agin, and I'd given up his coming, or, at least, his doing any good if he did come. Every thing was ready 'fore night. But now the Deacon began to grow the least mite uneasy. The bridegroom hadn't made his appearance. The Boston stage that usually got along by five o'clock, had been delayed somewhere on the road; but that didn't give me any hope, I knowed 'twould come soon or late, and that delayin' the ceremony half an hour, more or less, wouldn't make any difference. The Deacon sent over to the tavern, and got word that one stage had come, but 'twas the Hartford, not the Boston stage; and Enos wasn't in it.

"'You'd a thought Lyddy wouldn't care much how she looked, standin' up to be married, under such sarcumstances. But a woman's a woman, arter all. I was provoked to see her forgit all about Enos, to think of her dress, and look in the glass, and prink, and ask about this thing and that, what would become her, and what wouldn't; and put on smiles aforehand, jest as if she was the happiest bride on 'arth! But then I thought, it's the natur' of a woman's vanity to want to look perty, even in the coffin; so I couldn't feel to blame Lyddy so much arter all.

"'Twasn't dark yit, when the invited guests began to come: your gran'ther Slade rode up, hossback, bringin' Thankful Slade behind him, on a pillion. Finally, the minister and his wife come, afoot; she wore a trail to her dress a yard long, which was the fashion, and she had it pinned up onto her waist, to keep it out of the dust of the road. The waist of her dress was made to come jest under her arms. The minister was a pompous, struttin' little man, not more'n five feet tall; and he wore short breeches, with knee-buckles, a cocked hat, and an immense wool wig, white as bleachin' would make it, and frizzled all over his head. I guess you'd laugh to see your minister and his wife comin' to a weddin', or any where, now-days, dressed in that style!"

The girls laughed at the picture; and the

old lady, having refreshed herself with a pinch of snuff, proceeded:

"Bime-by Steve Warner, a boy that lived to the Deacon's, come back from the tavern, where he'd been sent with the one-hoss wagon, to wait for the stage, and bring the bridegroom over with his trunk. He was alone, and a crackin' his whip. Me and Lyddy looked out from her winder; and when we see that the gentleman from Boston wa'n't with him, our hearts jumped for joy! The Deacon ran out in a terrible state of excitement, and the guests all rushed to the door to hear what was said.

"'Didn't I tell ye to wait till the stage come in?' says the Deacon, to young Steve.

"'Wa'al, didn't I?' says Steve. 'Of course I did; then I druv' home.'

"Lyddy gasped and squeezed my arm, till 'twas near black an' blue, she was so excited. And I must say I was excited myself—but I kep' still to listen. The Deacon asked Steve why he didn't bring the bridegroom over?

"'Cause,' says Steve, says he, 'I do'no' why. 'Twas so late, and he was all dust; so I guess he didn't like to show himself. He's going to walk over, arter he gits his weddin' clo's on.'

"Then Lyddy sunk right back, a tremblin' jest like an aspin leaf. It seemed as though 'twas all over with her then—the bridegroom had come to town, and Enos hadn't—and all she had to do was to chirk up again, and look as sweet and perty as might be, and so be married.

"We had to wait so long I got tired, and wanted to see an end on't.

"'I'm goin' down stairs, any way,' says I.

"'Oh, don't! you mustn't!' says Lyddy. Says she, 'I want you to be with me, or I can't go through with it.'

"'So much the better,' says I. Jest then I heard a horse gallop, and I ran to the winder. 'Oh, Lyddy!' says I.

"'What is't? what is't?' says she. 'Oh! oh! it's him! it's him!'

"'Twas him, sure enough—not the bridegroom, but Enos—and he was ridin' like mad; and up he turned to the gate, and over it he tumbled, I never knew how, leavin' his horse standin' right there without hitchin' nor nothin', and the next minute he bu'st into the house like a lion. I was down stairs in a minute. My stars! I never see such a hubbub in my life!

"'Where is she? Is she married?' says Enos, tearin' away the Deacon, who had got hold of him, and rushin' up to me the minute I come into the room.

"'No,' says I, 'she an't; she's up stairs waitin' to be, though,' says I. I hoped he'd go right up to her, and take her, and hold her, spite of all of 'em; fur 'twas his right. But the Deacon took him agin, and talked to him in his palaverin' way, and so led him into the bedroom; and I went back to Lyddy, who was e'ena'most dead with fright, and told her what had happened.

"'What do ye think he'll do?' says she, wild as a loon.

"'He can't do nothin' with your father alone,' says I; 'but if you're there, 'twill make all the difference. Now's your time; go right down; throw yourself into Enos's arms, and declare you never will be sep'rated from him agin; that'll give him strength and courage, and you'll have your way, sure as fate!'"

"'Oh, I never could do it in this world!' says Lyddy. 'I'm sorry he has come! why did you write to him? Oh dear! oh dear!'"

"That made me so provoked with her I didn't know what to say or do. I went down stairs. Every body was on tiptoe to know what was goin' on in the bedroom. Finally, the door opened and Enos come out. His head was down, and his hat over his eyes, and he staggered like a drunken man. The Deacon was behind him, lookin' whiter'n I ever see him look in his life, and solemn as death. He kinder stiddied Enos by the arm, and seemed to be tryin' to say somethin' comfortin' to him, but his lips hardly moved, and I couldn't hear a sound come out of 'em, though the room was jest then so still you could a heard a pin drop. He took him to the door, and then I see 't Enos was goin' away agin 'thout a word with Lyddy. I felt as if 'twas my own case, for all the world, and I could hardly keep from shriekin' right out; but I held in, and sprung arter him, determined to have jest one word in his ear if I died for't! Jest then the door was opened.

"'Good Heavens!' says the Deacon, 'what on 'arth!'"

"He fell back, as if he'd been struck. It hit me jest about the same time, and e'ena'most knocked me down. The next minute such a cry as every body set up! and the minister clapped his fingers to his nose, and screamed out, 'Shet the door!' 'Fore that could be done, though, in stalked the gentleman from Boston! He was dressed, and powdered, and pomatumed in grand style, but that made him look only the more ridiculous. He didn't seem to know whether he stood on his head or his heels. He was a coughin', and a holdin' his nose, and a stammerin', and a spittin'; while every body ran away from him, as if he'd been the arch fiend himself, just come up a smokin' from the lower regions. The door was shet, but that didn't make no difference—the fragrance was awful!

"'The gentleman from Boston has brought a powerful perfume with him!' says the little minister, struttin' around in his white wool wig.

"'For Heaven's sake!' says the Deacon, 'how did it happen? Phew! phew!'"

"'I don't know—I can't tell what!' says the poor bridegroom, dodgin' around, as if he was tryin' to git away from himself, and puttin' every body to flight, like so many sheep, with a wolf among 'em. 'As I was coming along—I got almost to the gate—when I see,' says he, 'a little spotted kitten a runnin' on jest before me, in the dark. It stopped right in my path, and I come up to it, and jest put out my foot toward it—when—'"

"'Lordy massy!' says the Deacon, 'don't you know a spotted kitten from a ——? Heavens and 'arth! I wouldn't have had it happen for— Bless me, Sir! You'll have to step out doors! a saint couldn't stand this! Phew!'"

"'How—am I—have I—' says the poor bridegroom.

"'Yes, you have!' says the Deacon; 'and the sooner you change them clo's o' your'n the better!'"

"'My weddin' clo's!' says the poor fellow, and out he went, to the great relief of every body. But he'd scented up the house for a month to come. I must say I pitied him, though I was glad enough for any accident that only put off the weddin'. I had took advantage of the confusion to pull Enos back, whisper my word in his ear, and send him up stairs to Lyddy, where he was all this time, unbeknown to the Deacon, who was so dead beat when he found it out, he took his oath that she should be married that night to the gentleman from Boston if the knot had to be tied in the open air! But half the guests had gone already, and the rest was goin'; and the little minister had strutted off in his cocked hat, with his hand to his nose, and his tall wife, with her trail pinned up, a holdin' on to his arm; and now another difficulty appeared—the gentleman from Boston couldn't be got back into the house agin for any consideration, and 'twas his own wish the weddin' should be put off till some futur' occasion.

"'Wa'al, to cut a long story short,' continued the old lady, 'the gentleman from Boston went back to Boston, and that was the last we ever see of him, though I never knowed exac'ly how the affair was managed. As for Lyddy, she and Enos was married the same day me and your gran'ther Slade was, six months arter that eventful night; and I guess they was happy enough; but all that is past and gone, and I don't know as it makes much difference now who was happy and who wasn't; for I can't think of a single one out of the number that was mixed up in the matters I've been tellin' about but the grass grows over 'em now—Enos, and Lyddy, and the Deacon, and all on 'em; only I'm spared, to set here and laugh and cry over the story, once more, for your amusement.'"

The old lady wiped her eyes, and put on her glasses. I thanked her cordially for the entertainment of her story; and the girls declared that she had never told it better.

"'I've no doubt but *the gentleman from Boston* will take it and print it,' laughed Susie.

"'If he does, I hope he'll dress it up in a little better shape,' rejoined the old lady; 'and leave out some of my bad grammar.'"

"'That would destroy its flavor,' I replied; 'the story should be given as you have related it, or not at all.'"

The old lady thought the idea absurd. The girls laughed at it. I appeal to the reader. If his decision is against me, I submit; protesting,

however, that the fault lies in the reporter's inability to do justice to the original narrator's racy idioms and quaint dialect.

IN THE AUTUMN.

AH! here and there I see the glints,
Half kindled, of autumnal tints,
Light tongues of flame, that through the wood
The universal fire prelude.

The fields have caught the spreading fire,
The lychnis lifts its torrid spire,
And the drear edges of the swamp
Are lit by the lobelia's lamp.

And as I walk with Alice Rowe
My heart too shares the general glow,
And, fed with fire from wood and field,
Bursts forth with flames no more concealed.

Close by the sumach clumps, that blaze
Like beacons through the autumn haze,
With one long kiss my vows I seal,
And that sweet answering pressure feel.

Ah me! behind that crimson glow
Cold winter creeps with frost and snow,
And those red leaves that drape the trees
Will quench in dank December's breeze.

And so behind the dreams of gold,
That Alice and myself infold,
Perhaps there creeps some spectre hither,
The fires to quench, the leaves to wither!

OUR HUSBANDS.

WHY is it that nobody has ever written a Natural History of Husbands? Every creature in nature, whether fish, reptile, insect, beast, or bird, has had its historian; and almost every relation in human life, from kings and priests down to snobs and quacks, has had its annalist, and even its philosopher; but we know of no work that has been especially given to the great subject now before our pen. The wife has not been so neglected in our literature; and while volumes of eulogy have been printed expressly as biographies of good wives, and almost every good woman's life is written, as if it were the chief end of her being to be a good wife, the husband does not often figure very conspicuously in history in his conjugal relation; and the fact that his conjugal fidelity is recorded chiefly on tombstones, may prove, not so much the admiration of the world for his virtue, as the affection of his widow for his memory at the time when his follies are over, and her love has distance as well as intensity to lend enchantment to the view. We suppose that the reason of the comparative silence of history and philosophy upon the subject comes from the supposition that to be a husband is only one of the incidents of a man's life, while it is the main thing in the destiny of woman to be a wife. It would certainly be somewhat strange to see a man's name recorded on a

tombstone as relict of his before-deceased wife; and Lucy Stone is not illogical toward her woman's rights doctrine in declaring that she will never have her name recorded as any man's relict, although the world may not follow her logic, and she is quite as likely as any wife and mother to have her name coupled with her husband's on the monumental tablet in the old-fashioned way.

It would certainly be interesting and instructive to have an able treatise, both historical and philosophical, on husbands. The work ought to start with a just idea of the elements of human nature that fit man for married life; then to give sketches of the characteristics of husbands under the various forms of nationality, race, government, society, and religion; and it might end with the exhibition of the true type of marital character under our present Christian civilization. The treatise might be copiously illustrated by portraits of the men and manners of the leading ages of history; and would not be any the less interesting if many of the illustrations were taken from photographs of our own time. In fact, hardly any volume would be more popular in most parlors than an ample portfolio or cyclopedia of the various types of actual husbands and hopeful candidates for that honor. We can think at once of fifty specimens that could be introduced with profit, each face giving some especial features of the important character in question. It would be curious to hear what men would say of the gallery as they turned over the leaves; but to hear what women would say, whether married or single, could not fail to be most instructive, if not astounding—for if you would find out a woman's real heart, you must know what is her ideal standard of a husband. The portraits ought to have a fair share of letter-press, describing the family, fortune, talents, and tastes of the men delineated, that the more prudential lady readers might be able to consult those aspirations of their hearts that do not rest contented with such a doubtful title-page to a man's story as his mere face, however handsome or homely. It might amuse a cynic to learn how far the impression made by the face alone would be modified by the figures in the margin; how much lovelier the chuckle-headed young Stubbs would look because booked as the son of a millionaire in feeble health, and how sadly young Fitzjames's ambrosial locks droop the moment his penniless condition is known. But we are not cynics, and we like any kind of dogs better than human curs. We do not mean to bark at our poor humanity in any form in this article, but to write a good-natured, and, if we can, a somewhat practical, paper upon one of the most important aspects of home life.

Looking upon our masculine nature, either according to its historical development or its constitutional tendencies, we see ample proofs that we men, in the main, are predestined to be husbands. Poor Adam was but half of the true humanity before fair Eve came, and Paradise

itself must have been a torment to him, if he were like other men, so long as there was no charming and sympathizing woman to talk with upon the beauties of the place; for sure we are that we never knew a man, of any sensibility, who could take a moment's comfort in any blessing of God or nature until he could make a confidante of some gentle heart—whether of mother, daughter, sister, sweet-heart, wife, or particularly agreeable cousin. Adam's wife came from his side—proof positive that before she came to him the idea of her, or the feeling for her, was within him, and very near the seat of vitality too. She was his helpmeet, and very likely helped him out of a world of borrowed troubles, as wives generally do, by giving him some solid troubles to think about, in order to provide for the household and look after the children. Adam fell after his marriage; but, if he had remained a bachelor, he might have fallen into a deeper and far less salvable degradation. His experience illustrates the beginning of connubial trials, and the Providential escape from them. Eve, like most women, was fond of new things; and not having any such tempting finery before her eyes as now entices feminine infirmity, she was caught by the one provoking novelty that was beyond her lawful reach, and the insinuating serpent behind the apple-tree played the game, in our day so common on the part of the bland exhibitors of silks, velvets, and jewels behind the counters in Broadway. Eve *must* have the charming fruit, and her ready sensibility got round that blind side of Adam from which she came. His disobedience followed hers; and he, naughty man! so like most husbands, in too great readiness to be tempted to folly by his wife, was also, like too many husbands, in the disposition to throw the blame of the folly upon her shoulders. Still they kept together, and most probably their deeper experience deepened their love; and by error and contrition, sorrow and joy, labor and rest, mutual parental disappointments and delights, they attained a state of peace that made up for the loss of early romance in that first tearless Eden. God surely never left them without hope; and from them, according to the flesh, sprang the Beloved of God. Tears came, but God's sunshine threw rainbow lines upon the shower and celestialized the cloud.

Man, who has his type in Adam, is predestined to be the husband by his mental constitution as well as by his physical organization. He is strong, and his very strength is unblest and unappreciated until set off and harmonized by the companionship of his gentler and more graceful mate. He is marked mainly by hard intellect and stout will, and he tends to merely utilitarian calculation and coarse self-reliance, apart from the feminine intuition and faith that make him more a man by integrating his fragmentary nature by union with womanly sensibility. Woman is his chosen educator. This fact he proves from the cradle, or in his mother's arms; and he can never forget it so long

as his ear is open to any gentle word from sister or daughter. But of all women who educate him the wife is chief, and it is she who ought to bring out all the better influences of his mother by her fidelity and his devotion. We really believe that men are, in the main, educated by their wives in the leading practical aims and affections of daily life, and we believe it none the less for being well aware that, on the whole, the husband has the more determined will. This very fact fixes the wife's influence, since a determined will does not yield to one of its kind, but is rather hardened by opposition; while it surrenders with comparative ease to gentle influences, that make up, by importunity and softness, what they lack in hardihood. Petticoat government is an established institution, and the husbands who boast most of their liberty may be all the more snugly tied to the apron-string because they do not feel the strain by venturing beyond the inexorable limits of the tether. We are not of the ascetic school of philosophers, nor are we dainty sentimentalists, and we see no reason, either before God or man, to be ashamed of any of the natural instincts that draw husband and wife to each other; yet we are quite as little inclined to the abominable materialism that regards the attraction as mainly a sensual one. The best love ripens long after the bloom of beauty and the lust of strength have languished; and the essential fitness of the masculine and feminine character for happy union is never so obvious as in the declining years of a couple whom God has really joined together in a marriage of the mind and heart. We know that the common facts of human experience are hardest of all to define, and we may be mistaken in deciding upon the cause of any strong emotion or attachment, so great is the force of collateral circumstances and unconscious associations in modifying our thoughts and feelings; and so easy is it, for example, for a man to call himself a patriot who is willing to fight in defense of his own property, or to regard himself as a model husband or father because he is proud of a son's talents or a wife's or daughter's beauty. But we are quite confident that the element of masculine character that makes a man by eminence a husband is his natural need of feminine protection. He needs a woman to protect him indoors just as much as the woman needs a man to protect her out of doors. The woman is born with the instinctive conviction that she can look after a man, and secure his happiness. It is really quite affecting to see how soon a precious little daughter feels this instinct; and, in her mother's absence, she sits at the head of the table, and in a thousand ways comforts the father as only the womanly heart can do. Every true man needs this feminine comfort in the nearest form; and even if wealth can surround him with luxuries, he is ill at ease until a gentle presence smiles upon his dwelling and makes it home. Men, by themselves, are never at home, no matter how well housed or fed. The cares

and passions of the world are still driving at them, until the new element of womanly grace and tenderness comes to soften down, by mild and magnetic violet tone, the ruddy glare of the masculine horizon. With the woman whom he loves and respects, man is with his best protector; and this woman must be his wife, for none other can he at once love and respect so deeply and tenderly. She to him is sacred as mother and daughter, while near to him as they can not be, in a nearness as halloved as it is affectionate. Her mind is the natural counterpart of his own, and when with her he has a sense of being protected from the cares and temptations of the world as nowhere else. Said a strong man to us once, "When I am near my wife and children all the hells seem shut, and the devils are out of sight; but when they are out of town, a whole legion of devils seem barking at me." We are aware that all wives are not habitually sweet-tempered, and not all are comforters; but we are nevertheless confident that any true woman is her husband's defender from masculine annoyances, and many a somewhat vehement wife, who is often quite free in dealing with her husband's weak points, claims the monopoly of the domestic censorship, and is determined that nobody else shall scold him or annoy him; so that, on the whole, she is a capital protector, by having his faults brought to judgment only before her tribunal, which is never wholly merciless. So confident are we of the wife's power as her husband's indoor protector, and of his essential need of her loving care, that we consider all unmarried men as in imminent personal danger. We hear, indeed, of unprotected females, who can not go out after dark, because lacking the attendance of some brawny masculine arm. What shall we say of the unprotected men who so abound in our streets, and who fall into all manner of mischief and ruin? Who ever knew of a man falling into evil ways in his wife's presence; and what police system would be so effectual as intrusting the whole stray masculine population to the care of good wives of even mediocre feminine propriety? Surely before such a galaxy of beacon-lights the *stars* of our regular police would pale, and Matsell's and Tallmadge's occupation would soon be gone. The establishment might be somewhat expensive; but we would undertake to pay the whole cost of it out of the savings of money from the closing of bar-rooms, gambling hells, and dens of scarlet infamy, and to have money enough left to establish a grand seminary for the education of all girls who are candidates for such police duty. But we would not treat the subject lightly, much less coarsely; and we reaffirm our position, that the true man is called to be a husband, not only by his ability to protect a wife, but by his need of her protection, alike from the cares and the vices of the world, in the charmed atmosphere of a true home. We do not forget that, in humble life, he needs her to make his clothes and cook his food; but we equally remember that in every

sphere of life, no matter how favored, he needs her love to comfort and strengthen him. He may, indeed, by gold or genius, win brilliant beauty to his side, and give to flirts or to scarlet women the place that belongs to a true and constant friend; but he is no true man so long as not loyal to a true woman, and only the wife can win from him the mingled respect and affection that enrich and strengthen him as much as they comfort her. We know that we are taking pretty high ground on this subject, and laying the foundation of the husband's character upon his essential need of feminine companionship in its consecrated form, and so committing him to marriage, not for self-indulgence, or even for solicitude for woman's welfare alone, but for the sanity of his being, or the welfare of his own soul.

We can not, of course, undertake to characterize the various embodiments of our idea of the husband in different ages and countries; but must be content with a few words upon our American type of the character in question. We Americans have some qualities peculiar to ourselves, although we must not forget that we belong to the old tribe of Adam, and, moreover, that our blood and creed, and most of our civil and social institutions, came essentially from the old world. The American husband must have many of the characteristics of his European ancestors or contemporaries; yet it would be very strange if he did not, in some way, justify his boast of being independent, and innovate upon the ancient standards of connubial rule. Our tone of health, manners, business, and religion, in some respects so peculiar, can not but tell in a measure upon our domestic temper and habits. We have, indeed, no fear that our republican freedom is likely to do away with the vested rights of petticoat government, and are often disposed to think that the laxity of our political system is to be made up by the increased stringency of conjugal rule; so that, perhaps with a shrewd eye to policy, our fathers put a woman's head on our national coinage in order to present the idea of national allegiance in the least objectionable form, and under the feminine figure of Liberty set up a standard of authority which every well-trained husband had already learned to acknowledge under a salutary petticoat jurisdiction. Yet there are some points that call out our solicitude for the future of our American homes in connection with present tendencies among our boys and men.

The tone of American health has important bearings upon the subject, and too many of our men, not only by neglect of physical culture, but the use of the stimulants and narcotics so fatal to the American constitution, and by the political and business excitement so characteristic of us as a people, impair their usefulness and dignity by enfeebling their strength, shattering their nerves, and fevering their blood. The decided precocity in the development of the masculine passions among us comes quite as much from false views of health as from follies

in the modes of society; and it is very sad that so many boys, with puny frames and excitable nerves, even if they escape the terrible vices to which bad companionship exposes them, exhaust the freshness of their affections before their beards are grown, and not seldom presume to talk of marriage, and perhaps go through one or two regular engagements, as well as numberless flirtations, before they are out of their teens. Harm is done by the kind of freedom allowed, and encouraged too often, among us between youth and maidens, from whom little if any positive scandal is to be feared, by the obvious tendency to quicken precocious sensibilities, and to leave the affections hackneyed and dissipated just at the time when they should have their best freshness and bloom. It is well, indeed, for boys and girls to associate together in a reasonable way, since the boys learn gentleness and the girls learn self-reliance by this sociality; but nothing is worse than precocious passions, such as are developed by the silly love-making of school children and the silly engagements that so often befool them, at the very time when they should be minding their books and their mammas. It is for the boy's good that he should be brought up in that sacred reserve toward the other sex which enables him to keep all the romance of masculine sensibility for her who in due time wins his affections; and although we may expect him to dream once in a while of some pretty face of the school-room or the parlor, we ought not to expect him to be the privileged lover or attendant suitor until he has years enough to know his own mind as well as his idol's character. Few causes tend more to lower the views of our youth regarding women than the free manners of girls toward them. They put a wrong construction upon the freedom, and so form the false and degrading opinion that the feminine pulse is quite like their own, and that woman is like man in inclination, and only restrained by conventional prudence. We sincerely believe that the majority of husbands hold very reverential views of the purity of the feminine character and its superiority to coarse passions; while they who judge of it only from toying with female folly, and mistaking vanity or sentimentalism for passion, fall into the most degrading notions of the feelings of the whole sex, and are spoiled for marriage because hackneyed by flirts. For our own part, we think better of any youth for being sensible of the charms of a fair girl, and are pleased to note all proper conversation and courtesy between such young people; yet sacred reserve should watch with finger on the lip over the interview, and the charm vanishes and evil threatens the very moment the least liberty is taken that might pain a mother's or a sister's eye. This may be somewhat old-fashioned talk, and may yet be none the less true.

We do not think our countrymen lacking in courtesy to woman; but we fear that, with all our chivalry, we have too inadequate ideas of the sacredness of marriage. We are sometimes

so very polite to her as to treat her as a being so much aside from our substantial humanity as to claim incense rather than bread, and to be content with sweet adulation instead of solid justice. It is one of the worst traits of our social manners that marriage, and whatever leads to it, are made light of, and the wedding itself is too often more a shallow frolic than a solemn sacrament. The good old custom of marriages in churches has yielded to bridal balls, where the dancers almost tread on the heels of the minister, and the call of the quadrilles is more emphatic than the good man's nuptial blessing. A better spirit, we are aware, is rising in high quarters, and among all denominations of Christians there is a growing disposition, we believe, to restore the ceremony to its hallowed place among church ordinances. Our fair friends incline to the more devout view of the subject; and the woman who prefers to be made over to her husband in a gay frolic, or to be consigned to him by a justice of peace, with a formality of a merely civic character, like the transfer of a bale of goods at the custom-house, is no true type of her sex. Her sex, however, are responsible for much of the levity connected with matrimonial engagements, and the ease with which these are made and unmade tends much to disqualify men to be husbands by letting down the sacredness of the whole relation. Marriage surely sinks in the social scale the moment that the intimacy that should precede it is made light of, and engagements of marriage are made and unmade as readily as promises to dance. The frequency of divorces may be connected somewhat with this miserable view of such engagements, since parties who begin to look upon each other as having only a casual relation to each other may end by translating their caprices into action, and breaking God's ordinance as if it were a mere whim. We go stoutly for the good old way of our fathers, and believe that our whole civilization rests upon the inviolableness of the marriage covenant—giving ample time for every man to make up his mind as to the union before it takes place; but after it takes place, commending him to the grace of patience and forbearance under any trials that may arise, instead of breaking his promises, whether with or without the aid of law, so long as his feelings are spared that last outrage which Holy Writ itself names as due cause of separation.

We have heard it said that most marriages are unhappy, but we do not believe a word of it. If we were to regulate our ideas of our choicest blessings by the petulant language of our gloomier moods, we might readily vote the sunshine itself an intruder and life itself a continuous bore; so true is it that at certain times most men are weary of the garish sunlight, and are ready to declare life to be a burden. That husbands are generally so hard-hearted as to be intolerable to their wives, or wives so fretful or capricious as to vex their husbands out of all patience, can not be proved by casual expressions that may chance to fall from either party

in irritable humors or in strong fits of egotistic moralizing. It is quite certain that very few married people can bear to be long separated, and the testy husband or pettish wife generally turns homeward to the wedded partner with renewed conviction that the home, although not quite a heaven, is as near to it as any other place on earth. Yet while we are in the seat of judgment, and hold our judicial quill in hand over the heads of American husbands, we may as well give them a stroke or two of wholesome discipline. We will not stoop to notice the shabby fellows, those inglorious husbands, who look upon a wife as a domestic drudge, or a convenient toy, whether to be treated as a beast of burden in poverty, or to be insulted by the rivalry of harlots in prosperity. We speak now of men who mean to do right, and keep their wedded obligations. Such men sometimes fail of being just and kind to their wives on account of the essential difference of their natures and pursuits. It is hard for a man to understand a woman, even in matters where they may practically agree, as in devotedness to their children. The father and mother may, on the whole, love their children equally, and be ready to make any amount of sacrifice for their welfare; yet how different is a father's love from a mother's! how much more of a cool conviction than a passionate emotion! how much more marked by manly justice than by feminine sensibility! Said a bright German girl once to a friend, "You men are so strange to us women, you are perfectly unaccountable." The friend might have returned the compliment, and told the fair lady that the Sphinx was a woman, and of all unaccountable riddles woman is the greatest poser. Certain it is that men and women may pursue the same end from quite different motives, and perhaps husband and wife, after their golden wedding, may say that fifty years have not so wholly assimilated their minds as to make them wholly understand each other. We once heard of an excellent woman's saying that she had lived twenty years with her husband, and never got really acquainted with him. The wonder of such mutual ignorance comes not so much from the nature of the masculine and feminine temperaments as from modes of life that give to the two parties wholly different objects. We Americans are in such a hurry to do our business as too often to slight our homes, and the husband neither enters into his wife's domestic and maternal solicitude nor shares with her his public cares. The consequence is, that they not only have different sensibilities, but also look out upon different horizons, and the man's business and the woman's housekeeping hardly know enough of each other to catch the light of each other's eyes or to play into each other's hands. The husband does not know what burdens he puts upon his wife, nor even see the sacrifice she makes for his comfort; and the wife does not know how severe are her husband's tasks, and that sometimes his very reserve, that seems coldness, is but absorbing

anxiety for continuing to her the means of enjoyment and, perhaps, of unwarrantable extravagance. Let the two parties be more confiding, and a brighter day will come to them. We believe that one of the best features of the last year's fearful financial experience has been the rise of a true confidence between husband and wife; and that many a man, who had thought his wife a reckless spendthrift, has found her a pattern of frugality and an angel of consolation, now that she has learned from him the real state of his affairs, and walks no longer in the dark as to the fortunes of the family.

Let husbands think more of this mutual candor, and they will educate their wives in practical sagacity, and be educated by them in domestic tenderness. Let them remember, too, that their own aggressive and passionate nature can not claim unbridled indulgence under the plea of the marriage bond, and that beastly lust does not change its character by changing its name and claiming the protection of religion. If a man sinks into the sensuality of a Turk or Mormon under all the sacred and restraining influences of marriage, so far as his own spirit is concerned, he might as well follow the career of Mohammed or Brigham Young as desecrate a sacred name by brutal lusts. The theme is delicate, and a word is enough to suggest what we mean, and to show our conviction that a true man will respect his wife none the less while he loves her, and will find in marriage the true sphere and the controlling law of his passional emotions. God has settled this for us; and they who live under his firm and gentle rule will find in this point, as in all others, that subjection which is perfect freedom.

Our whole subject is so inviting that we are in danger of forgetting the reasonable limit of our article. We might with profit treat of the importance of looking more carefully to the raw material of which our future husbands are to be made, and give hints to all educators of boys, whether teachers, parents, or pastors, to remember that those striplings are to be so trained as to be shaped into the right kind of helpmeets for the young womanhood of the nation. Perhaps the most powerful of all educators is this young womanhood itself, for the youthful chivalry of the land is always pretty sure to covet the characteristics that are most prized by their gentle companions. What our young ladies say that they most prize in a lover is one thing, and what they really prize is another thing. Fair Julia may describe in her album or her diary a character that could be put into her catechism as the model man, and yet be completely bewitched by some harum-scarum fellow who has much more of the spice of the devil than of the saint in his composition. If she were wiser, she would distinguish between the show and substance of manliness, and see no manhood where there is not a brave purpose, stout principle, and tender affections. Let her and her host of maidens of America have and prove a truer sense of the manly character in

its union of grit and grace, and, under the mighty power of a true feminine opinion, we are quite sure of a vast increase and improvement in the future crop of our husbands. The men who have any genuine pluck may, indeed, take care of themselves, and win and wear the true wife whom Heaven has chosen for them; but there is an immense number of worthy, but less resolute, aspirants to such nuptial honors, who are daunted by feminine caprice and extravagance, and who might be put upon the right domestic footing if it were made a little more clear to them that substantial character more than uncertain circumstance is reckoned by women as the great essential in a husband.

THE LOST ROOM.

IT was oppressively warm. The sun had long disappeared, but seemed to have left its vital spirit of heat behind it. The air rested; the leaves of the acacia-trees that have shrouded my windows, hung plumb-like on their delicate stalks. The smoke of my cigar scarce rose above my head, but hung about me in a pale blue cloud, which I had to dissipate with languid waves of my hand. My shirt was open at the throat, and my chest heaved laboriously in the effort to catch some breaths of fresher air. The very noises of the city seemed to be wrapped in slumber, and the shrilling of the mosquitoes were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

As I lay with my feet elevated on the back of a chair, wrapped in that peculiar frame of mind in which thought assumes a species of lifeless motion, the strange fancy seized me of making a languid inventory of the principal articles of furniture in my room. It was a task well suited to the mood in which I found myself. Their forms were duskily defined in the dim twilight that floated shadowily through the chamber; it was no labor to note and particularize each, and from the place where I sat I could command a view of all my possessions without even turning my head.

There was, *imprimis*, that ghostly lithograph by Calame. It was a mere black spot on the white wall, but my inner vision scrutinized every detail of the picture. A wild, desolate, midnight heath, with a spectral oak-tree in the centre of the foreground. The wind blows fiercely, and the jagged branches, clothed scantily with ill-grown leaves, are swept to the left continually by its giant force. A formless wrack of clouds streams across the awful sky, and the rain sweeps almost parallel with the horizon. Beyond, the heath stretches off into endless blackness, in the extreme of which either fancy or art has conjured up some undefinable shapes that seem riding into space. At the base of the huge oak stands a shrouded figure. His mantle is wound by the blast in tight folds around his form, and the long cock's feather in his hat is blown upright, till it seems as if it stood on end with fear. His features are not visible, for he has grasped his cloak with both hands, and drawn it from either side across his face. The

picture is seemingly objectless. It tells no tale, but there is a weird power about it that haunts one, and it was for that I bought it.

Next to the picture comes the round blot that hangs below it, which I know to be a smoking-cap. It has my coat of arms embroidered on the front, and for that reason I never wear it; though, when properly arranged on my head with its long blue silken tassel hanging down by my cheek, I believe it becomes me well. I remember the time when it was in the course of manufacture. I remember the tiny little hands that pushed the colored silks so nimbly through the cloth that was stretched on the embroidery-frame—the vast trouble I was put to to get a colored copy of my armorial bearings for the heraldic work which was to decorate the front of the band—the pursings up of the little mouth, and the contractions of the young forehead, as their possessor plunged into a profound sea of cogitation touching the way in which the cloud should be represented from which the armed hand, that is my crest, issues—the heavenly moment when the tiny hands placed it on my head, in a position that I could not bear for more than a few seconds, and I, king-like, immediately assumed my royal prerogative after the coronation, and instantly levied a tax on my only subject, which was, however, not paid unwillingly. Ah! the cap is there, but the embroiderer has fled; for Atropos was severing the web of life above her head while she was weaving that silken shelter for mine!

How uncouthly the huge piano that occupies the corner at the left of the door looms out in the uncertain twilight! I neither play nor sing, yet I own a piano. It is a comfort to me to look at it, and to feel that the music *is* there, although I am not able to break the spell that binds it. It is pleasant to know that Bellini and Mozart, Cimarosa, Porpora, Glück, and all such—or at least their souls—sleep in that unwieldy case. There lie embalmed, as it were, all operas, sonatas, oratorios, nocturnos, marches, songs, and dances, that ever climbed into existence through the four bars that wall in melody. Once I was entirely repaid for the investment of my funds in that instrument which I never use. Blokeeta, the composer, came to see me. Of course his instincts urged him as irresistibly to my piano as if some magnetic power lay within it compelling him to approach. He tuned it, he played on it. All night long, until the gray and spectral dawn rose out of the depths of the midnight, he sat and played, and I lay smoking by the window listening. Wild, unearthly, and sometimes insufferably painful, were the improvisations of Blokeeta. The chords of the instrument seemed breaking with anguish. Lost souls shrieked in his dismal preludes; the half-heard utterances of spirits in pain, that groped at inconceivable distances from any thing lovely or harmonious, seemed to rise dimly up out of the waves of sound that gathered under his hands. Melancholy human love wandered out on distant heaths, or beneath dank and gloomy

cypresses, murmuring its unanswered sorrow, or hateful gnomes sported and sang in the stagnant swamps, triumphing in unearthly tones over the knight whom they had lured to his death. Such was Blokeeta's night's entertainment; and when he at length closed the piano, and hurried away through the cold morning, he left a memory about the instrument from which I could never escape.

Those snow-shoes, that hang in the space between the mirror and the door, recall Canadian wanderings. A long race through the dense forests over the frozen snow, through whose brittle crust the slender hoofs of the cariboo that we were pursuing sank at every step, until the poor creature despairingly turned at bay in a small juniper coppice, and we heartlessly shot him down. And I remember how Gabriel, the *habitant*, and François, the half-breed, cut his throat, and how the hot blood rushed out in a torrent over the snowy soil; and I recall the snow *cabane* that Gabriel built, where we all three slept so warmly, and the great fire that glowed at our feet painting all kinds of demoniac shapes on the black screen of forest that lay without, and the deer-steaks that we roasted for our breakfast, and the savage drunkenness of Gabriel in the morning, he having been privately drinking out of my brandy-flask all the night long.

That long haftless dagger that dangles over the mantle-piece makes my heart swell. I found it when a boy, in a hoary old castle in which one of my maternal ancestors once lived. That same ancestor—who, by-the-way, yet lives in history—was a strange old sea-king, who dwelt on the extremest point of the southwestern coast of Ireland. He owned the whole of that fertile island called Inniskeiran, which directly faces Cape Clear, where between them the Atlantic rolls furiously, forming what the fishermen of the place call “the Sound.” An awful place in winter is that same Sound. On certain days no boat can live there for a moment, and Cape Clear is frequently cut off for days from any communication with the main land.

This old sea-king—Sir Florence O'Driscoll by name—passed a stormy life. From the summit of his castle he watched the ocean, and when any richly laden vessels, bound from the south to the industrious Galway merchants, hove in sight, Sir Florence hoisted the sails of his galley, and it went hard with him if he did not tow into harbor ship and crew. In this way he lived; not a very honest mode of livelihood certainly, according to our modern ideas, but quite reconcilable with the morals of the time. As may be supposed, Sir Florence got into trouble. Complaints were laid against him at the English Court by the plundered merchants, and the Irish viking set out for London to plead his own cause before good Queen Bess, as she was called. He had one powerful recommendation; he was a marvelously handsome man. Not Celtic by descent, but half Spanish, half

Danish in blood, he had the great northern stature with the regular features, flashing eyes, and dark hair of the Iberian race. This may account for the fact that his stay at the English Court was much longer than was necessary, as also for the tradition, which a local historian mentions, that the English Queen evinced a preference for the Irish chieftain of other nature than that usually shown from monarch to subject.

Previous to his departure Sir Florence had intrusted the care of his property to an Englishman named Hull. During the long absence of the knight this person managed to ingratiate himself with the local authorities, and gain their favor so far that they were willing to support him in almost any scheme. After a protracted stay Sir Florence, pardoned of all his misdeeds, returned to his home. Home no longer. Hull was in possession, and refused to yield an acre of the lands he had so nefariously acquired. It was no use appealing to the law, for its officers were in the opposite interest. It was no use appealing to the Queen, for she had another lover, and had forgotten the poor Irish knight by this time; and so the viking passed the best portion of his life in unsuccessful attempts to reclaim his vast estates, and was eventually, in his old age, obliged to content himself with his castle by the sea, and the island of Inniskeiran, the only spot of which the usurper was unable to deprive him. So this old story of my kinsman's fate looms up out of the darkness that enshrouds that haftless dagger hanging on the wall.

It was somewhat after the foregoing fashion that I dreamily made the inventory of my personal property. As I turned my eyes on each object, one after the other, or the places where they lay—for the room was now so dark that it was almost impossible to see with any distinctness—a crowd of memories connected with each rose up before me, and, perforce, I had to indulge them. So I proceeded but slowly, and at last my cigar shortened to a hot and bitter morsel that I could barely hold between my lips, while it seemed to me that the night grew each moment more insufferably oppressive. While I was revolving some impossible means of cooling my wretched body, the cigar stump began to burn my lips. I flung it angrily through the open window, and stooped out to watch it falling. It first lighted on the leaves of the acacia, sending out a spray of red sparkles, then rolling off, it fell plump on the dark walk in the garden, faintly illuminating for a moment the dusky trees and breathless flowers. Whether it was the contrast between the red flash of the cigar stump and the silent darkness of the garden, or whether it was that I detected by the sudden light a faint waving of the leaves, I know not, but something suggested to me that the garden was cool. I will take a turn there, thought I, just as I am; it can not be warmer than this room, and however still the atmosphere, there is always a feeling of liberty and spaciousness in the open air that

partially supplies one's wants. With this idea running through my head I arose, lit another cigar, and passed out into the long, intricate corridors that led to the main stair-case. As I crossed the threshold of my room, with what a different feeling I should have passed it had I known that I was never to set foot in it again!

I lived in a very large house, in which I occupied two rooms on the second floor. The house was old-fashioned, and all the floors communicated by a huge circular stair-case that wound up through the centre of the building, while at every landing long rambling corridors stretched off into mysterious nooks and corners. This palace of mine was very high, and its resources, in the way of crannies and windings, seemed to be interminable. Nothing seemed to stop any where. Cul de sacs were unknown on the premises. The corridors and passages, like mathematical lines, seemed capable of indefinite extension, and the object of the architect must have been to erect an edifice in which people might go ahead forever. The whole place was gloomy, not so much because it was large, but because an unearthly nakedness seemed to pervade the structure. The stair-cases, corridors, halls, and vestibules all partook of a desert-like desolation. There was nothing on the walls to break the sombre monotony of those long vistas of shade. No carvings on the wainscoting, no moulded masks peering down from the simply severe cornices, no marble vases on the landings. There was an eminent dreariness and want of life—so rare in an American establishment—all over the abode. It was Hood's haunted house put in order, and newly painted. The servants, too, were shadowy and chary of their visits. Bells rang three times before the gloomy chambermaid could be induced to present herself, and the negro waiter, a ghoulish-looking creature from Congo, obeyed the summons only when one's patience was exhausted, or one's want satisfied in some other way. When he did come, one felt sorry that he had not staid away altogether, so sullen and savage did he appear. He moved along the echoless floors with a slow, noiseless shamble, until his dusky figure, advancing from the gloom, seemed like some reluctant afreet, compelled, by the superior power of his master, to disclose himself. When the doors of all the chambers were closed, and no light illuminated the long corridor, save the red, unwholesome glare of a small oil lamp on a table at the end, where late lodgers lit their candles, one could not by any possibility conjure up a sadder or more desolate prospect.

Yet the house suited me. Of meditative and sedentary habits, I rather enjoyed the extreme quiet. There were but few lodgers, from which I infer that the landlord did not drive a very thriving trade; and these, probably oppressed by the sombre spirit of the place, were quiet and ghost-like in their movements. The proprietor I scarcely ever saw. My bills were deposited by unseen hands every month on my table while

I was out walking or riding, and my pecuniary response was intrusted to the attendant afreet. On the whole, when the bustling, wide-awake spirit of New York is taken into consideration, the sombre, half-vivified character of the house in which I lived was an anomaly that no one appreciated better than I who lived there.

I felt my way down the wide, dark stair-case in my pursuit of zephyrs. The garden, as I entered it, did feel somewhat cooler than my own room, and I puffed my cigar along the dim, cypress-shrouded walks with a sensation of comparative relief. It was very dark. The tall-growing flowers that bordered the path were so wrapped in gloom as to present the aspect of solid pyramidal masses, all the details of leaves and blossoms being buried in an embracing darkness, while the trees had lost all form, and seemed like masses of overhanging cloud. It was a place and time to excite the imagination; for in the impenetrable cavities of endless gloom there was room for the most riotous fancies to play at will. I walked and walked, and the echoes of my footsteps on the ungraveled and mossy path suggested a double feeling. I felt alone and yet in company at the same time. The solitariness of the place made itself distinct enough in the stillness, broken alone by the hollow reverberations of my step, while those very reverberations seemed to imbue me with an undefined feeling that I was not alone. I was not, therefore, much startled when I was suddenly accosted from beneath the solid darkness of an immense cypress by a voice saying,

"Will you give me a light, Sir?"

"Certainly," I replied, trying in vain to distinguish the speaker amidst the impenetrable dark.

Somebody advanced, and I held out my cigar. All I could gather definitely about the individual that thus accosted me was, that he must have been of extremely small stature; for I, who am by no means an overgrown man, had to stoop considerably in handing him my cigar. The vigorous puff that he gave his own lighted up my Havana for a moment, and I fancied that I caught a glimpse of a pale, weird countenance, immersed in a background of long, wild hair. The flash was, however, so momentary that I could not even say certainly whether this was an actual impression or the mere effort of imagination to embody that which the senses had failed to distinguish.

"Sir, you are out late," said this unknown to me, as he, with a half-uttered thanks, handed me back my cigar, for which I had to grope in the gloom.

"Not later than usual," I replied, dryly.

"Hum! you are fond of late wanderings, then?"

"That is just as the fancy seizes me."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"Queer house, isn't it?"

"I have only found it quiet."

"Hum! But you *will* find it queer, take

my word for it," This was earnestly uttered; and I felt, at the same time, a bony finger laid on my arm that cut it sharply, like a blunted knife.

"I can not take your word for any such assertion," I replied, rudely, shaking off the bony finger with an irrepressible motion of disgust.

"No offense, no offense," muttered my unseen companion rapidly, in a strange, subdued voice, that would have been shrill had it been louder; "your being angry does not alter the matter. You will find it a queer house. Every body finds it a queer house. Do you know who live there?"

"I never busy myself, Sir, about other people's affairs," I answered, sharply, for the individual's manner, combined with my utter uncertainty as to his appearance, oppressed me with an irksome longing to be rid of him.

"Oh! you don't? Well, I do. I know what they are—well, well, well;" and as he pronounced the three last words his voice rose with each, until, with the last, it reached a shrill shriek that echoed horribly among the lonely walks. "Do you know what they eat?" he continued.

"No, Sir—nor care."

"Oh! but you will care. You must care. You shall care. I'll tell you what they are. They are enchanters. They are ghouls. They are cannibals. Did you never remark their eyes, and how they gloated on you when you passed? Did you never remark the food that they served up at your table? Did you never, in the dead of night, hear muffled and unearthly footsteps gliding along the corridors, and stealthy hands turning the handle of your door? Does not some magnetic influence fold itself continually around you when they pass, and send a thrill through spirit and body, and a cold shiver that no sunshine will chase away? Oh, you have! You have felt all these things! I know it!"

The earnest rapidity, the subdued tones, the eagerness of accent with which all this was uttered, impressed me most uncomfortably. I really seemed as if I could recall all those weird occurrences and influences of which he spoke; and I shuddered in spite of myself in the midst of that impenetrable darkness that surrounded me.

"Hum!" said I, assuming, without knowing it, a confidential tone, "may I ask how you know of these things?"

"How I know them? Because I am their enemy. Because they tremble at my whisper. Because I hang upon their track with the perseverance of a blood-hound and the stealthiness of a tiger—because—because—I was of them once!"

"Wretch!" I cried, excitedly, for involuntarily his eager tones had wrought me up to a high pitch of spasmodic nervousness, "then you mean to say that you—"

As I uttered this word, obeying an uncontrollable impulse, I stretched forth my hand in

the direction of the speaker and made a blind clutch. The tips of my fingers seemed to touch a surface as smooth as glass, that glided suddenly from under them. A sharp, angry hiss sounded through the gloom, followed by a whirring noise, as if some projectile passed rapidly by, and the next moment I felt instinctively that I was alone.

A most disagreeable sensation instantly assailed me. A prophetic instinct that some terrible misfortune menaced me; an eager and overpowering anxiety to get back to my own room without loss of time. I turned and ran blindly along the dark cypress alley, every dusky clump of flowers that rose blackly in the borders making my heart each moment cease to beat. The echoes of my own footsteps seemed to redouble and assume the sounds of unknown pursuers following fast upon my track. The boughs of lilac-bushes and syringas that here and there stretched partly across the walk, seemed to have been furnished suddenly with hooked hands that sought to grasp me as I flew by, and each moment I expected to behold some awful and impassable barrier fall right across my track, and wall me up forever.

At length I reached the wide entrance. With a single leap I sprang up the four or five steps that formed the stoop, and dashing along the hall, up the wide, echoing stairs, and again along the dim funereal corridors until I paused, breathless and panting, at the door of my room. Once so far, I stopped for an instant and leaned heavily against one of the panels, panting lustily after my late run. I had, however, scarcely rested my whole weight against the door, when it suddenly gave way, and I staggered in headforemost. To my utter astonishment the room that I had left in profound darkness was now a blaze of light. So intense was the illumination that, for a few seconds while the pupils of my eyes were contracting under the sudden change, I saw absolutely nothing save the dazzling glare. This fact in itself coming on me with such utter suddenness, was sufficient to prolong my confusion, and it was not until after several moments had elapsed that I perceived the room was not alone illuminated but occupied. And such occupants! Amazement at the scene took such possession of me that I was incapable of either moving or uttering a word. All that I could do was to lean against the wall, and stare blankly at the whole business.

It might have been a scene out of Faublas, or Grammont's Memoirs, or happened in some palace of Minister Fouque.

Round a large table in the centre of the room, where I had left a student-like litter of books and papers, were seated half a dozen persons. Three were men, and three were women. The table was heaped with a prodigality of luxuries. Luscious Eastern fruits were piled up in silver filagree vases, through whose meshes their glowing rinds shone in the contrasts of a thousand hues. Small silver dishes that Benvenuto might have designed, filled with succulent and aro-

matic meats, were distributed upon a cloth of snowy damask. Bottles of every shape, slender ones from the Rhine, stout fellows from Holland, sturdy ones from Spain, and quaint basket-woven flasks from Italy, absolutely littered the board. Drinking glasses of every size and hue filled up the interstices, and the thirsty German flagon stood side by side with the aerial bubbles of Venetian glass that rested so lightly on their thread-like stems. An odor of luxury and sensuality floated through the apartment. The lamps that burned in every vacant spot where room for one could be found, seemed to diffuse a subtle incense on the air, and in a large vase that stood on the floor I saw a mass of magnolias, tuberose, and jasmines grouped together, stifling each other with their honeyed and heavy fragrance.

The inhabitants of my room seemed beings well suited to so sensual an atmosphere. The women were strangely beautiful, and all were attired in dresses of the most fantastic devices and brilliant hues. Their figures were round, supple, and elastic; their eyes dark and languishing; their lips full, ripe, and of the richest bloom. The three men wore half-masks, so that all I could distinguish were heavy jaws, pointed beards, and brawny throats that rose like massive pillars out of their doublets. All six lay reclining on Roman couches about the table, drinking down the purple wines in large draughts, and tossing back their heads and laughing wildly.

I stood, I suppose, for some three minutes, with my back against the wall staring vacantly at the bacchanal vision, before any of the revelers appeared to notice my presence. At length, without any expression to indicate whether I had been observed from the beginning or not, two of the women arose from their couches, and, approaching, took each a hand and led me to the table. I obeyed their motions mechanically. I sat on a couch between them as they indicated. I unresistingly permitted them to wind their arms about my neck.

"You must drink," said one, pouring out a large glass of red wine, "here is Clos Vougeot of a rare vintage; and here," pushing a flask of amber-hued wine before me, "is Lachrima Christi."

"You must eat," said the other, drawing the silver dishes toward her. "Here are cutlets stewed with olives, and here are slices of a *filet* stuffed with bruised sweet chestnuts;" and as she spoke, she, without waiting for a reply, proceeded to help me.

The sight of the food recalled to me the warnings I had received in the garden. This sudden effort of memory restored to me my other faculties at the same instant. I sprang to my feet, thrusting the women from me with each hand.

"Demons!" I almost shouted, "I will have none of your accursed food. I know you. You are cannibals, you are ghouls, you are enchanters. Begone, I tell you! Leave my room in peace!"

A shout of laughter from all six was the only effect that my passionate speech produced. The men rolled on their couches, and their half-masks quivered with the convulsions of their mirth. The women shrieked, and tossed the slender wine-glasses wildly aloft, and turned to me and flung themselves on my bosom, fairly sobbing with laughter.

"Yes," I continued, as soon as the noisy mirth had subsided, "yes, I say, leave my room instantly! I will have none of your unnatural orgies here!"

"His room!" shrieked the woman on my right.

"His room!" echoed she on my left.

"His room! He calls it his room!" shouted the whole party, as they rolled once more into jocular convulsions.

"How know you that it is your room?" said one of the men who sat opposite to me, at length, after the laughter had once more somewhat subsided.

"How do I know?" I replied, indignantly. "How do I know my own room? How could I mistake it, pray? There's my furniture—my piano—"

"He calls that a piano!" shouted my neighbors, again in convulsions as I pointed to the corner where my huge piano, sacred to the memory of Blokeeta, used to stand. "Oh, yes! It is his room. There—there is his piano!"

The peculiar emphasis they laid on the word "piano" caused me to scrutinize the article I was indicating more thoroughly. Up to this time, though utterly amazed at the entrance of these people into my chamber, and connecting them somewhat with the wild stories I had heard in the garden, I still had a sort of indefinite idea that the whole thing was a masquerading freak got up in my absence, and that the bacchanalian orgy I was witnessing was nothing more than a portion of some elaborate hoax of which I was to be the victim. But when my eyes turned to the corner where I had left a huge and cumbrous piano, and beheld a vast and sombre organ lifting its fluted front to the very ceiling, and convinced myself, by a hurried process of memory, that it occupied the very spot in which I had left my own instrument, the little self-possession that I had left forsook me. I gazed around me bewildered.

In like manner every thing was changed. In the place of that old haftless dagger, connected with so many historic associations personal to myself, I beheld a Turkish yataghan dangling by its belt of crimson silk, while the jewels in the hilt blazed as the lamplight played upon them. In the spot where hung my cherished smoking-cap, memorial of a buried love, a knightly casque was suspended, on the crest of which a golden dragon stood in the act of springing. That strange lithograph by Calame was no longer a lithograph, but it seemed to me that the portion of the wall which it had covered, of the exact shape and size, had been cut out,

and, in place of the picture, a *real* scene on the same scale, and with real actors, was distinctly visible. The old oak was there, and the stormy sky was there; but I saw the branches of the oak sway with the tempest, and the clouds drive before the wind. The wanderer in his cloak was gone; but in his place I beheld a circle of wild figures, men and women, dancing with linked hands around the bole of the great tree, chanting some wild fragment of a song, to which the winds roared an unearthly chorus. The snow-shoes, too, on whose sinewy woof I had sped for many days amidst Canadian wastes, had vanished, and in their place lay a pair of strange up-curved papooshes, that had, perhaps, been many a time shuffled off at the doors of mosques, beneath the steady blaze of an Orient sun.

All was changed. Wherever my eyes turned they missed familiar objects, yet encountered strange representatives. Still in all the substitutes there seemed to me a reminiscence of what they replaced. They seemed only for a time transmuted into other shapes, and there lingered around them the atmosphere of what they once had been. Thus I could have sworn the room to have been mine, yet there was nothing in it that I could rightly claim. Every thing reminded me of some former possession that it was not. I looked for the acacia at the window, and lo! long, silken palm-leaves swayed in through the open lattice; yet they had the same motion and the same air of my favorite tree, and seemed to murmur to me, "Though we seem to be palm-leaves, yet are we acacia-leaves; yea, those very ones on which you used to watch the butterflies alight and the rain patter while you smoked and dreamed!" So in all things. The room was, yet was not mine; and a sickening consciousness of my utter inability to reconcile its identity with its appearance overwhelmed me, and choked my reason.

"Well, have you determined whether or not this is your room?" asked the girl on my left, proffering me a huge tumbler creaming over with Champagne, and laughing wickedly as she spoke.

"It is mine," I answered, doggedly, striking the glass rudely with my hand, and dashing the aromatic wine over the white cloth. "I know that it is mine; and ye are jugglers and enchanters that want to drive me mad."

"Hush! hush!" she said, gently, not in the least angered at my rough treatment. "You are excited. Alf shall play something to soothe you."

At her signal one of the men arose and sat down at the organ. After a short, wild, spasmodic prelude, he began what seemed to me to be a symphony of recollections. Dark and sombre, and all through full of quivering and intense agony, it appeared to recall a dark and dismal night, on a cold reef, around which an unseen but terribly audible ocean broke with eternal fury. It seemed as if a lonely pair were on the reef, one living, the other dead; one

clasping his arms around the tender neck and naked bosom of the other, striving to warm her into life, when his own vitality was being each moment sucked from him by the icy breath of the storm. Here and there a terrible wailing minor key would tremble through the chords like the shriek of sea-birds, or the warning of advancing death. While the man played I could scarce restrain myself. It seemed to be Blokeeta whom I listened to, and on whom I gazed. That wondrous night of pleasure and pain that I had once passed listening to him seemed to have been taken up again at the spot where it had broken off, and the same hand was continuing it. I stared at the man called Alf. There he sat with his cloak and doublet, and long rapier and mask of black velvet. But there was something in the air of the peaked beard, a familiar mystery in the wild mass of raven hair that fell as if wind-blown over his shoulders, which riveted my memory.

"Blokeeta! Blokeeta!"—I shouted, starting up furiously from the couch on which I was lying, and bursting the fair arms that were linked around my neck as if they had been hateful chains—"Blokeeta! my friend, speak to me I entreat you! Tell these horrid enchanters to leave me. Say that I hate them. Say that I command them to leave my room!"

The man at the organ stirred not in answer to my appeal. He ceased playing, and the dying sound of the last note he had touched faded off into a melancholy moan. The other men and the women burst once more into peals of mocking laughter.

"Why will you persist in calling this your room?" said the woman next me, with a smile meant to be kind, but to me inexpressibly loathsome. "Have we not shown you by the furniture, by the general appearance of the place, that you are mistaken, and that this can not be your apartment? Rest content, then, with us. You are welcome here, and need no longer trouble yourself about your room."

"Rest content!" I answered, madly; "live with ghosts! eat of awful meats, and see awful sights! Never, never! You have cast some enchantment over the place that has disguised it; but for all that I know it to be my room. You shall leave it!"

"Softly, softly!" said another of the sirens. "Let us settle this amicably. This poor gentleman seems obstinate and inclined to make an uproar. Now we do not want an uproar. We love the night and its quiet; and there is no night that we love so well as that on which the moon is confined in clouds. Is it not so, my brothers?"

An awful and sinister smile gleamed on the countenances of her unearthly audience, and seemed to glide visibly from underneath their masks.

"Now," she continued, "I have a proposition to make. It would be ridiculous for us to surrender this room simply because this gentleman states that it is his; and yet I feel anx-

ious to gratify, as far as may be fair, his wild assertion of ownership. A room, after all, is not much to us; we can get one easily enough, but still we would be loth to give this apartment up to so imperious a demand. We are willing, however, to *risk* its loss. That is to say"—turning to me—"I propose that we play for the room. If you win, we will immediately surrender it to you just as it stands; if, on the contrary, you lose, you shall bind yourself to depart and never molest us again."

Agonized at the ever-darkening mysteries that seemed to thicken around me, and despairing of being able to dissipate them by the mere exercise of my own will, I caught almost gladly at the chance thus presented to me. The idea of my loss or my gain scarce entered into my calculations. All I felt was an indefinite knowledge that I might, in the way proposed, regain, in an instant, that quiet chamber and that peace of mind which I had so strangely been deprived of.

"I agree!" I cried, eagerly; "I agree. Any thing to rid myself of such unearthly company!"

The woman touched a small golden bell that stood near her on the table, and it had scarce ceased to tinkle when a negro dwarf entered with a silver tray on which were dice-boxes and dice. A shudder passed over me as I thought in this stunted African I could trace a resemblance to the ghoul-like black servant to whose attendance I had been accustomed.

"Now," said my neighbor, seizing one of the dice-boxes and giving me the other, "the highest wins. Shall I throw first?"

I nodded assent. She rattled the dice, and I felt an inexpressible load lifted from my heart as she threw fifteen.

"It is your turn," she said, with a mocking smile; "but before you throw, I repeat the offer I made you before. Live with us. Be one of us. We will initiate you into our mysteries and enjoyments—enjoyments of which you can form no idea unless you experience them. Come; it is not too late yet to change your mind. Be with us!"

My reply was a fierce oath as I rattled the dice with spasmodic nervousness and flung them on the board. They rolled over and over again, and during that brief instant I felt a suspense, the intensity of which I have never known before or since. At last they lay before me. A shout of the same horrible, maddening laughter rang in my ears. I peered in vain at the dice, but my sight was so confused that I could not distinguish the amount of the cast. This lasted for a few moments. Then my sight grew clear, and I sank back almost lifeless with despair as I saw that I had thrown but *twelve*!

"Lost! lost!" screamed my neighbor, with a wild laugh. "Lost! lost!" shouted the deep voices of the masked men. "Leave us, coward!" they all cried; "you are not fit to be one of us. Remember your promise; leave us!"

Then it seemed as if some unseen power caught me by the shoulders and thrust me to-

ward the door. In vain I resisted. In vain I screamed and shouted for help. In vain I implored them for pity. All the reply I had were those mocking peals of merriment, while, under the invisible influence, I staggered like a drunken man toward the door. As I reached the threshold the organ pealed out a wild triumphal strain. The power that impelled me concentrated itself into one vigorous impulse that sent me blindly staggering out into the echoing corridor, and, as the door closed swiftly behind me, I caught one glimpse of the apartment I had left forever. A change passed like a shadow over it. The lamps died out, the siren women and masked men vanished, the flowers, the fruits, the bright silver and bizarre furniture faded swiftly, and I saw again, for the tenth of a second, my own old chamber restored. There was the acacia waving darkly; there was the table littered with books; there was the ghostly lithograph, the dearly-beloved smoking cap, the Canadian snow-shoes, the ancestral dagger. And there, at the piano, organ no longer, sate Blokeeta playing.

The next instant the door closed violently, and I was left standing in the corridor stunned and despairing.

As soon as I had partially recovered my comprehension I rushed madly to the door with the dim idea of beating it in. My fingers beat against a cold and solid wall. There was no door! I felt all along the corridor for many yards on both sides. There was not even a crevice to give me hope. I rushed down stairs shouting madly. No one answered. In the vestibule I met the negro; I seized him by the collar, and demanded my room. The demon showed his white and awful teeth, which were filed into a saw-like shape, and extricating himself from my grasp with a sudden jerk, fled down the passage with a gibbering laugh. Nothing but echo answered to my despairing shrieks. The lonely garden resounded with my cries as I strode madly through the dark walks, and the tall funereal cypresses seemed to bury me beneath their heavy shadows. I met no one. Could find no one. I had to bear my sorrow and despair alone.

Since that awful hour I have never found my room. Every where I look for it, yet never see it. Shall I ever find it?

MEMOIRS OF GENERALS LEE, GATES, STEPHEN, AND DARKE.

THE valley of the Shenandoah, in Virginia, has become a noted region, from its connection with the early days of Washington. Here the great chief who was to lead the American host—the "foremost man of all this world"—passed many hours of his youth—as yet unknown, and only a rosy-cheeked, adventurous boy, holding in his hand a surveyor's compass. Here lived and died the eccentric nobleman of Greenway Court—the owner of one-fourth of the present Virginia—exiled by disappointed

love from the English Court, and bringing the elegance of St. James's to the backwoods of America, where he was to breathe his last upon hearing of the accident at Yorktown. Here also, within half an hour's ride of Lord Fairfax's chateau, lived General Daniel Morgan, the "brave of braves," whose life was one long battle, and who holds his niche now high up among the noble forms of the Revolutionary era.

The land in which these men of history lived so much of their vigorous existences has never received adequate attention; but Mr. Irving, in his noble biography, has lately spoken of a few localities, and the lovers of the region acknowledge the fine coloring of the sketch.

"They entered the great valley of Virginia," writes the historian of Washington, "where it is about twenty-five miles wide—a lovely and temperate region, diversified by gentle swells and slopes, admirably adapted to cultivation. The Blue Ridge bounds it on one side; the North Mountain, a ridge of the Alleghanies, on the other; while through it flows that bright and abounding river which, on account of its surpassing beauty, was named by the Indians the Shenandoah; that is to say, 'the Daughter of the Stars.'"

And speaking of the old residence of the noble Thomas Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, the writer says, in another place:

"Such was Greenway Court in these its palmy days. We visited it recently, and found it tottering to its fall—mouldering in the midst of a magnificent country, where nature still flourishes in full luxuriance and beauty."

This is the passing sketch of one who endeared himself to all whom he approached in Virginia. To his welcome visit are the readers of his admirable history indebted for many of those touches which have made it already the biography of biographies—the best of all attempts at interpreting the genius of its subject.

But Greenway Court, and the localities in its vicinity, are not the only places notable for their connection with the Revolutionary drama and its actors to be found in the valley of the Shenandoah. On the banks of the "bright and abounding river"—in this "magnificent country"—are other spots which no curious historian has ever visited; and the intention of the present writer is to speak of some of these.

The characters of distinguished personages who have vividly impressed the times in which they lived, and shaped the mould of great events, are perhaps revealed by minute details and personal sketches far more clearly than by the dignified historic narrative. Doubtless the explanation of this lies in the fact that a man's entire individuality is rarely brought out in the "conduct of affairs," as Mr. Everett says. It is his *public side* only which is turned to the world; and what he accomplishes is most often the effect of some one or more peculiar traits

of his organization. Thus in Washington—the great calm figure towering above the immense struggle of the Revolution—the world recognized unfaltering courage, pure devotion, and a patriotism which never changed, because it was based upon an abiding faith in Providence. In Napoleon it was indomitable will, a genius for the command of armies and for conquest. So with other great names which we might refer to; it is always some predominant trait which makes the event bend, and produces the grand result. History relates the battle or the siege, follows the triumphant steps of the army which the breath of the great leader informs and guides, and in the results which are achieved the brilliant and conspicuous genius of the head shines out.

But the world wants something more; it is the whole portrait which the popular voice demands—at least, the more thoughtful student of humanity. The great public act presents but the profile; it is the private life, the "daily walk," the *mémoire*, which is wanted. The curious investigator, plunging beneath protocols and articles of treaties to find the living man, asks something like a picture of the general or the statesman as he appears in his home, talking with his neighbors, riding over his grounds, taking his part in those local scenes which, after all is said, serve to develop and reveal the true character far more clearly than the grand public tableaux which the historic muse is so fond of depicting. In the case of our Washington, for example, see what an ever-abiding curiosity there is to know all about his private life—his manner of talking, his entertainments at Mount Vernon, his demeanor toward his neighbors and his friends. The world likes to be told how fond of the chase he was; how, mounted upon his hunters, Ajax, or Valiant, or Magnolia, and followed by his fox-hounds, Sweetlips, Forester, Ringwood, etc., he scoured the broad fields stretching along the breezy Potomac, and was the first "in at the death" of Reynard. All read with interest how, at sixteen, he went—a mere boy—into the Shenandoah valley, with a surveyor's compass in his hand, to lay off the domain of Lord Fairfax; how he had left behind him a little "lowland beauty," in whose praise, by the flickering camp-fire in the great wilderness, he wrote verses—sonnets in honor of his "mistress's eyebrows;" it is pleasant to hear how, long afterward, he tarried for half a day in the "White House," talking with the lovely Mrs. Custis—ere long Mrs. Washington—while his old servant held his horse at the door, wondering at the unusual delay; in a word, all these details are matter of interest, and every new fact is a new pleasure to the countless admirers of the great leader.

What is true of our greatest and most honored name is also true of his associates, though, doubtless, in a less degree. No one can rival our Washington in public regard; but there were those grouped around him, in the stormy

hours of the Revolution, whose names the world will not "willingly let die." Some are remembered for honor, some for shame. Upon the page relating the story of Arnold rests a shadow which can never rise, as over the names of Lafayette, and Harry Lee, and Warren, and a hundred others, hovers the incense of a world's praise and salutation.

All that concerns the characters of these men is legitimate food for thought, and the very localities which still speak of them are full of the deepest interest. Much more is this the case with the houses which they inhabited—the places in which they spent any considerable portion of their existence. The pageantry of the Past sweeps by over battle-fields and through council-chambers, with its great figures half concealed in the robes of state; but in these old homes the pageantry is forgotten, the robes are thrown aside, and *the man*, in all his strength or weakness, is clearly revealed.

To proceed to the subject of our sketch without further preface. In a recent tour through the region here spoken of we came to the neighborhood of Leetown, in Jefferson County, not far beyond the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah, but nearer still to the Opequan, another stream which has had the good fortune to retain its musical Indian name.

Near this little village—which is scarcely large enough to be called such—are the ancient and dilapidated residences of three distinguished generals of the Revolution; and a fourth, who did not appear so conspicuously in the great struggle, but did his duty manfully against the savages and English, had his dwelling in the immediate neighborhood. Here, within a radius of a mile or two, lived, long and weary years, Charles Lee, the sinister hero of Monmouth; Horatio Gates, loser of the battle of Camden, and the Southern campaign; Adam Stephen, the early friend of Washington; and William Darke, a hero of the frontier, and the victor in a hundred personal combats with the savages. In this little valley, whose beautiful fields and woodlands were covered with the dazzling tints of autumn as we gazed upon them, here—beneath the shadow of the great forests—remote from camps and the flashing world, whose light and noise never penetrated the remote depths of their retirement—these first-named warriors rusted out long years of vigorous manhood in inglorious repose, their swords in moth-eaten scabbards, their hearts in the great struggle which approached its termination, but their bodies far away from it. Here they lived, and here two of the men of whom we have spoken died. Soon all that they were in private will die too; those lingering memorials which remain of them will crumble and disappear, and something of the great figures—a portion of the coloring for the future historian—will be lost forever.

We shall offer no apology for the few words which follow upon the subject of these men—their homes, and personal peculiarities.

I.—GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

Lee's house still stands, at the distance of two or three hundred paces from the little assemblage of houses called by his name, and is an oblong building of stone, with chimneys at each end and midway; low, with a rude portico—depending, as it were, above the rough door, and suggestive, in many of its details, of the old frontier days to which the edifice dates back. A small lawn stretches in front of the low mansion, dotted with fruit trees, and from the front door a pleasing view of the surrounding country is obtained—fields gently sloping; clumps of forest trees embowering gentlemen's residences; and, in the distance, the Blue Ridge, extending like a billow of the ocean along the eastern horizon. Let us stand here, in the pleasant sunshine of autumn, and, looking upon the scene which so often greeted his own eyes, try briefly to recall some events in the life of the singular character who dragged out here the last years of a brilliant life, full of strange incident and adventure, upon two continents.

Charles Lee was the son of Colonel, afterward General, John Lee, of the British army; was born in 1731—the year before Washington—and at the age of eleven, when a mere child, received a commission, being thus cradled, as it were, in arms. At twenty-four he commanded a company of grenadiers in the old French war; and this portion of his life never disappeared from his memory. Long afterward—as will be seen—when the shadows of approaching dissolution closed around the weary and despairing heart, he remembered these days and his good comrades. Even in the moment of death they still lived in his thought, and his last words were: "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!"

Shot through the body at Ticonderoga—and yet present, sound and well, at the surrender of Montreal, which terminated the war—Lee went thereafter to Portugal, serving under the celebrated Burgoyne. Here he displayed that daring courage, amounting almost to recklessness, which had before characterized him; and, finally, returned to England, bearing warm testimonials of bravery from his General and the King of Portugal. But his combative disposition ruined his fortunes. Attacking the ministry with his trenchant pen—which, long afterward, assaulted even Washington—he found all chance of promotion closed to him; and, finally, set out for Poland, where he became the friend and counselor of King Stanislaus Augustus, having made on his route the acquaintance of Frederick the Great, with whom he held many conversations. Lee did not remain long in Poland, but passed on to Constantinople, where he nearly perished in an earthquake. Then he returned to England—thence to Poland—always an adventurer. He aimed at a campaign against the Russians, under Stanislaus, "who treated him rather like a brother than a patron," he said. It would do to "talk of over his kitchen fire in his old age." He did not know that this "kitchen

fire" would be beyond the Blue Ridge, in America, deep in the wilderness.

Lee fought bravely in Poland; but soon his adventurous disposition led him to "fields and pastures new." He traveled over Europe—through Italy, Sicily, Malta, and the south of Spain—irascible, failing in health, and sending to England bitter attacks on the ministry. These papers gained him brilliant reputation; and it is still a problem whether the authorship of the letters of *Junius* was not properly attributable to Lee.

A recollection of his early campaigns finally brought him, in 1773, to America, and he took an active part in the agitations of the day. His presence in Boston was especially noted by the British officers and officials. Lord Dartmouth wrote to Gage: "Have an attention to his conduct, and take every legal method to prevent his effecting any of those dangerous purposes he is said to have in view." Lee wrote to his friend, Edmund Burke, in relation to these fears of the ministry, deriding them; but the propriety of the caution was abundantly established subsequently. Lee made the acquaintance of Washington soon after his return to America; and was often, with Gates, at Mount Vernon. Here, surrounded by his dogs, of which he was always passionately fond, he talked over his adventures, debated military questions with Washington, and told of his association with the Great Frederick and King Stanislaus of Poland.

Then came the outburst of the Revolution, and Lee entered into the cause of the colonists with ardor. His long experience, and known ability in affairs of arms, rendered him at one time the most prominent candidate for the command of the American forces; and it is probable that, in spite of disavowals which he made, this splendid object of ambition possessed him. So high was the general opinion of his courage, patriotism, and ability, that the choice between himself and Washington was a matter of great difficulty, many prominent patriots giving their voices for Lee. But Washington was chosen. Lee took the commission of Major-General, and the Revolution commenced in all its fury.

It is not necessary to speak of Lee's conduct throughout the war—it is familiar to every one. But at last came the battle of Monmouth, where occurred the woeful quarrel, if it may be called such, between the former good companions. This, too, is familiar to every school-boy: Lee's order to his forces to beat a retreat; his meeting Washington coming furiously to meet him; their hot words and rage; and the subsequent court-martial and suspension. It is all known too well to demand repetition here. But Lee has been too much blamed. It is probable that he was not so greatly an offender as the world has supposed. That he made a strange blunder in ordering the troops to fall back, and that his retreat nearly ruined all the plans of Washington and lost us the battle—that is well established, and can not be denied. But the whole tenor of Lee's life and character makes it almost

certain that the movement originated in an error of judgment, not a want of courage. He who had swum the Tagus amidst the darkness, and taken Villa Velha at the point of the bayonet, who had fought with the most reckless bravery upon the battle-fields of two continents—this soldier of fortune, who had all to lose, and nothing but life, which he despised, to gain, could never have felt his heart fail him in a position like that which he occupied at Monmouth. It is probable that his great rage against Washington was caused by those very doubts of his courage which the partisans of the chief expressed. Washington's own conduct, after the first irrepressible outburst, was calm and dignified—utterly free from hostility in word, or look, or hint. True, he could not at first restrain his wrath. As in the great picture of the scene by Leutze, Lee sat his horse, sullen before the chief, whose hot anger flamed out; and this anger he never forgave; his sullenness was hardened into rage and life-long enmity. High words, indignant correspondence; Washington cold, calm, collected; Lee raging and full of fury; then a court-martial, suspension for a year, and Lee, in utter disgust, abandoned a cause which he regarded as having outraged him. He bought his estate here, purchased by the recommendation of Gates, some years before; and refusing to take further part in the war, busied himself in hoeing tobacco, "that being the best school for a general," he said, with a bitter sneer at his foe.

Such is a brief reference to the prominent facts in the life of the singular man who occupied the old house in front of which we stand. To this poor and obscure dwelling, amidst the great forests of America, came to rust away and slowly crumble from inaction, the sharp and haughty spirit of the friend and companion of Frederick the Great, the almost brother of King Stanislaus! What a commentary upon human things and the current of that life which sweeps us onward, like the yellow and frail leaves of autumn!

In this remote abode Lee lived many years, with few acquaintances and fewer friends. His eccentric habits and ungenial manners doubtless prevented him from forming those intimacies which add so much to the happiness of life. His old roughness, which had surprised and annoyed Mrs. Washington at Mount Vernon, when, before the war, Lee came thither to see the chief, now developed itself far more strongly and objectionably. All the camp habits which the soldier of fortune had contracted in many lands combined to make his daily existence a strange one, and to impress upon his neighbors the opinion that his eccentricity amounted almost to lunacy—in which belief, however, they very greatly erred. It is true, the simple folk of the region had some reason to be astonished at the mode of life adopted by the great General Lee, whose fame was rumored throughout the world, and who was said to number kings and princes among his familiar friends. The ground-floor of his

mansion had no partitions; it was divided by chalk-lines merely, and these lines marked out four compartments. In the first he kept his books—for Lee had acquired a tolerable knowledge of Latin and Greek, was doubtless fond of military works, and read much in his solitude. In the second compartment was his bed—a rough camp couch, with rude covering. In the third division were his saddles and hunting gear; and the fourth, embracing the fire-place, he used as his kitchen. He could thus overlook his establishment, he said, with grim humor, without opening doors or even rising. When he left home—said an aged lady, whose father was one of Lee's few intimates, and who gave the present writer many interesting details—he was generally followed by a pack of hounds, and behind him rode his Italian body-servant, Jossippi Mingini. This Italian, we hear from another source, "forgot his own language without learning English, and ended by speaking nothing." In this guise the silent soldier, with his thin face, iron gray hair, and sneering smile, would visit the good lady's father, towering above his dogs, and sometimes would remain for days. "On these occasions he never spoke ill of Washington," said the aged lady, our informant, "as Mrs. Washington and Betty Lewis were often at my father's, and he would not have liked General Washington to be evil spoken of."

The times, indeed, were gone by when the great chief could be injured, though Lee retained all his bitterness. That Washington did not, a tradition of the neighborhood leads us to conclude. One day, long after their quarrel, says this tradition, Washington sent his old adversary a note, saying he would call on him on a certain morning—that he hoped all past contention and bitterness had been forgotten: he was coming to see him as an old comrade in arms—as a friend. But Lee's magnanimity was overtaxed; he could not eradicate the old bitterness, rivalry, jealousy, and quarrel—nor could he dissemble. He could not receive Washington, therefore; and an ordinary man would have made some commonplace or cold excuse. Not so with Lee. It was necessary to do as no other person would do. On the day, therefore, which was fixed for the visit, Lee sent away Mingini and all his negroes, and then mounting his horse rode away himself; having, however, first affixed to the front door of his dwelling a paper containing the words, "No meat cook'd here to-day." The account adds, that Washington came and knocked in vain, but catching sight of the paper, no longer appealed for entrance. Recognizing the bitterness and eccentricity of his former companion in greater force than ever, he went away, and never returned. With the passing years the eccentric soldier grew more morose and repelling. The blade was eating deeper and deeper into the worn scabbard; the soul was fretting out the body. Tired of his dogs and his silent misanthropy at last, he penned his "Queries Political and Military"—an attack upon Washington—and had

them published in Philadelphia. They were received with an indignant outcry; and the printer had to apologize and leave Lee to breast the tempest. This was just what his fierce and weary spirit craved, and he rejoiced to find again an antagonist. But alas! even this bitter comfort was denied him: the indignation yielded to indifference; the outcry was drowned in hisses, to which succeeded a pitiless contempt. Lee disappeared from the popular eye and mind—no longer even thought of. It was the last arena upon which the adventurous soldier stood. There were no more conflicts, no more struggles, and nothing remaining to him worth living for. Tired of an existence of which he had exhausted the delights and the excitements, the cynical spirit of Charles Lee fled to other realms. He died in the house in Philadelphia at the corner of Second Street and Norris Alley—once occupied by William Penn—obscure, friendless, and in poverty. His death was like his life—a dream of war. As the last sands trembled and vibrated in the hour-glass, the heart and spirit, so long dulled and weary, felt something of the old flush and glory of the battle-field. Standing again upon the heights of Ticonderoga, or charging on the banks of the Tagus beneath the brilliant sun of Spain, he returned to the old scenes, and lived again in memory the fresh and vigorous life which had made his youthful pulses dance with delight. His dying words were: "Stand by me my brave grenadiers!" So he ended.

A strange and adventurous life! Almost like a romance it seems in some of its details—for the contrasts, the singular experiences, the woeful ending. As we stand here in the autumn sunshine, gentle reader, and by the light of the new century survey the ancient edifice of rude and uncouth stones in which so many years of this man's life lagged drearily in silence, weariness, and rest that was not repose, we have an excellent text for a sermon on the singular complexion and the marvelous mutations of our human life. "I flatter myself," he had written, on his way to Poland, "that a little more practice will make me a good soldier. If not, it will serve to talk of over my kitchen fire, in my old age, which will soon come upon us all." Here, in the wilds of America, he found the "kitchen fire," and with a bitter heart *did* "talk over" his adventures. It was woeful talk! The listeners are gone, like the speaker; the words have all died into silence; even the house is disappearing, as the memory of him who lived in it crumbles; only a strange, sun-burned face, and a broken narrative of wild incidents left to the world. What a subject, we repeat, for the moralist, the philosopher! What a singular career, and what a sorrowful death! That this man, who had been the friend of kings, and the observed of all observers at the brilliant courts of Europe; who had fought in Canada, in Portugal, in Poland, in Russia, and given, lastly, under American skies, his brain and blood to the noblest

cause of history—that this man should have lived a youth and manhood so adventurous and splendid, and died so lonely and weary!—that such a beginning should have such an ending!—a dawn and noon so brilliant terminate in such a wrack of gloomy thunder-clouds, across which no ray of the early splendor darted to light up the darkness!

So had inscrutable Providence decreed, however. Let us now turn to those other names which have been mentioned, though we shall scarcely find such contrasts or such interest.

II.—GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

Somewhat removed from the county road, and between the little villages of Kerneysville and Leetown, stood, and still stands, the house of "Traveler's Rest," to which Gates retired after the disastrous day of Camden. The edifice is not sufficiently peculiar to demand particular description at our hands, and would not attract attention had not history connected the name of a celebrated man with the domain in the midst of which it stands.

One peculiarity, and the only one perhaps worth noting in the house of Gates, is the appearance of one of the apartments. It is a large room in one wing of the house, with three windows, singularly arranged. The origin of so eccentric an arrangement was, that some of General Gates's family in England sent him, while the mansion was in process of construction, three large damask curtains, of resplendent color—then a great luxury. The windows of the great dining-room were made to fit these curtains; and they duly took their place.

The house is going to ruin. This banqueting-room was lately used as a corn-crib by the owner of the estate. Alas! for human pride, and the glory of the world which passes away!

Who was the man who has thus made it known to the world—investing with historic interest what would otherwise be but a provincial manor-house?

Horatio Gates was an Englishman by birth, the son of a captain in the British army. Horace Walpole, whose name he bore, speaks of him in one of his letters as "my godson," and curious investigators have conjectured that he bore a relationship to the subsequent General more intimate still—with what reason we have, however, not been able to determine. At twenty-one years of age he served under General Edward Cornwallis, Governor of Halifax; and appointed to the captaincy of a New York Company of Independents, as they were then termed, marched with General Braddock on his celebrated expedition against Fort Duquesne, receiving, as his share of the day's disaster, a severe wound.

Subsequently, with the rank of Brigade-Major, he accompanied General Monckton to the West Indies, fought bravely at the capture of Martinico, and, being sent to London with dispatches, received the enviable appointment of major in the "Royal Americans." With vari-

ous mutations of fortune, and spending much of his time as a hanger-on at Court and an applicant for civil office, Gates passed the next few years. Finally, selling his commission, and giving up all hopes of promotion, he emigrated to Virginia in 1772, at about forty-six, and purchased the estate of "Traveler's Rest" here—then situated in Berkeley County, as was the estate of Lee.

At the time of Braddock's expedition he had doubtless made the acquaintance of Washington, whose part in that transaction is well known; and it is probable that Washington induced both him and Lee to purchase lands in the valley—his early expeditions as surveyor having made him acquainted with the desirable qualities of the soil.

It is certain that Gates went to Mount Vernon to see Washington immediately upon his arrival; and here he met with Lee, an old friend and companion in arms. They were strongly contrasted, though they agreed in one particular—both being adventurers out of service, profoundly skilled in military affairs, and asking nothing better than an opportunity of disposing of their talents to the leaders of the American struggle. Otherwise, as we have said, there was a strong contrast between the two men. Lee was tall, thin, rude in his manners, and slovenly in his apparel—surrounded, at all times, by a pack of dogs, who fawned on him, and of whom he was far more fond, he said, than of his fellow-men. He was cynical, full of satiric jest and bitter comment—railing at fortune, and scoffing at those in authority—a true Diogenes, in a single word; and only welcome in the abode of Washington for his great military information and his acute views of the probable complexion of the coming struggle.

Gates, on the contrary, was essentially a courtier—preserving always a bland and courteous carriage, with no little dignity of tone and address, as may be seen in his correspondence, even when laboring under the severest public odium. Personally, the contrast with Lee was also very striking. Gates was full-faced, with a florid complexion, and inclined to corpulency. His manners, as we have said, were those of a courtier—insinuating, mild, and specious, producing in all the impression that he was familiar with "public offices and ante-chambers," and that he would flatter and wheedle gentleman or commoner to gain his ends.

Thus were assembled at Mount Vernon, under one roof, and at the beginning of the great contest, the three men whose names were to be stamped so enduringly upon the lasting rolls of history. As yet they were all friends. Lee had not seen the august face of his host fire with rage, as it did at Monmouth when his plans were thwarted. Gates had not received the letter, after Camden, coldly announcing that the court-martial which he asked was granted. As yet they were brothers, consulting upon the safety of the Republic.

At last came the months of 1774-'75, and the

storm, long gathering, burst in all its fury. The Americans were in arms to drive the British, under Gage, from Boston; and the caution of Lord Dartmouth to Gage, that he had better have attention to the dangerous designs of Lee, was fully justified. The question arose immediately, what leader should be selected? and the choice lay almost wholly between the two celebrated soldiers who had espoused the American cause, Generals Lee and Gates. As we know, Colonel Washington was selected; and Gates, like his comrade Lee, was forced to take the second rank of Major-General.

What we have related of these two men is the private chronicle, so to speak, of their lives—that which is more or less unknown to, or unnoted by, the general reader, but none the less important in forming a past estimate of the relation which they bore to Washington and the American Revolution. The after events in which their names shine with such splendor are the common facts of history, which young and old are familiar with. We shall not notice the splendid career of Gates throughout the American struggle, except to say that, after the capture of Burgoyne, his popularity and fame nearly eclipsed that of Washington for a time. His ambition, unfortunately, kept pace with his success. We lose sight, at the present day, of many facts connected with that stormy period; and it seems scarcely credible that *any* name should have tried to rear itself above WASHINGTON'S—that any crest should have shone even on a level with the Great Chief's. But Lee and Gates had, both of them, their partisans, who advocated a change of leadership, the deposition of Washington, the substitution of one or other of the successful Englishmen. Gates was known to desire it, and to work for the result. His attempt to corrupt the inflexible Morgan is well known; and the great soldier's noble reply, "I have one favor to ask of you, which is never to mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man than Washington, as Commander-in-chief, will I ever serve!" Thus the real iron of the army clustered still around the true magnet; it was only the disappointed and aspiring adventurers who wished a change. In the darkest hour, and when the great leader's popularity was overshadowed by the severest misfortunes, the true souls never deserted him, and soon the day of retribution came for his adversaries.

Gates was appointed to the command of the army in the South; he delivered battle at Camden, was overthrown and ruined. The Southern campaign, from which the patriotic cause expected so much, was lost, and Gates was put aside to make way for his successor, General Greene. Thus ended, too, the splendid career of the second great rival of Washington; his battles were all over. He had fought long and bravely; had aspired to the supreme command, though WASHINGTON stood in his path; and many advocated his superior claims, turning their backs upon the true chief, as did the Is-

raelites in the wilderness, clamoring for Gates to lead them by a short and pleasant route into the Promised Land. His fame had been immense—his popularity almost sufficient to overshadow that of the man who holds now such a grand position in the history of the world, and whose very name is the watchword of liberty, and a signal for the expression of a nation's gratitude as to a beneficent father. Up to the time when he assumed the command in the South, Gates had gone on, conquering, and, as he thought, to conquer; all had bent before him, and he panted for the last stroke which should place him at the head of affairs.

The battle of Camden came, and Gates, the conqueror of Burgoyne, the rival of Washington, came here to this house unattended and alone. Alas, how fallen from his high estate! The breath of an indignant public opinion had blasted him; his laurels were all sere and withered. He had lost the decisive battle which the nation counted on his gaining; was deposed from his high command; over his head lowered a deep cloud of public execration almost, and Congress, it was said, had prepared its thunder-bolt to strike him, following up that stroke of the mailed hand of Fate which had hurled him at one blow from his great elevation, in the sunlight of the world, to darkness and oblivion. The bolt, however, did not fall. The sad soldier's sorrow was respected. No additional bitterness was infused into his cup; enough punishment that his mounting aspirations were all chilled; that the magnificent drama of the Revolution, in whose earlier scenes he had played a part so splendid, now went onward to its glorious termination, without calling upon him to share its "bright rewards," or even to be present at its triumph.

To the old edifice of "Traveler's Rest" here came the disappointed soldier, and here, like his old friend and companion, disgraced like himself, he lived long years of pain and weariness, and bitter regret. How could it be otherwise? Memory must have been a torture to him. Like Wolsey, he must have muttered,

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do!"

Scarcely was the fall of the proud potentate of the Church more striking than that of the great General: his memories could scarcely have afflicted him more. How the Horatio Gates of 1790 must have looked back upon the Gates who annihilated the power of Burgoyne, and heard around him the shouts of a whole nation greeting him! Then, his planet had reached its zenith, and the supreme star of Washington had well-nigh paled before the glories of his rival; all men followed him, as he went upon his career of glory and success, with plaudits and enthusiastic exhibitions of regard and admira-

tion. Fate seemed to yield to him, and history waited to inscribe upon her most enduring tablets the great name of the deliverer of a nation. Revolving all the splendid scenes of that past as he thus rusted out his days, how much profounder must have seemed the darkness of the present! Here, in the remote country-house, passed the days of the man who had shone as the king of the camp—the proud Potomac rolling not far from his lonely mansion, ran beneath Mount Vernon, from which his old rival had departed to assume the Chief Magistracy of the land—this man, whom he had endeavored to supplant, was now hailed by the title of “Father of his Country;” while he, Horatio Gates, was as thoroughly forgotten as though he had died long years before, and slept the last sleep that knows no waking in this world.

So ended, too, the conspicuous career of this man as the career of Lee had ended. He did not die as unhappily as his old companion, however. He removed, finally, to New York—served in the Legislature there in 1800—and died in April, 1806, in his house on Rose Hill, which stood near what is now the corner of Twenty-third Street and Second Avenue. Washington had been dead for nearly seven years, but “still lived” a more enduring life than before. But Gates had died a generation nearly before, on the day of Camden.

Linked with the great events of the Revolution, however, his name can not be lost; perhaps his services and sufferings even now have pleaded successfully with the world—his evil deeds and his misfortunes been forgotten. At least, his is not a name which can be lost from memory; and our time has not been thrown away in noticing these events in his checkered life, and the spot in which he passed so many years.

To proceed now to the remaining names of this sketch.

III.—GENERAL ADAM STEPHEN.

Adam Stephen was the associate and friend of Washington at the time when the latter was a young man, scarcely twenty-four, but already intrusted by the authorities of Virginia with the command of her entire forces on the frontier.

It was about the year 1756—a hundred years ago—and Washington, stationed at the town of Winchester, was going through that ordeal of personal hardship and mental anguish which hardened him for the iron contest of the Revolution. The whole frontier was but one long battle-ground for the savages; on every hand the young chief heard the groans of women and children, slaughtered by a merciless foe; and upon him alone were fixed the eyes of the forlorn borderers, who knew not where else to look for aid in their terrible extremity. The valley of the Shenandoah, now smiling in peace and plenty, was the arena of as desperate a struggle as any, perhaps, which ever occurred in America; and it is scarcely too much to say that this “abounding river,” with the streams its tributaries, and those to the westward, ran blood as

well as water. The whole land was ravaged and laid waste by bands led on by experienced French officers, and more than once Fort Loudoun, at Winchester, the head-quarters of young Major Washington, was threatened by the enemy. To the youthful chief alone did the whole valley look for succor, leaning, as it were, upon that arm which was to sustain the gigantic burden of the Revolution. Washington's letters to Governor Dinwiddie upon the subject of this public agony, are among the most affecting documents to be found in his published writings. If he knew his own heart, he said, he would gladly expend the last drop of his heart's blood to relieve these miserable victims of savage cruelty; and we know that this man never uttered what he did not mean.

Were it consistent with our design, we might refer at length to the little-known details of that period of young Washington's command in the West. We might paint from authentic records the picture which historians have strangely neglected, containing, as it does, as splendid an exhibition of the strength and magnanimity of this great character as any unrolled by the grand after-struggle. It was this long agony at Winchester, with the cries of despairing women and slaughtered children resounding in his ears, which moulded the mind of Washington for the gigantic contest—which made him, thus, in the bloom of early manhood, grave and silent and inflexible—hardening his genius into the heroic mould, and familiarizing him with suffering and misfortune. Throughout the Revolution other men would have found, in the intense gloom and pain of every face around them, that which would have made them “despair of the Republic,” and yield up the fortunes of the contest. That Washington never shrunk in the stormiest hour is attributable, beyond any doubt, to this fiery ordeal through which he passed at twenty-three in the valley of the Shenandoah.

Other pens must speak of it; and when the time comes, the whole picture with its bloody tints will be depicted. The present sketch does not admit of further reference to the period or its events, except as they concern the soldier of whom we write.

In all the struggles upon the frontier at this time Adam Stephen bore his part, and filled worthily the station assigned to him. His name frequently occurs in Washington's correspondence as in command of detached bodies sent against the Indians. He was commandant for some time at Fort Cumberland, then the farthest advanced post of the border, and immediately confronting Fort Duquesne, where Dumas and other experienced officers were posted, with their combined French and Indian forces, and did good service in every movement undertaken. It will not be forgotten that Virginia was an English province then—Lieutenant Stephen was under Major Washington, Major Washington under Governor Dinwiddie, and Governor Dinwiddie under his Majesty, George II., King of England.

But times changed; other events occurred, and Major Washington of the English army became General Washington of the American Revolution. Stephen followed the fortunes of the "rebels" under his old commander. We next read of him as commanding a battalion sent to the aid of South Carolina by Virginia, of his return, and of his brave conduct on the subsequent battle-fields of the Revolution, especially on the day of Brandywine. He disappeared soon after from the service, and, returning to Virginia, spent the remainder of his days in the old house before us.

General Stephen had held large possessions hereabouts, and no doubt resented the trespass of the Indians upon his large domain, stretching from the banks of the Opequan toward the shaggy North Mountain in the west. He seems to have been a man eminently fitted for the period in which he lived; large of frame, of great personal strength, dauntless in combat, and prepared to oppose himself to any odds whatever. With that contempt for the appliances of polished life which characterized nearly every prominent leader of that day, and has continued to be a trait with many celebrated personages even in our own times, the good General never aspired to a better edifice than a cabin of rude timber, and to a bed softer than his hard camp couch. This rough piece of furniture was but the other day disinterred from its remote retreat in the old garret which it had long occupied, and curious was its appearance in contrast with the degenerate "lounges" of soft hair and ornamental covering which we see to-day. Yet on this uncouth cushion rested the form of one who did his part in that trying hour; of whose hardships, struggles, and shed blood, the generation of to-day are reaping the benefit. To the present writer, at least, this ancient piece of furniture is more interesting than many canopied beds of state!

The house in which General Stephen lived was quite as rude, built, probably, by some early pioneer of the region, and intended far more for actual everyday utility than for show. It still stands, a rough log-hut of two stories, with timbers nailed in an upright position against it, and scarcely differing from the "negro-quarters" which are built up to it upon both sides.

Rough and homely as the surroundings of this unpretending edifice are now, its site, and the view from the door-way, must have been, at the time when General Stephen occupied it, singularly lovely. It stands upon a gentle slope, which extends to the waters of the stream beneath; and the noble trees which are scattered over the grounds of the more modern mansion near at hand were, even at the period of which we speak, growing in lusty vigor. The stream was the Opequan, and it here glides dreamily beneath the drooping boughs of immense sycamores, with which are mingled every variety of other Virginia trees, of the freshest and rarest beauty. In the autumn these forest-trees put on the most magnificent liveries of orange, gold,

and deep azure, amidst which shine the crimson leaves of the maple and the dogwood, running along the edge of the current like a fringe of fire. To the southwest, lofty hills, crowned with the richest woodland, stretch as far as the eye can see; and over this enchanting panorama of hill and valley and river droops, in the days of autumn, a diaphanous haze which melts every tint and outline into forms and colors of the roundest and most delicate beauty. It was not without reason that the soldier selected this spot for his abode, with its giant oaks, its magnificent foliage extending up and down the stream—a stream which the Indians loved and gave its musical name to, and which seems to murmur still of the far past, when so many wild adventures took place on its banks.

But to return to the old dwelling as it appears to-day.

Every thing about it is rough and unpromising; all is confined, contracted, and small—but the fire-place. That is neither small nor constructed with a view to economy. It is grand—enormous! One would think that it had been built with express reference to the great stature of the General—to radiate heat upon the whole of his great camp-couch at once; or to afford warmth to a crowd of guests in the long hours of the winter nights. It is probable, at least, that this last capacity was filled by it. From all that we can gather concerning General Stephen, he seems to have been, like Morgan and other soldiers of the period, no little given to the wine-cup. This huge old fire-place doubtless poured its streams of ruddy light, from the blazing pine logs, upon many bearded faces. Around it, how many good companions must have gathered in the olden day, and what sounds of revelry must have shook the rafters overhead, or startled the wild forest and the waters of the Opequan flowing near! On this rude threshold it is more than probable that Washington stood—perhaps he slept in the little garret over us, approached by the steep rude steps commencing in the chimney corner. These great oaks of the old "chase" which stretches around the large and hospital manor-house to-day, waved, doubtless, above the heads of these two men, and others celebrated now in history. That Stephen loved the wild woods in which he lived, and even in the hour of death looked back to them and regretted them, we know from a tradition of the neighborhood, preserved still as a proof of his dry humor. His will had been all written save the concluding clause; and he had devised his numerous farms to those whom he desired to possess them, with the exception of this one upon which his rude cabin stood, and where he had always lived. "And the B—— estate, General," said the lawyer, "to whom shall that go?" "To nobody," was the dying man's reply; "I shall take that with me!"

Soon after uttering these words the brave General breathed his last.

This man, like him with whom we shall con-

clude our sketch, was an exponent of the times in which he lived—one of those strong links in the great chain which bore, without breaking, the strain and stress of the breast to breast conflict—a man of war, and rude jest, and wild revel, but with brave and patriotic impulses, honorable to the noblest. He worthily fought many fights for the land we live in, and “sleeps well” now, on the banks of the Opequan, by the gliding waters which he so often looked upon from the door of his frontier dwelling. Careless, rough, and brave as his sword, he took his part in the singular society around him, not sparing his best blood when there was fighting to be done.

Let us leave him where he sleeps, after all his combats, and pass to the last name on our list of warriors.

IV.—GENERAL WILLIAM DARKE.

This brave soldier retired, after a long life spent, without interruption almost, in the stirring conflicts of the frontier, to his house in the neighborhood here—not far from the residences of Lee and Gates and Stephen, and near what are now the little villages of Duffields and Darkesville, the latter of which was so called in memory of him.

The house of General Darke has no especial trait distinguishing it from other plain wooden farm-houses of the region, and does not merit further description.

Of the soldier himself we regret our inability to present any biographical sketch containing those dates and landmarks so desirable to the historian. He was about the age of Washington and Lee and Gates, his contemporaries, having died in a hale old age in the year 1801, a year or two after the death of the great chief. He was one of the few officers who served uninterruptedly throughout the Revolutionary war and the subsequent struggle with the Indians in the Northwestern Territory—a fact which is shown by the large grant of land in this county made to him by the Commonwealth of Virginia, as one of these participators in “all the wars.”

Having done his part throughout the great struggle, he continued in military life after the peace with England, engaged in combats still with the Indians in that vast region along the Ohio. In 1787, by the ordinance of that year, Virginia ceded, as all know, this magnificent portion of her domain to the General Government, and steps were immediately taken to drive from the “Dark and Bloody Ground” the merciless marauders who still infested it as in the times when Daniel Boone took up his abode in the great wilderness. General Darke fought in all these wars, and went through all the mutations of victory and defeat without murmuring.

In the year 1790, as is well known, General Harmar was nearly cut to pieces, with all his forces, by the Indians near Chillicothe; and in November of the next year, General St. Clair sustained, upon the Miami, a rout still more

disastrous, losing six hundred men out of an army of fifteen hundred.

In this action General Darke took a prominent part, and during the fight an incident occurred strongly indicating his stern courage. His son had charged by his side, but was separated from him in the *melee*; and when the order for retreat was given, General Darke saw that the young man was not among the troops. Turning back like a lion, he plunged alone into the multitude of savages, and seeing his son lying with a wound in his face, caught him in his arms and bore him safely out of the field. We have seen a letter written by General Darke soon afterward, in which he speaks of his poor son, and regret that we did not secure a copy of it. It is dated “Fort Washington,” 1791, and in it the General refers to the “Hellcats” whom he had lately met; and the worthy soldier seems always to have regarded his enemies in this agreeable and favorable light.

All that we have said of General Darke thus far is derived from tradition—that memory remaining in the minds of men, which is the sole witness of the noble and heroic deeds of so many strong natures and great hearts of the past. We read of those who chanced to occupy conspicuous positions, and we fancy that they only were the actors. But there were thousands as patriotic and determined, whose biographies have never been written—whose names are scarcely heard now out of the neighborhoods where their deeds were known—who, finally, will not be heard of at all, for even these memories are dying out. The present writer has long made it his duty and pleasure to collect every where these expiring voices, telling of the past and its great figures—to seek in obscure localities, and dust-covered piles of letters, the history of that period so filled with heroism; and he has found, at every step in this investigation, something noble and self-sacrificing—some incident showing how devoted to the cause of liberty were thousands whom the world has never heard of, who deserve monuments from the hands of those for whom they fought, and in place of these receive oblivion.

General Darke's name has been little known, and we have found much difficulty in collecting even these small memorials. The most interesting remains of the soldier are perhaps three pictures which we recently saw in the house of one of his descendants. As two of these pictures are rare productions of art, and indicate, in no small degree, the idiosyncrasies of the worthy General, we shall notice them particularly. A word first of his portrait.

It represents a man of fifty-five or sixty—hale, vigorous, and with that piercing glance indicating the leader of men—the inmate of camps. The lips are thin and full of determination and energy; the nose aquiline and strongly defined; the forehead broad, and furrowed with the anxieties and cares of a long military career. Thin scattered locks of dark hair roof, as it were, this countenance filled with

vigor and resolution. The costume is that of a commissioned officer, of what grade we were, however, unable to determine. The shoulders are decorated with epaulets; and one hand is thrust into the breast, as in many of the pictures at the period when this was painted. The entire face, and air, and figure is that of a cool and determined man, who is not apt to hesitate when a fight or a foray is on the carpet, and whose greatest delight is experienced in the active and moving life of the frontier.

The pictures which accompany this portrait are, however, the chief subjects of interest. The first represents General Darke in a splendid uniform, standing, with his sword elevated and about to strike, above two figures lying upon the ground at his feet. The first is a Virginian, wearing the provincial uniform, who has fallen, covered with blood, beneath the hatchet of a huge savage; and prone upon the body of the fallen man, with his legs wrapped, as it were, around those of his victim, the Indian has his hands upon the scalp already half torn off, and hanging simply by a bloody remnant. But just at the critical moment the worthy General Darke has come to the rescue, the fatal sword descends upon the savage, and with his skull shattered, his face one mass of bloody foam, the Redface falls upon his victim, whose scalp he tears at, vindictively, even in death. The picture is painted with blood-thirsty vigor, if we may so speak; and there is no sort of doubt as to what it means.

"It was painted," said an old negro who had been a servant of the General's, "by Mr. Blinko when master was at home after the wars. I was a boy, and was bringing in wood for the fire. Master told him how to do it; he took his sword and raised it up, and looked mad like the picture—and Mr. Blinko painted him!"

Now for the second picture. This is a historical piece in which Mr. Blinko, the border artist, aimed to perpetuate on one canvas the leading triumphs of his patron. It is divided into six or eight compartments, separated by straight lines; and each of these divisions contains the form of one of General Darke's adversaries falling before his brand. The first is a negro with a red coat, lying upon his back, with a bloody hole in his breast. "A boy that went over to the Britishers," said our cicerone, "and master killed him." The other divisions, with the exception of one or two at the bottom of the canvas, display British officers in red jackets and buff short clothes, falling backward, forward, sidewise, but all agreeing in one particular. From one and all rushes a small river of intensely crimson blood, gushing out like water from a pump, and dyeing the earth for yards. The last compartments contain Indians in the same condition, after coming in collision with General Darke—and the genius of the artist may be generally summed up in the words, *Blood, and plenty of it!* The expenditure of crimson upon these pictures would serve

to color a thousand portraits. There is something ferocious and barbaric in the gusto with which the work seems executed. The artist revels in slaughter, and his canvas breathes a spirit of blood and death. Perhaps no more curious relics of border times exist any where than these half terrible, half ludicrous scenes on the old cracked canvas, telling the horrible story of the past.

And yet there is one thing stranger than the pictures themselves—one circumstance connected with their production far more curious than the rude handling of the painter. It is the fact that General Darke thus amused his old age and leisure hours in having these "historic pieces" painted. Was it that the days of peace hung heavy on the hands of the brave soldier, and this strange device was hit upon to while away the time, and bring back to his memory the adventurous deeds and scenes of the savage frontier? Or was it simply pride in his achievements which induced him to employ the artist, Mr. Blinko, to depict them upon canvas; a desire to hand down to his descendants, in unmistakable figures, the story of his battles and his triumphs? A more striking illustration of the character of the men who figured in that stormy period can scarcely be imagined. To comprehend in its full force the significance of this singular proceeding, we have only to fancy General Scott, or the Duke of Wellington, sending in their old age for an artist to depict the bleeding forms of Mexicans or Frenchmen who had fallen before them in personal combats.

But let us not criticise too strongly the good General's mode of amusing himself in his country house in the long evenings by the fires of winter, or censure Mr. Blinko, painter of historical pieces, for his inclination toward blood. To hate a savage was considered at that period a commendable thing; and the bloody massacres which had made the fathers and mothers and children of the valley wail in their great agony, had left but little pity in the hearts of the borderers for the lurking foe. If General Darke esteemed it a high honor and pleasant memory this profuse shedding of human blood, we can scarcely wonder at the circumstance, however strange it may at first view appear. It was such men as himself who made the land we live in free, and the abode of peace and happiness. Their hearts were made of sterner stuff than those of the present generation, and it is well that it was so. They periled life for us upon a thousand battle-fields: let us respect even their strange peculiarities.

We have thus attempted to speak briefly of some mansions, in which, by a singular chance, all these brave soldiers came to spend, within a few miles of each other, so many peaceful hours after years of toil and danger. These old dilapidated houses are the memorials of four vigorous lives: the shades of the great men who once occupied them seem to hover in the air, and whisper inarticulately in the murmur of the pines, the rustle of the great oaks, which

droop above, and the low undertone of the bright waves which glide not far from their old haunts. These men are no longer figures of bronze and marble set in the far horizon of the past, and scarcely recognized as men who actually lived; they descend from their pedestals, they touch your hand with a pressure warm like your own, and you can feel the beating of hearts human like your own. All this do these old localities enable us to see and understand. Lee wanders here as of old, surrounded by his dogs, and sneers at Washington while he speaks of his own prowess, which made Frederick and Stanislaus his friends; Gates sits on his porch with drooping head, and dreams of Saratoga and of Camden; Stephen assembles his wild comrades round his great fire-place, and shakes the rafters with his revelry, or, stretched upon his old camp couch within hearing of the waves of the Opequan, thinks of all his battles; and Darke is telling of his wars in the wilderness, or starting up, with frowning brows and threatening sword, to show Mr. Blinks, painter of historical pieces, how he slew the Indian or the Englishman!

It is scarcely time thrown away to visit these old haunts, and listen to the neighborhood traditions; for these men, and all that concerns them, belong to history. Invention has certainly had nothing to do with any thing herein stated; and we leave the reader to form his own opinion upon the significance or insignificance of the subject and the matter.

[Since the above was written I have met with the following brief notice of General Darke, from the pen of a local chronicler, in the *Charlestown Free Press*. It contains some additional facts, and a pleasing incident, very characteristic of the brave soldier:

"WILLIAM DARKE.—His name belongs to the Biography of American Heroes; nor is it unknown in the early statesmanship of Virginia. General Darke was in the State Convention of 1783, and voted for the Federal Constitution. He was badly wounded at St. Clair's defeat; and his son, Captain Joseph Darke, was slain. He served previously in the Revolution, and suffered long as a prisoner. There is a tradition that, on his return from confinement, he stopped at a tavern where a bird was engaged. He bought it from the landlady for one dollar, and immediately threw it up, telling it to go free, as he knew the life of a prison. He was one of the Rangers of 1755 (then nineteen years old), serving under Washington, in Braddock's ill-managed march toward Fort Duquesne. He was born in Pennsylvania, but came to this neighborhood when six years old, in 1741, with his father. The splendid estate where he was reared, and where he reared his family, was on Elk Branch, Duffield's Dépôt being included in it."]

THE IDENTIFICATION:

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS, BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

NOVEMBER the 15th, 18—, I received a report from Constable Hanly, of Ballytoher station, to the effect, that the house of a respectable widow, named Murphy, had been attacked on the previous night, and broken into by a party, two of whom were armed with pistols. The house had been robbed of a considerable sum of money, and the widow and her daughter

severely beaten. The old woman had been treated in a barbarous manner. I lost not a moment in hastening to "visit the scene."

Mrs. Murphy was the widow of a man named Michael Murphy, who had been for several years a tenant to Colonel N—, of —. He held by lease about twenty acres of land at a fair rent. When he died he left behind him the widow, a son about twenty years of age, and a daughter, not then eighteen, together with a small amount which he had hoarded.

No person was within at the time when the outrage was committed, except the widow, her daughter, and a servant girl. Her son, James Murphy, had gone to a distant fair to sell calves, and had not returned.

On my arrival at the house, about half past eight o'clock in the morning, I found the state of the poor widow to be very alarming. I cleared the house, and examined the daughter, who, after hesitation and weeping, stated that she knew one of the men, and he the principal. This was a young man named Thomas Courtney, of Cloongoon, and she could not be mistaken, as she had known him for years. She had taxed him with it to his face when he was beating her mother, and told him she would hang him for the murder. The servant girl corroborated this as to Thomas Courtney; but neither of them knew the other persons who had attacked the house. Courtney happened to be a young man of the most unexceptionable character in the neighborhood.

I proceeded to the house of Courtney's father, accompanied by two policemen. It was a mile from the widow's; and on going in we found Thomas Courtney at breakfast with his father and mother, and a younger brother. They all stood up, and although there was evident surprise in their manner, there was nothing to indicate guilt or even confusion in Tom's appearance. "Welcome, your honor, welcome!" said father and son, almost in a breath. "Sit down, your honors, and take an air of the fire; you're out early, and the mornin' is damp."

"No, thank you, Courtney," said I. "The fact is, I have called upon business."

"Upon business, your honor; why, then, is there any thing the matter? Or is there any thing Tom or I can do for you?"

There was a freedom from any alarm in all this which it was painful to be obliged to dissipate. I asked Thomas where he had been all night? He said, at home; and father and mother, both getting uneasy, declared they could swear he had. His brother Billy, who slept in the bed with him, said the same. I then told Courtney that he was my prisoner, charged with a serious offense, and I requested him not to say any thing. He would be brought before the magistrate, and it was better for the present that he should be silent.

"Silent!" he cried, dashing the chair upon which he had been sitting against the ground; "silent! I care not who hears what I say. I stand at the world's defiance; there's no person

so black as can injure me: and even if I had not my father and my mother, and my brother Billy there to clear me, I have enough within my breast to tell me that I can defy the world. I shall be ready in one minute, Sir," he added, in a calmer tone; and, going to an inner room, he returned almost immediately, with his great coat and hat on.

It were needless to pursue the scene which took place when the actual fact of his being about to be marched off forced itself upon his father and mother. There was all that clapping of hands and screaming upon the part of the mother, with silent and sullen preparation by the father to accompany him, interrupted with exclamations of "Whist, I tell you—will you hold your tongue, you fool!" addressed to his wife, which are usual on such occasions.

Before leaving the house, I made search for young Courtney's clothes and shoes, for the night had been very wet; but I found them dry and unsoiled.

I then brought Tom Courtney away with me. He made light of any thing which could be brought against him; said he was certain, when he was brought face to face with his accusers, he could defy them, and seemed confident of being permitted to return with his father; told his mother not to fret, that he'd be back in a couple of hours, and to keep up her heart; but as we started she threw herself, in a state of distraction, upon the stone bench in front of the house, rocking to and fro, with a short of shivering moan, which it was piteous to hear, dying away in the wind as we got farther from the door.

On my arrival at the police-barrack with Courtney, I learned that the Widow Murphy was in a poor state. The doctor feared there was a fracture of the skull. She was also seriously injured by burning. Within the last half hour she had in some degree revived, and recognized her daughter. I then sent Catherine Murphy and Winefred Cox (the servant girl who had been in the house at the time of the attack) to my own head station, where I soon after brought the prisoner. I had sent a policeman across the fields to the magistrate, with a few lines in pencil, to request that he would come over as soon as possible, as I feared there had been murder done during the night; and I had not long to wait his arrival. He received the informations of the daughter and the servant girl, both of whom swore in the most distinct manner against Thomas Courtney as the principal, and he was fully committed for trial.

The same day James Murphy, having returned from a fair, came to me, and detailed a conversation he had with Tom Courtney two days before the fair; of which more anon.

The third day the doctor told me the widow could not long survive. I lost no time, therefore, in sending for the magistrate. In less than an hour we met at her bedside.

On being interrogated, she said: "I know that I'm going to die, and it's not of him I'm

thinking, although he left my poor Jemmy an orphan, and my little girl without a mother; I'd rather say nothing at all about it; I forgive him; oh! let me die with the comfort of forgiveness upon my heart. He must have been mad, for he wasn't drunk; but I'll not swear against him. I'm on my death-bed, and I'll take no oath at all. Oh, Tom, Tom, I forgive you! and may the Lord forgive you as I do this day!" The magistrate told her she would be required merely to tell the truth before God. He considered she was bound in conscience to do so.

"Oh, I know that, Sir," she replied; "and sure you can have the truth from enough without asking it from a dyin' woman; there is Kitty herself, and there's Winny Cox, didn't they both see him better than I did, and didn't they both tax him to his face? And sure he never spoke a word, for he couldn't deny it. Oh, Tom, Tom—Thomas Courtney, may the Lord forgive you this day! 'twas surely you and your party that murdered me. Oh, Tom, Tom, avic machree! wouldn't I give her to you an' welcome before any boy in the parish, if she was for you? and didn't I often tell you, as-thore, to wait, and that maybe she'd come round! Oh, Tom, Tom, if I wanted help isn't it to yourself I'd send? and to think that it was you, Tom, that came and murdered me and robbed me, and that it's on you I must lay my death at last! Oh, Tom, I wonder will the Lord forgive you, if I do this day." Here she lay back, exhausted.

The magistrate, who had written all that was necessary of what she had said, and put it into proper form (I had written down every word precisely as she had uttered it: all through this narrative of actual occurrences I copy from my note-book), then read it over to her, and she continued steadfastly to affirm that Courtney had been the leader in the attack.

November 19th, Constable Hanly arrived at my station early, with an account that the Widow Murphy died during the night.

"Well, Hanly," said I, "what is this you have to tell me now?"

"Why, then, Sir, I'll tell you that. The very night the Widow Murphy's house was attacked the party called at the house of Phil Moran, who keeps a public-house at the cross-roads of Shroneen, and asked for whisky. Moran, I hear, refused to open the door, and they smashed it in, and made him give them the whisky. Now, Sir, Phil Moran is an uncle of Tom Courtney's; and, I believe, recognized him and spoke to him. I think, Sir, this clenches the business, if it be true. And what makes me believe it the more, he left home ere yesterday mornin', after the widow died, and has not returned; but he let it slip the morning after it happened as a good joke, and before he heard of the attack, and then he drew in his horns, and now he's gone off."

Old Ned Courtney, Tom's father, was one of the higher class of farmers. He was a most re-

spectable man in every sense. He had realized a few hundred pounds, which lay to his credit in the Branch Bank of Ireland. He was a favorite with the gentry, who used to shake hands with him at the fairs, and ask his opinion about stock. Thomas was his eldest son. Tom was sent when a mere lad to a neighboring school, where he soon exhibited great parts; and ere three years had been accomplished, was fit to "blind the master" in the classics. He would argue with him, and *discoorse* him for a whole hour with an ingenuity that baffled, and an eloquence that astonished poor M'Sweeny—such was the master's name—while the younger scholars sat, with their mouths open and their "*Universles*" on their knees, whispering and nudging in wonder and delight, to see the master scratching his head with his left hand, while every moment he drew the thumb of his right across the tip of his tongue, and with a rapidity that almost eluded the quickest eye (and Tom's eye was quick) turned the leaves over and over, backward and forward, quoting a line here and there, as much as to say, "Why, thin, you young jackanapes you, there isn't a line of it, from cover to cover (the book had none), that I hadn't at my fingers' ends before you were born. 'Tityre tu patulæ recubans'—och, bother (another turn or two)—'O, Formose puer nimum ne crede colori'—bah! can you translate *that*, Misther Courtney, eh?"

"You're out there, at all events, Mr. Mac, for I never had a bit."

"Well, you're as consated as if you had. Stan' up there, three syllables, will you?" and thus would half an hour's sparring take place between M'Sweeny and his pupil.

About this time, too—for Tommy was now past sixteen (and it is extraordinary how early the Irish youngsters *take a notion*)—Tom Courtney fell in love with Catherine Murphy, the daughter of the Widow Murphy, of Cortheen; she was a beautiful girl, somewhat about his own age. But if my remark about the youngsters falling in love thus early be applicable to the boys, believe me, it is no less true as regards the girls in Ireland—and, early as Tommy was in the field, he was not in time, for there was one before him; and Catherine refused to hear a word from him, point-blank, though without telling him why. But he soon found out; and as he shortly afterward changed the scene and manner of his life, and perhaps many of the feelings with which his boyish days were associated, he thought but seldom of Catherine Murphy. Tom continued, however, to go to M'Sweeny's school for another year, at the end of which he had learned more than M'Sweeny could teach, and "was quite all out and entirely"—to use the pedagogue's own words—"be-yant his ingenuity or comprehension to resolve." Mr. M'Sweeny, therefore, called one morning on old Courtney, and told him "that he'd have to send Masther Courtney to some other school, for that he could get no good of him—that in place of larnin' his lessons and houldin' his

tongue, as a clever boy ought, and takin' the larnin' from thim that was able to give it, it's what he was always intherruptin' him, startin' him questions, and meanderin' about books that he wasn't within a year and a half of."

It was decided that Tom should enter the Church, and he spent three years at Maynooth.

It was before the end of the third year that Courtney unexpectedly appeared at home, having nothing whatever of a clerical appearance about him, and unhesitatingly declared "that he never would go back to Maynooth, as he had given up all idea of ever going into the ministry—at least into—;" and here he stopped short, and would give no reason for any thing he either had done or intended to do.

After this interview it began to be pretty generally reported through the parish that young Courtney had turned Protestant—a circumstance which, as he had not been at mass since his return, was also pretty generally believed. On the other hand, however, he had not been at church; but this was an extreme step, which, perhaps, he was not prepared to brave, if his views were even so decided or confirmed as to have prompted it.

Tom Courtney was tall. His glossy, dark hair grew in rich curls backward from a broad and manly forehead, and contrasted with the marble whiteness of a long neck, which Byron might have envied. His eyes shone with a dark but soft brilliancy, which prevented you from being able to ascertain their precise color. His nose was straight and perfectly formed. His cheeks were pale—very pale—except at times when exercise or the excitement of debate or argument tinged them with a bloom which, for a moment, you thought rendered him handsomer than usual; but, when it was gone, you thought you were wrong, and that the pale cheek became him most. In disposition Tom Courtney had hitherto been considered a most amiable and benevolent young man, and his character for every thing that was correct and good had been proverbial.

Matters lay in abeyance for three months. It was now the middle of February; the assizes drew near, nothing new had turned up, and Philip Moran had not been heard of—a very damaging fact for poor Tom Courtney's case.

March 2d.—Hanly had found Philip Moran at Carrickfergus, where he had fled to a friend's house. I brought him before the magistrate with the view of having his informations taken. He refused, however, to be sworn, maintaining an unbroken silence. The magistrate explained to him the position in which he was placed if his evidence was against his nephew; but that, at the same time, he had a duty to perform from which he should not shrink: but Moran only compressed his lips the more closely, as if determined not to speak. The magistrate then told him if he continued to refuse he had no course left but to commit him to jail. His only reply was, "God's will be done, I do refuse." A committal was then made out, and Philip

Moran lay that night not four cells distant from his nephew in the county jail.

March 7th.—It was now the evening before the assizes, at least the evening before the trials. The Crown Judge, Sir William Smith, had arrived, opened the commission, given his charge to the grand jury, and retired to his lodgings; the town was in a bustle; two sentries were measuring about dueling distance before the Judge's door. The sheriff's carriage was rolling up the street; police, with their packs, were arriving in small parties from the distant stations; and lodging-houses and eating-houses were on the alert. Two of these police parties met from different directions at the head of the main street, when the following incident occurred: Constable Collert, with two men, plumped up against Constable Ferriss, with one man, at the corner of the street.

"Halloa! boys," said Ferriss, "where do you put up? let us stop together; Martin Kavanagh recommended us to stop at Frank Hinnegan's—a quiet, decent house, and no resort of any one but respectable people; come along with us, you'll not get cheaper or better lodgings in the town; come along."

"Ay," replied Collert, "so it is, but it's very far from the court and the parades; we're three to two against you, and come with us to Jemmy M'Coy's—it's just as cheap and respectable a house as Hinnegan's, and not half so far from the parades. Hinnegan's, I know, is a clean, comfortable house, but it's an out-of-the-way place."

"Did you ever stop in it?" said Ferriss.

"I did, one quarter sessions," said Collert; "and, indeed, a cheap, nice house it is; but I tell you, 'tis out of the way; so come away with us to M'Coy's; the County Inspector is very sharp as to time—he's always on parade himself: I vote for M'Coy's, 'tis quite close to our work, boys."

"Toss up for choice," said a young sub who had not yet spoken, "and let us all abide by the winner."

"Done!" said Ferriss, "though I am very unlucky."

"Agreed," said they all in a voice, and out came a half-penny from Ferriss's pocket.

"I'll cry," said Collert.

"With all my heart," said Ferriss. Up it went.

"Head!" cried Collert.

"You lost," said Ferriss, "it's legs; I won, for once in my life, boys; maybe there's luck in that Manx half-penny."

They all then adjourned to Hinnegan's lodging-house.

March 9th.—Tom Courtney stood erect in the front of the dock, and never took his eyes off the clerk of the Crown while he was reading the indictment. When he had ended with the usual question of "How say you, are you guilty or not?" Courtney threw his eyes, as it would appear, through the vaulted roof up into the very heaven, and replied, in a voice which was not

loud, but which, in its beauty and distinctness, was heard by the farthest individual in the court, "Not guilty, so help me God, in this my great extremity;" and he leaned forward, faintly.

Mr. B——, the famous counsel, was assigned to the prisoner.

The trial commenced with an able statement from the Counsel for the Crown. Catherine Murphy was the first witness. She stated, that on the 14th of November she was in her mother's house. Her brother, James, was absent at a fair; some time after midnight there was a loud knocking at the door; witness got up, and put on her clothes; was greatly frightened; her mother told her not to speak. Winny Cox slept on a loft over a small room that was off the far side of the kitchen; Winefred Cox got up also, while the knocking was going on, and just as she was coming down from the loft the door was smashed in upon the floor, and two men entered. They lit a candle at the fire; knew the man that blew the coal; knew him when the light of the coal was flaring on his face, as well as after the candle was lit; could not be mistaken, as she knew the prisoner from the time they were children, and her heart jumped up when she saw it was Tom Courtney. The men were armed with pistols; they came to the bedside where her mother lay; one of them seized her by the arm and made her sit up; on her oath, it was the prisoner, and "it's at his door I lay my mother's death."

There was here a sensation and murmur through the court; but after a few moments the examination was continued.

"Witness knew the prisoner for many years; he was son to a neighbor; is positive that he is the man; the prisoner demanded where the money was; her mother denied that she had any money in the house; the prisoner then struck her with the end of the pistol; knew that her mother had a small box with some money in it; thinks about fourteen or fifteen pounds besides some silver, but did not know where she kept it; if she knew she would have told the prisoner at once to save her mother; told her mother, for God's sake, to tell him where it was, and let their bad luck go with it; her mother replied, 'Never; Tom, you're the last man breathing I thought would do me an ill turn, and only for you struck me, I'd think it was joking you are, or through liquor, what I never saw on you yet.' They then dragged my mother out of the bed, and brought her into the kitchen, where they struck her again, but she would not tell; they drew out the rakings of the fire upon the hearth, and threw her down upon them; the prisoner held her under the arms, and the other man pulled her legs from under her; witness then roared murder, and seized the prisoner by the throat; called the prisoner by his name, and said, 'Tom Courtney, I'll hang you as high as the castle for this night's work;' he gave witness a blow which staggered her over against the wall, and said, 'Give up the money before there's mischief done;' her mother was scream-

ing very loud. When they first threw her mother down upon the coals, Winny Cox jumped down off the loft and grappled with the second man; with Winny's help, and what witness could do after she got the blow, her mother struggled into the middle of the kitchen floor, and said, 'Give them the box, Kitty, it's in the little press at the head of the bed,' and she fainted off. They then departed, leaving her mother, as she thought, dead; saw the notes in the box when the prisoner opened it; there was also a purse in the box with some silver in it, which belonged to witness herself; would know it again if she saw it among a thousand—a good right she'd have—'twas the prisoner himself gave it to her, about four years ago; it was a leather purse, lined with silk, and there were letters upon it; witness gave it to her mother to keep for safety; did not know the second man that came into the house."

This witness was cross-examined at much length by Mr. B——, principally as to her former intimacy with the prisoner, but nothing was elicited.

Winefred Cox was next examined, and she corroborated every syllable that had been sworn to by the first witness in its most minute particulars: heard Catherine Murphy say, "Tom Courtney, I'll hang you for this night's work; it's often my mother nursed you, to murder her at last!" knew the prisoner for many years, and could not be mistaken.

Philip Moran was then sent for to the witness room, and put upon the table; and here there was a very painful scene indeed—not a being in court whose heart did not beat.

Moran never raised his eyes, never opened his lips; he moved not; he did not appear to breathe. The Clerk of the Crown held forth the book and told him to take it, but his arms seemed as though they were dead by his side. The Counsel for the Crown rose, and addressing his lordship, said,

"My lord, this is a most material witness, and however painful the position in which he stands toward the prisoner, and in which we stand in being obliged to bring him forward—for I understand he is his uncle—the case is one of such magnitude in itself, and so peculiar as regards the unfortunate man in the dock, that we feel it imperative upon us to establish it by the mouths of many witnesses. The prisoner, I understand, has hitherto borne a most excellent character, and I am aware that such will be attested here this day by many most respectable persons; but this very fact, my lord, only makes it the more incumbent upon us to fortify our case by all the evidence we can fairly bring to bear upon it, in order to satisfy, not only the jury, but the public, beyond the shadow of a doubt, as to the guilt of the prisoner."

"I have no doubt he will give his evidence," said the Judge. "Witness, listen to me." Not a move; not a stir.

"Witness, pray direct your eyes toward me,

while I address a very few words to you," continued the Judge.

Had he been made of marble he could not have been more immovable; death could not have been more still. I think the Judge thought he must have been in a fit of some kind, for he seemed perplexed, and I heard him ask, in an undertone, if the medical gentleman who had charge of the jail was in court, and directed him to be sent for. In the mean time he again addressed him by saying,

"Witness, I am quite certain you must hear what I say; at least I shall take it for granted that you do: your present course can not avail you; the law must be vindicated; and however painful it may be to you, you must give your evidence; or, should you persist in refusing to do so, I shall have no course left but to commit you to prison, and that, let me add, indefinitely."

Still not a word; not a move. Here the prisoner started up from the position he had all this time maintained, and called out,

"Uncle Philip—Uncle Philip, won't you speak to me? You will; you *must*!"

This seemed to act like magic on the witness, for he turned quickly round and gazed his nephew in the face as he continued,

"Uncle Philip, take the book and give your evidence like a man; what are you afraid of? Think you not that your unwillingness to tell the truth must be construed into an unwillingness to injure me? May it not, nay, must it not, impress the jury and the public as clearly against me as any evidence which you can give? Uncle Philip, there is but one consideration which should tempt you to hold out in this manner, and that is, a consciousness of having been induced, through any influence, to be about to state that which is not the fact: if that be the case, you do well to pause; but no, it is an unworthy thought, and I ask your pardon; the love you have borne my mother and myself, and the whole course you have adopted in this melancholy business forbid the supposition." Here the prisoner was completely overcome, and again covering his face with his hands he writhed in the agony of distress—'twas the word *mother* that unmanned him.

I have been for upward of thirty years in the habit of attending like places, and I never witnessed such a scene.

Presently the prisoner regained his self-possession, and "proudly he flung his clustering ringlets back," and continued,

"Rouse yourself, Uncle Philip; take the book and give your evidence. I know you will swear nothing but what you believe to be the truth."

"Tis a difficult thing, Tom," said his uncle, turning round, "and for all I have to say it isn't much."

As he took the book I heard Tom Courtney say, "God help you, Uncle Philip! they might have spared you this, for they have enough."

Philip Moran was then sworn and examined: kept a public house at Raheen; on the night

the Widow Murphy's house was attacked, very late, or toward morning, some persons called at his house and asked for whisky—refused to give it to them at that hour; they said they were travelers and were very wet, that they should get it; looked out through the window, saw three persons; it was a moonlight night, but very wet; thought he knew one of the men who stood a little to one side; told them to go home, that they could be no strangers; one of them swore they would smash in the door if it was not opened, but that they had plenty of money, and would pay well for the whisky; thought the easiest way to get rid of them was to give them the whisky; lit a candle, and drew half a pint; did not wish them to come in, and brought it to the door, which he opened; two of them stood inside, and said it was a shame to keep them so long in the rain, because they were strangers. Witness turned the light of the candle upon the man who stood outside, looked sharp at him, and said, "There's one of you no stranger at all events. Tom, what's the matter? Won't you come in and dry yourself?" He made no reply, and witness said, "You had better go home, Tom, as fast as you can." Knew Tom Courtney since he was born; is his uncle by his mother; the prisoner came no nearer, at any time, than where he first stood—about four yards.

This witness was then called upon by the Crown to state positively whether the prisoner was one of those three men, or if he had any doubt. He was positive that the man who stood outside was the prisoner; he did not know either of the other men, they were strangers.

This witness was cross-examined with great ingenuity, principally as to the dress which the prisoner had on; whether it was that usually worn by him, and the opportunity he had of distinctly seeing his face. Upon the whole, this cross-examination was not unsuccessful of a rather favorable impression toward the prisoner.

As the old man turned to go down his eyes met those of his nephew. They were within four feet of each other, and Moran having gazed at him for a moment, threw his arms and shoulders across the rails of the dock, and clasping him round the neck, he cried, "Oh, Tom, forgive me; but I could not wrong my soul."

"Stand back, Uncle Philip," said Courtney; "you'll drown me with your tears. I know you have sworn what you believe to be the truth, and I would disown you if you would do any thing else, even to save my life."

He then staggered down, or rather was helped down, and you could have heard his sobs dying away in the distance as he was supported out of the court.

James Murphy was examined, and stated that Courtney casually had met him on the road, some days before the attack, and advised him to go to the fair to sell his calves, as it was an excellent market.

The Widow Murphy's dying declaration was then read, when a murmur of surprise and in-

dignation ran through the court. Persons who had hitherto felt inclined to sympathize with the prisoner began now to look upon him as a hardened and hypocritical ruffian.

The case for the prosecution closed.

The leading witness for the defense was Courtney's brother, Billy, a handsome lad: "Recollected the night the Widow Murphy's house was attacked; slept on that night in the bed with his brother. Witness and the prisoner went to bed about ten o'clock; locked the house-door, and hung the key behind the parlor-door; the prisoner got into bed first; he slept next the wall, and witness slept on the outside. Prisoner and witness both said their prayers before they got into bed. The prisoner was in the bed in the morning when witness awoke. Turned two or three times in the night, and, on his solemn oath, the prisoner was in the bed on all these occasions.

Cross-examined by Mr. F——.

"The prisoner had other clothes in a box in the same room; could have got them without touching those on the chair."

"Could he not have left the house, then, without your knowledge, Sir?"

"'Tis just possible; but I am positive he never did."

"Do you mean to swear, Sir, that he did not do that which it was possible he could have done without your knowledge?"

"I'll tell you—"

"No, Sir, you'll tell me nothing until you give me a direct answer. I ask you, Sir, again, and for the last time, will you take it upon yourself to swear that the prisoner did not leave the house that night after you and he went to bed?"

"I will not swear it positively."

"You may go down, Sir."

"You were going to say something just now," said the Judge.

"I was going to say, my lord, that I would not swear positively to any thing which I did not actually know to be a fact of my own knowledge; and in this case, although I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the prisoner did not leave the house on that night, yet as the possibility does exist that he could have done so, however safe I might believe myself to be in swearing it, I think it would be wrong to do so."

"It is a very honest answer, my good boy," broke in Mr. B——, "and stamps truth upon every tittle of your evidence."

The witness here became much affected; his eyes filled with tears, and the corners of his mouth worked and twitched with emotion. He put a handkerchief to his eyes as he turned to go down—more, I think, to hide his brother as he passed than to check his tears; but the prisoner stretched out his arms, and grasped him by the shoulder as he passed, saying,

"God bless you, Billy, you're all right, man—you're all right! Forgive me if I was afraid of your love."

Billy then rushed through the crowd, carrying the sympathy and belief of every one who heard his evidence with him.

The only other evidence which was brought forward was as to character, and certainly, if it could have availed in opposition to the flood of evidence which was against the prisoner, he would have been turned from the dock a free man; the highest and most noble in the county, one and all, bore cheerful and distinct testimony to the amiability and uniformly good character and conduct of Tom Courtney; the priests (for they still claimed him) thronged forward to the table to bear witness to his benevolence and kind-heartedness, from a very child; and the case closed.

The Judge slowly turned himself round toward the jury, and made a very long pause—so long that it became at last the subject of whispers from one to another, and I heard some one say that he was only waiting for the buzz (which always takes place at that moment in a crowded court) to subside—but *I* did not think it was.

He commenced, however, and it was the signal for death-like silence. I shall not follow him through his charge; he left no point of view in which he did not put the case. I shall never forget his voice, his views, his periods. He closed, and during the whole of his charge he never once used the words, "On the other hand, gentlemen" (alas! there was no other hand to turn to); nor did he close with that general and hackneyed finale to all charges, "If they had a doubt, a reasonable doubt" (and it was a termination of which his humanity rendered that Judge particularly fond); but in this case he seemed to feel—the whole court felt—that it would have been out of place; and his closing words were: "I leave, then, the case with you, gentlemen; and I do so with a firm persuasion that, as upright, conscientious jurors, you will do your duty without respect to persons, and fearless of the result, founded on the evidence, and the evidence alone, which has been brought before you."

Oh! what a hum—what a buzz—what whispering and wiping of faces—what altering of elbows on the ledges of the seats—what slight shaking of heads and compressing of lips, as people looked in each other's faces, while the jury rose to retire; and "Poor young fellow!" "God help him!" "Unfortunate mother!" and such like remarks, passed in an undertone from one to another. I lifted up my heart in silent prayer to God that He would indeed help both him and his mother in that distracting, frightful hour. Not a man, not a woman, not a child—and there were children there—left the court, although there were numbers who had not tasted food for nearly twelve hours; such was the awful suspense, the dreadful anxiety to learn that which every person there knew to as great a certainty as that the sun, which had been some time set, would rise again in the morning.

Contrary to all expectation, the jury remained in for nearly half an hour—not that they doubted (as I learned afterward), but from a sheer reluctance to hand in the fatal word. Indeed, it was the good sense and humanity of one of the jurors which prevented them from giving further delay (such was their repugnance), by representing that every moment they remained in beyond what was reasonable, in so plain a case, was only calculated to nourish a vain and delusive hope in the prisoner's breast, and lead him to the belief that it was possible to take a favorable view of the case. The justice, the humanity of this was at once acquiesced in; and the jury room-door opened, and forth came a reluctant but conscientious jury. The issue-paper was handed down. The Clerk of the Crown read over the names of the jurors, and read aloud, though his voice trembled as he uttered it, the awful word, "GUILTY," adding the useless but usual words, "Have you any thing to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner, on hearing the word "Guilty," had brought his hands together, stretched his arms along the front rail of the dock, and laid his head down upon the backs of his hands. In this position he remained, evidently struggling with inward emotion. There was a death-like silence then, indeed, in the court, as there always is immediately previous to the sentence of death being passed. At length the Judge, who had been gazing at some imaginary object in the air, said, "Prisoner!"

At the word the convict—for such, indeed, he now was—started up into an erect position, and pushing back his long dark hair, which had fallen down over his forehead and eyes, showed a face of marble whiteness, but an unstimulating eye of surpassing beauty.

"Prisoner!" said the Judge, again.

"My lord," said the prisoner, "I have been asked if I have any thing to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon me. If the question be not altogether an insult and a mockery, may I be permitted to say a few words to the court—not, I am aware, that they can have any influence upon my fate, but, my lord, that they may be remembered when I am no more;" and his lips quivered.

The Judge made no answer, rather permitting him to proceed than giving him permission.

"My lord, I have been found guilty of a crime of which I am as innocent before Heaven as any person who now hears me or looks upon me, standing here, in the eyes of the law, a convicted murderer, and about to receive sentence of death and execution—oh! terrible, terrible words! There may be eyes now looking at me, there may be ears now listening to me, of those who know and who could prove my innocence, even at this moment. If such there be in the court [and the prisoner turned round and surveyed the crowd in rear of the dock], let them behold me—let them listen to

my words. Of course, my lord, I allude to the real perpetrators of this horrid crime, should any of them be here, and which is not impossible. Do I expect, then, that if they be, they, or any of them, will stand forth and avow it? Alas, no! I have no such hope; 'tis not in human nature; and the hearts which would perpetrate such a cruel deed will be but too glad to chuckle in the security of my conviction." [Here there was a great bustle in the centre of the crowd behind the dock, and a strong-looking man, who had fainted from the heat, was removed into the street, where the fresh air soon revived him; but I do not believe he returned into the court, and I heard somebody say that he was a stranger.] "They may hear," continued the prisoner, when silence was restored, "from the lips of a dying man, that they are about to commit another murder, and that, sooner or later, justice will overtake them, and my character will be redeemed, and my memory rescued from disgrace and shame—perhaps ere I be rotten in the grave.

"My lord, I can not, and I do not, while asserting my innocence, quarrel with either your lordship's charge, or with the verdict of the jury; I do not even know how to quarrel with the evidence. I never injured any one of the witnesses; on the contrary, I had far other feelings at one time—perhaps far other objects than injury toward one of them. I can not, and I do not, believe that Catherine Murphy's poor old mother—her murdered mother—and my heart still bleeds at the contemplation of her sufferings and death—I can not believe, I say, that she rushed for judgment to her God with a perjured lie upon her lips; I can not believe that either she or Catherine has sworn what they knew to be false. I can not believe that James has turned an innocent and casual conversation against me for a wicked purpose, knowing me to be innocent. He, at least, my lord, has sworn the truth. I freely admit the accuracy of the conversation detailed in his evidence; it was a casual matter, with no other object than to serve him, and founded upon the success of my own father upon similar occasions. Besides, were my object that which has been attributed to it, might I not as well have said to James Murphy, 'James, I wish you would go away to the fair of G—— on Thursday next, for I want to murder your mother on that night,' as have acted the subsequent part I did, had such been the object of the conversation which actually did take place. Who but a fool would have held such a conversation with him, had he not made arrangements to fly with his booty before he returned? Did I fly? You have heard where and how I was found. Intimately known, as I was, to the widow, to Catherine, and the servant girl, undisguised to have entered the house, and committed murder and robbery, and then returned to my own house, not more than a mile distant, sat down to my breakfast, and calmly waited the result; could I, I say, have courted an ignominious and shameful death

more openly, more successfully, more promptly, than by such a course? What shall I say, then?—that I am guilty? No, my lord; as I stand before the God of heaven, who knoweth my heart, I am not guilty.

"I may hope there are some, at least—perhaps many—here, who will believe my words, when I again declare, in this awful moment, that I am wholly innocent of act, part, or knowledge of this dreadful crime. I believe, my lord, that an inscrutable Providence, whose ways are past finding out, has permitted—for some mysterious purpose, which neither you, my lord, nor I can scan—a fatal delusion to fall upon the minds of all those who have this day witnessed against me. He has the power even still to dispel it; and should He hasten His mercy in time to save me from a cruel and ignominious death, how shall I live to thank Him—to serve him; but if not"—[Here the unhappy man exhibited great emotion; his lips quivered, his voice trembled, and his whole frame shook.] "But if not," he continued, recovering himself, "and that my doom in this world shall, indeed, be fixed, I trust I can say 'His will be done;' but, for the sake of my memory and my character, and for the sake of those who loved me here, I hope and trust He will reveal it when I am gone."

The prisoner ceased, but not a word, not a whisper, not a stir in court. All eyes turned from the unhappy man to the Judge, who, after an apparent consultation with his own mind, assumed the black cap with a trepidation very foreign to his usual mode. All persons present seemed to expect a long and, doubtless, a very feeling address to the unhappy convict, ere the final words of the sentence should close his earthly fate; but I never saw Sir William Smith so completely, so perfectly overcome. He made one effort to speak, in vain, and it was evident he would not make a second until he had mastered himself, and could command his voice. I had, too, a secret feeling that he believed in the innocence of the prisoner. After a prolonged and painful silence, he merely said—

"Thomas Courtney, I have listened, with all the attention which I considered your unhappy position demanded, to your statement. Every person in court, as well as the jury, has heard the evidence upon which you have been convicted; and in the justice and propriety of that verdict there is not one solitary person who must not concur—nay, you yourself have done so. They have also heard your statement; and whether that statement be an aggravation of the crime or not, I shall leave to be settled by the final and eternal Judge before whom you soon must appear. I shall only add, that if your statement be false—and I can not reconcile its being otherwise with the evidence, if it be true—you will find, perhaps when too late, that it will be a dreadful aggravation indeed."

He then sentenced Tom Courtney, in the usual words, to be hanged by the neck till he was dead upon the next day but one following. The mis-

erable man was then removed from the dock to the jail, amidst all the customary clamor and screaming of relations and friends.

The court was adjourned, and in one hour the town was as quiet as if nothing beyond the conviction of a petty sessions had taken place.

PART II.

THE weather was very fine and dry for the time of year, and Sir William, to the surprise of every one who had witnessed all he had gone through that day, directed the sheriff to have an escort ready in one hour from the closing of the court; and having made arrangements with his brother Judge (who had nothing to do in the record court), he left for the next town on the circuit by a clear, fine moonlight.

It was by this time very late, and, as I felt harassed and fatigued both in body and mind, I retired to my lodging alone and depressed. The evening wore on. In a state of distraction I retired to rest, and soon fell into a confused slumber. How long I slept, or half slept, I know not—at least I did not know until I was awakened by a thundering double-knock at the hall-door. I had an instinctive feeling that it was for me, and, jumping up, I put my head out of the window and asked, "Who was there?"

"Oh, come down, Sir; come down as fast as you can," said Ferriss, who, with another policeman, stood at the door.

"Why, what is the matter now, Ferriss?" said I.

"Oh, come down, Sir; dress yourself smart, and come down, Sir, and I'll tell you."

Of course I lost not another moment in dressing myself and going down. As I passed the clock on the landing-place I saw that it was not far from two o'clock. Something serious, I was certain, had happened, and I felt a dreadful presentiment that Ferriss's news was that Tom Courtney had put an end to himself. Judge of my astonishment when I opened the hall-door and his first words were that Tom Courtney had made his escape from the jail, and that he had again arrested him in a public-house in the town.

"Quite and entirely impossible, Ferriss," said I. "On every account impossible, out of the question."

"Quite true, nevertheless, Sir," he replied. "I have him in the police-barrack, not forty perch from where you stand; and, what's more, I have one of the fellows that was with him at the widow's house, and who, I am sure, assisted him to make his escape. You remember the red-haired thief that Kitty swore she'd know again."

"You're dreaming, Ferriss; 'tis, I say, quite impossible. I can't, and I don't believe it."

"And why not, Sir? Why wouldn't he, if he could? And, faith, if it wasn't for Edmond Ferriss, he was a free bird before morning. Come down to the barrack, Sir, yourself, and see him; maybe you'll believe your eyesight."

"Scarcely," said I. "What did he say, Fer-

riss, when you took him? How did you know he got out? Where did you find him? Does he now admit his guilt?"

"He never opened his lips since I took him; but I heard him and his companion talking the whole business over of the attack, and how well they escaped. There can be no doubt of his guilt now, at all events. Oh then what a sweet tongue he had, Sir. Did you hear him to-day—faith, I believe I may say yesterday—why, he had me almost persuaded at one time, in spite of every thing, that he was innocent."

We hastened to the barrack. As I entered the day-room, I there beheld Tom Courtney sitting upon a form, handcuffed to another man, and a policeman on either end guarding them. He had changed his clothes, but did not appear to have had time to cut his hair, or otherwise disguise himself. There was a ferocity in his eye, and altogether, in the expression of his countenance, I had never before seen, and which I did not conceive it capable of assuming. I looked him full in the face, and said,

"God help you, Tom Courtney; what is this you have done?"

He did not return my gaze, and he replied not.

Looking upon him from that moment as a condemned and hardened hypocrite, I turned from the room, and gave directions that no person whatever should be permitted to speak to him, or he to any one. I then brought Ferriss with me to Mr. —, the magistrate, whom I routed up as unexpectedly as I myself had been. As we went along, and while we were waiting for the magistrate to dress, and reconcile himself to so untimely a visit, Ferriss gave me the following account of Tom Courtney's second arrest.

He and his companions had retired to their lodgings rather tired and harassed after the duties of the day. Their room was off a long, narrow one, which was used as a tap-room. There was, however, another door leading into their room from an outside passage, up three little three-cornered steps, which door was generally used when there was company drinking in the tap-room; but on this occasion it was very late, and as there were no persons in it, Ferriss and his comrades passed through it into their sleeping-room, and were retiring to bed. There was a chink of the door between the two rooms open. Ferriss's companions had got into bed, and he himself had taken off his clothes, and had just put out the candle, when he heard the door of the outside room open, and steps advance into it, and he saw a light. Now Ferriss was a cautious, sensible man, where business or duty was concerned, although a smart, pleasant fellow where it was not. He never did any thing in a hurry, and therefore seldom did it wrong; and in this instance he thought it was just as well to take a peep through the chink previous, as he thought, to stepping into bed. But Ferriss did not go to bed that night, near as he was to doing so; for as he looked

out, if ever he saw mortal man he saw Tom Courtney sitting at the end of the table directly opposite him. The candle shone right upon him—full on his face—he could not be mistaken. There was another man sitting sideways to the table, but turned round toward Courtney, so that he could not see his face. But it was no matter; he saw Tom Courtney beyond a doubt; nay, if a doubt could have existed—which, under the circumstances, might have been natural—it was dispelled by the following conversation, every word of which Ferriss drank in, *erectis auribus*, with more than ordinary surprise:

"Well, Tom, my boy—for I can't help calling you Tom, though you bid me not—I hope I may congratulate you now, at least, on your escape from the halter, eh? Don't you think you may say you are safe? Give us your hand, old boy."

The other looked at him with a contemptuous curl of the lip—Tom Courtney's curl all over—and letting him take his hand rather than giving it to him, replied:

"Yes, I hope we are safe, perhaps, from that job; but recollect, Martin, there are other things to the full as bad, if not worse, than the widow's; and the sooner we can get clear out of the country the better. My heart misgives me that there may be some mischance yet."

"Your heart is quite right for once, my lad, at all events," thought Ferriss; but he would not stir for the world until he heard more. "He was," as he said himself, "in the receipt of a bagful of information of the right sort."

"Don't be downhearted, man," continued Martin; "here's the girl with the whisky."

It was just then brought in and laid on the table, and the girl left the room.

"Martin, *you* have no right to call me downhearted. Recollect to-day, didn't I stand it like a man? It would be more like the thing if I called you a chicken-hearted coward; you were very near spoiling all."

"Well, well," interrupted the other, "you said enough about that already, and I told you I couldn't help it. The recollection of the poor Widow Murphy's screams, and the blood upon her gray hairs and face, and the way that *you* spoke, Tom, and wanted the people to stand back, that I might be seen, was too much for me; and the place was so hot, and, altogether, I could not help it; but it's all over now, and you promised you would not bring it up again; so no more about it. But let us hear your plan, Tom; what is it?"

"Just to drink my share of this half-pint, smoke a pipe, and be the best half of the way to Galway before daylight—will that do?"

"Right well: here's to you and me; there's not another man in Ireland would have escaped as you have."

They drank and helped themselves again.

All this time Ferriss was stealing into his jacket and trowsers like a mouse, and listening and peeping at the same time. He was glad

to see—what no man ever saw before—Tom Courtney charging a pipe, and preparing to smoke. This was nuts and apples to Ferriss: it was his time for business, and of all men in the force he was not likely to spoil a job by hurry. He therefore stole over, and very gingerly awakened his two comrades, and whispered to them—

"For their life not to open their lips or make a noise, but to dress themselves as smart and as quietly as possible. And," he added, "our fortunes are made."

This having been accomplished—not the making of their fortunes, but the dressing themselves—he told them who was in the outside room, and sent them in their *stockin'*-feet, but with their bayonets, through the little door of which I spoke to the outer door of the drinking-room, to prevent the escape of the men, and with directions to stand fast until they heard him inside. All being arranged as he directed, he returned to his former position, and taking a final peep, he saw Tom Courtney and his companion puffing away. Need I say, what next? Ferriss, throwing open the door, rushed like a tiger upon Tom Courtney and gripped him by the throat; the other two men sprang in with drawn bayonets. There was a fearful struggle—'twas for life or death—and Courtney and his companion fought like persons who knew and felt what the result of defeat must be; but Ferriss and his comrades were no light customers, and the odds being in their favor, both as to numbers and being armed (although they did not inflict any injury with their bayonets), Courtney and his accomplice were ultimately overpowered and handcuffed, and in a very short time after were lodged in the police-barrack, where a strong guard was placed over them.

When Ferriss had finished the recital from which I have put the above into the form of detail, he pulled out an Isle of Man half-penny out of his pocket.

"Do you see that, Sir?" said he, holding it on the palm of his hand in the moonlight.

I did; it had three legs kicking every way upon it.

"I wouldn't take a five-pound note for that half-penny; I never won a toss but the one I won with that, and it was the means of my taking Tom Courtney; for the Tubbercullen boys and us tossed up to see where we'd stop in town—we were for Hinnegan's, and they were for M'Coy's, if I lost the toss we'd have gone to M'Coys, and Courtney was clean gone forever."

We were standing at the hall-door all this time, waiting for the magistrate. The door was at length opened, and we went up stairs to the drawing-room. I told him that Courtney was, indeed, a villain and a hypocrite; that he had made his escape from the jail, with the assistance of an accomplice; that Ferriss had overheard him fully admit the crime, and boast of how he had escaped; but most fortunately

he had been enabled, with the assistance of his comrades, to apprehend them both in the lodging-house, and they were then under a strong guard in the police barrack. I found it just as hard to persuade Mr. — of the fact as Ferriss had found it to persuade me; but he came up to the barrack, and was there perfectly satisfied of the whole thing. Like myself, he asked him one or two questions, and receiving no answer, turned away. We determined, then, to remain up all night till the jail should be open in the morning, and we brought Ferriss back again to the magistrate's lodgings, where we took a very full statement from him, in writing, of the conversation and arrest of Courtney and the other man; and if a person could enjoy any thing at such a time, we almost did enjoy the idea of the governor's distraction, when he first heard of Courtney's escape, and his face again, when we should inform him that he had been retaken. Musing and thinking on these things, we turned our steps toward the jail long before the usual hour for its being open, or the officials ready for business. When we turned the corner, early as it was, we saw the governor standing at the outer gate, with his hands in his black velvet jacket pockets, and his head down.

"He does not look as if he had heard it yet," said I.

"Oh, he must," said Mr. —, "look at him."

We approached him; there was nothing of excitement or hurry about him: rather a melancholy sadness, as he returned our "Good-morning, governor."

"This is a bad business," said Mr. —; "but it might have been worse."

"Worse, Sir! my God, Sir, how could it be worse? The poor young fellow!"

"Poor young fellow! How so? He might have escaped altogether; he was within a snap of your fingers of being off."

"Escaped! being off! what do you mean? Ah! no, no, poor fellow! I am quite certain he would not have moved a step if the gates were open all night and that it was to save his life."

Mr. — and I looked at each other; we did not suppose he had heard a word of what had happened.

"Was it late last night when you saw him? Or when did you see him last?" said I.

"Poor fellow! I have but just left him, and, notwithstanding all the evidence, I declare to Heaven, gentleman, my opinion is, that if ever a man was hanged in the wrong, that man will."

"What," cried Mr. — and myself, in a breath; "do you, indeed, say that he is here? that he has not made his escape?"

"Oh, gentlemen, this is no time for joking; I am not able to bear it—indeed, I am not, and I did not expect it from either of you. Ah! poor fellow! I never saw so reconciled a creature. He says, but for his mother he could bear it all. Poor fellow! God help him!"

"Indeed," said I, "we are not joking: it

would be worse than cruel to do so at such a time; but you must be mistaken, for, beyond a doubt, Tom Courtney did make his escape last night, and has been retaken, with one of his accomplices, by some of my men; they will be here in a few minutes. One of my men—Ferriss—even heard him confess the whole business, while talking to his accomplice."

The governor looked at me as if he thought I was mad, and then at Mr. —, to see if he would confirm what I had said. Mr. — saw the state of excitement he was getting into, and said,

"When, in deed and in truth, did you see him last? This is most extraordinary!"

"Not ten minutes ago; why, I tell you, I had but just left him not five minutes when you turned the corner and came toward me; but come and you shall see him yourselves this moment, poor fellow! God, I say, help him; indeed, he has helped him wonderfully, for I never saw so reconciled a creature—he's like a lamb; come, gentlemen, and satisfy yourselves."

And as he turned to lead the way I saw, what I had never seen before, tears trembling in the eyes of the governor of a jail. I confess I had my doubts, as I followed him, of the state of his mind at that moment, as I felt confident of the impossibility of his showing us Tom Courtney. We arrived at the cell-door, and my heart beat violently—I knew not from what cause. The governor unlocked the door and we entered; there sat the real, true Tom Courtney, as innocent before the Lord and his country of the murder for which he had been condemned as the new-born lamb. We had cautioned the governor on no account to make any allusion to the subject of our previous conversation; and having merely paid him a short visit of apparent sympathy, we left the cell.

On our return to the outer gate the police were just coming in with the prisoners, and as they passed into the ante-room for examination the governor actually started; he pinched my arm, and, turning aside, he said,

"My God, how perfectly alike!—I see it all; it must be the case!"

The truth had flashed upon us when we saw Tom Courtney in the cell; it now flashed upon the governor when he saw the prisoners pass him into the ante-room.

The room was then cleared, with the exception of the principal prisoner, the governor, and myself, and Ferriss was directed to remain. Mr. — having then cautioned the prisoner in the usual manner, commenced to examine him. He stated that his name was Michael Lynch, that he was from the county Galway, that he knew nothing whatever of any crime he was taken up for, or charged with; he was on his way to the fair of Enniskillen to buy pigs, when he was taken up by that gentleman there (pointing to Ferriss) for what he could not tell. This is all that could be got out of him, as he positively declined saying one word more, or answering any questions whatever.

He was then removed, and the other prisoner brought in; and as they passed in the lobby I heard Lynch say to the other, "*A dark night, friend!*" at the same time giving him a significant look. Another dumb witness, thought I. This man was in like manner cautioned and examined. He said his name was Martin Cooney, that he "did not mind the caution he got one straw, he would tell the whole, if he was to be hanged for it the next moment; and it's longing I am since yesterday, when I heard him speaking, to tell it." He was cautioned again, and it was fully explained to him that any thing he said would be written down and proved against him.

"So best, so best, gentlemen. I'll tell every thing. I have enough upon me, and I'll have no more—least of all, the blood of that poor innocent young man, Tom Courtney. Gentlemen, my companion's name is Peter Hopkins, I don't know what he told you; he's from one village with me, in the county Mayo; 'twas he, and I, and another boy—no matter who, but I'll tell if I am obliged—that broke into the Widow Murphy's house and robbed and murdered her. Tom Courtney never set a foot near it no more than you did; but Hopkins is so like him, that he was taken for him by every one that saw him that night; even his own uncle, as Phil Moran turns out to be, swore to him. If you misdoubt me, gentlemen, you'll find an old purse in his small-clothes' pocket this very moment that belonged to the daughter; she swore to it yesterday, and she'll know it."

"Be gad you won't get it in *his* pocket," said Ferriss, "for I have it in mine; but surely I got it in his pocket just now, when I searched him. Here it is, gentlemen, and money enough in it too;" and he laid it on the table.

"The less I lie then, 'tis all the one thing," Cooney continued. "Oh, gentlemen, I thank God I'm taken, for surely that young man is innocent, clean innocent. I had like to faint in the court-house yesterday when he was speaking about the real murderers; and Hopkins is the chief one, and I'm the other. Oh, Tom Courtney, a hair of your head shall never fall by me, now that I'm taken; and thank God, gentlemen, I am taken."

In this strain he went on, and the magistrate took down a full and detailed statement which he gave of the transaction at the Widow Murphy's, but which you are too well acquainted with already. He further stated, "that when they heard a young man named Tom Courtney was charged with the murder and taken up, they knew that it must have been from a strong likeness between him and Hopkins, as Hopkins had been called Tom, even Tom Courtney, on that night, by both the widow and her daughter, and also by Philip Moran, at the public house. They thought it a good chance, and were determined to let him suffer for it. He was quite sure he would have done so if he had not been taken up. There were two or three warrants out against him in the county of Mayo for dif-

ferent crimes, all bad enough, but no murder among them."

He then gave the name and residence of the third man, and repeated that he was willing and ready to abide by all he had stated; that his mind and conscience were easy since he was prevented from being accessory to the murder of Tom Courtney.

The prisoners were then committed for re-examination, and the governor was directed to keep them strictly separate.

The next step was to send for Catherine Murphy and Winefred Cox, in order to see if they could identify Martin Cooney, and what they would say upon seeing Peter Hopkins. For this purpose the prisoners were placed in a yard with ten or twelve others, and they stood next each other but two. Catherine Murphy was brought to the door of the yard, and desired to look in through a small square hole, and say if she saw any person she knew, or had ever seen before; but she had been kept in perfect ignorance of what had taken place. She looked for some time, ranging her eyes from one end to the other of the row. As they reached Cooney on each occasion they stopped, and she gazed for some seconds at him; they also paused, but not so long, as they fell upon Hopkins, and I thought she turned a little pale. At length, turning to the magistrate, she said,

"Yes, Sir, I do; I see another of the men who attacked my mother's house."

"Point out where he stands," said the magistrate.

"He's standing there, Sir, next but two to the poor fellow who was condemned yesterday, but whose dress is greatly changed since then. That's him with the red hair; he's the man that Winny Cox grappled with. I'd take my oath to him upon a hundred books."

The magistrate then assured her that Tom Courtney was not in the yard at all. She did not appear to believe him, and she scrutinized the man again very closely, and said,

"Is not that him next but two on the right of the man I have just pointed out, with the red hair?"

The magistrate and the governor both solemnly assured her that was not Tom Courtney, and that he was not there. She appeared greatly confused, and burst into a profuse perspiration.

"Bring me into the room, for God's sake," said she, "and give me a drink of water. These are the two identical men, beyond a doubt. I see them together now as I saw them that night. Oh, Tom Courtney, would I have murdered—"

But ere she could finish the sentence or had reached the room-door she had fainted. Hopkins was then removed (I can not say why, but the magistrate would have it so), and Winefred Cox was brought to the door. She promptly and distinctly identified Cooney as the man with whom she had struggled on the night of the attack, and all she appeared to me to re-

quire to make her perfectly happy in this life was; then and there, to be *let at him*, with her bare hands.

"Let me at him; that's all ever I'll ask. Oh, let me at the villain, that's all I'll ask," she repeated half a dozen times before she could be removed from the door.

Mr. — and I then requested the governor on no account whatever to permit any communication to be made to Courtney of what had transpired, for the present, as we intended to post off directly after the Judge who had condemned him, to put him in possession of every thing that had occurred, and take his instructions.

Mr. —, who never forgot any thing which he ought to do, also arranged with the governor to wait upon the other Judge at the earliest moment he could properly do so, and reveal to him the facts which had become known, and that we had gone after Sir William Smith to inform him. In the mean time the prisoners were to be kept separate, and all communication between them strictly prohibited.

I pass over our interview with the Judge. I found that his lordship had, as I supposed, believed Tom innocent. His lordship sent me back to break the news to the poor fellow cautiously.

On our return I lost no time in speeding to the jail upon my mission of life and light to the dark and troubled heart of poor Tom Courtney. I met the governor in the yard, who told me that no person had since seen Courtney except himself, and that he had not the most remote idea of what had happened. I told him, shortly, of our interview with Sir William Smith. He came with me himself, and, opening the cell-door, I entered, and he shut me in.

Tom Courtney was sitting on the side of his bed, but started up to meet me the moment I entered, and, stretching out both his hands to me, he said,

"Oh, Sir, I am glad you are come; I thought you would have been to see me to-day before this hour. My time is short. Oh, Sir, I have spent a miserably wretched night and day—death itself would be preferable to the night I spent. I wished to have told you this morning, but you hurried away, I knew not why. Oh, Sir, I have been nearly mad—at times I think I am mad. Can you wonder? Oh, how could it be otherwise? I wish it was all over. Oh, Sir, if I could subdue my heart to the will of God—if I could *feel* that I had submitted to His mysterious will—with what pleasure I could behold the light of that fatal morning now so near at hand; but I have had a fearful struggle, and, I hope—oh, yes, I do hope—that I have not lost the battle. At one time I feared I had been conquered, and that all was lost. Oh, Sir," he continued, and a curious change came over him; "oh, Sir, I have spent a miserable night. Oh, how I wish I had not slept at all—the waking to a new certainty of consciousness was frightful; and I had a tormenting dream.

I thought—ah! it must have been but thought—but about two hours ago, that little window above my head was open as it is now; and I fancied—I'm sure it must have been but fancy—but I did think I heard some one in the yard say—

"'If that be true, it saves Tom Courtney.'

"I'm almost sure I heard the words, or some of them; but, surely, if there were any grounds for hope, you, at least, Sir, would not have left me so long a prey to despair."

He hid his face in his hands, and leaned upon the edge of the table which was near the bed where he sat.

I had let him run on all this time, thinking it best to do so; indeed, I knew not how I could have stopped or interrupted him, such was the rapidity with which he spoke, without being too sudden and abrupt in my communication. I now sat down beside him on the bed, and took his hand; 'twas red hot; and I said,

"Tom, my good friend, I could wish to see you calmer and more composed; more totally thrown upon the Lord for help and comfort."

He interrupted me with—

"Oh, Sir, the bitterest pang within my heart is that I have not been able to seek help and comfort as I ought; that I have not been able to submit myself blindly, entirely to His will, without questioning it. But I sometimes—ah, too often, I want to know His reasons for this sore affliction; unmerited, indeed, Sir, unmerited, so far as regards the crime which has been put upon me. I know it is as a child I should submit; but I inquire His *reasons*; I ask what I have done; I argue with Him, and at times I fear I openly rebel; yet with all this there has been a constant prayer that it might be otherwise with me; and my state of mind for the last hour—oh, how precious, how invaluable is an hour now to me!—has been reconciled, and, I trust, submissive. I had intended, Sir, had the Lord permitted, to have endeavored to serve Him in a foreign land, for which choice there were many reasons. Having seen a bright light, I felt fired with zeal to wander among distant and unknown regions to impart it to others—hence, perhaps, the connection of naked savages with my sleeping thoughts; but there was too much of *I will* in my plans, and the Lord has indeed shown me that 'Man proposeth, but God disposeth.' His will be done; with His help, nothing shall again disturb my soul. God is good; His will be done."

"He is, indeed, good, Tom," said I, pressing his hand, which still almost set mine on fire. "He is very good, and can save those who trust in him; He can save to the uttermost."

"I do trust Him with my whole heart and soul; I am content. Here I am, O Lord—thine—thine; do with me as Thou wilt." And he hid his face again in his hands. "Oh, Sir," he added, almost immediately starting up, and turning his full gaze upon me; "the valley of the shadow of death is dark, very dark; and to enter it while the sun is shining over me, and

birds singing round me, and the fragrance of the blooming flowers fresh upon the breath of spring, and in the prime of life and health, full of young and ardent hopes—all this might, perchance, be borne, had sickness, or even accident, brought down an unsullied name to an untimely grave; but oh! thus to be cut off by a cruel and disgraceful death, with the stain of murder falsely stamped upon my name and race; oh, Sir, it is a dark, a dreadful, a mysterious dispensation!"

"God is powerful as well as good," said I; "His arm is not shortened that He can not save; trust in Him even still, Tom:" and I pressed his hand fervently.

He turned a piercing glance upon me.

"Take care, Sir, oh, take care what you say. I told you I was content; strike not the spark of hope again, or I shall die mad, and perhaps be lost."

"Recollect, Tom, that the knife was actually raised in Abraham's hand to slay his son before the Lord saw fit to interfere to save him. He can save you even still, Tom, if it be His will to do so."

"If—if," he repeated, convulsively, while the burning tears ran down his wrists into his coat-sleeves. "If—ah, Sir, you could not be so cruel as to speak thus if there be no hope."

"Tom," I continued, as he still kept his face hid in his hands—"do you remember ever to have given a purse to Catherine Murphy; the one, I suppose, which she swore to in her evidence?"

He raised his head and looked at me. There was a wildness in his eye, and a twitching about the corners of his mouth that almost frightened me, and I even still feared the effects of the communication that was rising on my tongue.

"Yes," said he, more calmly than I expected; "some years ago. Why do you ask?"

"Would you know it again, Tom, if you saw it now?"

"Surely, any where in the world: 'twas a leather purse, lined with silk, and letters marked upon the lining. But why do you talk of such things now? I should think of other matters. I expect the Rev. Mr. A—— every moment. Talk not of them now, I beseech you."

"Is that it, Tom?" said I, throwing it upon the table before him.

"Yes," said he, snatching it up, that is the very purse. Where, where, did you get it? Catherine Murphy swore it was taken away by the murderers. Oh, Sir, tell me where did you get it. When?—where?—how?—speak quickly."

"In the pocket, Tom, of as great a villain as ever lived," said I: "in the pocket of the real murderer."

"There, I am saved!" shouted Tom, springing to his feet, and seizing me by the collar of the coat with both his hands, and shaking me furiously. "I am saved! oh, tell me I am saved! My God, I thank thee! Oh, my mother!"

"You are, Tom, saved, beyond the possibility of a doubt: not pardoned, for they have nothing to pardon; but fully, freely saved."

He stood for a moment like one bewildered, like a statue; the burning flush fled from his cheek, and became as it was wont to be in Tom Courtney's happier hours. The water-gates of his heart were broken up, and gushed forth in torrents of soft, cool tears. He threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and I left the room.

A few words, by way of conclusion, are necessary to this story. It has already extended far beyond what I had anticipated when I commenced to take it down in the form of a narrative from the heads given in my private journal; but I do not hesitate to say that it is a faithful detail of facts which took place under my own knowledge. All the conversation in court, as well as Tom Courtney's address upon conviction, are stated precisely as they occurred, and were taken down by myself at the time.

Tom Courtney saw Hopkins before he left the jail; he smiled a scornful smile as he looked at him; he admitted there was a strong likeness between them, but he could not be so good a judge upon that point as others; he reminded me, however, of his dream, recurring to the subject several times at some length, and declared at last that he fully and freely forgave the persons who swore against him—adding, "that had it been in the daytime he could scarcely have forgiven them."

Sir William Smith it was who tried Hopkins at C——r, and he told me afterward that even between twins he had never seen so perfect a likeness. Courtney's mother also saw Hopkins, and—oh! the fondness of a mother's heart—she strenuously denied that there was the *smallest resemblance* between him and her "boy;" that nobody but a common fool could mistake them. This opinion she maintained to the last, and I doubt not that she really believed it.

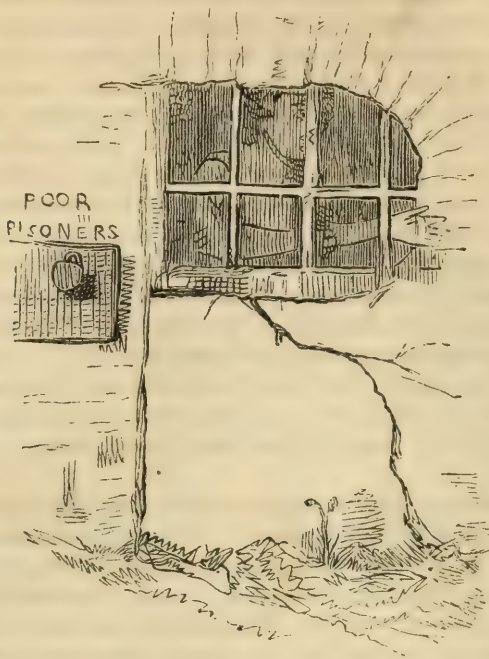
The day fortnight that I told Tom Courtney he was saved, an order for his discharge having arrived, there was a merry and a happy party at the jail-gate. The whole parish came in to give poor Tom a joyous greeting and a cheerful escort to his home once more. Cars of all descriptions, low-back and high-back, gigs and tax-carts, arriving every moment; such brushing of straps, and stitching of harness; such rubbing of stirrups, and punching of holes; such smoothing of cushions, and greasing of wheels, was never seen as had been going on from daylight. Upward of sixty men, mounted on their country horses, three abreast, in front; then came from fifteen to twenty cars and other vehicles of one sort or other, filled with the beauty and fashion of the parish. Next the jail-gate stood an empty jaunting-car, the horse's head covered with boughs of evergreen, nodding in the breeze, with now and then a proud, impatient toss of the head, and a pawing of the ground by the animal; for he was old Ned Courtney's jaunting-car horse—and a good one.

Billy was now mounted in the driving-seat, with whip and reins in hand, ready for the start; while about two hundred men, women, and children, on foot, filed along the jail-wall, to the right and left of the gate, ready to follow, two abreast, in the rear.

Presently a monster key was heard struggling in the lock, and with a loud short shoot of the bolt, the gate was thrown open, and forth issued Tom Courtney leaning on his father's arm, while upon his own leaned his mother, smiling and joyous, though rescued, I may say at the last moment, from a broken-hearted grave. I wish you could have heard the shout that rent the air as they appeared: I have heard loud simultaneous shouts from assembled thousands—ay, tens of thousands—but so hearty, so enthusiastic, so devoted a cheer I never heard, and never can again hear. Shall I say it? Yes, nor do I blush to own it, that it brought tears of sympathy and joy—of exultation—swelling up in my eyes. If they ran over, it is no affair of yours, but many there were that wept outright.

Tom Courtney and his mother mounted on one side, while his father and Philip Moran mounted on the other. Three cheers more rent the air; the word "Forward!" ran from mouth to mouth; Billy Courtney cracked his whip; old Larry Murrin, the piper, dressed in a spick and span new suit, struck up a lively quickstep in advance of the whole procession, which moved forward with smiling, happy, chatting faces; and in less than two hours Tom Courtney, a free and happy man, sat at breakfast with a numerous party of delighted friends in his old home.

Somewhat about two years subsequent to the termination of the above transaction Tom Courtney joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and soon after was ordained one of their ministers, and hastened to fulfill the aspiration of his heart—I think it was to the coast of Africa. I saw a letter from him to a religious friend: he was well; and freely alluded to the incidents which I have endeavored to detail. He thanked God for what had occurred, saying, that "he considered it had been the greatest of the many mercies with which he had been favored." That is now upward of thirty years ago, since which period I have altogether lost sight or intelligence of him.



driving thither the pair of horses which he had purchased on the previous day. The young charioteer did not know the road very well, and veered and tacked very much more than was needful upon his journey from Covent Garden, losing himself in the green lanes behind Mr. Whitfield's round tabernacle of Tottenham Road, and the fields in the midst of which Middlesex Hospital stood. He reached his destination at length, however, and found no small company assembled to witness the valorous achievements of the two champions.

A crowd of London blackguards was gathered round the doors of this temple of British valor; together with the horses and equipages of a few persons of fashion, who came, like Mr. Warrington, to patronize the sport. A variety of beggars and cripples hustled round the young gentleman, and whined to him for charity. Shoeblack boys tumbled over each other for the privilege of blacking his honor's boots; nosegay women and flying fruiterers plied Mr. Gumbo with their wares; piemen, pads, tramps, strollers of every variety hung round the battle ground. A flag was flying upon the building; and, on to the stage in front, accompanied by a drummer and a horn-blower, a manager repeatedly issued to announce to the crowd that the noble English sports were just about to begin.

Mr. Warrington paid his money, and was accommodated with a seat in a gallery commanding a perfect view of the platform whereon the sports were performed; Mr. Gumbo took his seat in the amphitheatre below; or, when tired, issued forth into the outer world to drink a pot of beer, or play a game at cards with his brother lackeys, and the gentlemen's coachmen on the boxes of the carriages waiting without. Lackeys, liveries, footmen—the old society was encumbered with a prodigious quantity of these. Gentle men or women could scarce move without one, sometimes two or three, vassals in attendance. Every theatre had its footman's gal-

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH VARIOUS MATCHES ARE FOUGHT.

READING in the *London Advertiser*, which was served to his worship with his breakfast, an invitation to all lovers of manly British sport to come and witness a trial of skill between the great champions Sutton and Figg, Mr. Warrington determined upon attending these performances, and accordingly proceeded to the Wooden House, in Marybone Fields,

lery: an army of the liveried race hustled round every chapel-door: they swarmed in ante-rooms: they sprawled in halls and on landings: they guzzled, devoured, debauched, cheated, played cards, bullied visitors for vails:—that noble old race of footmen is well-nigh gone. A few thousand of them may still be left among us. Grand, tall, beautiful, melancholy, we still behold them on levee days, with their nosegays and their buckles, their plush and their powder. So have I seen in America specimens,† nay camps and villages of Red Indians. But the race is doomed. The fatal decree has gone forth, and Uncas with his tomahawk and eagle's plume, and Jeames with his cocked hat and long cane, are passing out of the world where they once walked in glory.

Before the principal combatants made their appearance, minor warriors and exercises were exhibited. A boxing match came off, but neither of the men were very game or severely punished, so that Mr. Warrington and the rest of the spectators had but little pleasure out of that encounter. Then ensued some cudgel-playing; but the heads broken were of so little note, and the wounds given so trifling and unsatisfactory, that no wonder the company began to hiss, grumble, and show other signs of discontent. "The masters, the masters!" shouted the people, whereupon those famous champions at length thought fit to appear.

The first who walked up the steps to the stage was the intrepid Sutton, sword in hand, who saluted the company with his warlike weapon, making an especial bow and salute to a private box or gallery in which sate a stout gentleman, who was seemingly a person of importance. Sutton was speedily followed by the famous Figg, to whom the stout gentleman waved a hand of approbation. Both men were in their shirts, their heads were shaven clean, but bore the cracks and scars of many former glorious battles. On his burly sword arm, each intrepid champion wore an "armiger," or ribbon of his color. And now the gladiators shook hands, and, as a contemporary poet says: "The word it was bilboe."*

At the commencement of the combat the great Figg dealt a blow so tremendous at his opponent, that had it encountered the other's honest head, that comely noddle would have been shorn off as clean as the carving-knife chops the carrot. But Sutton received his adversary's blade on his own sword, while Figg's blow was delivered so mightily that the weapon brake in his hands less constant than the heart of him who wielded it. Other swords were now delivered to the warriors. The first blood drawn spouted from the panting side of Figg amidst a yell of delight from Sutton's supporters; but the veteran appealing to his audience, and especially, as it seemed, to the stout individual in the private gallery, showed that

his sword broken in the previous encounter had caused the wound.

While the parley occasioned by this incident was going on, Mr. Warrington saw a gentleman in a riding-frock and plain scratch wig enter the box devoted to the stout personage, and recognized with pleasure his Tunbridge Wells friend, my Lord of March and Ruglan. Lord March, who was by no means prodigal of politeness, seemed to show singular deference to the stout gentleman, and Harry remarked how his lordship received, with a profound bow, some bank bills which the other took out from a pocket-book and handed to him. While thus engaged, Lord March spied out our Virginian, and, his interview with the stout personage finished, my lord came over to Harry's gallery and warmly greeted his young friend. They sat and beheld the combat waging with various success, but with immense skill and valor on both sides. After the warriors had sufficiently fought with swords, they fell to with the quarter-staff, and the result of this long and delightful battle was, that victory remained with her ancient champion Figg.

While the warriors were at battle, a thunder-storm had broken over the building, and Mr. Warrington gladly enough accepted a seat in my Lord March's chariot, leaving his own phaeton to be driven home by his groom. Harry was in great delectation with the noble sight he had witnessed: he pronounced this indeed to be something like sport, and of the best he had seen since his arrival in England; and, as usual, associating any pleasure which he enjoyed with the desire that the dear companion of his boyhood should share the amusement in common with him, he began by sighing out, "I wish" . . . then he stopped. "No I don't," says he.

"What do you wish and what don't you wish?" asks Lord March.

"I was thinking, my lord, of my elder brother, and wished he had been with me. We had promised to have our sport together, at home, you see; and many's the time we talked of it. But he wouldn't have liked this rough sort of sport, and didn't care for fighting, though he was the bravest lad alive."

"Oh! he was the bravest lad alive, was he?" asks my lord, lolling on his cushion, and eying his Virginian friend with some curiosity.

"You should have seen him in a quarrel with a very gallant officer, our friend—an absurd affair, but it was hard to keep George off him. I never saw a fellow so cool, nor more savage and determined, God help me. Ah! I wish for the honor of the country, you know, that he could have come here instead of me, and shown you a real Virginian gentleman."

"Nay, Sir, you'll do very well. What is this I hear of Lady Yarmouth taking you into favor?" said the amused nobleman.

"I will do as well as another. I can ride, and, I think, I can shoot better than George; but then my brother had the head, Sir, the head!" says Harry, tapping his own honest

* The antiquarian reader knows the pleasant poem in the sixth volume of Dodsley's Collection, in which the above combat is described.

skull. "Why, I give you my word, my lord, that he had read almost every book that was ever written; could play both on the fiddle and harpsichord, could compose poetry and sermons most elegant. What can I do? I am only good to ride and play at cards, and drink Burgundy." And the penitent hung down his head. "But them I can do as well as most fellows, you see. In fact, my lord, I'll back myself," he resumed, to the other's great amusement.

Lord March relished the young man's *naïveté*, as the jaded voluptuary still to the end always can relish the juicy wholesome mutton chop. "By gad, Mr. Warrington," says he, "you ought to be taken to Exeter 'Change, and put in a show."

"And for why?"

"A gentleman from Virginia who has lost his elder brother and absolutely regrets him. The breed ain't known in this country. Upon my honor and conscience, I believe that you would like to have him back again."

"Believe!" cries the Virginian, growing red in the face.

"That is, you believe, you believe you would like him back again. But depend on it you wouldn't. 'Tis not in human nature, Sir; not as I read it, at least. Here are some fine houses we are coming to. That at the corner is Sir Richard Littleton's, that great one was my Lord Bingley's. 'Tis a pity they do nothing better with this great empty space of Cavendish Square than fence it with these unsightly boards. By George! I don't know where the town's running. There's Montagu House made into a confounded Don Saltero's museum, with books and stuffed birds and rhinoceroses. They have actually run a cursed cut—New Road they call it—at the back of Bedford House Gardens, and spoiled the Duke's comfort, though, I guess, they will console him in the pocket. I don't know where the town will stop. Shall we go down Tyburn Road and the Park, or through Swallow Street, and into the habitable quarter of the town? We can dine at Pall Mall, or, if you like, with you; and we can spend the evening as you like—with the Queen of Spades, or..."

"With the Queen of Spades, if your lordship pleases," says Mr. Warrington, blushing. So the equipage drove to his hotel in Covent Garden, where the landlord came forward with his usual obsequiousness, and recognizing my Lord of March and Ruglan, bowed his wig on to my lord's shoes in his humble welcomes to his lordship. A rich young English peer in the reign of George the Second; a wealthy patrician in the reign of Augustus;—which would you rather have been? There is a question for any young gentlemen's debating clubs of the present day.

The best English dinner which could be produced, of course was at the service of the young Virginian and his noble friend. After dinner came wine in plenty, and of quality good enough even for the epicurean earl. Over the wine there was talk of going to see the fire-works at Vauxhall, or else of cards. Harry, who had

never seen a fire-work beyond an exhibition of a dozen squibs at Williamsburgh on the fifth of November (which he thought a sublime display), would have liked the Vauxhall, but yielded to his guest's preference for picquet; and they were very soon absorbed in that game.

Harry began by winning as usual; but, in the course of half an hour, the luck turned and favored my Lord March, who was at first very surly, when Mr. Draper, Mr. Warrington's man of business, came bowing into the room, where he accepted Harry's invitation to sit and drink. Mr. Warrington always asked every body to sit and drink, and partake of his best. Had he a crust, he would divide it; had he a haunch, he would share it; had he a jug of water, he would drink about with a kindly spirit; had he a bottle of Burgundy, it was gayly drunk with a thirsty friend. And don't fancy the virtue is common. You read of it in books, my dear Sir, and fancy that you have it yourself because you give six dinners of twenty people and pay your acquaintance all round; but the welcome, the friendly spirit, the kindly heart? Believe me, these are rare qualities in our selfish world. We may bring them with us from the country when we are young, but they mostly wither after transplantation, and droop and perish in the stifling London air.

Draper did not care for wine very much, but it delighted the lawyer to be in the company of a great man. He protested that he liked nothing better than to see picquet played by two consummate players and men of fashion; and, taking a seat, undismayed by the sidelong scowls of his lordship, surveyed the game between the gentlemen. Harry was not near a match for the experienced player of the London clubs. To-night, too, Lord March held better cards to aid his skill.

What their stakes were was no business of Mr. Draper's. The gentlemen said they would play for shillings, and afterward counted up their gains and losses, with scarce any talking, and that in an undertone. A bow on both sides, a perfectly grave and polite manner on the part of each, and the game went on.

But it was destined to a second interruption, which brought an execration from Lord March's lips. First was heard a scuffling without—then a whispering—then an outcry as of a woman in tears, and then, finally, a female rushed into the room, and produced that explosion of naughty language from Lord March.

"I wish your women would take some other time for coming, confound 'em," says my lord, laying his cards down in a pet.

"What, Mrs. Betty!" cried Harry.

Indeed it was no other than Mrs. Betty, Lady Maria's maid; and Gumbo stood behind her, his fine countenance beslobbered with tears.

"What has happened?" asks Mr. Warrington, in no little perturbation of spirit. "The Baroness is well?"

"Help! help! Sir, your honor!" ejaculates Mrs. Betty, and proceeds to fall on her knees.



BAD NEWS FROM TUNBRIDGE.

"Help whom?"

A howl ensues from Gumbo.

"Gumbo! you scoundrel! has any thing happened between Mrs. Betty and you?" asks the black's master.

Mr. Gumbo steps back with great dignity, laying his hand on his heart, and saying, "No, Sir; nothing hab happened 'twix' this lady and me."

"It's my mistress, Sir," cries Betty. "Help! help! here's the letter she have wrote, Sir! They have gone and took her, Sir!"

"Is it only that old Molly Esmond? She's known to be over head and heels in debt! Dry your eyes in the next room, Mrs. Betty, and let me and Mr. Warrington go on with our game," says my lord, taking up his cards.

"Help, help her!" cries Betty again. "Oh, Mr. Harry! you won't be a going on with your cards, when my lady calls out to you to come and help her! Your honor used to come quick enough when my lady used to send me to fetch you at Castlewood!"

"Confound you! can't you hold your tongue?"

says my lord, with more choice words and oaths.

But Betty would not cease weeping, and it was decreed that Lord March was to cease winning for that night. Mr. Warrington rose from his seat, and made for the bell, saying:

"My dear lord, the game must be over for to-night. My relative writes to me in great distress, and I am bound to go to her."

"Curse her! Why couldn't she wait till to-morrow?" cries my lord, testily.

Mr. Warrington ordered a post-chaise instantly. His own horses would take him to Bromley.

"Bet you, you don't do it within the hour! bet you, you don't do it within five quarters of an hour! bet you four to one—or I'll take your bet, which you please—that you're not robbed on Blackheath! Bet you, you are not at Tunbridge Wells before midnight!" cries Lord March.

"Done!" says Mr. Warrington. And my lord carefully notes down the terms of the four wagers in his pocket-book.

Lady Maria's letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am fell into a *trapp*, wch I perceive the machinations of *villians*. I am a *prisner*. Betty will tell you *all*. Ah, my Henrico! come to the resQ of your MOLLY."

In half an hour after the receipt of this mis-sive, Mr. Warrington was in his post-chaise and galloping over Westminster Bridge on the road to succor his kinswoman.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SAMPSON AND THE PHILISTINES.

MY happy chance in early life led me to become intimate with a respectable person who was born in a certain island, which is pronounced to be the first gem of the ocean by, no doubt, impartial judges of maritime jewelry. The stories which that person imparted to me regarding his relatives who inhabited the gem above-mentioned, were such as used to make

my young blood curdle with horror, to think there should be so much wickedness in the world. Every crime which you can think of, the entire Ten Commandments broken in a general smash, such rogueries and knaveries as no story-teller could invent—such murders and robberies as Thurtell or Turpin scarce ever perpetrated, were by my informant accurately remembered, and freely related, respecting his nearest kindred, to any one who chose to hear him. It was a wonder how any of the family still lived out of the hulks. Me brother Tim had brought his fawther's gree hairs with sorrow to the greeve; me brother Mick had robbed the par'sh church repaytedly; me sisher Annamaroia had jilted the Captain and run off with the Ensign, forged her grandmother's will, and stole the spoons, which Larry, the knife-boy, was hanged for. The family of Atreus was as nothing compared to the race of O'Whatdyecall'em, from which my friend sprung; but no power on earth would, of course, induce me to name the country whence he came.

How great then used to be my *naïf* astonishment to find these murderers, rogues, parricides, habitual forgers of bills of exchange, and so forth, every now and then writing to each other as "my dearest brother," "my dearest sister," and for months at a time living on the most amicable terms! With hands reeking with the blood of his murdered parents, Tim would mix a screeching tumbler, and give Maria a glass from it. With lips black with the perjuries he had sworn in Court respecting his grandmother's abstracted testament, or the murder of his poor brother Thady's helpless orphans, Mick would kiss his sister Julia's bonny cheek, and they would have a jolly night, and cry as they talked about old times, and the dear old Castle Whatdyecall'em where they were born, and the fighting Onetyoneth being quarthered there, and the Major proposing for Cyaroloine, and the tomb of their seented mother (who had chayted them out of the propertee), Heaven bless her soul! They used to weep and kiss so profusely at meeting and parting, that it was touching to behold them. At the sight of their embraces one forgot those painful little stories, and those repeated previous assurances that, did they tell all, they could hang each other all round.

What can there be finer than forgiveness? What more rational than, after calling a man by every bad name under the sun, to apologize, regret hasty expressions, and so forth, withdraw the decanter (say) which you have flung at your enemy's head, and be friends as before? Some folks possess this admirable, this angel-like, gift of forgiveness. It was beautiful, for instance,



to see our two ladies at Tunbridge Wells forgiving one another, smiling, joking, fondling almost in spite of the hard words of yesterday—yes; and forgetting bygones, though they couldn't help remembering them perfectly well. I wonder, can you and I do as much? Let us strive, my friend, to acquire this pacable, Christian spirit. My belief is that you may learn to forgive bad language employed to you; but, then, you must have a deal of practice, and be accustomed to hear and use it. You embrace after a quarrel and mutual bad language. Heaven bless us! Bad words are nothing when one is accustomed to them, and scarce need ruffle the temper on either side.

So the aunt and niece played cards very amicably together, and drank to each other's health, and each took a wing of the chicken, and pulled a bone of the merry-thought, and (in conversation) scratched their neighbors', not each other's, eyes out. Thus, we have read how the Peninsular warriors, when the bugles sang truce, fraternized and exchanged tobacco-pouches and wine, ready to seize their firelocks and knock each other's heads off when the truce was over; and thus our old soldiers, skillful in war, but knowing the charms of a quiet life, laid their weapons down for the nonce, and hob-and-nobbed gayly together. Of course, while drinking with Jack Frenchman, you have your piece handy to blow his brains out if he makes a hostile move: but, meanwhile, it is *à votre santé, mon camarade!* Here's to you, Mounseer! and every thing is as pleasant as possible. Regarding Aunt Bernstein's threatened gout? The twinges had gone off. Maria was so glad! Maria's fainting fits? She had no return of them. A slight recurrence last night. The Baroness was so sorry! Her niece must see the best doctor, take every thing to fortify her, continue to take the steel, even after she left Tunbridge. How kind of Aunt Bernstein to offer to send some of the bottled waters after her! Suppose Madame Bernstein says in confidence to her own woman, "Fainting fits!—pooh!—epilepsy! inherited from that horrible scrofulous German mother!" What means have we of knowing the private conversation of the old lady and her attendant? Suppose Lady Maria orders Mrs. Betty, her ladyship's maid, to taste every glass of medicinal water first, declaring that her aunt is capable of poisoning her? Very likely such conversations take place. These are but precautions—these are the firelocks which our old soldiers have at their sides, loaded and cocked, but at present lying quiet on the grass.

Having Harry's bond in her pocket, the veteran Maria did not choose to press for payment. She knew the world too well for that. He was bound to her, but she gave him plenty of day-rule, and leave of absence on parole. It was not her object needlessly to chafe and anger her young slave. She knew the difference of ages, and that Harry must have his pleasures and di-

versions. "Take your ease and amusement, cousin," says Lady Maria. "Frisk about, pretty little mousekin," says gray Grimalkin, purring in the corner, and keeping watch with her green eyes. About all that Harry was to see and do on his first visit to London, his female relatives had of course talked and joked. Both of the ladies knew perfectly what were a young gentleman's ordinary amusements in those days, and spoke of them with the frankness which characterized those easy times.

Our wily Calypso consoled herself, then, perfectly, in the absence of her young wanderer, and took any diversion which came to hand. Mr. Jack Morris, the gentleman whom we have mentioned as rejoicing in the company of Lord March and Mr. Warrington, was one of these diversions. To live with titled personages was the delight of Jack Morris's life; and to lose money at cards to an earl's daughter was almost a pleasure to him. Now, the Lady Maria Esmond was an earl's daughter who was very glad to win money. She obtained permission to take Mr. Morris to the Countess of Yarmouth's assembly, and played cards with him—and so every body was pleased.

Thus the first eight-and-forty hours after Mr. Warrington's departure passed pretty cheerily at Tunbridge Wells, and Friday arrived, when the sermon was to be delivered which we have seen Mr. Sampson preparing. The company at the Wells were ready enough to listen to it. Sampson had a reputation for being a most amusing and eloquent preacher, and if there were no breakfast, conjuror, dancing bears, concert going on, the good Wells folk would put up with a sermon. He knew Lady Yarmouth was coming, and what a power she had in the giving of livings and the dispensing of bishoprics, the Defender of the Faith of that day having a remarkable confidence in her ladyship's opinion upon these matters; and so we may be sure that Mr. Sampson prepared his very best discourse for her hearing. When the Great Man is at home at the Castle, and walks over to the little country church in the park, bringing the Duke, the Marquis, and a couple of cabinet ministers with him, has it ever been your lot to sit among the congregation, and watch Mr. Trotter the curate and his sermon? He looks anxiously at the Great Pew; he falters as he gives out his text, and thinks, "Ah, perhaps his lordship may give me a living!" Mrs. Trotter and the girls look anxiously at the Great Pew too, and watch the effects of papa's discourse—the well-known favorite discourse—upon the big-wigs assembled. Papa's first nervousness is over: his noble voice clears, warms to his sermon: he kindles: he takes his pocket-handkerchief out: he is coming to that exquisite passage which has made them all cry at the parsonage: he has begun it! Ah! What is that humming noise, which fills the edifice, and causes hob-nailed Melibœus to grin at smock-frocked Tityrus? It is the Right Honorable Lord Naseby, snoring in the pew by the fire!

And poor Trotter's visionary mitre disappears with the music.

Sampson was the domestic chaplain of Madame Bernstein's nephew. The two ladies of the Esmond family patronized the preacher. On the day of the sermon, the Baroness had a little breakfast in his honor, at which Sampson made his appearance, rosy and handsome, with a fresh-flowered wig, and a smart, rustling, new cassock, which he had on credit from some church-admiring mercer at the Wells. By the side of his patronesses, their ladyships' lackeys walking behind them with their great gilt prayer-books, Mr. Sampson marched from breakfast to church. Every one remarked how well the Baroness Bernstein looked; she laughed, and was particularly friendly with her niece; she had a bow and a stately smile for all, as she moved on with her tortoiseshell cane. At the door there was a dazzling conflux of rank and fashion—all the fine company of the Wells trooping in; and her ladyship of Yarmouth, conspicuous with vermilion cheeks, and a robe of flame-colored taffeta. There were shabby people present, besides the fine company, though these latter were by far the most numerous. What an odd-looking pair, for instance, were those in ragged coats, one of them with his curly hair appearing under his scratch-wig, and who entered the church just as the organ stopped! Nay, he could not have been a Protestant, for he mechanically crossed himself as he entered the place, saying to his comrade, "Bedad, Tim, I forgawt!" by which I conclude that the individual came from an island which has been mentioned at the commencement of this chapter. Wherever they go, a rich fragrance of whisky spreads itself. A man may be a heretic but possess genius: these Catholic gentlemen have come to pay homage to Mr. Sampson.

Nay, there are not only members of the old religion present, but disciples of a creed still older. Who are those two individuals with hooked noses and sallow countenances who worked into the church in spite of some little opposition on the part of the beadle? Seeing the greasy appearance of these Hebrew strangers, Mr. Beadle was for denying them admission. But one whispered into his ear, "We wants to be converted, gov'nor!" another slips money into his hand—Mr. Beadle lifts up the mace with which he was barring the door-way, and the Hebrew gentlemen enter. There goes the organ! the doors have closed. Shall we go in and listen to Mr. Sampson's sermon, or lie on the grass without?

Preceded by that beadle in gold lace, Sampson walked up to the pulpit, as rosy and jolly a man as you could wish to see. Presently, when he surged up out of his plump pulpit cushion, why did his Reverence turn as pale as death? He looked to the western church-door—there, on each side of it, were those horrible Hebrew Caryatides. He then looked to the vestry-door, which was hard by the rector's pew, in which

Sampson had been sitting during the service, alongside of their ladyships his patronesses. Suddenly, a couple of perfumed Hibernian gentlemen slipped out of an adjacent seat, and placed themselves on a bench close by that vestry-door and rector's pew, and so sate till the conclusion of the sermon, with eyes meekly cast down to the ground. How can we describe that sermon, if the preacher himself never knew how it came to an end?

Nevertheless, it was considered an excellent sermon. When it was over, the fine ladies buzzed into one another's ears over their pews, and uttered their praise and comments. Madame Walmoden, who was in the next pew to our friends, said it was bewdiful, and made her dremble all over. Madame Bernstein said it was excellent. Lady Maria was pleased to think that the family chaplain should so distinguish himself. She looked up at him, and strove to catch his Reverence's eye, as he still sate in his pulpit; she greeted him with a little wave of the hand and flutter of her handkerchief. He scarcely seemed to note the compliment; his face was pale, his eyes were looking yonder, toward the font, where those Hebrews still remained. The stream of people passed by them—in a rush, when they were lost to sight—in a throng—in a march of twos and threes—in a dribble of one at a time. Every body was gone. The two Hebrews were still there by the door.

The Baroness de Bernstein and her niece still lingered in the rector's pew, where the old lady was deep in conversation with that gentleman.

"Who are those horrible men at the door, and what a smell of spirits there is!" cries Lady Maria, to Mrs. Brett, her aunt's woman, who had attended the two ladies.

"Farewell, Doctor; you have a darling little boy: is he to be a clergyman, too?" asks Madame de Bernstein. "Are you ready, my dear?" And the pew is thrown open, and Madame Bernstein, whose father was only a viscount, insists that her niece, Lady Maria, who was an earl's daughter, should go first out of the pew.

As she steps forward, those individuals whom her ladyship designated as two horrible men, advance. One of them pulls a long strip of paper out of his pocket, and her ladyship starts and turns pale. She makes for the vestry, in a vague hope that she can clear the door and close it behind her. The two whiskyfied gentlemen are up with her, however; one of them actually lays his hand on her shoulder and says:

"At the shuit of Misthress Pincott of Kinsington, mercer, I have the honor of arresting your leedyship. Me neem is Costigan, madam, a poor gentleman of Oireland, binding to circumstances, and forced to follow a disagrayable profession. Will your leedyship walk, or shall me man go fetch a cheer?"

For reply Lady Maria Esmond gives three



A FAINING FIT.

shrieks, and falls swooning to the ground. "Keep the door, Mick!" shouts Mr. Costigan. "Best let in no one else, madam," he says, very politely, to Madame de Bernstein. "Her ladyship has fallen in a feenting fit, and will recover here, at her aise."

"Unlace her, Brett!" cries the old lady, whose eyes twinkle oddly; and, as soon as that operation is performed, Madame Bernstein seizes a little bag suspended by a hair chain, which Lady Maria wears round her neck, and snips

the necklace in twain. "Dash some cold water over her face; it always recovers her!" says the Baroness. "You stay with her, Brett. How much is your suit, gentlemen?"

Mr. Costigan says, "The cleem we have against her leedyship is for one hundred and thirty-two pounds, in which she is indebted to Misthress Eliza Pincott."

Meanwhile, where is the Reverend Mr. Sampson? Like the fabled opossum we have read of, who, when he spied the unerring gunner from

his gum-tree, said: "It's no use, major, I will come down;" so Sampson gave himself up to his pursuers. "At whose suit, Simons?" he sadly asked. Sampson knew Simons; they had met many a time before.

"Buckleby Cordwainer," says Mr. Simons.

"Forty-eight pound and charges, I know," says Mr. Sampson, with a sigh. "I haven't got the money. What officer is there here?" Mr. Simons's companion, Mr. Lyons, here stepped forward, and said his house was most convenient, and often used by gentlemen, and he should be most happy and proud to accommodate his Reverence.

Two chairs happened to be in waiting outside the chapel. In those two chairs my Lady Maria Esmond and Mr. Sampson placed themselves, and went to Mr. Lyons's residence, escorted by the gentlemen to whom we have just been introduced.

Very soon after the capture the Baroness Bernstein sent Mr. Case, her confidential servant, with a note to her niece, full of expressions of the most ardent affection; but regretting that her heavy losses at cards rendered the payment of such a sum as that in which Lady Maria stood indebted quite impossible. She had written off to Mrs. Pincott *by that very post*, however, to entreat her to grant time, and as soon as ever she had an answer, would not fail to acquaint her dear unhappy niece.

Mrs. Betty came over to console her mistress: and the two poor women cast about for money enough to provide a horse and chaise for Mrs. Betty; who had very nearly come to misfortune, too. Both my Lady Maria and her maid had been unlucky at cards, and could not muster more than eighteen shillings between them: so it was agreed that Betty should sell a gold chain belonging to her lady, and with the money travel to London. Now Betty took the chain to the very toy-shop man who had sold it to Mr. Warrington, who had given it to his cousin; and the toy-shop man, supposing that she had stolen the chain, was for bringing in a constable to Betty. Hence, she had to make explanations, and to say how her mistress was in durance; and, ere the night closed, all Tunbridge Wells knew that my Lady Maria Esmond was in the hands of bailiffs. Meanwhile, however, the money was found, and Mrs. Betty whisked up to London in search of the champion in whom the poor prisoner confided.

"Don't say any thing about that paper being gone! Oh, the wretch, the wretch! She shall pay it me!" I presume that Lady Maria meant her aunt by the word "wretch." Mr. Sampson read a sermon to her ladyship, and they passed the evening over revenge and backgammon; with well-grounded hopes that Harry Warrington would rush to their rescue as soon as ever he heard of their mishap.

Though, ere the evening was over, every soul at the Wells knew what had happened to Lady Maria, and a great deal more; though they knew she was taken in execution, the house

where she lay, the amount—nay, ten times the amount—for which she was captured, and that she was obliged to pawn her trinkets to get a little money to keep her in jail; though every body said that old fiend of a Bernstein was at the bottom of the business, of course they were all civil and bland in society; and, at my Lady Trumpington's cards that night, where Madame Bernstein appeared, and as long as she was within hearing, not a word was said regarding the morning's transactions. Lady Yarmouth asked the Baroness news of her breddy nephew, and heard Mr. Warrington was in London. My Lady Maria was not coming to Lady Trumpington's that evening? My Lady Maria was indisposed, had fainted at church that morning, and was obliged to keep her room. The cards were dealt, the fiddles sang, the wine went round, the gentlefolks talked, laughed, yawned, chattered, the footmen waylaid the supper, the chairmen drank and swore, the stars climbed the sky, just as though no Lady Maria was imprisoned, and no poor Sampson arrested. 'Tis certain, dearly beloved brethren, that the little griefs, stings, annoyances which you and I feel acutely, in our own persons, don't prevent our neighbors from sleeping; and that when we slip out of the world, the world does not miss us. Is this humiliating to our vanity? So much the better. But, on the other hand, is it not a comfortable and consoling truth? And mayn't we be thankful for our humble condition? If we were not selfish—*passez moi le mot, s. v. p.*—and if we had to care for other people's griefs as much as our own, how intolerable human life would be! If my neighbor's tight boot pinched my corn; if the calumny uttered against Jones set Brown into fury; if Mrs. A's death plunged Messrs. B, C, D, E, F, into distraction, would there be any bearing of the world's burden? Do not let us be in the least angry or surprised if all the company played on, and were happy, although Lady Maria had come to grief. Countess, the deal is with you! Are you going to Stubblefield to shoot as usual, Sir John? Captain, we shall have you running off to the Bath after the widow! So the clatter goes on; the lights burn; the beaux and the ladies flirt, laugh, ogle; the prisoner rages in his cell; the sick man tosses on his bed.

Perhaps Madame de Bernstein staid at the assembly until the very last, not willing to allow the company the chance of speaking of her as soon as her back should be turned. Ah, what a comfort it is, I say again, that we have backs, and that our ears don't grow on them! He that has ears to hear, let him stuff them with cotton. Madame Bernstein might have heard folks say, it was heartless of her to come abroad, and play at cards, and make merry when her niece was in trouble. As if she could help Maria by staying at home, indeed! At her age, it is dangerous to disturb an old lady's tranquillity. "Don't tell me," says Lady Yarmouth, "the Bernstein would play at cards over her niece's coffin. Talk about her heart! who ever said she had one?"

The old spy lost it to the Chevalier a thousand years ago, and has lived ever since perfectly well without one. For how much is the Maria put in prison? If it were only a small sum, we would pay it, it would vex her aunt so. Find out, Fuchs, in the morning, for how much Lady Maria Esmond is put in prison." And the faithful Fuchs bowed, and promised to do her Excellency's will.

Meanwhile, about midnight, Madame Bernstein went home, and presently fell into a sound sleep, from which she did not wake up until a late hour of the morning, when she summoned her usual attendant, who arrived with her ladyship's morning dish of tea. If I told you she took a dram with it, you would be shocked. Some of our great-grandmothers used to have cordials in their "closets." Have you not read of the fine lady in Walpole, who said, "If I drink more, I shall be 'muckibus!'" As surely as Mr. Gough is alive now, our ancestresses were accustomed to partake pretty freely of strong waters.

So, having tipped off the cordial, Madame Bernstein rouses and asks Mrs. Brett the news.

"He can give it you," says the waiting-woman, sulkily.

"He? Who?"

Mrs. Brett names Harry, and says Mr. Warrington arrived about midnight yesterday—and Betty, my Lady Maria's maid, was with him. "And my Lady Maria sends your ladyship her love and duty, and hopes you slept well," says Brett.

"Excellently, poor thing! Is Betty gone to her?"

"No; she is here," says Mrs. Brett.

"Let me see her directly," cries the old lady.

"I'll tell her," replies the obsequious Brett, and goes away upon her mistress's errand, leaving the old lady placidly reposing on her pillows. Presently, two pairs of high-heeled shoes are heard pattering over the deal floor of the bedchamber. Carpets were luxuries scarcely known in bedrooms of those days.

"So, Mrs. Betty, you were in London, yesterday?" calls Bernstein from her curtains.

"It is not Betty—it is I! Good-morning, dear aunt! I hope you slept well," cries a voice which made old Bernstein start on her pillow. It was the voice of Lady Maria, who drew the curtains aside, and dropped her aunt a low courtesy. Lady Maria looked very pretty, rosy, and happy. And with the little surprise incident at her appearance through Madame Bernstein's curtains, I think we may bring this chapter to a close.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HARRY TO THE RESCUE.

My dear Lord March (wrote Mr. Warrington from Tunbridge Wells, on Saturday morning, the 25th August, 1756): This is to inform you (with satisfaction) that I have one all our *three betts*. I was at Bromley two minutes within



the hour: my new horses kep a-going at a capital rate. I drove them myself, having the postilion by me to show me the way, and my black man inside with Mrs. Betty. Hope they found the drive *very pleasant*. We were not stopped on Blackheath, though two fellows on horseback rode up to us, but not liking the looks of our *countenances*, rode off again; and we got into Tunbridge Wells (where I transacted my business) at forty-five minutes after eleven. This makes me *quitts* with your lordship after yesterday's picquet, which I shall be very happy to give you your revenge, and am,

Your most obliged, faithful servant,

H. ESMOND WARRINGTON.

And now, perhaps the reader will understand by what means Lady Maria Esmond was enabled to surprise her dear aunt in her bed on Saturday morning, and walk out of the house of captivity. Having dispatched Mrs. Betty to London, she scarcely expected that her emissary would return on the day of her departure; and she and the Chaplain were playing their cards at midnight, after a small refection which the bailiff's wife had provided for them, when the rapid whirling of wheels was heard approaching their house, and caused the lady to lay her trumps down, and her heart to beat with more than ordinary emotion. Whirr came the wheels—the carriage stopped at the very door: there was a parley at the gate: then appeared Mrs. Betty, with a face radiant with joy, though her eyes were full of tears; and next, who is that tall young gentleman who enters? Can any of my readers guess? Will they be very angry if I say that the Chaplain slapped down his cards with a huzzay, while Lady Maria, turning as

white as a sheet, rose up from her chair, tottered forward a step or two, and with an hysterical shriek, flung herself in her cousin's arms? How many kisses did he give her? If they were mille, deinde centum, dein mille altera, dein secunda centum, and so on, I am not going to cry out. He had come to rescue her. She knew he would; he was her champion, her preserver from bondage and ignominy. She wept a genuine flood of tears upon his shoulder, and as she reclines there, giving way to a hearty emotion, I protest I think she looks handsomer than she has looked during the whole course of this history. She did not faint this time; she went home, leaning lovingly on her cousin's arm, and may have had one or two hysterical outbreaks in the night; but Madame Bernstein slept soundly, and did not hear her.

"You are both free to go home," were the first words Harry said. "Get my lady's hat and cardinal, Betty, and, Chaplain, we'll smoke a pipe together at our lodgings, it will refresh me after my ride." The Chaplain, who, too, had a great deal of available sensibility, was very much overcome; he burst into tears as he seized Harry's hand, and kissed it, and prayed God to bless his dear generous young patron. Mr. Warrington felt a glow of pleasure thrill through his frame. It is good to be able to help the suffering and the poor; it is good to be able to turn sorrow into joy. Not a little proud and elated was our young champion, as, with his hat cocked, he marched by the side of his rescued princess. His feelings came out to meet him, as it were, and beautiful happinesses with kind eyes and smiles danced before him, and clad him in a robe of honor, and scattered flowers on his path, and blew trumpets and shawms of sweet gratulation, calling "Here comes the conqueror! Make way for the champion!" And so they led him up to the King's house, and seated him in the hall of complacency, upon the cushions of comfort. And yet it was not much he had done. Only a kindness. He had but to put his hand in his pocket, and with an easy talisman, drive off the dragon which kept the gate, and cause the tyrant to lay down his axe, who had got Lady Maria in execution. Never mind if his vanity is puffed up; he is very good-natured; he has rescued two unfortunate people, and pumped tears of good-will and happiness out of their eyes:—and if he brags a little to-night, and swaggers somewhat to the Chaplain, and talks about London and Lord March, and White's and Almack's, with the air of a macaroni, I don't think we need like him much the less.

Sampson continued to be prodigiously affected. This man had a nature most easily worked upon, and extraordinarily quick to receive pain and pleasure, to tears, gratitude, laughter, hatred, liking. In his preaching profession he had educated and trained his sensibilities so that they were of great use to him; he was for the moment what he acted. He wept quite genuine tears, finding that he could produce

them freely. He loved you while he was with you; he had a real pang of grief as he mingled his sorrow with the widow or orphan; and, meeting Jack as he came out of the door, went to the tavern opposite, and laughed and roared over the bottle. He gave money very readily, but never repaid when he borrowed. He was on this night in a rapture of gratitude and flattery toward Harry Warrington. In all London, perhaps, the unlucky Fortunate Youth could not have found a more dangerous companion.

To-night he was in his grateful mood, and full of enthusiasm for the benefactor who had released him from durance. With each bumper his admiration grew stronger. He exalted Harry as the best and noblest of men, and the complacent young simpleton, as we have said, was disposed to take these praises as very well deserved. "The younger branch of our family," said Mr. Harry, with a superb air, "have treated you scurvily; but by Jove, Sampson, my boy, I'll stand by you!" At a certain period of Burgundian excitement Mr. Warrington was always very eloquent respecting the splendor of his family. "I am very glad I was enabled to help you in your strait. Count on me whenever you want me, Sampson. Did you not say you had a sister at boarding-school? You will want money for her, Sir. Here is a little bill which may help to pay her schooling," and the liberal young fellow passed a bank-note across to the Chaplain.

Again the man was affected to tears. Harry's generosity smote him.

"Mr. Warrington," he said, putting the bank-note a short distance from him, "I—I don't deserve your kindness—by George, I don't!" and he swore an oath to corroborate his passionate assertion.

"Pshaw!" says Harry, "I have plenty more of 'em. There was no money in that confounded pocket-book which I lost last week."

"No, Sir. There was no money!" says Mr. Sampson, dropping his head.

"Halloa! How do you know, Mr. Chaplain?" asks the young gentleman.

"I know because I am a villain, Sir. I am not worthy of your kindness. I told you so. I found the book, Sir, that night, when you had too much wine at Barbeau's."

"And read the letters?" asked Mr. Warrington, starting up and turning very red.

"They told me nothing I did not know, Sir," said the Chaplain. "You have had spies about you whom you little suspect—from whom you are much too young and simple to be able to keep your secret."

"Are those stories about Lady Fanny and my Cousin Will, and his doings, true then?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, they are true," sighed the Chaplain. "The house of Castlewood has not been fortunate, Sir, since your honor's branch, the elder branch, left it."

"Sir, you don't dare for to breathe a word against my Lady Maria?" Harry cried out.

"Oh, not for worlds!" says Mr. Sampson, with a queer look at his young friend. "I may think she is too old for your honor, and that 'tis a pity you should not have a wife better suited to your age, though I admit she looks very young for hers, and hath every virtue and accomplishment."

"She *is* too old, Sampson, I know she is," says Mr. Warrington, with much majesty; "but she has my word, and you see, Sir, how fond she is of me. Go bring me the letters, Sir, which you found, and let me try and forgive you for having seized upon them."

"My benefactor, let me try and forgive myself!" cries Mr. Sampson, and departed toward his chamber, leaving his young patron alone over his wine.

Sampson returned presently, looking very pale. "What has happened, Sir?" says Harry, with an imperious air.

The Chaplain held out a pocket-book. "With your name in it, Sir," he said.

"My brother's name in it," says Harry; "it was George who gave it to me."

"I kept it in a locked chest, Sir, in which I left it this morning before I was taken by those people. Here is the book, Sir, but the letters are gone. My trunk and valise have also been tampered with. And I am a miserable, guilty man, unable to make you the restitution which I owe you." Sampson looked the picture of woe as he uttered these sentiments. He clasped his hands together, and almost knelt before Harry in an attitude the most pathetic.

Who had been in the rooms in Mr. Sampson's and Mr. Warrington's absence? The landlady was ready to go on her knees, and declare that nobody had come in; nor, indeed, was Mr. Warrington's chamber in the least disturbed, nor any thing abstracted from Mr. Sampson's scanty wardrobe and possessions, except those papers of which he deplored the absence.

Whose interest was it to seize them? Lady Maria's. The poor woman had been a prisoner all day, and during the time when the capture was effected.

She certainly was guiltless of the rape of the letters. The sudden seizure of the two—Case, the house-steward's secret journey to London—Case, who knew the shoemaker at whose house Sampson lodged in London, and all the secret affairs of the Esmond family, these points considered together and separately, might make Mr. Sampson think that the Baroness Bernstein was at the bottom of this mischief. But why arrest Lady Maria? The Chaplain knew nothing as yet about that letter which her ladyship had lost; for poor Maria had not thought it necessary to confide her secret to him.

As for the pocket-book and its contents, Mr. Harry was so swollen up with self-satisfaction that evening, at winning his three bets, at rescuing his two friends, at the capital premature cold supper of partridges and ancient Burgundy which obsequious Monsieur Barbeau had sent over to the young gentleman's lodgings, that

he accepted Sampson's vows of contrition, and solemn promises of future fidelity, and reached his gracious hand to the Chaplain, and condoned his offense. When the latter swore his great Gods, that henceforth he would be Harry's truest, humblest friend and follower, and at any moment would be ready to die for Mr. Warrington, Harry said, majestically, "I think, Sampson, you would; I hope you would. My family—the Esmond family—has always been accustomed to have faithful friends round about 'em—and to reward 'em too. The wine's with you, Chaplain. What toast do you call, Sir?"

"I call a blessing on the house of Esmond Warrington!" cries the Chaplain, with real tears in his eyes.

"We are the elder branch, Sir. My grandfather was the Marquis of Esmond," says Mr. Harry, in a voice noble but somewhat indistinct. "Here's to you, Chaplain—and I forgive you, Sir—and God bless you, Sir—and if you had been took for three times as much, I'd have paid it. Why, what's that I see through the shutters? I am blessed if the sun hasn't risen again! We have no need of candles to go to bed, ha, ha!" And once more extending his blessing to his Chaplain, the young fellow went off to sleep.

About noon Madame de Bernstein sent over a servant to say that she would be glad if her nephew would come over and drink a dish of chocolate with her, whereupon our young friend rose and walked to his aunt's lodgings. She remarked, not without pleasure, some alteration in his toilet: in his brief sojourn in London he had visited a tailor or two, and had been introduced by my Lord March to some of his lordship's purveyors and tradesmen.

Aunt Bernstein called him "my dearest child," and thanked him for his noble, his generous behavior to dear Maria. What a shock that seizure in church had been to her! A still greater shock that she had lost three hundred only on the Wednesday night to Lady Yarmouth, and was quite *à sec*. "Why," said the Baroness, "I had to send Case to London to my agent to get me money to pay—I could not leave Tunbridge in her debt."

"So Case did go to London?" says Mr. Harry.

"Of course he did: the Baroness de Bernstein can't afford to say she is court d'argent. Canst thou lend me some, child?"

"I can give your ladyship twenty-two pounds," said Harry, blushing very red: "I have but forty-four left till I get my Virginian remittances. I have bought horses and clothes, and been very extravagant, aunt."

"And rescued your poor relations in distress, you prodigal good boy! No, child, I do not want thy money. I can give thee some. Here is a note upon my agent for fifty pounds, va-tout! Go and spend it, and be merry! I dare say thy mother will repay me, though she does not love me." And she looked quite affectionate, and held out a pretty hand, which the youth kissed.

"Your mother did not love me, but your mother's father did once. Mind, Sir, you always come to me when you have need of me."

When bent on exhibiting them nothing could exceed Beatrix Bernstein's grace or good-humor. "I can't help loving you, child," she continued, "and yet I am so angry with you that I have scarce the patience to speak to you. So you have actually engaged yourself to poor Maria who is as old as your mother? What will Madam Esmond say? She may live three hundred years, and you will not have wherewithal to support yourselves."

"I have ten thousand pounds from my father, of my own, now my poor brother is gone," said Harry, "that will go some way."

"Why, the interest will not keep you in card-money."

"We must give up cards," says Harry.

"It is more than Maria is capable of. She will pawn the coat off your back to play. The rage for it runs in all my brother's family—in me, too, I own it. I warned you. I prayed you not to play with them, and now a lad of twenty to engage himself to a woman of forty-two!—to write letters on his knees and signed with his heart's blood (which he spells like hartshorn) and say that he will marry no other woman than his adorable cousin, Lady Maria Esmond. Oh, it's cruel—cruel!"

"Great Heavens! Madam, who showed you my letter?" asked Harry, burning with a blush again.

"An accident. She fainted when she was taken by those bailiffs. Brett cut her laces for her; and when she was carried off, poor thing! we found a little *sachet* on the floor, which I opened, not knowing, in the least, what it contained. And in it was Mr. Harry Warrington's precious letter. And here, Sir, is the case."

A pang shot through Harry's heart. Great Heavens! why didn't she destroy it? he thought.

"I—I will give it back to Maria," he said, stretching out his hand for the little locket.

"My dear, I have burned the foolish letter," said the old lady. "If you choose to betray me I must take the consequence. If you choose to write another, I can not help thee. But, in that case, Harry Esmond, I had rather never see thee again. Will you keep my secret? Will you believe an old woman who loves you and knows the world better than you do? I tell you, if you keep that foolish promise, misery and ruin are surely in store for you. What is a lad like you in the hands of a wily woman of the world, who makes a toy of you? She has entrapped you into a promise, and your old aunt has cut the strings and set you free. Go back again! Betray me if you will, Harry."

"I am not angry with you, aunt—I wish I were," said Mr. Warrington, with very great emotion. "I—I shall not repeat what you told me."

"Maria never will, child—mark my words!" cried the old lady, eagerly. "She will never

own that she has lost that paper. She will tell you that she has it."

"But I am sure she—she is very fond of me; you should have seen her last night," faltered Harry.

"Must I tell more stories against my own flesh and blood?" sobs out the Baroness. "Child, you do not know her past life!"

"And I must not, and I will not!" cries Harry, starting up. "Written or said—it does not matter which! But my word is given; they may play with such things in England, but we gentlemen of Virginia don't break 'em. If she holds me to my word, she shall have me. If we are miserable, as, I dare say, we shall be, I'll take a firelock, and go join the King of Prussia, or let a ball put an end to me."

"I—I have no more to say. Will you be pleased to ring that bell? I—I wish you a good-morning, Mr. Warrington," and, dropping a very stately courtesy, the old lady rose on her tortoiseshell stick, and turned toward the door. But, as she made her first step, she put her hand to her heart, sank on the sofa again, and shed the first tears that had dropped for long years from Beatrix Esmond's eyes.

Harry was greatly moved, too. He knelt down by her. He seized her cold hand and kissed it. He told her, in his artless way, how very keenly he had felt her love for him, and how, with all his heart, he returned it. "Ah, aunt!" said he, "you don't know what a villain I feel myself. When you told me, just now, how that paper was burned—oh! I was ashamed to think how glad I was." He bowed his comely head over her hand. She felt hot drops from his eyes raining on it. She had loved this boy. For half a century past—never, perhaps, in the course of her whole worldly life—had she felt a sensation so tender and so pure. The hard heart was wounded now, softened, overcome. She put her two hands on his shoulders, and lightly kissed his forehead.

"You will not tell her what I have done, child?" she said.

He declared never! never! And demure Mrs. Brett, entering at her mistress's summons, found the nephew and aunt in this sentimental attitude.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH HARRY PAYS OFF AN OLD DEBT,
AND INCURS SOME NEW ONES.

OUR Tunbridge friends were now weary of the Wells, and eager to take their departure. When the autumn should arrive, Bath was Madame de Bernstein's mark. There were more cards, company, life, there. She would reach it after paying a few visits to her country friends. Harry promised, with rather a bad grace, to ride with Lady Maria and the Chaplain to Castlewood. Again they passed by Oakhurst village, and the hospitable house where Harry had been so kindly entertained. Maria made so many keen remarks about the young ladies of



Oakhurst, and their setting their caps at Harry, and the mother's evident desire to catch him for one of them, that, somewhat in a pet, Mr. Warrington said he would pass his friends' door, as her ladyship disliked and abused them; and was very haughty and sulky that evening at the inn where they stopped, some few miles further on the road. At supper, my Lady Maria's smiles brought no corresponding good-humor to Harry's face; her tears (which her ladyship had at command) did not seem to create the least sympathy from Mr. Warrington; to her querulous remarks he growled a surly reply; and my lady was obliged to go to bed at length without getting a single *tête-à-tête* with her cousin—that obstinate Chaplain, as if by order, persisting in staying in the room. Had Harry given Sampson orders to remain? She departed with a sigh. He bowed her to the door with an obstinate politeness, and consigned her to the care of the landlady and her maid.

What horse was that which galloped out of the inn-yard ten minutes after Lady Maria had gone to her chamber? An hour after her departure from their supper-room, Mrs. Betty came in for her lady's bottle of smelling-salts, and found Parson Sampson smoking a pipe alone. Mr. Warrington was gone to bed—was gone to fetch a walk in the moonlight—how should he know where Mr. Harry was, Sampson answered, in reply to the maid's interrogatories. Mr. Warrington was ready to set forward the next morning, and took his place by the side of Lady Maria's carriage. But his brow was black—the dark spirit was still on him. He hardly spoke to her during the journey. "Great Heavens! she must have told him that she stole it!" thought Lady Maria within her own mind.

The fact is, that, as they were walking up that steep hill which lies about three miles from

Oakhurst, on the Westerham road, Lady Maria Esmond, leaning on her fond youth's arm, and indeed very much in love with him, had warbled into his ear the most sentimental vows, protests, and expressions of affection. As she grew fonder, he grew colder. As she looked up in his face, the sun shone down upon hers, which, fresh and well-preserved as it was, yet showed some of the lines and wrinkles of two-score years; and poor Harry, with that arm leaning on his, felt it intolerably weighty, and by no means relished his walk up the hill. To think that all his life that drag was to be upon him! It was a dreary look forward; and he cursed the moonlight walk, and the hot evening, and the hot wine which had made him give that silly pledge by which he was fatally bound.

Maria's praises and raptures annoyed Harry beyond measure. The poor thing poured out scraps of the few plays which she knew that had reference to her case, and strove with her utmost power to charm her young companion. She called him, over and over again, her champion, her Henrico, her preserver, and vowed that his Molinda would be ever, ever faithful to him. She clung to him. "Ah, child! Have I not thy precious image, thy precious hair, thy precious writing *here*?" she said, looking in his face. "Shall it not go with me to the grave? It would, Sir, were I to meet with unkindness from my Henrico!" she sighed out.

Here was a strange story! Madame Bernstein had given him the little silken case—she had burned the hair and the note which the case contained, and Maria had it still on her heart! It was then, at the start which Harry gave as she was leaning on his arm—at the sudden movement as if he would drop hers—that Lady Maria felt her first pang of remorse that she had told a fib, or rather, that she was found out in telling a fib, which is a far more cogent reason for repentance. Heaven help us! if some people were to do penance for telling lies, would they ever be out of sackcloth and ashes?

Arrived at Castlewood, Mr. Harry's good-humor was not increased. My lord was from home; the ladies also were away; the only member of the family whom Harry found was Mr. Will, who returned from partridge-shooting just as the chaise and cavalcade reached the gate, and who turned very pale when he saw his cousin, and received a sulky scowl of recognition from the young Virginian.

Nevertheless, he thought to put a good face on the matter, and they met at supper, where, before my Lady Maria, their conversation was at first civil, but not lively. Mr. Will had been to some races? to several. He had been pretty successful in his bets? Mr. Warrington hopes. Pretty well. "And you have brought back my horse sound?" asked Mr. Warrington.

"Your horse? what horse?" asked Mr. Will.

"What horse? my horse!" says Mr. Harry, curtly.

"Protest I don't understand you," says Will.

"The brown horse for which I played you,

and which I won of you the night before you rode away upon it," says Mr. Warrington, sternly. "You remember the horse, Mr. Esmond."

"Mr. Warrington, I perfectly well remember playing you for a horse, which my servant handed over to you on the day of your departure."

"The Chaplain was present at our play. Mr. Sampson, will you be umpire between us?" Mr. Warrington said, with much gentleness.

"I am bound to decide that Mr. Warrington played for the brown horse," says Mr. Sampson.

"Well, he got the other one," said sulky Mr. Will, with a grin.

"And sold it for thirty shillings!" said Mr. Warrington, always preserving his calm tone.

Will was waggish. "Thirty shillings, and a devilish good price, too, for the broken-kneed old rip. Ha, ha!"

"Not a word more. 'Tis only a question about a bet, my dear Lady Maria. Shall I serve you some more chicken?" Nothing could be more studiously courteous and gay than Mr. Warrington was, so long as the lady remained in the room. When she rose to go, Harry followed her to the door, and closed it upon her with the most courtly bow of farewell. He stood at the closed door for a moment, and then he bade the servants retire. When those menials were gone, Mr. Warrington locked the heavy door before them, and pocketed the key.

As it clicked in the lock, Mr. Will, who had been sitting over his punch, looking now and then askance at his cousin, asked, with one of the oaths which commonly garnished his conversation, what the —— Mr. Warrington meant by that?

"I guess there's going to be a quarrel," said Mr. Warrington, blandly, "and there is no use in having these fellows look on at rows between their betters."

"Who is going to quarrel here, I should like to know?" asked Will, looking very pale and grasping a knife.

"Mr. Sampson, you were present when I played Mr. Will fifty guineas against his brown horse."

"Against his horse!" bawls out Mr. Will.

"I am not such a something fool as you take me for," says Mr. Warrington, "although I do come from Virginia!" and he repeated his question: "Mr. Sampson, you were here when I played the Honorable William Esmond, Esquire, fifty guineas against his brown horse?"

"I must own it, Sir," says the Chaplain, with a deprecatory look toward his lord's brother.

"I don't own no such thing," says Mr. Will, with rather a forced laugh.

"No, Sir: because it costs you no more pains to lie than to cheat," said Mr. Warrington, walking up to his cousin. "Hands off, Mr. Chaplain, and see fair play! Because you are no better than a—ha!"——

No better than a what we can't say, and shall never know, for as Harry uttered the exclamation, his dear cousin flung a wine bottle at Mr.

Warrington's head, who bobbed just in time, so that the missile flew across the room, and broke against the wainscot opposite, breaking the face of a pictured ancestor of the Esmond family and then itself against the wall, whence it spirted a pint of good port-wine over the Chaplain's face and flowered wig. "Great Heavens, gentlemen, I pray you to be quiet," cried the parson, dripping with gore.

But gentlemen are not inclined at some moments to remember the commands of the Church. The bottle having failed, Mr. Esmond seized the large silver-handled knife and drove at his cousin. But Harry caught up the other's right hand with his left, as he had seen the boxers do at Marybone, and delivered a rapid blow upon Mr. Esmond's nose, which sent him reeling up against the oak panels, and I dare say caused him to see ten thousand illuminations. He dropped his knife in his retreat against the wall, which his rapid antagonist kicked under the table.

Now Will, too, had been at Marybone and Hockley-in-the-Hole, and after a gasp for breath and a glare over his bleeding nose at his enemy, he dashed forward his head as though it had been a battering ram, intending to project it into Mr. Henry Warrington's stomach.

This manœuvre Harry had seen, too, on his visit to Marybone, and among the negroes upon the maternal estate, who would meet in combat like two concutient cannon-balls, each harder than the other. But Harry had seen and marked the civilized practice of the white man. He skipped aside, and saluting his advancing enemy with a tremendous blow on the right ear, felled him, so that he struck his head against the heavy oak table, and sank lifeless to the ground.

"Chaplain, you will bear witness that it has been a fair fight!" said Mr. Warrington, still quivering with the excitement of the combat, but striving with all his might to restrain himself and look cool. And he drew the key from his pocket and opened the door in the lobby, behind which three or four servants were gathered. A crash of broken glass, a cry, a shout, an oath or two, had told them that some violent scene was occurring within, and they entered, and behold two victims bedabbled with red—the Chaplain bleeding port-wine, and the Honorable William Esmond, Esquire, stretched in his own gore.

"Mr. Sampson will bear witness that I struck fair, and that Mr. Esmond hit the first blow," said Mr. Warrington. "Undo his neckcloth, somebody, he may be dead; and get a fleam, Sambo, and bleed him. Stop! He is coming to himself! Lift him up, you, and tell a maid to wash the floor."

Indeed, in a minute, Mr. Will did come to himself. First his eyes rolled about, or rather, I am ashamed to say, his eye, one having been closed by Mr. Warrington's first blow. First, then, his eye rolled about; then he gasped and uttered an inarticulate moan or two, then he

began to swear and curse very freely and articulately.

"He is getting well," said Mr. Warrington.

"O praise be Mussy!" sighs the sentimental Betty.

"Ask him, Gumbo, whether he would like any more?" said Mr. Warrington, with a stern humor.

"Massa Harry say, wool you like any maw?" asked obedient Gumbo, bowing over the prostrate gentleman.

"No, curse you, you black devil!" says Mr. Will, hitting up at the black object before him. "So he nearly cut my tongue in *tu* in my mouf!" Gumbo explained to the pitying Betty. "No, that is, yes! You infernal Mohock! Why does not somebody kick him out of the place?"

"Because nobody dares, Mr. Esmond," says Mr. Warrington, with great state, arranging his ruffles—his ruffled ruffles.

"And nobody won't neither," growled the men. They had all grown to love Harry, whereas Mr. Will had nobody's good word. "We know all's fair, Sir. It ain't the first time Master William have been served so."

"And I hope it won't be the last," cries shrill Betty, "to go for to strike a poor black gentleman so!"

Mr. Will had gathered himself up by this time, had wiped his bleeding face with a napkin, and was skulking off to bed.

"Surely it's manners to say good-night to the company. Good-night, Mr. Esmond," says Mr. Warrington, whose jokes, though few, were not very brilliant, but the honest lad relished the brilliant sally, and laughed at it inwardly.

"He's ad his zopper, and he goos to baid!" says Betty, in her native dialect, at which every body laughed outright, except Mr. William, who went away leaving a black fume of curses, as it were, rolling out of that funnel, his mouth.

It must be owned that Mr. Warrington continued to be witty the next morning. He sent a note to Mr. Will, begging to know whether he was for a ride to town or *any wheres else*. If he was for London, that he would friten the highwaymen on Hounslow Heath, and look a very genteel figar at the *Chocolate House*. Which letter, I fear, Mr. Will received with his usual violence, requesting the writer to go to some place—not Hounslow.

And, besides the parley between Will and Harry, there comes a maiden simpering to Mr. Warrington's door, and Gumbo advances, holding something white and triangular in his ebon fingers.

Harry knew what it was well enough. "Of course it's a letter," groans he. Molinda greets her Enrico, etc., etc., etc. No sleep has she known that night, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth. Has Enrico slept well in the halls of his fathers? und so weiter, und so weiter. He must never never *quaril* and be *so cruel again*. Kai ta loipa. And I protest I shan't quote any more of this letter. Ah, tablets, golden once—are ye now faded leaves? Where is the jug-

gler who transmuted you, and why is the glamour over?

After the little scandal with Cousin Will, Harry's dignity would not allow him to stay longer at Castlewood: he wrote a majestic letter to the lord of the mansion, explaining the circumstances which had occurred, and, as he called in Parson Sampson to supervise the document, no doubt it contained none of those eccentricities in spelling which figured in his ordinary correspondence at this period. He represented to poor Maria, that after blackening the eye and damaging the nose of a son of the house, he should remain in it with a very bad grace; and she was forced to acquiesce in the opinion that, for the present, his absence would best become him. Of course, she wept plentiful tears at parting with him. He would go to London and see younger beauties: he would find none, none who would love him like his fond Maria. I fear Mr. Warrington did not exhibit any profound emotion on leaving her: nay, he cheered up immediately after he crossed Castlewood Bridge, and made his horses whisk over the road at ten miles an hour: he sang to them to go along: he nodded to the pretty girls by the roadside: he chucked my landlady under the chin: he certainly was not inconsolable. Truth is, he longed to be back in London again, to make a figure at St. James's, at Newmarket, wherever the men of fashion congregated. All that petty Tunbridge society of women and card-playing seemed child's play to him now he had tasted the delight of London life.

By the time he reached London again, almost all the four-and-forty pounds which we have seen that he possessed at Tunbridge had slipped out of his pocket, and farther supplies were necessary. Regarding these he made himself presently easy. There were the two sums of £5000 in his own and his brother's name, of which he was the master. He would take up a little money, and with a run or two of good luck at play he could easily replace it. Meantime he must live in a manner becoming his station, and it must be explained to Madam Esmond that a gentleman of his rank can not keep fitting company, and appear as becomes him in society, upon a miserable pittance of two hundred a year.

Mr. Warrington sojourned at the Bedford Coffee-House as before, but only for a short while. He sought out proper lodgings at the court end of the town, and fixed on some apartments in Bond Street, where he and Gumbo installed themselves, his horses standing at a neighboring livery stable. And now tailors, mercers, and shoemakers were put in requisition. Not without a pang of remorse he laid aside his mourning and figured in a laced hat and waistcoat. Gumbo was always dexterous in the art of dressing hair, and with a little powder flung into his fair locks Mr. Warrington's head was as modish as that of any gentleman in the Mall. He figured in the Ring in his phaeton. Reports of his great wealth had

long since preceded him to London, and not a little curiosity was excited about the fortunate Virginian.

Until our young friend could be balloted for at the proper season, my Lord March had written down his name for the club at White's Chocolate House, as a distinguished gentleman from America. There were as yet but few persons of fashion in London, but with a pocket full of money, at one-and-twenty, a young fellow can make himself happy even out of the season; and Mr. Harry was determined to enjoy.

He ordered Mr. Draper, then, to sell five hundred pounds of his stock. What would his poor mother have said had she known that the young spendthrift was already beginning to dissipate his patrimony? He dined at the tavern, he supped at the Club, where Jack Morris introduced him, with immense eulogiums, to such gentlemen as were in town. Life, and youth, and pleasure were before him; the wine was set a running, and the eager lad was greedy to drink. Do you see, far away in the west, yonder, the pious widow at her prayers for her son? Behind the trees at Oakhurst a tender little heart, too, is beating for him, perhaps. When the Prodigal Son was away carousing, were not love and forgiveness still on the watch for him?

Among the inedited letters of the late Lord Orford there is one which the present learned editor, Mr. Peter Cunningham, has omitted from his collection, doubting, possibly, the authenticity of the document. Nay, I myself have only seen a copy of it in the Warrington papers in Madam Esmond's prim handwriting, and noted, "*Mr. H. Walpole's account of my son Henry at London, and of Baroness Tusher—wrote to Gen^l Conway.*"

"ARLINGTON STREET. Friday night.

"I have come away, child, for a day or two from my devotions to our Lady of Strawberry. Have I not been on my knees to her these three weeks, and aren't the poor old joints full of rheumatism? A fit took me that I would pay London a visit, that I would go to Vauxhall and Ranelagh *quoi!* May I not have my rattle as well as other elderly babies? Suppose, after being so long virtuous, I take a fancy to cakes and ale, shall your reverence say nay to me? George Selwyn and Tony Storer and your humble servant took boat at Westminster t'other night. Was it Tuesday?—no, Tuesday I was with their Graces of Norfolk, who are just from Tunbridge—it was Wednesday. How should I know? Wasn't I dead drunk with a whole pint of lemonade I took at White's?

"The Norfolk folk had been entertaining me on Tuesday with the account of a young savage Iroquois, Choctaw, or Virginian, who has lately been making a little noise in our quarter of the globe. He is an offshoot of that disreputable family of Esmond-Castlewood, of whom all the men are gamblers and spendthrifts, and all the women—well, I shan't say the word, lest Lady

Ailesbury should be looking over your shoulder. Both the late lords, my father told me, were in his pay, and the last one, a beau of Queen Anne's reign, from a viscount advanced to be an earl through the merits and intercession of his notorious old sister Bernstein, late Tusher, *née* Esmond—a great beauty, too, of her day, a favorite of the old Pretender. She sold his secrets to my papa, who paid her for them; and being nowise particular in her love for the Stuarts, came over to the august Hanoverian house at present reigning over us. 'Will Horace Walpole's tongue never stop scandal?' says your wife over your shoulder. I kiss your ladyship's hand. I am dumb. The Bernstein is a model of virtue. She had no good reasons for marrying her father's chaplain. Many of the nobility omit the marriage altogether. She *wasn't* ashamed of being Mrs. Tusher, and didn't take a German *Baroncino* for a second husband, whom nobody out of Hanover ever saw. The Yarmouth bears no malice. Esther and Vashti are very good friends, and have been cheating each other at Tunbridge at cards all the summer.

"'And what has all this to do with the Iroquois?' says your ladyship. The Iroquois has been at Tunbridge, too—not cheating, perhaps, but winning vastly. They say he has bled Lord March of thousands—Lord March, by whom so much blood hath been shed, that he has quarreled with every body, fought with every body, rode over every body, been fallen in love with by every body's wife except Mr. Conway's, and *not* excepting her present Majesty, the Countess of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Queen of Walmoden and Yarmouth, whom Heaven preserve to us.

"You know an offensive little creature, *de par le monde* one Jack Morris, who skips in and out of all the houses of London. When we were at Vauxhall, Mr. Jack gave us a nod under the shoulder of a pretty young fellow enough, on whose arm he was leaning, and who appeared hugely delighted with the enchantments of the garden. Lord, how he stared at the fire-works! Gods, how he huzzayed at the singing of a horrible painted wench who shrieked the ears off my head! A twopenny string of glass beads and a strip of tawdry cloth are treasures in Iroquois land, and our savage valued them accordingly.

"A buzz went about the place that this was the fortunate youth. He won three hundred at White's last night very genteelly from Rockingham and my precious nephew, and here he was bellowing and huzzaying over the music so as to do you good to hear. I do not love a puppet-show, but I love to treat children to one, Miss Conway! I present your ladyship my compliments, and hope we shall go and see the dolls together.

"When the singing woman came down from her throne, Jack Morris must introduce my Virginian to her. I saw him blush up to the eyes, and make her, upon my word, a very fine

bow, such as I had no idea was practiced in wigwams. 'There is a certain *jenny squaw* about her, and that's why the savage likes her,' George said—a joke certainly not as brilliant as a fire-work. After which it seemed to me that the savage and the savagess retired together.

"Having had a great deal too much to eat and drink three hours before, my partners must have chicken and rack-punch at Vauxhall, where George fell asleep straightway, and for my sins I must tell Tony Storer what I knew about this Virginian's amiable family, especially some of the Bernstein's antecedents, and the history of another elderly beauty of the family, a certain Lady Maria, who was *au mieux* with the late Prince of Wales. What did I say? I protest not half of what I knew, and, of course, not a tenth part of what I was going to tell, for who should start out upon us but my savage, this time quite red in the face, and in his *war-paint*. The wretch had been drinking fire-water in the next box!

"He cocked his hat, clapped his hand to his sword, asked which of the gentlemen was it that was maligning his family? so that I was obliged to entreat him not to make such a noise, lest he should wake my friend Mr. George Selwyn. And I added, 'I assure you, Sir, I had no idea that you were near me, and I most sincerely apologize for giving you pain.'

"The Huron took his hand off his tomahawk at this pacific rejoinder, made a bow not ungraciously, said he could not, of course, ask more than an apology from a gentleman of my age (*Merci, Monsieur!*), and, hearing the name of Mr. Selwyn, made another bow to George, and said he had a letter to him from Lord March, which he had had the ill fortune to mislay. George has put him up for the club, it appears, in conjunction with March, and no doubt these lambs will fleece each other. Meanwhile my pacified savage sate down with us, and *buried the hatchet* in another bowl of punch, for which these gentlemen must call. Heaven help us! 'Tis eleven o'clock, and here comes Bedson with my gruel! H. W.

"To the Honble H. S. Conway."

MUNCHAUSEN REDIVIVUS.

OUR old friend the Baron has turned up again. The last time we heard of him was some two years ago, when, having for the sake of his health taken a little run through Georgia, he favored the Editor of the London *Times* with a sketch of what he saw and heard *in transitu*, concealing his identity for the time being under the modest cognomen of James Arrowsmith. John Bull, who loves big yarns, gave the Baron that undivided attention and unlimited credit which a traveler of his celebrity deserves; and, grateful for past favors, he now appears again before the British public.

For some occult reason the Baron has once more changed his name and country. He has become a hopeful convert to his Holiness of Rome, has assumed the priestly tonsure, joined

the order of Dominican monks, and—so he tells us in his just published work—has, under the name and title of Emmanuel Domenech, abbé and Roman Catholic missionary priest, traveled again through our land, and sojourned some time on its southwestern frontier. The veracious work from which we shall presently cull a few choice bits, is called "Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico," is dedicated to "His Lordship, Dr. Odin, Bishop of Galveston," and was composed by its author—so he assures us—"in the calm of retirement." It comes to us fresh from the press of an eminent London publishing house.* It will be perceived that though the Baron has substituted the priestly cowl and the title of abbé for the rifle and the title of Nimrod, he has lost none of that charming and remarkable faculty of meeting with surprising adventures, which has made him what he is, the greatest of Munchausens.

The Baron arrived in New York in the winter of 1851. He remained in the metropolis fifteen days, and then "embarked in one of the monster steamers which ply on the Hudson, as far as Albany." There was a race. The two contending boats "weighed anchor" at the same moment, "and got out in a spirit of proud rivalry." They got ahead at the moderate rate of from twenty-five to twenty-seven miles per hour; but the captain, "not satisfied with this speed, had casks of oil and grease thrown into the furnace." The rest of the account is so stirring that we can not do better than quote the words of the Baron. "The fire seized the vessel twice. At forks of the river [!] the rival boats endeavored to cut clear ahead in order to shorten their way; and in this manœuvre they often became entangled, with the danger of both going to the bottom, while there were from seven to eight hundred passengers on board. The contest was becoming quite a serious matter, and our lives were in jeopardy, at once from fire, smoke, and water. We held a hurried meeting, discuss the crisis, and send a deputation to the captain, praying him to desist from this dangerous course. He replied with Jack-Tar American politeness: 'You be d—d; for what you pay, you may as well all go to h—ll.' At the same time he bawls out to the fireman, 'Fire, fire, you there—more lard in the furnace!'

"Our position had become truly fearful, when one of the passengers put an end to it by leveling a musket at the poor helmsman of our rival, and discharging its contents into his body. The poor fellow let go the wheel, and dropped down frightfully wounded." Thus the Abbé—the Baron we should say—arrived safely at Albany. From there to Cincinnati, and thence by steamer to New Orleans. Entering the cabin on a Sunday morning, the Baron heard an Epis-

* *Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico: A Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions.* By the ABBÉ DOMENECH. Translated from the French under the Author's superintendence. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts. 1853.

copal bishop preaching to the passengers. He was "attempting to prove that as there is no water in the moon, there could be no men there; it being manifestly impossible for men to live without water." The Baron sighs over the depravity of a "sect" whose bishops preach about the habitableness of the moon. Had he but known of those Kentuckians who totally abjure water, and drink only whisky, he could easily have confuted the Episcopal train of reasoning.

From New Orleans to Texas; which the Baron, in the character of abbé and missionary priest, traversed in various directions for some years. Galveston he reports as "a place infested with Methodists and ants;" the latter being the least troublesome of the two, as he was able, by means of jars of water, to insulate himself and his effects, and thus protect himself. Not, however, without a preliminary stinging. From Houston the Baron traveled through a wilderness interspersed with "Economical roads" in a bullock wagon. Here, properly, his adventures began. The driver slept, and the wagon rolled down a deep ravine. On getting to the bottom the driver asked coolly, "Are any of your bones broken?"

"No."

"Good; then no harm is done."

Proceeding a little farther, a panther leaps out of the bush upon one of the horses; whereupon the driver dismounts, shoots the panther, hoists his carcass in alongside the Baron, and again gets under way. Presently they stop at a farm-house to dine, but are interrupted by a deep growling at the door.

"It is only a bear; never mind it!" says the host, in answer to the inquiring looks of his guests; "they don't do any harm." But an enterprising Frenchman thought differently, went out and wounded the unoffending Bruin, and then finished his dinner. And so on until his arrival at Castroville, the scene of his future labors. Here the Baron—we must call him the Abbé now—made his *début* by baptizing a child. When the ceremony was concluded the father asked the Abbé "what was to pay." The latter politely returned, "We make no fixed charge on such occasions."

To which the answer was as polite a bow as the Abbé's; and nothing more. Thus the good Abbé lost a prospective dinner by his politeness. Another time an old lady generously handed him sixpence, saying, with a burst of emotion fitting the occasion, "There, your reverence, say as many masses as you can for that."

But why dwell longer on such trivialities, when greater things are in store?

Castroville abounded in every known species of reptile. The good Abbé formed a museum, among whose most inconsiderable acquisitions was a centipede eleven inches long, and a caterpillar thirteen inches in length and two in circumference. As for serpents, "they were every where under our feet; we walked on them, and crushed them unconsciously, without paying any attention to the fact." In truth, the pigs and

cats of the place chiefly subsisted on snakes, and the chickens "fell resolutely upon the serpent's head and devoured it without experiencing any bodily inconvenience"—a fact which was not lost upon the Abbé. Finding himself once dinnerless, he persuaded his companions to cut up and cook a freshly caught rattlesnake. Skinned, cut up small, and dressed with cayenne pepper, the meal tasted somewhat of frog and turtle; but the stomach of an abbé could not succeed in relishing the new fare. It was of no use, therefore, that snakes were killed every day; that a friend of the Abbé took up a snake in mistake for a corn-stalk; that a cobra de capello was killed in the school-room; that a "tiger hunter" killed a rattlesnake seventeen feet long, eighteen inches in circumference, and having twenty-five rattles, he having at first mistaken it for a dead tree. Or, finally, that the Abbé himself one day hunting for a stray horse, stunned a stunning rattlesnake, tied a string about its neck, and dragged it victoriously after him into town, at great peril to himself, from the struggling animal.

Cats were found more palatable than cobras; and the Abbé devoted his leisure hours to fattening stray specimens of the *Felis domestica*, which he afterward "turned into delicious fricassees." This fare was varied by occasional messes of game, chief among which was a crocodile, which our Abbé shot one day in a neighboring stream; and the arrival of which threw the town of Castroville into a ferment. The tail was cooked, but did not please the fastidious palate of the captor, who complains that the musk with which it was impregnated got into his head, and thence into his clothes, where it remained for a fortnight. Even alligators failed afterward; and the Abbé complains that he was forced to eat pork which had grown maggoty to that degree that one of his companions (a facetious priest) used the worms in his share for fish-bait. The fact seems to be that that portion of Texas does not flow with milk and honey. The Abbé not only was near upon starvation, but he grew ragged to a degree which he hesitates to describe. For some time he and his companion priest had but one cassock between them, and while one said mass the other walked about in his shirt-sleeves. Poorer yet was his colleague at Brazoria, to whom an old bottomless tin bath-tub served as bed, dining-table, and altar to say mass upon.

The Abbé's circuit was a wide one. Traveling over it, he saw one day near Dhanis, a small settlement, a Mexican woman bound to a tree, and entirely scalped, but yet living. Her mouth was covered with blood and hair, showing that the Indians (less ambitious of scalps than is their custom) "had endeavored to make her eat the scalp of one of her companions—three of whom lay at her feet scalped and dead." Thousands of wasps buzzed voraciously about the victims. The Abbé procured help for the woman, and, with proper attendance, she finally recovered from her wounds! It must be added

that the Baron acknowledges the rarity of such a recovery. Traveling farther, after this, our friend avoided the Indians, whose proximity he ascertained by various marks, among which the following is a very ingenious observation: He had remarked that where deer abound the Americans, when they kill an animal, remove only the legs and shoulders; the Mexicans take the whole carcass except the head; Europeans take the entire carcass, leaving nothing; while the Indians eat the flesh, carry off the skin, and leave what then remains to the wolves.

One of the Abbé's friends, a German naturalist, gave the Indians the worst fright they had probably ever had. The old gentleman was out collecting specimens, and as he caught snake, centipede, lizard, or what not, he fastened the prize to some part of his clothing as the readiest means of carrying it. Having secured a goodly variety of serpents, he knotted these round his body, a huge rattlesnake serving him as a girdle. Thus accoutred, the enthusiastic naturalist strayed unaware into a Comanche camp. No sooner was he espied than there was a general roar of terror, and the entire crew of Red skins, warriors, squaws, and papooses, fell down to the ground at the feet of the "Snake King," treating him with every civility, and almost worshipping so mighty a sorcerer.

When about attending upon some cholera patients, the Abbé was bitten by a tarantula, in consequence of which half his body was paralyzed for some time. He nevertheless continued his attendance upon the sick, during the six weeks wherein the cholera devastated the little town. Coffins growing scarce, it became customary to drag the purple and livid bodies to their graves upon pieces of ox-hide, and often men dropped dead by the side of the moving corpse. At the expiration of six weeks the Abbé himself was seized with symptoms of the dread disorder. He filled a glass goblet with camphorated alcohol, laudanum, unground pepper, and Eau de Cologne. One-third of this dose cured him. After a sleep of twenty-four hours he awoke convalescent.

Scarce was the cholera over, when two men on the road murdered their companion; and one of the murderers, putting himself in the way, was seized upon by a righteous mob, who proceeded with him according to the code of Judge Lynch.

"Do you want to see your wife and children?" the wretched victim was asked, on his way to the fatal tree.

"No," was the answer. But he would like some whisky.

When the noose was about his neck, he was asked to pray to the Virgin Mary.

"I'd like to know how the Virgin will help me at this moment."

"Ah!" said the butcher who acted as executioner, "You don't know, don't you? Well, we'll try to do something for you."

Whereupon the man was strung up without farther words.

"Such is justice in America," says the Abbé; and thereupon proceeds to relate how he saw an American sheriff at Brownsville "flogging Mexicans to death with his ox-hide lash;" how, in a grog-shop, he heard a tipsy American judge propose, amidst shouts of applause, this toast, "To Justice, modified by circumstances;" adding, shrewdly, that, of course, "it is only a Mexican, a coward, or a simpleton, who would appeal to law for justice." He relates how "medical science is not much better represented in the United States than the magistracy," which he exemplifies by the instance of a Yankee doctor in Brownsville, who sawed off a shattered leg with a hand-saw; afterward vibrated between the two occupations of porter and physician, but, finally, "killed so many and so quickly too that he had to renounce his profession," and was thereupon chosen to the Texan Legislature!

One more of the Abbé's reminiscences, and we have done. This time he speaks of his "opponents, the Protestant ministers," who are, according to him, "no eccentric exceptions of a particular locality: they are types of a class in all these countries." He relates that one of these "opponents," a Presbyterian minister, of some wealth, had three marriageable daughters who remained on his hands. Tired of waiting for matrimonial aspirants, he "put in execution an idea essentially American. One Sunday he preached on the subject of marriage, amplifying the text in Genesis, 'Increase and multiply.' He proclaimed to his audience that this was a divine *precept*, and not a *counsel*. He descanted with eloquence and warmth on the bliss of the hymeneal state, and ended his sermon by offering his three daughters, with three thousand dollars of fortune for each, to whomsoever would espouse them. He added that he would receive the names of the candidates after the service; and that his choice would fall on those who would furnish the surest guarantee of moral character. A wag of an Irishman who happened to be present, did not wait for the time prescribed by his minister to make his voice heard, but asked him to put his name on the list for *two*." Of course the meeting burst into laughter, and the poor preacher's matrimonial project was spoiled.

From all this, and more, it will be seen that the Abbé's opinion of the United States is scarcely complimentary. He gives it as the result of his observations that "nine-tenths of the children in the United States go to school as soon as they can walk, and are considered as men from that time forth; and a most ridiculous deference is paid to these citizens in short frocks. They are not commanded to do this or that; they are respectfully requested to do it—the common formula on such occasions being 'My dear Sir, will you have the kindness to do this, or to go there?' If to the prayer be added a sweet cake, the young gentleman obeys with an air of importance." As soon as the "young fellow can read, write, and cipher, he

is placed in business, with the command to make money, and thereafter he leads a migratory, trafficking life, "chews, smokes, and drinks on board the steamer incessantly; reads the advertisements in the papers, the electioneering manifestoes, and the names of the candidates. Such," concludes the sagacious Abbé (—Baron), "is American education."

We leave the Baron, who claims modestly and poetically of this latest of his numerous

works that, "like the violet, it possesses no other charm than the sweet perfume of truth." The reader who has followed him thus far will have wondered at the remarkable preservation of those powers which enabled him already a century ago to make the name of Munchausen a household word, and which place him, even now, foremost in the illustrious list of travelers headed by Ferdinand Mendez Pinto himself.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE pacification of Utah is definitely announced. Messrs. Powell and McCulloch, the Peace Commissioners, reached Salt Lake City on the 7th of June. They found the city almost deserted, only a few of the inhabitants remaining to take charge of the property, and burn it unless some peaceable arrangement should be effected. The Commissioners put themselves in communication with the leading Mormons, who declared their readiness to yield obedience to the Constitution and laws of the United States, and to recognize the newly-appointed civil officers. The Commissioners then proceeded to Provo, fifty miles to the south, whither Brigham Young and the great body of the inhabitants of Salt Lake City had retired. The conferences were altogether amicable, and at their conclusion a public meeting was held, at which Mr. Powell delivered an address, in which he congratulated the inhabitants upon their submission to the laws, and promised them full protection. He said that while the President would exercise his right to send the army wherever he deemed its presence required, it was not his purpose that it should be encamped in their cities; and if Utah should remain tranquil, only a small part of the force ordered to the Territory would be required there. Military posts would be established to protect travelers from Indian depredations. On the 14th, Governor Cumming issued a proclamation, promising, in the name of the President, a free and full pardon for all treason and sedition heretofore committed, and for all criminal offenses associated with, or growing out of, overt acts of sedition or treason. In the mean while the army had commenced its march from Fort Bridger on the 13th, and reached Salt Lake City on the 26th. The troops passed through the streets, and, crossing the Jordan, encamped on the opposite bank. The city seemed almost deserted as they marched through, and the few inhabitants who were visible paid little apparent attention to the march of the troops. On the last day of June, Governor Cumming, accompanied by Brigham Young, returned from Provo to Salt Lake City, and subsequently the Mormons began to make their way back to their deserted homes. Colonel Johnston has been absent to select the spot for the encampment of the army. Toward the South the Indians have grown somewhat troublesome.

In California the excitement growing out of the discovery of the Frazer's River gold-fields continues to increase. Steamers and sailing vessels of the largest class have been put on the route to convey emigrants. Fifteen or twenty thousand men are reported to have already left California for the new

Dorado. The reports of those who have reached the region are yet far from satisfactory. The amount of gold actually received is very small. The difficulties in reaching the diggings and in transporting supplies are great, and it is doubtful whether the climate and the nature of the rivers will allow the digging to be successfully prosecuted for more than three or four months in the year. Hon. Isaac J. Stevens, delegate in Congress from Washington Territory, has addressed an elaborate letter to Mr. Cass, protesting against the proclamation of the Governor of Vancouver's Island prohibiting foreigners to enter Frazer's River for the purpose of trade, and imposing a tax upon miners. He argues that these restrictions are illegal, and urges that our Government should interpose with the British authorities for the removal of these restrictions; should demand the repayment of all sums collected by way of miners' tax; and should make reclamation for the value of all vessels and cargoes confiscated under the proclamation of the Governor.—The official reports of the defeat of Colonel Steptoe by the Indians, in Oregon, have been received. They confirm the previous accounts, with the exception that our loss was greatly exaggerated. Seven officers and soldiers were killed and eleven wounded. The loss of the Indians was much greater. "The war," writes Colonel Steptoe, "has been maturing for some time; but if I could have beaten the enemy at the start, all future difficulty might have been prevented. As it is, I fear that many lives will be lost before a satisfactory adjustment can be arrived at. The savages appear to have been excited by rumors that the Government intends to take possession of their lands, and the Act of the last Congress to lay out a military road from Walla Walla to the waters of the Upper Missouri fully satisfied them of the truth of the rumor."—Considerable reinforcements were at once dispatched from California, and the pacification of Utah will leave a large body of troops disposable for service in Oregon. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Oregon, however, recommends that the troops should be withdrawn at once. He says that the number of Indians in the Territory has been greatly overstated; that their hostility arises from fear of being driven from their homes, and that they promise to create no further difficulty if the troops are withdrawn and their rights respected. Our true policy, he says, is to send a peacemaker to them, and to redeem the promises made to them of agricultural implements and other presents.

The attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph cable has again miscarried. As noted in our last Record, the vessels sailed from Plymouth on the 10th of

June, the cable being equally divided between the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*. Three days after sailing the expedition encountered a terrible gale, which continued without interruption for nine days. The ships kept together for seven days of this weather, when they were obliged to part company. They rejoined each other at the appointed place in mid-ocean on the 26th. The *Niagara* had rode out the gale gallantly, sustaining little damage. The *Agamemnon*, being more deeply laden, suffered severely, and was for some time in imminent peril of going to the bottom. The cable was spliced, but before five miles had been payed out it parted on board the *Niagara*. The ships came together again, a new splice was made, and each vessel had payed out about forty miles, when the communication ceased. It was supposed on each vessel that the separation had taken place on board of the other. But when the rendezvous was reached it was found that the fracture had taken place at some distance from each ship, and apparently at the bottom of the ocean. The vessels came together, and the cable was once more joined. It was decided that if the cable should part again before each vessel had gone a hundred miles, another attempt should be made; but if this distance was exceeded, they should return at once to Queenstown. On the evening of the 28th the third attempt was begun. All worked well on board the *Niagara* until 9 o'clock of the evening of the 29th. Something more than a hundred miles had been sailed, and nearly a hundred and fifty miles of cable had been given out, when the communication suddenly ceased, and it became evident that the cable had parted, and, as was inferred from scientific tests, at or near the *Agamemnon*. It was then determined to test the strength of the cable. It was blowing freshly, and the immense vessel was allowed to swing by the cable, which endured the strain more than an hour; then a heavy pitch of the sea snapped it, and the *Niagara* bore away for Queenstown, where she arrived on the 5th of July, having seen nothing of the *Agamemnon* and her consort. Nothing was heard of these until the 12th of July, when they made their appearance at Queenstown. All had gone on well for more than twenty-four hours. The sea was perfectly calm, the strain upon the cable, as indicated by the dynamometer, being about 2100 pounds, only one-third of what it was warranted to bear, when all at once, without the least apparent cause, it parted close by the stern of the steamer. As the distance agreed upon for abandoning the expedition had been exceeded only by a few miles, it was determined to return to the place of rendezvous, in the hope of encountering the *Niagara*; but seeing nothing of this vessel, after cruising about for some days, the *Agamemnon* headed for Queenstown, which port was reached after an absence of thirty-three days. Altogether the weather had been most unexpectedly unfavorable for the accomplishment of the expedition. As there was still, notwithstanding the loss of four hundred miles of cable, a considerable surplus above the quantity supposed to be required, the Directors determined to make another trial this year, and the expedition set out again for this purpose on the 18th of July.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In Mexico the Government of Zuloaga seems to be near its termination, if indeed it is not already at an end. In consequence of the imposition of the forced loan upon foreigners, our Minister, Mr.

Forsyth, suspended diplomatic relations until he could receive instructions from his Government, but decided to remain in the country in order to afford protection to American citizens. His position was sustained, the United States Attorney General deciding that, while it was admitted that a general tax might lawfully be imposed for legitimate purposes, and according to usual forms, yet the collection of money in the proposed loan was in effect a forced contribution, contrary to treaty stipulations. The Mexican Government abandoned the plan, and received some additional pecuniary aid from the clergy. In the mean time the Constitutionalists made head in various parts of the country. San Luis Potosi fell into their hands on the 30th of June, and the leaders of the Constitutional forces in the various frontier States were preparing to concentrate their troops and march upon the capital. The Government sustained a very decided loss in the death of General Osollo, their ablest military leader. It was estimated that the present Government had under arms about 18,000 men, in all parts of the Republic, while the forces of the Constitutionalists numbered about 21,500.—A severe earthquake took place in the valley of Mexico on the 19th of June. The aqueducts which supply the capital with water were seriously injured, and much damage was otherwise done. The total loss is estimated at six millions of dollars, and some fifty persons lost their lives.

In the Republic of *Dominica*, the war which has been waged for months between General Santana and President Baez has been brought to a close by the abdication of the latter on the 12th of June. An election was subsequently held, and Don José Valverde was chosen President.

From *Central America* the only intelligence of special interest relates to the contest for the Transit Route. M. Belly's French scheme, noted in our last Record, appears to amount to nothing. The Nicaraguan Government has sent Señor Maximo Jerez as Minister to the United States. He brings with him the Cass-Yrissari treaty (noted in our Record for June, where its ratification was prematurely announced), ratified by the Nicaraguan Government, with certain alterations, relating mainly to the landing of United States troops upon the Isthmus, and the protection of the Transit Route by an armed force.

In *Venezuela*, General Castro, the leader of the movement by which Monagas was overthrown, has been chosen President *pro tem*. He received sixty votes in the Council against fifty cast for General Paez, who had not yet returned to the country from his exile.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Bill providing for the admission of Jews to Parliament has passed the House of Lords. It gives the House of Commons the power of omitting, by resolution, the words "on the true faith of a Christian" in the oath administered to members.—The India Bill was slowly advancing through Parliament.—The discovery of gold on Frazer's River has attracted general attention to that portion of British America. In reply to a letter from Governor Douglas, of Vancouver's Island, recounting the measures which he had taken, Sir E. B. Lytton, the Foreign Secretary, says that Government approved of the course which he had taken in asserting the right of the Crown to the sovereignty of the territory, and its claim to the gold found there. He is also commended for waiting for fur-

ther instructions before sending a military force to compel the taking out of gold licenses. It is, says the Secretary, no part of the policy of Government to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the gold-fields. On the contrary, no obstacle is to be interposed to them, so long as they submit to the recognition of the royal authority, and conform to such rules of police as may be established. The right to navigate Frazer's River is a separate question, which Government must reserve. A bill was introduced into Parliament, and promptly passed, erecting a portion of the Pacific dominions of Great Britain into a colony, under the name of New Caledonia. The Governor is to have the power of making laws to govern the colony for five years, after which a Legislative Assembly is to be convened. Vancouver's Island is not at present to be annexed to the colony; but provisions are made for doing so at a future time. The subject of the renewal of the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company was brought forward by Mr. Roebuck, who introduced resolutions against the renewal, and providing that so much of the territory hitherto held by this Company as was now needed for colonization should be resumed at once by the Government. In the course of his speech Mr. Roebuck said that, unless some counterpoise was established, the United States would overshadow not only England but the whole earth. He argued that this was to be done by building up in British America lines of settlements from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Plans had been laid before the Government for carrying a railway directly across the entire continent. The accomplishment of such a scheme would unite England with Vancouver's Island and with China, and would widely extend the civilization of England, which he would boldly assert to be superior to that of America, because the English were a free people uncontaminated with slavery. Upon the grounds of public policy he urged the abrogation of the privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company, which was simply a fur-hunting company, and as such necessarily opposed to colonization. Very similar ground was taken by the Ministers. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton said that "already in the large territory which extends west of the Rocky Mountains, from the American frontier up to the skirts of the Russian domains, we are laying the foundations of what may become hereafter a magnificent abode for the human race; and now eastward of the Rocky Mountains, we are invited to see, in the settlement of the Red River, the nucleus of a new colony, a rampart against any hostile inroad from the American frontier, and an essential arch, as it were, in that great viaduct by which we hope one day to connect the harbors of Vancouver with the Gulf of St. Lawrence." The Ministers, however, urged the withdrawal of the resolutions of Mr. Roebuck on the ground of certain negotiations now pending with Canada in respect to the territory in question, and the necessity of ascertaining the precise legal rights of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Roebuck assented, and the resolutions were withdrawn.—The filthy condition of the Thames is a prominent subject of discussion. The foul odors arising from it render the new Houses of Parliament almost uninhabitable. A bill has been introduced providing for the purification of the river and the draining of London at an estimated cost of \$15,000,000, to be borne by Government.—The name of the *Leviathan* steamer has been changed back to the

Great Eastern. The company to which it belongs have expended all their money, and are unable to fit the vessel out for sea. An unsuccessful application had been made to Government for assistance. An outlay of \$300,000 would enable the company to send the ship to sea, without the saloon and other accommodations for passengers, but the directors could not raise this without the aid of the shareholders. A project has been broached for using the vessel in laying the Atlantic Telegraph cable.

A ministerial crisis has just happened in Canada. When the two provinces were united in 1840, Kingston was selected as the capital. The place was found to be inconvenient, and four years after the seat of Government was removed to Montreal. In 1849 the Parliamentary Buildings were burned down by a mob, and the Legislature made Toronto and Quebec the capitals for alternate periods of four years. This having been found inconvenient, the Legislature last year petitioned the Queen to select a place for the seat of Government. Her Majesty named Ottawa. The Legislature voted, by a small majority, that the place selected by the Queen was not a suitable one. The Ministers considered this vote an act of disrespect to the Queen, and resigned their offices. Mr. Brown, the leader of the Opposition, was then requested to form a new Ministry.

FRANCE.

The Conference of the Plenipotentiaries of the Great Powers is in session at Paris. The affairs of Turkey, and particularly the settlement of the Constitution of the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, are the principal subjects before the body.—The great naval arsenals, magazines, and docks at Cherbourg were to be inaugurated early in August. Notwithstanding the animadversions of the English press, which represents the establishment of these works as a direct menace against Great Britain, and taken in connection with the constant increase of the French navy, as a proof of ultimate hostile designs on the part of the Emperor, Queen Victoria has accepted an invitation to be present upon the occasion.—The French Minister of Foreign Affairs has published a manifesto in relation to the question of privateering. Thirty-seven Powers have given in their adhesion to the principles proposed by the Paris Conference last year. Spain and Mexico have agreed only in part. The United States only have declined to accept the propositions.

THE EAST.

The recent intelligence from *India* is not such as to warrant the expectation of a speedy termination of the war. Wherever the insurgents are met in the open field they are defeated; but they disperse only to reassemble at some other point, and the British forces are too few in number to occupy the country. Thus at Calpee, where a desperate stand was anticipated, Sir Hugh Rose routed the rebels with little difficulty; and it was supposed that they were effectually dispersed. But he was surprised by the announcement that they had reassembled near Gwalior, attacked the troops of Maharajah Scindia, one of the allies of the English, defeated them, and taken possession of the strong fort of Gwalior. A considerable portion of Scindia's forces joined the enemy in the midst of the action. This defection is of special importance, as showing that the native troops are by no means to be relied upon. The English forces were soon concentrated

at Gwalior, and the fortress was retaken. Meanwhile the hot weather had come on, producing much sickness in the European army, while the natives suffer little in consequence of it.

From *China* we learn that the English, French, and Russian fleets had proceeded northward to the Pei-ho River. The demands of the Plenipotentiaries not having been complied with, the fort at the mouth of the river, mounting 138 guns, was attacked on the 20th of May by the English and French gun-boats, and taken with little difficulty. Two days after, the forces commenced the ascent of the river. Six thousand French troops, originally destined for Cochin China, were on the way to the seat of hostilities. The American frigates, *Mississippi* and *Minnesota*, with our Commissioner, Mr. Reed, were at the Pei-ho, but neither they nor the Russians appear to have taken any part in the action. At Canton an ineffectual attempt was made on the 2d of June to rout the Chinese "braves" gathered on the hills near the city.

On the 15th of June the Mohammedans of Jeddah, the port on the Red Sea nearest to Mecca, suddenly rose upon the Christian inhabitants. The English Consulate was first attacked and plundered. Mr. Page, the English Consul, and his wife, were killed; then the mob rushed to the French Consulate, and in spite of the efforts of the Turkish

Governor, killed Mr. Eveillard, the Consul, and his wife. Their daughter, a girl of twenty, with her own hand killed the murderer of her father, and afterward, though severely wounded, saved the life of a member of the consulate. More than forty Christians lost their lives in this outbreak. The Sultan, upon the reception of the tidings of this outrage, dispatched a force of 2000 men to Jeddah for the purpose of punishing the criminals. —The insurrection against the Turkish Government, which has for some time existed in the *Herzegovina*, has been composed, mainly by the interposition of the foreign Consuls. The leaders of the insurgents set forth their complaints against the Turkish authorities, but were told by the Consuls that in order to receive the interposition of the European Powers they must first submit to the Government of the Sultan. They said that they had been so often deceived by the Turks that they would not trust them. They were finally induced to send in their submission, and the commander of the Turkish forces had received orders to withdraw his troops. In *Bosnia* the Christians, who had been disarmed by Omar Pasha, resisted with their implements of agriculture, but were defeated. Six thousand Bosnian Christian peasants had sought refuge in the Austrian territory, in consequence of the excesses committed by the Turkish soldiers.

Literary Notices.

The Life of Thomas Jefferson, Vol. III., by HENRY S. RANDALL, LL.D. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) In the closing volume of the biography of Mr. Jefferson, which is now issued, we have a full portraiture of his life after retiring from his public career, presenting the venerable patriarch of Virginia amidst the shades of Monticello, surrounded by a devoted family circle, and troops of friends, who came from far and near to listen to his colloquial wisdom and to pay homage to the sage in his declining days.

At the close of his presidential term, in 1809, Mr. Jefferson was sixty-six years of age. Upon returning to Monticello, he found his affairs in confusion. His estates had suffered by his protracted absence. The want of the master's eye, and the indulgent treatment to which his slaves were accustomed, had brought his plantations into a state of disorder. The spring was cold and backward. Few signs of vegetation were yet visible, even in that early climate. Mr. Jefferson succeeded in planting only a limited breadth, and there was but a faint promise of harvest returns. He was thus compelled to take an active part in the agricultural administration. It was his habit to rise early, devoting the prime of the morning to his extensive correspondence, and from breakfast to dinner going the rounds of his shops and gardens, or on horseback among his farms. It was not until the dinner hour that he permitted himself to indulge in the society of his friends, which was to him always a delightful recreation, and in which he exercised such varied fascinations. From that time till dark he enjoyed the company of his guests, chatted with the neighboring planters who frequented his house, and made himself the centre of a charmed circle. Between candle-light and early bedtime he was always with his books. His conversation took a wide range. On a great diversity of topics he was

equally at home. He talked with his neighbors of plows and harrows, of seeding and harvesting, spiced with an occasional discourse of politics; to his gay and fashionable guests he made himself agreeable by his profusion of reminiscence and anecdote; and the ambitious young men who sought the presence of the philosophic Nestor, hung eagerly on his lips as he expounded the principles of government, and counseled them to cherish a supreme interest in the freedom and happiness of man.

His property, which had greatly suffered from the embarrassments of the Revolution, now consisted of about ten thousand acres of land and one hundred and fifty slaves. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have made him independent. But from various causes he had been obliged to burden it with heavy responsibilities. His public offices had been sources of expense. While a member of the Virginia Assembly, a member of Congress, and the Governor of Virginia, his salaries were unequal to the demands upon his purse. While in France, as well as during his Presidency, his disbursements were more than his income. He thus left office owing \$20,000. The financial revulsions that rapidly succeeded increased the burden of debt, and laid the foundation of the pecuniary difficulties that embittered his latter days. He was never an improvident man. He had remarkable habits of order and economy, was regular in keeping his accounts, knew the value of money, and was by no means disposed to waste it. He was simple in his tastes, and spent little on himself; nor was he disposed to risk his property in visionary and fantastic experiments. But his generous hospitality, of which a host of visitors availed themselves without stint, made excessive demands upon his means. His guests crowded in upon him from every country, at all times, and with no regard to his convenience. Every day,

for about eight months in the year, brought a supply of fresh recruits. People of fashion, men in office, military and political characters, lawyers, doctors, judges, Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, members of Congress, foreign missionaries, ministers, Indian agents, tourists, travelers, artists, strangers, friends, alike served to swell the mighty host. Some came from affection and respect; some from curiosity; some to give or receive advice or instruction; some from idleness, and some from example. With this swarm of well-bred guests, came also an influx of impertinent gazers, who wished to say that they had seen the great Democratic leader. Groups of utter strangers, of both sexes, would plant themselves in the passage between his study and dining-room, consulting their watches, and waiting to look at him as he passed out to dinner. A woman once punched through a window-pane with her parasol, in order to get a better view of the hero of her fancy. He was waylaid in his rides and walks. When sitting in his portico in the cool of the evening, parties of men and women would sometimes approach within a dozen yards, and gaze at him point-blank, as they would have gazed on a lion in a menagerie.

The number of guests who came to stay over night was sometimes not less than fifty. With thirty-seven house servants, and the members of his own family, the whole produce of Monticello was not sufficient to furnish food for so many mouths. Not only was every thing raised at Monticello consumed by the host of visitors, but it was necessary to make frequent drafts on his estate at Bedford. Nor were the products of his own farms alone adequate to the perpetual drain. The delicious Virginia ham, on its bed of greens, engirdled by its rim of eggs, in the Old Dominion fashion, with a slice of chicken or turkey, which was ample fare for the table of a plain country gentleman, would not answer for the fashionable epicures that frequented the halls of Monticello. Thus every thing went rapidly to rack and ruin. There were occasional gleams of good fortune, but the general exhaustion and loss were inevitable, unless Mr. Jefferson chose to change the social customs of his life. Without prodigality or improvidence, without embarking a dollar in speculation, he was reduced to comparative poverty. The bulk of his property was literally eaten up by his countrymen. But there would have been still enough to carry him comfortably to the end, had he not lost a large sum of money by indorsing for a friend.

But let us take a look at the interior, which concentrated so many fascinations. The house stood on the very summit of the eminence which gave its name to the estate. It was a long brick structure of a lofty balustraded story, the central portion surmounted by a fine dome. Spacious porticos and piazzas surrounded the house on all sides. The central room was a large square hall, into which the visitor first entered. On the right were horns of the moose, elk, and different varieties of the American deer. Their antlers were hung with Indian and Mexican antiquities, articles of costume, war-clubs, shields, spears, bows, quivers of arrows, and other specimens of aboriginal art. On the left were bones of the mastodon, and other fossil remains from Ohio, and numerous specimens of minerals and other natural curiosities. The busts of Jefferson and Hamilton stood on massive pedestals, on each side of the main entrance. The hall open-

ed by folding glass doors on the drawing-room in the rear. This apartment was neatly furnished, and had a floor of parquetry. A harpsichord stood in one corner; the walls were hung with fine portraits of Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Andrea Doria, Raleigh, Cortes, Bacon, Newton, and Locke, Washington, John Adams, Madison, and Monroe. On each side of the door opening on the portico, were busts of the emperors Alexander and Napoleon. The dining-room and tea-room were adorned with busts of Washington, Franklin, Voltaire, Lafayette, and Paul Jones. The library extended through the depth of the house, opening into the conservatory.

With these appropriate surroundings, the last years of Mr. Jefferson passed serenely on, presenting a beautiful spectacle of hale and sympathizing old age. There was nothing to disturb the peace of his declining days but the pecuniary losses, which came through no fault of his own, and which he bore with philosophical composure. He retained his love of books to the last. The favorites of his mature years were his choice in the evening hour. The Bible, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, were his last reading. The approach of the fatal moment was very gradual. His deportment to his family was marked by the utmost gentleness and consideration. He evidently made an attempt to keep up their spirits. He conversed with his wonted vigor and animation. There was no sign of speedy death but the infant-like debility of his frame. But he never separated from his family for the night without showing, by the fervor of his parting kiss, that he felt the farewell might be a final one. He declined allowing any member of his family to remain with him during the night, until very near his death. To the last he declined the attendance of any of its female members; nor was he aware that the library-door was left ajar to enable them to steal silently through the darkness to hover about his bed. He even required the servants that watched with him to have their pallets in his room, so they could sleep most of the night. About the middle of June he expressed the opinion that his time was at hand. Failing, by quite perceptible degrees, till July 3, his slumbers were evidently those of approaching dissolution. He slept until evening, when he awoke, and seemed to imagine that it was morning, remarking that he had slept all night without being disturbed. "This is the Fourth of July." He fell asleep again; and on being aroused at nine to take his medicine, he replied, in a clear, distinct voice, "No, Doctor, nothing more." His slumbers were disturbed and uneasy, the usual opiate having been omitted. He sat up in his sleep, and went through all the forms of writing—spoke of the Committee of Safety, saying it ought to be warned. As twelve o'clock approached the family anxiously noted the minute-hand of the watch, with the hope that his death would not take place before the morning of the great anniversary. Their wishes were fully gratified. At four in the morning he called his servants, with a loud and clear voice, perfectly conscious of his wants. This was the last time he spoke. At ten he fixed his eye intently on a friend, who stood beside his bed, signifying his wish that his head should be raised to a more elevated position. About eleven, again fixing his eye on the friend just alluded to, he applied his lips to the wet sponge which was presented with evident relish. This was the last sign of consciousness, and

at about fifteen minutes before one he ceased to breathe.

Mr. Jefferson, as portrayed in these pages, was a man rarely endowed in intellect, temper, and moral disposition. He scarcely possessed what is called genius, of which a creative imagination is an essential attribute, but he was certainly an original thinker, with a love of bold, perhaps rash speculation, a keen insight into general principles, and no ordinary acuteness in their application, a native love of the beautiful, a refined taste in literature and art, an unrivaled sagacity in threading the labyrinth of politics, and though an earnest and vigorous partisan, free from malignity or baseness in his relations with opponents. Without claiming profound erudition, in the modern sense of that term, he was a person of great and various learning—his stores of knowledge were not only extensive but accurate and well-arranged—for his time and position, indeed, his attainments may almost be deemed wonderful. His genial and sunny disposition was a perpetual joy to his household. A much larger circle was under the charm of his benign and tempered wisdom, whose treasures were lavishly poured forth in conversation with his friends and visitors. Few men have been so free from the defects which mar the brightness of social intercourse; he had no narrowness of view, no petty egotism, no restless vanity, no deceitful profession; but was always frank and transparent, tolerant of different opinions, generous to an intellectual adversary, earnest in his convictions, and always expressing them with simplicity and candor. He was hated only by those who knew him not; most loved by those who were deepest in his confidence. The portraiture drawn of his private character by Mr. Randall is certainly high colored, but is sustained by too many facts to permit us to doubt its likeness. After the heats of party have subsided forever, Mr. Jefferson will be cherished in the memory of his countrymen as a patriot of the most sincere intentions, a disinterested and honest statesman, a scholar, whose acquisitions might be envied by the most assiduous votary of learning, and a man who commanded love and veneration in proportion to the intimacy with which he was known.

WELLS'S *Natural Philosophy, for the Use of Schools, Academies, and Private Students.*

This is a duodecimo volume of 450 pages, professing to exhibit the latest results of scientific discovery and research. This book contains a large amount of useful information, and it is presented in quite a readable form; while its mechanical execution is neat and attractive. The work has unquestionably considerable merit; but if designed as a text-book for the instruction of students in Natural Philosophy, its defects are serious and fundamental. The book is sadly deficient in system; the style is loose and prolix; and the volume is disfigured by errors of the gravest kind. During a hasty perusal we have marked over a hundred errors, few of which can be charged to the carelessness of the printer. We have not room for a complete list of these errors; but we will present a few as a sample.

On page 61 we are informed that "a pendulum 81 feet long will vibrate once in nine seconds." We recommend to the author to try the experiment.

On page 84 he says, "if the earth revolved 17 times faster than it now does, *all bodies* on the

earth's surface would be deprived of weight." It seems necessary to inform the author that this conclusion is *only* true of bodies situated on the equator.

On page 115 he says, "a beam will sustain the greatest application of force when *compressed* in the direction of its length." But his own table, on page 116, shows that the force required to *crush* a wooden beam is far less than the force required to *pull* it asunder.

On page 144 he informs us that "glass *repels* mercury." We will condescend to inform him that glass *attracts* mercury, and the attraction of glass for mercury is *far stronger* than its attraction for water.

On page 196 he says, "if we reduce the length of a musical string *one-third*, it will yield a note two octaves higher." If Mr. Wells is a musician, we will recommend to him to test this principle by experiment.

On page 286 he says, "the mass of air in a hurricane is driven *outward* from the centre toward the margin." We challenge Mr. Wells to name a single example of the kind here described.

On page 309 he says, "the general effect of concave mirrors is to produce *an image larger than the object*." Probably Mr. Wells intended that we should apply this remark to the reflecting telescope.

On page 321 the author gives a definition of "the *optical centre of a lens*," but his definition is totally erroneous.

On page 324 he says, "the magnifying power of lenses is not, *as is often popularly supposed*, due to the peculiar nature of the glass of which they are made, but to the figure of their surfaces." Mr. Wells, in his Preface, disclaims any pretensions to originality; but he here condescends to correct an error into which every scientific optician has fallen.

At the bottom of page 327 he administers a dignified rebuke to Sir Isaac Newton.

On page 329 he treats of "spherical aberration," but unfortunately confounds two principles totally distinct from each other.

On page 331 he defines "complementary colors," but his definition is absurd in theory as well as false in fact.

On page 335 he says, "the circular form of the rainbow is in consequence of the sun being a light-producing disc, and not a luminous point." Mr. Wells has here reached the climax of absurdity.

On page 367 he informs us that, "by the aid of the Rosse telescope, the nebulae have been discovered to be suns *with planets moving round them*." Will Mr. Wells inform us *in what book* the account of these observations has been published?

The description of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, on pages 426, 427, and 428, is miserably defective and inaccurate.

On page 428 we are told that, "for all the ordinary purposes of the wanderer upon the ocean, the magnetic needle may be considered as *free from error*." If a navigator should sail from New York for Liverpool, and rely upon his compass needle as pointing exactly north and south, will Mr. Wells inform us what port he would probably reach?

We think we have quoted sufficiently to show that Mr. Wells's book is altogether an unsuitable one to put into the hands of students from which to acquire a knowledge of the principles of Natural Philosophy. The errors which we have pointed out, particularly in Optics, are not trivial, but glaring and fundamental.

Editor's Table.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—The progress of society constantly tends to increase the distinctness and independence of the family, considered in the light of a domestic organization. As men are better governed, as trade and commerce are conformed to natural laws, as the various interests of citizenship in their bearing on the business and general welfare of the community are more fully appreciated, the privacy and sacredness of home become more essential to the stability and growth of society. At the same time, the outward world acts with greater influence on the fireside. Civil institutions, prosperous industry, mechanical improvements, diffusing intelligence, contribute to the strength and happiness of the family. And, in turn, the family promotes the advancement of the state. A beneficent interchange of good offices is thus maintained, each working in its own providential sphere for the advantage of the other, and both combining their respective agencies in the onward march of humanity.

Never has home occupied its own ground more completely than at present, and never has the external life of society been more closely connected with its character and condition. A modern household is a miniature world, insulated within its own realm, exercising its own prerogatives and enjoying its privileges, without disturbance. Amidst this seclusion, it is intimately identified with the movements of the age; it is, more than ever, a part of the brotherhood of mankind; and nothing can happen on the globe that does not affect its circumstances. Every day places its private fortunes at the mercy of those changes which are always going on in mercantile and national affairs. A storm on the ocean sinks its treasures, and a battle in India covers its walls with the shadow of death. But it is equally open to the meliorating influences of civilization. The great world takes no step forward that home does not feel; and as nations advance in the arts of peace there is a deeper significance given to marriage, childhood rises to a happier destiny, and domestic piety utters a psalm of devouter thanksgiving.

Among those ties which bind the external life of society to the family we may name literature as one of the strongest and most important. Every man of observation knows how much the domestic idea has entered into modern writing, and what a marked change in the modes and manifestations of creative thought has been produced since authors became conscious of the kind of patronage they were to receive. Indeed, the spirit of criticism which has been developed of late years in the private circle of the family has done more to elevate literature than all our dogmatic reviews. And what is still more striking, the vast increase in the number of those books written for the quiet hours of home, and especially for the hands of women and children, their rapid gain, both in quality and quantity, over selecter works of science, shows us that the intellect of the world is enlarging its relations and coming into nearer contact with household mind. We rank this fact among the most hopeful signs of the age. Whenever literature draws its inspiration from such a source, it must gather the best of wisdom as well as the noblest of aspirations into itself.

But our present concern is with the newspaper in the family. The period has not long passed

when the newspaper was almost exclusively an organ for such thoughts and communications as were understood to have reference to men and their pursuits. Business, politics, and such other distinct interests as specially appertained to professional and mercantile life, occupied its columns. One section of the world, and it extremely limited, was under the watchful eye of the editor, and his vocation was restricted to a jealous oversight of its affairs. A man among men, he had no other standard than manly intercourse prescribes. His range was narrow, and often his views and temper narrower. But when the free spirit of an awakened and enthusiastic era penetrated into the operations of society; when, above all, mind, as mind, received an honest and liberal recognition; when intellect was liberated from its intrallment to classes and factitious associations and taught to think and speak for kindred intellect, wherever it had its abode; then the newspaper, first to herald the dawning age and first to shine with its early light, spread its irradiating beams over the broad surface of human life. The change so effected, amounting to a revolution, proved most beneficial. If it did not restore the days of chivalry, it created a moral and social knighthood that refined sentiment and improved character. It made the editor something more of a man by bringing the conventional rules of society to bear upon him, and by substituting public opinion for class-opinion (or, better said, sex-opinion), it lifted him several grades higher in the scale of intellectual and moral being. The modern newspaper owes a large proportion of its power to the fact that it has become the exponent of society—society as constituted by men and women—and it dates this enhancement of its authority and influence to the time when it entered the household as a guest of accredited respectability and reliable worth.

Without the slightest sympathy with what is termed Woman's Rights movements, we may remark that a movement other than that which is technically advertised in platform speeches has long been progressing with the happiest results. The last honor accorded to woman was mind; but if delayed by strange obtuseness of thought, and yet more niggardly breadth of sentiment, it has finally been yielded with a whole-souled grace sufficient to make amends for past injustice. The returning sense of truth has wrought this noble work. It has been done without the rickety machinery of conventions and the hypocritical symbolism of creeds that exaggerate a truth until it swells into a lie, and intensify a virtue into the fanatical fury of a vice. It has been done silently, but surely; and we are now witnesses of the fact that the growth of generous and sympathetic feelings are able, of themselves, to remedy abuses and rectify errors. We have learned that woman is wedded to man in all relations; that she is his counterpart every where and in every position; and because of this tendency in all things to form an alliance with her, we have come to feel that she is the heart of business no less than the heart of home.

But—to take up the stitch we dropped in this sentence-knitting—let us return to the newspaper. We say, then, that the idea of a family newspaper ought to have especial reference to woman. Not exclusive reference, however, for that would be an extreme almost as unfavorable to her true culture

in the affairs of daily life as her entire neglect. What she needs in a newspaper is such information, such forms of thought, such intellectual, moral, and social action on her nature, rather than on her intellect, as shall expand her mind and mature her character in that experience which is common both to woman and man. Compelled as she is to have, in some things, her own exclusive range of ideas and emotions, there is danger that she may confine herself too much and too intensely to this separate field; and hence the importance of enlisting her attention and sympathy in behalf of those objects that appeal to us outside of the peculiarities of sex. Side by side with man she may thus be educated in all that concerns real life. She may remain "a keeper at home," and yet go abroad; may acquire a full knowledge of the world, and not pay the penalty of too much intercourse with it. By this means she may be fitted to supply a want that men often express, viz., intellectual and social companionship in matters that are above routine, etiquette, and drawing-room gossip. The positions of the two sexes, viewed in relation to the interchanges of mind, are certainly not linked together as they should be for mutual improvement, nor are they as sympathetic in kindred offices of sentiment as their happiness demands. Every intelligent person, of both sexes, has often felt this painfully. But how shall it be improved? How may men as men, and women as women, meet on common ground without abatement of faculty, each retaining his and her endowments, both themselves in nature's best sense, and yet opening their minds to each other's influence in hearty fellowship of thought and feeling? How may those sympathies which now so frequently weaken the intercourse of mind between the sexes be converted into agencies of strength and vigor? But one method has ever occurred to us, viz., to put them both in possession of the same sources of intelligence—to train them, after attaining mature life, under the influence of the same master-thoughts, and through the same general instrumentalities—to give them a common property in the intellectual life of the world, and let their hearts throb alike beneath its inspiring energy. A family newspaper meets this necessity. It offers a woman precisely the sort of information and discipline which she requires for conversational charms. The spirit of a first-rate newspaper is the spirit of active, energetic, daily life, with mind to give it dignity and ready tact for versatile adaptation; and this is just the spirit which our better class of women demand, to enable them to fulfill their intellectual and social relations with becoming propriety and effect.

A family newspaper, then, must report the world every week, as far as it can and ought to report it, for the instruction, enlivenment, and happiness of the family. It should be a biography of life, a history of action. All that is attractive in science, beautiful in art, inviting in letters, with whatever else may invigorate and refresh mind by careful devotion to what is good, and hearty homage for what is great, it should command in sufficient measure for its pages. It must be a newspaper in every meaning of the word—one that shall faithfully depict the great surface of the world as the restlessness of passion, the mutations of opinion, the changes of mighty events speed over it; and one, too, that shall look deeper than the surface, and contemplate those principles in which

the order of society and the welfare of existence have their roots.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT has been a burning summer. Lord Rosse should not have abdicated the honors of prophecy until facts had put him in the wrong. But Englishmen have such an inveterate way of being honest, that he instantly relinquished all the possible glory. John Bull is no saint, but he has what has passed into a proverb, a "downright honesty," which is the best of all national characteristics. Perhaps sufficient justice has not been done to the influence of this quality upon his national position.

Honesty is always manly; and the attitude of Lord Malmesbury in the late "outrage" excitement was simply that of a gentleman. There was no prevarication or stuttering. He said plainly, "We don't assert such and such things, but we do others, and we ask you to help us do what we both agree ought to be done." If diplomacy could only come to this how satisfied we should all be!

Apropos of honesty and hot weather, the Fourth, our national natal day, was an exception in its coolness to the usual temperature. Perhaps it was because it was celebrated on the fifth. In New York there were fewer murders, riots, and fights in honor of the day than for a long time previous. There was also a regular oration—not before the city government, as in other places—but a political society. It was elaborately prepared, and was properly spiced with glory and patriotism, and was productive of immense satisfaction to an appreciative and discriminating audience.

Eloquence ought to be cheap and common on the Fourth of July, and apparently it was so in all parts of the country. One simple rustic, with amiable credulity and surprise, applied an original standard of excellence to eloquence, and exclaimed in print, speaking of a discourse delivered on the Fifth—"Another sentence contains over five hundred words, is twelve inches long in print, and is decorated with about two hundred and fifty adjectives. If that be not oratory, I should like to know what is!" It is, at least, a very pretty way of measuring it, and may lead to important practical results. Lyceum committees and literary societies, in contracting for orations and lectures, might order eloquence in advance. They would doubtless find speakers to "fill the orders."

Thus a committee might request a discourse of an hour long, to consist of five thousand words, be the same more or less, with one good rousing adjective for every three words, sentences to vary from fifty to six hundred words, with climaxes and apostrophes *ad libitum*. Fancy the sharp man of the society counting up the oration afterward, and catching an occasional short fifty, or an attenuated adjective stretched over four words! He would consider it in the bill.

However, the Easy Chair has lately had its talk about eloquence, and must not push farther in that direction. It would be a melancholy sign of the fond garrulity and forgetfulness of age to be chewing the cud of old reflections. And yet how much sweetness and pith they have still! A really good thought is always good to return upon and think over. It is like Moore's vase of roses, the scent hangs round it still. Or rather, why not like an orange which you can never squeeze dry? Or

again, like the purse of Fortunatus, in which you always find a gold guinea? A good thought is like a favorite old coat, it is so well made that you can never believe it is worn out. Friends may tell you it is very shabby, but you know its form is becoming to your own, and you secretly believe that every body sees what you see. And yet what ingratitude men show to old coats, and to old thoughts!

The Easy Chair has seen grave, good men, or such they seemed to be, who deliberately decoyed peddlers into their rooms, and actually bartered for money the old familiar coat, endeared by a twelvemonth, nay, by years of intimate companionship! The mind sickens at human depravity!

For think but a moment *how* intimate a friend your coat is! It sees and knows what no human being knows or sees, or even, perhaps, suspects. It goes with you to drinking-shops, to play-houses, to gambling-houses, perhaps even to banks and counting-rooms! It knows all you do and say, and yet—O fidelity and friendship—it is faithfully and forever silent. How it could compromise you—how it could ruin you—how it never tells your wife whose arm last rested upon yours—how your fate depends upon its silence—and—O fidelity, again—how silent it is!

Well, in all the wear and tear of its existence, its efforts to cover you in all your doings, untiring, unsleeping, in fact losing its nap for you every day, accommodating itself to your least wrinkle, clinging so closely to you, and continually fitting itself to your motions, and doing this all with such touching silence—has there been no softening of your heart? Have you actually been upon these terms with a friend so discreet and inseparable, sleeping in the same room with him, and often—in moments of forgetfulness, or on occasion of very early homeward returns in the morning—upon the same bed with him, intertwined in an inextricable embrace, and without a solitary emotion of sympathy or gratitude? *Can* the human heart be so hard? Are monsters, then, no fable?

Ah! make no excuses. The Easy Chair knows in advance your paltry subterfuge. It already hears you saying, in a strain unworthy a man, that your honor compels you to forego any but ceremonious intercourse with a claimant of such a character that he has even been cut by your tailor!

Of course, when a man comes to this, dewy pity sets in. The Easy Chair leaves him to those purifying showers.

But how did we get here? Were we not speaking of eloquence, and Fourth of July, and other good thoughts? To be sure we have wandered a little. But some wandering may be forgiven to an old Easy Chair chatting with his friends, and giving a word to every whim. Do you expect him to deliver set discourses, with adjectives like bread at a French dinner, *à discretion*? Not at all! not at all! But he will end as he began, and returning to the Fourth, show you how "the fathers" used to "do" the eloquence on the great day. Here is the last sentence—the snapper, to speak irreverently—of an oration delivered in Boston on the seventeenth anniversary of our national independence by a subsequent President of the United States, John Quincy Adams. The orator is describing the millennial consequences of his hope that "the career of arbitrary power will be radically extracted from the human constitution," and after lavishing a great

many words—although not so many as five hundred freely spattered with adjective sauce, he exclaims:

"Visions of bliss! with every breath to heaven we speed an ejaculation that the time may hasten, when your reality shall be no longer the ground of votive supplication, but the theme of grateful acknowledgment; when the choral gratulations of the liberated myriads of the elder world, in symphony sweeter than the music of the spheres, shall hail your country, Americans, as the youngest daughter of Nature and the first-born offspring of Freedom."

BUT the summer is not only vocal with the music of "Independent," but of literary orators. It is our season of College Commencements, which are the most pleasant of all pleasant public occasions.

The word College, with us, usually describes a high school or advanced academy. The term University, or an institution comprising instruction in the universal circle of science and arts, is hardly to be applied to any of our institutions of learning. Many of them are generously endowed, but few of them even aim at the ends of a university. Of course, seats of learning will be valuable and frequented in the degree that they supply the knowledge required. All kinds of acquirement are sought by men, but in Iowa Sanscrit will naturally be less studied than engineering or agricultural chemistry.

Now what we most need in our colleges is an adaptation of means to ends. As most of them can not command sufficient funds to place themselves upon the broadest university foundation, they ought to supply, in the best way, such instruction as the circumstances and necessities of the time and region in which they are situated demand. But nothing is so inflexible as college tradition. Our colleges are modifications of the European university. Cambridge, New England, is Cambridge, England, only less so, and the character of the English Cambridge was impressed upon it by monks centuries ago.

Hence our colleges are constantly putting the emphasis in the wrong place. For instance, the technically classical interest is the chief interest, and the colleges are officered by accomplished professors and scholars in the Greek and Roman language and literatures. Now the Greek and Roman languages are very interesting to all who speak the English because the latter tongue owes much to the former. Also, the Greek literature is the earliest and one of the most magnificent in the world. For the Latin, however, not much is to be said. Rome has given us no grand or great poet, nobody to stand with Homer or Dante or Shakespeare. Virgil and Horace are surely the best, but they are of the lesser Gods.

Now these languages and literatures, however good they are, are not better than our own for any possible purpose of ours. And yet, while it is fair and right that they should be taught, is it not pitiful that only until recently, and by no means universally now, the noblest of languages and the richest of literatures—our mother English—have been adequately taught. The majority of young men who go to college spend four years in liberalizing study, intending to devote themselves to business, and counting upon their college education as a kind of leaven of learning for their whole lives. During the college years they are obliged to pursue certain studies. Now, by all rules of common sense, ought

they not to be those which will be most useful to them? If a man intends to be a practical dyer, is it the object of a university to teach him Astronomy? You say, of course, no; but that the object is to humanize his mind by general study. That is not, as the Easy Chair conceives, the intention of a university, which is to give any man of any age the means of acquiring any information upon any subject he may desire.

But even if it were, then he must be "liberalized" to the best advantage; that is, as he has but four years, he must get the most out of them. If he can master Latin, Greek, and English, with Science, Philosophy, and Art, let him do so, and we will all seek his beneficent acquaintance when he graduates. But if he must make an election, the Easy Chair would advise him to select his own language and its literature, and leave by the way the smattering of "the classics." Don't be bullied by names. Shakespeare and Milton are "classics" as absolutely as Cicero and Aristotle. Yet the college system usually compels the youth to dig a certain quantity of Demosthenes and chew a little Juvenal, whether he is aware of such individuals as Bacon and Spenser or not. The college tendency is to send the budding dyer from the recitation rooms to his vats able to scan Homer and read Ovid's Art of Love, but unable to read Chaucer, not yet introduced to Bacon or Bunyan, not upon speaking terms even with Shakespeare or Milton, nor knowing Butler, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Hooker, Swift, or Defoe by sight.

The point is, that not only is he more likely to wish to pursue studies in sound English literature, if he is a sensible man and has but little time for any study, but the colleges are least prepared to give him what he most wants.

In obedience to the same traditions, at the annual Commencements the venerable and venerated President of such a college may be seen solemnly crowned with a monkish cap, significant of nothing under heaven but a sentence to death, solemnly addressing the Honorable the Board of Trustees and the Reverend the Corporation upon the proficiency of the young gentlemen now graduating, in a language which the profoundly interested and attentive aspect of those learned bodies forbids the suspicion that they do not understand, although the willful and naughty spectator will sometimes secretly say to himself what was said of the old Diplomatist, "Nobody can be as wise as you look." This lucid performance closed, the honored and beloved Prex (h. and b. spite of the awful black cap) then hands each of those accomplished young gentlemen a diploma, which is to certify their capacity to serve living people; but as it is written in a language which not only died before those people were born, but is so dead that even its professors do not know how it was pronounced, the diploma is as intelligible to the people to whom it is addressed as a recipe for pudding sauce written in Choctaw to a New England housekeeper.

These are but feathers and straws, but they show how the wind sets in the college grounds.

Of late years, however, a great change has commenced, and even that black cap is in danger. In the Eastern States we are still in a certain way colonies of Europe; but beyond the Alleghanies a different life will make a different college. Education there will gradually be seen not to be a certain acquirement in certain traditional directions, but the development of men in such a way that

they may best do their work where they are placed. The immediate dependence of a democratic government upon the people, and the dependence of all popular government upon popular morality, make it all the more necessary that we should have a system of education, not traditional and alien, but so suited to the moral, as well as the intellectual and scientific, requirements of the people, as constantly to promote the popular morality, and, consequently, the national prosperity and the permanence of our government.

THE author of "Nothing to Wear" was clearly not a man who had nothing to say. City life, from the Fifth Avenue to the Five Points, was a pathetic phantasmagoria before his eyes; and in the easy, tripping, musical, and touching verses with which the world is now familiar, he pointed the old moral and adorned the old tale with a kind of trenchant tenderness which placed his satire among the best in our literature. Its immediate popularity was immense and extraordinary—and deserved.

Of course the question has been often enough asked whether the success was a chance. That inquiry always is suggested by a first brilliant stroke. People remember Single-speech Hamilton (calling him famous without knowing who he was or what his speech was). They quote Kinglake's "Eothen" as the work of a man whom its great popularity paralyzed. And every body wondered whether Mr. Butler would try again, or whether his talent had nothing further to wear in the career of literary creation.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College put this question in a very pointed and personal way by asking him to deliver its annual poem at its late Anniversary. To that question the poet returned a prompt and elaborate answer; and "Two Millions," read before that Society on a lovely summer evening in the church consecrated by the associations of many college festivals and glowing intellectual performances, was printed the next day, and has been read on many a lovely evening and bright morning since—and the public is now aware that "Nothing to Wear" was not the whole crop, but only a single fruit upon the tree.

There is no need of comparing the two poems. "Two Millions" is much more carefully finished and considered. In its spirit it belongs to the best school of contemporary literature, and of all literature. It is a fluent, graceful, sparkling, trenchant satire—not by a recluse, but by a man of the world, who sings from his own knowledge, from his personal experience of character and life. And it is most felicitously adapted to reach and touch those sinners who sleep under sermons and snore under "goody" talk. It is broad, but not extravagant. It is plainly a satire, yet so sensible that its lesson is not lost in the laugh it occasions.

May the kind heart and the shrewd eye and the cunning hand that produced it long fulfill their office! The harvest is always ripe for the sharp silver sickle; and it is not wasted though it may be stored out of sight of the reaper.

THERE is something incredible in the quiet way in which the American public submits to the grossest wrong. In no country are the facilities and inducements of travel so great as they are with us, and nowhere in the world is traveling so dangerous. It is impossible to take a seat in our cars without a backward look of peculiarly yearning

love to the friends who are left behind as to those whom we shall see no more. Half a dozen times in the year the newspapers bristle with exclamation points and imposing types upon occasion of some fresh railway slaughter, and meanwhile the massacre goes on, and the reader exclaims, "It is too outrageous!" "It is abominable!" "They ought to be hung!" And the papers turn indignant periods, and the Easy Chairs sneer, and still the slaughter is not checked.

In a country where the people govern, such a state of things is as ludicrous as it is tragical. What prevents some representative introducing, and all the representatives supporting, next winter, in the Legislature, a bill making it imperative upon every railroad company to fence the whole length of their road—to keep such a corps of road surveyors that they may be in sight of each other, and in communication from one end to the other, day and night—that these road surveyors shall be responsible for the condition of the track and the state of the rails—that there shall be corresponding officers for the survey of the cars, and that the conductors and drivers shall be so well paid that they shall constitute a class in every way equal in ability and responsibility to the very best class of ship-masters. Let there be also some kind of communication between the cars and the locomotive. The Easy Chair has been in a train on which the bolts connecting the cars broke, and, of course, that absurd string which runs along the tops of the cars snapped, but it did not even sound the bell upon the locomotive, which dashed forward, and could only be stopped by a prolonged and frantic pulling at the same cord.

The last accident (at the time of writing), that upon the Erie Railroad, was evidently the result of the most culpable carelessness—either a rail was lying upon the track, or the rail was broken. In the first case it should have been known, of course; and, in the second, it ought equally to have been tested before the passage of the train, and its condition ascertained. Then the cars were thrown off from a curve, and a curve upon a very high embankment. Upon the top of this embankment there was no fence. If there could not be a fence, on account of the situation, why was not the security of a fence found in a greatly diminished speed? On the contrary, around this curve, upon an unprotected embankment, the train dashed along at such speed that the passengers were nervous, spoke of the danger, and changed their places.

In the absence of any law requiring certain conditions of speed and protection, the President and Directors of the Erie Railroad may plead that their own directions were sufficient. The tragedy shows that they were not sufficient. Either the driver of the locomotive whirled the train around that curve in obedience to orders, or he did not. If he did, the officers should be indicted for conspiracy to murder; if not, he should himself be liable for the same offense, and so with the conductor. He, if any body, knew the running regulations of his train. If he was obeying instructions, in allowing such speed at such a place, he should suffer with those whose agent he was. If he didn't like to interfere with the engine-driver, or was allowing the rate upon his own responsibility, he should be criminally indicted.

The truth is, as every body knows, that most of the railroads in the country are bankrupt—that they run in reckless rivalry with all neighboring

roads—that speed at any cost is therefore the end sought, and that all the details of safety are despised. The experience of railroads in this country has proved that they are such speculating enterprises that it will not do to leave the details of their management, in respect of human safety, in the hands of their managers. The people of the country, therefore, should take the matter up, and declare that there shall be no railroads at all except under certain stringent conditions. There is many a good lesson which we Democrats might learn out of the book of Despotism, and one is the protection of human life from the chances of travel. A man goes all over Europe by diligence, and steamboat, and car, and is surprised to find how gayly he goes—how he enters a railway station without feeling that he is stepping into his tomb, and how freely and fully he lays down his plans of travel without wondering whether he shall survive to reach the next town.

If the Easy Chair should chance to catch the ear of any legislator in any State, why will he not consider whether he could do a better service to his constituents than to save them from the bloody consequences of the mad rivalry of railroad companies?

THE mails are generous to the Easy Chair. Not so much in bringing letters as in showing how kindly and interestedly his words are heard. There must be differences where all are human—need there be rabid and furious quarrels? Last month we chatted together of vituperation, of personal invective. Have we not learned to see—is it not the richest result of experience when we do learn to see—that it is not the fact of difference among men which extinguishes hope in so many hearts—but the *spirit* of difference? Who has ever listened to an ecclesiastical debate—who has ever heard a minister of God who is love, preaching a doctrinal discourse without seeming to hear a distant music penetrating the sharp and loud denunciation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?"

A correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer*, writing from Pekin, Illinois, thinks that the Easy Chair favors Sabbath-breaking, and hopes that it "will no longer parade before the public eye, in disgusting union, piety and worldliness, those uncongenial companions;" and most unnecessarily accuses this venerable piece of furniture of things which self-respect and regard for the friend who has so gravely misunderstood the matter prevent the Easy Chair from repeating.

The Easy Chair claims to be judged by its general spirit, and not by occasional isolated phrases and sentences which, from certain points of view, might bear a construction which was not intended. May a man not do good—to himself and to his neighbors—upon the Sabbath-day? Is there no significance in the words, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?"

Let the correspondent remember that it is the letter which killeth, and the spirit, *only*, which giveth life. A man may "stand up for God"—as Dudley Tyng said—in such a way, that he shall never be admitted to see his face.

Now hear what a different strain from beyond Illinois:

"A PLEASANT LITTLE TOWN, IOWA.

"MY DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I have neither youth, beauty, nor talent, so dare not kneel at your feet, or lay my

hand caressingly on your arm; but I should like to stand behind you, and whisper into your indulgent ear my thanks for your—cuckoo carols, I will call them.

"They have brought back to my mind a vision like reality of hearing the cuckoo's sweet song in green England, and, if my memory serves me truly, no poet can exaggerate its plaintive sweetness.

"Were you ever at Highgate, dear Easy Chair? It is within sight and sound of the 'modern Babylon,' but yet, a few years ago, had all the appearance and loveliness of a country village. There is a cemetery there now, a pretty place because of its natural situation, laid out on a sloping eminence, with green fields around it, and the dear hedge-row elms here and there lifting their old, yet leafy-crowned heads, to the blue sky. Looking to the south, there is a heavy, murky cloud (looking full of confused noise), that ever hangs over London; yet *here* making every thing seem *purer* and *calmer* to a 'Cockney,' who *loves* every thing like country.

"And oh, Easy Chair, that cemetery is a *sacred* place as well as a pleasant, for there lie my dear parents, awaiting the day when they shall again see their children, so far away now from that grave and each other!

"I do not know *why* I wrote the last sentence, for I was going to tell you that where the cemetery is now used to be a flowery field, with a small thicket of trees, and *there*, standing in a garden opening into it, I first heard the cuckoo at twilight, and, thanks to your May paper, can hear it still.

"What memories come crowding! O kind Easy Chair, tell me, is it best, or not, to have our feelings and affections warm and young, while our bodies are getting old? I thank you for your papers. I always feel them to be written from a kind and true heart.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"NANCY."

ANOTHER, also from the West, after saying such sweet things of the Easy Chair that modesty reluctantly compels him to believe it better not to let the public know what at least one friend thinks, proceeds to tell a few truths of Mr. Porte Crayon which shall not be concealed:

"After lingering long and lovingly over the dear old Chair, I turn tremblingly to see if that charming Porte Crayon has come again to enliven us with his graphic sketches. In saying Porte Crayon, I allude also to *Larkin*, for I can not think that two such artists exist at the same time in the same country. I have heard him called the Cruikshank of America. I know that I am no judge of such matters—for how should one be, raised in the prairies of a new country? But I can not help thinking that while Cruikshank makes his characters superlatively ludicrous he is not true to nature, while every one admits that Porte Crayon is perfect. He, no doubt, adopts as his motto that 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' The minute we have finished reading the Magazine in the house, the negroes send for it in the kitchen. 'Did you ever see the like ev that? The man what drawed these picters' mus be a conjurer. If there ain't Ole Uncle Jim; and that's the very spit ev Dinah.' If it were not for the pleasure it affords us all, I should be sorry that Porte Crayon was a contributor to *Harper*, for it is almost impossible to keep the numbers neat enough for binding. But what is a book for but to make people happy?"

Is not our diocese truly democratic? If you doubt, look here:

"My home is not in the sunny South, or on the Western prairies, but on the shore of one of those large lakes whose waters help to form the mighty Mississippi; so that these waters, which now lie so calm before my door, after flowing thousands of miles past many a beautiful scene, and busy city, and quiet home, may at last mingle with their kindred in the Gulf or lose themselves in the ocean. Among the many, many firesides that your Monthly visits, in none is it more welcome than in mine. Months pass here and I do not look upon the face of a white woman, except my own; and thus cut off from all society,

I know how to prize it, and the reading the variety of articles that crowd its pages has beguiled the tediousness of the long evenings during the past winter. Even the Indian girls are never weary of looking through its pages to gaze upon the strange scenes it brings before them, and the fashion plates seem particularly to interest them, and, no doubt, awaken strange thoughts in their minds. So I thank you most heartily for all the good things you bring together for the amusement and instruction of your readers."

STILL another picture from the South:

"I will rock you gently, O kindly Easy Chair, upon the wide porch of a stately Southern house. Scattered over the knoll upon which it stands are the forest trees which the 'woodman spared.' A series of great log steps served to cross the fence to the road in the times I wot of, but they have yielded, I doubt not, long ere this, to a patent gate.

"Half a mile beyond is a town—a city, they call it—with a magnificent red brick court-house, the refulgence of whose tin roof lightens all the 'Dark and Bloody Ground' of the 'Regulators' and 'Moderators.'

"All round the mansion extend the piazzas, and I will put you on wheels, dear Easy Chair, and we will make the circuit on a mid-summer evening. 'What! a youth and a maiden on every side? Are they all lovers?' 'Not quite; but they are on dangerous ground.' The sun has gone down—not to sleep among the flowers of the 'last prairie of Texas'—a hundred and twenty miles through the forests of oak, and pine, and hickory, and sweet gum, might bring you to the *first* one; not to bathe his fiery disc in the waves of the Mexican Sea—two hundred and fifty miles, as the crow flies—and yet the scene is very beautiful.

"The moon is up now, and on that side where most her light falls, you shall see a fair-haired youth leaning against a jasmine-cumbered pillar of the porch, rapt with the music of the words of a most fair lady, half reclining on a rustic couch beside him; her forehead is too high—her chin is too small—she is over-pale for beauty, but that may be the moonlight—and now I see her eyes, I find it does not matter about the rest.

"Her hand is upon his arm, and if ever man was bound in chains of adamant, it is he: he could easier stop the throbbings of his heart with a word than fling off the thrall of that little hand. And now she is growing earnest; she springs up, and points to the almost faded castles of the sunset; her eyes see farther than ours, and in their shadowy depths I see now, what I could not see before—the long, dreamy swell of the 'Mexican Sea,' ever heaving, like restless memories upon the horizon of the Past. But the vision passes, and the 'royal purple' eyes rest again upon the charmed youth. Come away, Easy Chair! You and I had better not listen; and I have seen those chains of gossamer and iron woven before. Ah! Lucy Petway, Lucy Petway! spare him!"

IN the April Number for this year the Easy Chair replied to the letter of "a friend without a name," and to that reply the friend dispatched a rejoinder in explanation.

"The Easy Chair chanced to roll a castor upon a certain snuff-colored dress worn by one of his audience; and having had occasion before to defend the choice—in a private way—after this manner, 'The homelier the dress the handsomer the wearer,' I could not forbear saying, 'Will you have the goodness to move your chair, Sir?' I could not rise."

A FRIEND in Urbano, Ohio, writes:

"Seeing various attempts to improve that beautiful song, 'John Anderson my Joe, John,' I am tempted to give you from memory a similar attempt, and I think successful, to give a preface to Bruce's Address. The facts, communicated to me in 1832, by an Irish physician, Dr. Hunt, of Rossville, in this State, were, in substance, as follows. At a party in the 'Ould Country,' the 'Address' became the subject of criticism—objections being

made that it commenced too abruptly, when a gentleman present said the evil could be remedied, and on being pressed, promised to attempt it. During the evening he produced the following:

"At Bannockburn proud Edward lay,
The Scots they werena far away,
Just waiting for the dawn of day,
To see wha would be best.
The sun at length peep'd o'er the heath,
And blush'd to see the work of death,
When Bruce, with soul-inspiring breath
His men he thus address'd—
"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," etc.

"I have never seen this addition in print, and do not think it ever has been published in this country, at least. So much was I struck with its beauty and appropriateness that it has remained in my memory for over a quarter of a century."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE long-pending *Cagliari* affair, so far as England is concerned, is now over. Our readers surely know its history: how a Sardinian steamer, of the regular mercantile service between Genoa and Naples, was seized, a year ago and more, by a Neapolitan war vessel, and her crew thrown into prison—the crime alleged being the transport of revolutionary insurgents. Two English engineers formed part of her crew, and were imprisoned with the rest. The Palmerston Government negotiated, vacillated, while the poor engineers grew sick and half crazed in their cruel confinement. The Derby Government demanded instant release of the men, and indemnity—giving ten days for answer.

King Bomba made answer that, under compulsion, he submitted; but would name no sum as indemnity, as he recognized the justice of no such claim.

England named three thousand pounds, and took men and money. All the liberals of the Continent rejoice in the discomfiture of the Sicilian king; while the French and Russian journals take a special delight in contrasting the vigorous action of England toward the small Italian state with her manner toward America in the matter of the Gulf visits. No one sympathizes with the King who has been fleeced; yet there is some dignity, some truth, and a great deal of bitterness, in his curt reply to Malmesbury, alleging injustice, and an arrogance of power, which, being unable to resist, he must silently suffer.

If, now, this Southern monarch had, by conciliation, by mercies, put himself in such relations with his subjects, and the rest of Italy, as to have allowed him to enter such plea for his tame submission as duty to his people, who could not be taxed with the hazards and the losses of war, what sympathies—royal and democratic—would have gathered round his court! As the matter stands, he has played the part of braggart and coward, while his isolation deepens the stigma. Even the Austrian and the Russian organs, while they question seriously the *brusquerie* of the British diplomacy, do not lend a word of condolence with the discomfited court.

The men of Montenegro still hold their position in the mountains, while the plains eastward of Grahova are whitened with the Turkish tents and the French war ships cruising abreast of Cattaro. But this, as well as the lengthened discussions of the Paris Congress in respect to the Danubian Principalities, has given way latterly to the more immediate interest attaching to the seizure of the

Regina Cæli, and the debates on the affair in the British House of Lords.

The excited tone of the Paris journals upon this subject will warrant us in recapitulating the principal facts in the case. The *Regina Cæli* sailed last autumn for the western coast of Africa, to procure a cargo of "free African laborers," for service in the French colonies of the West Indies. The vessel made a harbor upon the coast of Liberia; the Captain (Simon) submitted the details of his scheme to the authorities of the port, accompanied them to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, where interviews were had with the President. The result was an agreement to furnish passports to four hundred "free laborers," on condition that Captain Simon should pay into the treasury of the republic a sum of fifteen hundred dollars for such right of "pass." It does not appear, from the documents thus far produced, whether the authorities were to undertake the procurement of the laborers, or whether this was to be an additional charge upon the Captain. However this may be, the recruits were speedily made up on Liberian soil, and nearly three hundred were already on shipboard (the ship lying some half mile off the shore), when, in the absence of the Captain, an altercation occurred between a black cook attached to the vessel and one of the emigrants; the fight soon became general; the emigrants massacred the crew, sparing only the ship's physician.

The Captain, seeing indications of difficulty from the shore, approached the vessel in his cutter, but was warned off by the blacks; he, however, succeeded in picking up one sailor who had leaped overboard to escape death at the hands of the mutineers.

He next secured the services of some of the local authorities, as well as a company of American seamen, and made a new attempt to gain possession of the vessel.

While affairs were in this state—the French ship drifting, and the Captain arranging his forces—a British steamer sailed into port, took possession of the *Regina Cæli*, received the Captain on board, without paying much heed to his story or his claims, and steamed away, with the French vessel in tow, to Monrovia.

Here the blacks were allowed to land, carrying, as the Captain alleges, very much of the cargo with them.

The captain of the steamer enters claim for salvage, against which the Frenchman protests.

The discussion of the affair has now passed under the "distinguished consideration" of diplomacy, and, the other evening, was subject of debate in the House of Lords.

Lord Brougham dwelt upon the event as illustrative of the horrors of slavery, and concluded by calling "upon the governments of France and England to put an end, at once and forever, to the odious traffic in human beings."

The Earl of Malmesbury (Foreign Secretary) spoke of it as an affair lying between the respective governments of France and Liberia; but said, farther, that "it would be his duty to protest to the French Government against the course which they were pursuing, which, although it appeared to be a system of immigration, could only be considered a renewal of the slave-trade."

Earl Grey "regretted to find that the Government of France was at that moment a gigantic slave-dealer, and that wars were undertaken in

Africa for the purpose of obtaining captives to sell to the French Government. He considered that the French Government were responsible to God and man for the war which devastated Africa for the purpose of obtaining slaves; and regretted that a French officer should act the disgraceful part of filling the office of supercargo of the vessel in which they were shipped."

These are grave charges, and have excited, as we have said, no small amount of ireful talk on this side the Channel. The *Constitutionnel* says, curtly, "France can not and will not accept the manner in which the noble lord (Malmesbury) and some other orators of the Upper House have spoken of the conduct of the French Government in what concerns the importation of free laborers into our colonies."

Others are even more indignant in their tone; and a grave journalist, not heretofore counted in the Imperial ranks, says, "Public sentiment in France has been too largely excited by the extraordinary criminations of the House of Lords, to allow the Government to keep silence. It must declare itself with energy. The questions of African emigration, now for a long time discussed between the two governments, has taken now a long stride; it must be definitively resolved upon, and pushed with zeal."

Will France yield the point? Will England, with Lord Carnarvon's exhibit of the enormities of the Coolie transportation, press the point?

If packed and brutalized Indiamen will give new value to the sugar plantations of Jamaica, may not packed and brutalized Liberians give value to the fields of Martinique? The largest difference seems to lie in the color of the exportation; and neither seems in the way of helping us to a solution of the problem—how to work tropical lands by men who think instead of men-machines. Let the *savans* settle us this point, and we shall need neither Coolies nor Africans.

STRAIGHT from this sturdy political topic we will drift away, far as the Bosphorus, into the Imperial Serai. Nezibeh Sultana, daughter of the Ottoman ruler, has been married, and we assist at the nuptial fête—so much of it, at least, as belonged to her processional passage to her new home.

The ceremony was announced for the hour of noon, but long before that time the part of the Bosphorus in front of the Imperial palace was alive with caiques of every size and description—from the stately five-oared, with its crew in Brussa silk shirts, down to the most modest single-oared caiques, with a rag for a carpet and a Jew for a boatman. Before the waiting-rooms, which are separated by a court-yard, transformed into a garden, from the palace itself, the caiques of all the pillars of the state were drawn up in a line, waiting for their masters. These latter perform, in the marriages of sultanas, the part which in common marriages belongs to the friends of the bridegroom, while the female portion of their families paid their homage to the bride in the harem. The palace showed no great signs of preparation. All the range of the apartments for males and the state apartments looked as dead and deserted as usual; only at the gilt iron gate which leads to the harem symptoms of life were visible. The passage leading down from the portico to the gate was inclosed by a high screen of red cloth, and the steps covered with gorgeous carpets, on which gaudily-

dressed slave children were disporting themselves. A few palace servants carrying trays tied up in colored gauze along the quay toward the caiques, some eunuchs in gilt uniforms making themselves busy, and now and then a white-faced palace dignitary trying to look active, were all that appeared. But if there seemed little life in the palace, so much the more was outside. The quay, usually so gray and dismal, looked like the gay parterre of a garden; crowds of Turkish women, in all the colors of the rainbow, were trying to settle down, forgetting, in their eagerness of sight-seeing, their inborn Oriental dignity, and chattering, quarrelling, and pushing about like any lively European crowd. At one o'clock the indispensable salute of cannon announced the beginning of the proceedings. One by one the high officials entered their caiques; passing the palace, they stopped at some distance from it, waiting for the appearance of the bride, and ready to head the *cortège*. By degrees the palace caiques approached and moored along the quay, leaving the place of honor before the gate to the splendid state caique destined for the sultana, and immediately before it another, similar, but not so rich, for the Kislär Aga, who has to deliver over the bride to her future husband. The sultana's caique was painted white, with richly-gilt carvings along the bulwarks, and rose-colored oars, likewise relieved with gold ornaments. In the after-part of it a beautiful little cabin, all gold and pale blue, with glittering Venetian blinds, was erected. A faint sound of song, the usual marriage ditty, heralded the approach of the bride; the children disappeared, the servants formed a row, and the procession began. First came, supported by two blacks, the Kislär Aga, who is at the head of the whole female department of the palace, and plays a prominent part on all such occasions. After him the mother of the bride, gorgeously dressed in pink satin etjeh, likewise supported by two blacks, one of them holding a large pink umbrella embroidered in silver over her head. She was followed by the younger brothers and sisters of the bride, each of them accompanied by their mothers and their suites of ladies and blacks. When these had passed and taken their seats in the caiques, the red screen was spread out and drawn down to the door of the little cabin, so as to conceal the bride from profane eyes. In spite of these precautions, before she descended the flight of steps one could catch a glance of her as she came out, covered with a rose-colored vail from head to foot, and followed by a host of ladies and children of the palace, who accompanied her, singing the monotonous marriage chant, which sounded quite melodious as it came across the water. The screen was withdrawn, and a fat eunuch in a rich uniform sat before the door of the cabin which had let in the bride. The signal was given, and the procession started, the high officials in front according to their rank—the highest nearest to the bride; after them the caique containing the Kislär Aga, and then the bride, followed by her sisters and brothers, and her own and their suites. The distance from the palace to Emerghan, where Mustapha Pasha's summer palace has been taken for the couple, is about five miles, and the sight which they presented while the procession passed slowly was quite unique. Wherever there is a quay along the whole distance, it was covered with a multitude, almost exclusively women, who in sight-seeing have here always the right of precedence. Wherever there is no quay,

and the houses rise close to the water, the windows presented the same aspect. On all the prominent points the military were drawn up, with their bands playing, so that the *cortège* was almost all along accompanied by the sound of music. The effect which this *ensemble* produced it is impossible to describe. Color, which forms the most prominent feature in every Eastern *tableau*, lent to this, too, a charm of its own; the most glaring tints harmonized, and were framed in by the equally bright-colored houses on both shores, looking their best in the brilliant sunshine, with emerald-green hills as a back-ground, a cloudless sky above, and a blue, calm sea below. It was a real feast for the eye. After a row of about an hour and a half, the procession reached its destination. The sultana stopped before the harem door, in her *caïque*, until all the female part of the *cortège* had landed, and formed inside to receive her. Before the screen was closed one could see the *grande maîtresse* come down to introduce the bride to her house. Again the sounds of the marriage song were heard, the screen was withdrawn, and the bride had passed.

Now, as we come back from this bridal service upon the Brazen Horn, let us take note (since we have no more serious things to occupy us) of a railway chit-chat; the place lying between the crowded Ems and the equally crowded Aix-la-Chapelle; the talkers a smoking German, a red-whiskered Englishman, and a loquacious Hungarian—for, in this heated season, the Rhine country brings all nationalities together.

The Hungarian and Englishman have been voyaging in company through the countries bordering the Danube. The Hungarian repeats adventure after adventure, the Englishman confirming all with ejaculatory "No" or "Yes," and the German puffing, listening, and illustrating his wonderment with "*Der Teufel!*"

"It happened," says the Hungarian, "that one day we came into a village where a great crowd was gathered about what proved to be a scaffold. The authorities were all present, and a corps of soldiers, besides an infinite number of peasant men and women. As we came up the poor culprit had just dropped, and was dangling in the air.

"Now what does milord do but jump forward, burst through the soldiery, draw his pocket-knife, and cut the man down. So quickly was it all done, that the wretched creature fell upon his feet alive; and as it formed no part of the law in that country that a man should 'hang till he was dead,' he was quit of justice. Of course there was a great uproar; milord was seized, his coat torn from his back [the Englishman nods assent; the German puffs, and says '*Der Teufel!*'], and would have been hanged himself, perhaps, if he had not drawn out his purse and offered to make it all right.

"A hundred guineas was counted over to the magistrate; fifty to the family of the victim; besides which, milord insisted upon paying fifty more to the man he had saved, which made him fifty times richer than he had ever been in his life.

"What do you think of that?"

"Magnifique!" says the German; "what humanity, milord!"

Milord shakes his head. "No; it was only a fancy I've had for a long time to get possession of a rope with which somebody had been hanged. I applied at Newgate, but the people said no; I paid

two hundred guineas for this—it's in my port-manteau."

Of course we do not vouch for the truth of railway conversations; who can? The English, however, are certainly very fond of curiosities.

Another railway story about Ary Scheffer, who is just now dead, and the Duke of Orleans. The painter instructed the Orleans princesses in drawing, and endeared himself strongly to all the family of Louis Philippe. The Duke of Orleans was in the habit of visiting the artist at his studio. On one occasion, as he passed in at the door, in his usual *bourgeois* dress, he was hailed by the porter.

"*Mon ami*, do you mount to the rooms of M. Scheffer?"

"I do," said the Duke.

"*Eh bien*," said the porter; "the tailor has just now left a pair of pantaloons for him—would you be so good as take them with you?"

"*Très volontiers*," said the Duke; and, presenting himself to the artist, said, "I hope, *mon ami*, I don't use too much ceremony with you; here are your pantaloons the tailor has just left."

The mortified artist attempted apology for his porter.

"There is no need," said the Duke; "he took me for a friend of yours—why shouldn't he?"

The anecdote gives a pleasanter coloring to our memory of the King's son than one of Ary Scheffer's portraits could.

We said Scheffer was dead. Let us put on record a fact or two about his life.

He was born in Holland in the year 1795; was educated in France, and his artistic tendencies were all French to an extreme; his drawing perfect; his coloring exaggerated; his sentiment stilted. His greatest pictures are "Francesca Rimini and her Lover meeting Dante and Virgil," the "Dead Christ," and two from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." He avoided the coteries of Paris, and held an isolated position; none of the established critics, by reason of this, were his friends. As a man he was much beloved.

THE late Paris duels have called up the subject of dueling anew; and among the most extraordinary affairs of that nature which inquiry has brought to light, is the story of a duel commencing in 1794 and ending only in 1813. We commend its perusal to Messrs. Gwin, Wilson, Burlingame, *et id omne belliger*:

In 1794, then, there lived a Captain of hussars, Fournier by name, at Strasbourg, who was the most hot-headed and quarrelsome man in all that region. Again and again he had slain his man in duels, but no successes seemed to satiate his taste for this sort of murder. On one occasion he had wantonly provoked a young man, named Blumm—who was a great favorite among the good bourgeoisie of Strasbourg—and as wantonly had slain him.

The whole town was full of excitement, and the whole town condemned Fournier as his murderer. Still, dueling was honorable; who should venture to punish the murderer, who was only duelist?

It happened that, upon the night of the burial of poor Blumm, a great ball, long time announced, was given by the military commander of the place. Fournier was among the invited guests; but the general commanding, foreseeing what unpleasant *rencontres* might grow out of his presence, gave or-

ders to his aid-de-camp, Captain Dupont, to station himself at the door, and, citing the order of his general, to give *congé* to Fournier.

Dupont accepted the commission. Fournier in due time presented himself. Dupont addressed him: "Fournier, what are you doing here on the night of poor Blumm's burial?"

"Ah! *c'est toi*, Dupont; *bon!* I come to the ball, naturally enough."

"And I am here to prevent you, by my general's orders."

"Ah! *c'est ça!* I can not fight the general, for his rank; you will, perhaps, have no objection?—you who commit impertinences at second-hand."

Dupont accepted the challenge; in a few days they fought, and Dupont succeeded in giving the desperado a severe sword wound; but Fournier, even as he fell, claimed a new meeting. On his recovery another duel was fought, in which Fournier wounded Dupont severely. But Dupont, undaunted by the ruffianism of his antagonist, and trusting to his skill, insisted, upon his recovery, on a third trial. Fournier declared for pistols, being himself unfailing in his aim, and amusing himself on leisure evenings by shattering the pipes in the mouths of the soldiers with pistol-balls.

Dupont, however, claimed a privilege of the military service, and the trial was renewed with swords. Both were slightly wounded. Upon this a duel convention was drawn up between them (still in existence), running in this way:

1st. As often as MM. Dupont and Fournier find themselves within thirty leagues of each other, they shall meet half-way between, for a duel with swords.

2d. If either of the combatants finds himself restrained by the exigences of the service, the other shall make the entire journey, in order to effect a meeting.

3d. No excuse, except such as may grow out of the exigences of military duty, shall be admissible.

The convention was executed in good faith; on every occasion when it was possible for the two hot-heads to meet, they met, and fought desperately.

A most extraordinary correspondence sprang up between them, of which we give a sample.

"I am invited," writes one, "to breakfast with the staff of *chasseurs*, at Luneville; and since you are in that place, upon leave of absence, I shall accept the invitation, and shall hope for the opportunity of giving you another sword thrust.

"Truly yours."

Or, again:

"DEAR FRIEND,—I shall pass through Strasbourg at noon, on the 5th of November next. You will find me at the Hôtel des Postes: we will have a fight."

Sometimes the promotion of one or the other, by destroying their military equality, interfered with the prosecution of their agreeable engagements. Thus Fournier writes:

"MY DEAR DUPONT,—I learn that the Emperor has made you General of Brigade. Accept my felicitations. The appointment gives me special pleasure, since it restores you to equality of rank with me, and gives us opportunity to renew fight, which I shall surely do on the first occasion."

The affair, naturally enough, attracted great attention in its day. Each bore the marks of numerous wounds: each was anxious to compass the

death of the other. Both, however, were admirable swordsmen, and held religiously to the law of the duel, which forbade a second thrust after blood had once been drawn.

On one occasion, it is related that they met unexpectedly by night in a chalet of Switzerland.

"Ah, Dupont, it is you! Let us fight!"

Dupont threw aside his cloak, and put himself in position. As they parried thrust after thrust, the following conversation took place:

"*Parbleu!* I thought you were in the interior."

"No, I am ordered here."

"Good! We shall we near by. Are you lately arrived?"

"This instant."

"Very good to think of me." And as he spoke Dupont's sword pierced his neck-cloth, grazing his neck, and pinning him to the wall.

The noise of the altercation had drawn in officers from a neighboring chalet, who separated the antagonists.

So through fourteen years the long duel trailed, satisfaction not being given or gained.

At length Dupont found himself on the eve of marriage. His *fiancée* insisted the strife should be ended. He paid a visit to Fournier; he represented to him the inconvenience of the feud and the intervention of his bride. He proposed a finality.

A duel should be fought with pistols.

Fournier, conscious of his force in that way, expressed surprise.

Dupont says, "I know this. But I have a scheme to put us on a level. A friend of mine has a pleasant copse, inclosed by a high wall; there are two gates—one to the north, one to the south. At noon precisely, to-morrow, you shall enter at the north gate, pistol in hand; I shall enter by the south. Once within the copse, each shall seek his occasion to fire.

The terms were accepted. At noon the next day they entered; the gates were closed; they advanced cautiously from thicket to thicket. At length they discovered each other, and at the same instant each took refuge behind a trunk. Five minutes passed: Dupont slowly thrust his arm beyond shelter; the bark flew, there was a quick report, and one ball of Fournier's was lost. Five minutes more, and Dupont cautiously thrust his hat into sight: on the instant it was pierced, the ball grazing his fingers.

He now marched out coolly: Fournier left his shelter, with the empty pistol in his hand—cool to the last.

Dupont took deliberate aim at his heart—stopped. "I have your life in my hands," said he. "I give it you on this condition—that if you ever harass me, or provoke me to renew this long fight, I shall have the benefit of two balls before you fire." The condition were accepted; the fourteen years of duel were ended; Dupont was married; the story is done.

WHAT more? Shall we tell you what heat is raging in Paris? How our feet cling to the asphalt—how the carriages are moving around the skirts of the Pré-Catalan till two of the morning—how the damsels of Mabilie faint and fall—how the glory of the Château des Fleurs is wilted—how we sigh for the deep glades of Fontainebleau, where the Court is holding its revels—how the talk of munition and armaments, the taunts of the *Times*,

and the explanations of the *Moniteur*, heat us only the more?

Or shall we give you to read only the *idlesse* in which we indulge—a careless, half-sleepy eye-cast over the *Faits Divers*?

A pair of slippers, a gauze dressing-gown, an open casement, a gentle, languid breeze from the river, a murmur in the poplars, a *Galignani*, and we read:

“WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN WRITES.—M. Chevalier reports his 94° Fahrenheit, yet people believe the thermometer is keeping back the truth. The real warmth of Paris may be estimated by the number of gentlemen who walk about with their hats off, and who, with handkerchief in hand, are constantly employed in delicate attentions to their head. Maids may be seen sleeping in the chairs of the public gardens, leaving the children in their charge to look after themselves. The politicians who read newspapers by habit under the trees in the many open-air resorts of this pleasant city, may be observed journal in hand, without looking at its contents. I believe all the learned leading articles about the Danubian Principalities are sadly neglected just now. It is also too hot to get up any interest about the Montenegrins. No one seems really alive and in earnest but certain English travelers, who may be seen issuing out of the hotels of the Rue de Rivoli. They, with guide-book in hand, walk as rapidly in the burning sun as if they had just left the office of their London house of business, and feared to be too late for a railway train. Why are we English always making a labor even of our pleasures? It was frightful to see young Farnham racing with his two sisters in the sunlight to-day (84° Fahrenheit in the shade). It was three o'clock when I met them, and already they had seen, since breakfast time, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Louvre, and the Garden of Plants! They were all proud of their work, and, panting, told you so with damp, red faces and dusty boots. ‘Come and see the Governor!’ exclaimed my friend. We proceeded accordingly to Meurice’s *cor-fée*-room, as Farnham called that long saloon on the ground floor, where Englishmen may be seen daily taking their breakfast and reading the newspaper. Old Farnham (he is the Farnham of Farnham, Grigg, and Mason, M——r) was also doing business. He had got the waiter up in a corner, and, with note-book in hand, was endeavoring to calculate how much English beer was consumed in one year in Paris. The whole family are working from morning to night, regardless of the heat or the nominal object of their visit to Paris. Every one else, as I said before, is idle. The *cafés* on the Boulevards are doing a wonderful business in romantic drinks of rainbow hue, from the rose-colored *sirop de groseilles*, convulsed in soda-water, to *opal absinthe*. If other trades are dull, those who live by the thirst of the fashionable world must be doing a good business.”

That 84° Fahrenheit may carry sensation of heat to those beyond the channel; but you will smile at it in Norfolk.

And you will smile at this:

“PRIZE FIGHT BY WOMEN.—Two disreputable women (Anne Smith and Rachael Gough) were discovered on Sunday morning in the pottery-fields near Liverpool, stripped to the waist, and fighting after the most approved fashion of professional pugilists. Their ‘fancy men’ were acting as seconds. The affair, it appeared, had been got up by the men

in question, who had been wagering as to the fighting properties and merits of their respective innamoratas. The women were brought before the local magistrates yesterday, and each committed to prison for a month.”

And at this:

“TOLERATION OF COLOR.—At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, last Saturday, Lord Brougham related the following amusing anecdote:

“‘Lord Lyndhurst gave me, a short time since, an anecdote of a gentleman who was connected with the Hague, and who on one occasion received an invitation to the house of a Cuban gentleman, a negro proprietor of a large estate, where he was received with the utmost hospitality and treated elegantly. He said that he was rather entertained when, after dinner was over, his colored host said that he was a man without any prejudice whatever, and that whenever he found a person honest, honorable, and respectable in every point of view, he held out the hand of fellowship to him, even though his color were as white as that table-cloth.’”

A *Times* correspondent states this curious fact:

“Monroe Edwards (who died a convict in an American jail) succeeded in swindling Lord Brougham and the late Lord Althorp by the pretense that he was here to expose an attempt to introduce African slaves into Texas, then an independent republic; but that was proved to be merely the clever hoax of an ingenious rascal, and the only sufferers were, not the Africans, but the philanthropic noblemen above-named.”

And he goes on to speak in this way of the Gulf visits: “The grave question that has now arisen for the last time between the United States and Great Britain has absolutely nothing to do with the slave-trade, or with slavery. The great fear is, that we shall only awake too late to a sense of the imminent danger of the position. A Washington correspondent, on whose accuracy I have been accustomed for many years to rely, writes me that public opinion had compelled the Administration to order (at any rate the attempt at) the capture of one of her Majesty’s vessels of war now stationed on the American coast. Much as the results to which this might lead are to be deplored, I think that if, reversing the case, twenty-one of our coasting vessels had been fired into and boarded by an American corvette in the British Channel, we should deem a less vigorous course derogatory to the reputation of the British navy; and I can well imagine, Sir, the vigorous eloquence with which your pen would announce that the ‘insolent Yankee’ had been brought into Plymouth Sound under the stern of her Majesty’s ship. We have committed a series of gross outrages; it behooves us first to make proper reparation, and then, having ascertained whether the present or the late Administration are responsible for what has been done, to avenge, without respect to party, such audacious and wicked trifling with the interests of the masses by the governing class.

“I am, Sir, etc.,

“VOYAGEUR.”

Again, this waif from Italy: “A discovery, interesting to the literary world, has recently been made at Florence, being that of a manuscript copy of Dante, thought to be in the handwriting of Petrarch. The Grand Duke, and particularly the Hereditary Prince, who pays much attention to literary matters, requested the savant Amici to

visit all the libraries in which there are manuscripts of Petrarch, and take a *fac-simile* by means of photography, in order to compare with them the manuscript now lighted on. M. Amici visited Milan for this purpose, the Ambrosian library in that city containing a Virgil copied, it is said, by Boccaccio, but with notes in the handwriting of Petrarch. On one of the leaves is a note written on the very day that he lost his Laura, and mentioning the fact."

And, finally, a characteristic speech from Mr. Dickens before the "General Recreation Society" of London: we have room only for a bit of its introduction: "You must know that I have still at home one very dear young child not yet arrived at the years of sufficient discretion to go to school in France or Germany with his brothers. He has formed a decided hostility to all cats in the neighboring courts, in which he is assisted by a Scotch terrier. These two—the English child and the Scotch dog—are perpetually flying in and out of the garden, the terrier in a sort of poetical rapture of cats. This very afternoon I was in my own room, endeavoring with a heavy heart to consider the responsibility I had taken upon myself for this evening, but I was unable to do so in consequence of these two, and so I resolved to go for a short stroll. The first thing I saw when I went out of my own door was a policeman who was hiding among the lilacs, apparently lying in wait for some burglar or murderer. After observing him with great anxiety for a minute or two, I was relieved to find that the subject of his vigilance was nothing more than a hoop, which he presently took into custody, and carried off to the station-house. Now, my way happened to lie through three leading squares. In the first I encountered a company of seven little boys, each boy carrying a bag much larger than himself, a very peculiar bottle, and a very home-made fishing-rod, with which impediments they were making their way to Hampstead ponds, where I imagine the party would not arrive in time to tumble in before dark. I found the dignity of the second square—a highly genteel one—very much impaired by having the game of hop-scotch chalked all over its pavement; and here, too, I found my own personal dignity suffered some little detriment through my becoming, without my own consent, a centre point or pivot to a game between two boys, who avoided each other round me, and looked at each other through me, and made me of no more account than if I had been a sort of moving post or pillar. Coming to a long hackney coach-stand in that neighborhood, I found the waterman in a state of red heat and rage, because some children were sending their shuttle-cocks flying about among the horses, while other little children were shouting to an imaginary ba-a-a-loon. In the third square I arrived in time to offer relief to three diminutive little boys, who had been made the sport of three other diminutive little boys, a size larger, and who, in default of any thing else for play, had thrown the three little boys' caps down an area. I arrived in course of time in Lincoln's-inn-fields, where speedily I seemed to find myself in an enemy's country, as awful spikes had been stuck into all the posts for the impalement of the youth of London, and there, too, I saw an attack on the part of an officer in gold-lace hat, and armed with a large cane, upon the little boys there, whom he pursued with horrible menaces."

Editor's Drawer.

A MEMBER of the diplomatic corps from our country, residing in Europe, writes: "You can form no idea how home-like and refreshing it is to cut the pages of your mirth-provoking Drawer, and enjoy the feast of good things, away over the seas, and among a strange people. Next to being at home is the pleasure of receiving and reading *Harper*. For good and sufficient reasons you need not mention the exact spot from which you get this note; but you may be sure that your Magazine finds its way here, and is always welcome 'as the hand of brother in a foreign land.'"

THE keeper of the Drawer is under obligations manifold to the friends at home and abroad who supply these pages with so many capital things; and never have the obligations been greater than during the summer months just passed. But the state of our pages has been such that the amount of matter in the Drawer department has been necessarily curtailed, and many of the choicest favors of our friends are yet lying snugly under lock and key, waiting for a place and space to air themselves. We make this explanation that our correspondents may not suppose that the pleasant things they have sent us have been overlooked or forgotten. On the contrary, they are struggling for a hearing, and shall have it soon. In the mean time let us have the best that every reader has at his command, under the good old rule—"The more the merrier."

IN a place in Wisconsin, the name of which we can not pronounce if we should succeed in spelling it, resides a correspondent of the Drawer who furnishes the following:

"Odd and good is old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practiced medicine in Ohio. He 'took up' the business, having been 'brought up' to a trade; and as the calls and fees did not come fast enough to suit him, he added an apothecary's shop to his business, for the retail of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the Doctor loved to stand in front of the store and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for a while with a comical look, and then exclaimed,

"'Och! and by the powers, Doctor, if it isn't fine! but there's something a little bit wanting in it.'"

"'And what, pray, is that?' asked the Doctor.

"'Why, you see,' says Pat, 'you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it.'"

"'Ay—yes,' replied the Doctor; 'that's a good thought. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?'"

"'Faith and I don't know but they would,' says Pat; 'but I'm after thinking there's anither kind o' bird what would be more appropriate.'"

"'And what's that?' asks the Doctor.

"'Why I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he is one of them kind of birds that when he sings he says "QUACK, QUACK, QUACK!"'"

"The last that was seen of Pat and the Doctor, Pat was running for dear life, and the Doctor after him."

It is one thing to say you are going to die, and

quite another thing to be told of it by somebody else. This truth is well illustrated by an incident which a friend relates as occurring in his own experience. He is a lawyer:

"One of the coldest nights in January I was roused from my sleep by a loud knocking at my door, for the servants were all in bed and it was past twelve o'clock. I opened the window, and was told by a rich Irish voice that a gentleman at the St. Nicholas was dying, and wanted a lawyer, and I must come without a moment's delay. Hurrying on my clothes I was soon in the street, and, reaching the hotel, was conducted at once to the stranger's room. Evidently he was very sick. I took my seat by his side, expressing regret at finding him so ill. 'Yes, Sir,' he said, 'I am dying, and I want to make my will; will you write it at once?' Paper and pens being at hand, I drew up his will at his dictation. He had large property. Stocks, real estate, and various securities were bequeathed to his several relatives; charitable institutions were remembered, and the whole thing done in legal form. Before closing the document I said to him, as he was a stranger in the city, perhaps he would wish to make some arrangement or leave direction respecting his burial—what cemetery, etc.—or what should be done with his remains. Starting up from his pillow, and making a grasp toward me, he cried out, 'Burial! cemetery! remains! What are you talking about? You villain! do you tell me I'm going to die! I'm not going to do any thing of the kind! Get out of this room! What are you doing here? I don't wish your company—out with you!'

"It was plain the man was out of his mind. In his weak state the excitement had been too much for him. He tore his bed-clothes, raved for an hour or two, then became quiet and went to sleep. I left the house and returned to my own, pondering upon the strange scenes through which I had passed. The next day I called at the hotel to make inquiries after my client. He had packed up in the morning, and taken the cars for home! The excitement had set him up. I was a better doctor than lawyer. But, whether he regarded me as one or the other, he had left a note for me, apologizing for his conduct and inclosing fifty dollars."

WE have read the following long time ago, and now have it from two correspondents who think it has never been printed, and they are telling it to the world for the first time. Well, it is a very good story:

"A young Methodist minister, full of zeal in his Master's work, was 'riding circuit' in the mountains of North Carolina. At the forks of the road there lived a brawny, stalwart son of Vulcan, who did the blacksmithing for all the country people therearound. He was a man of strong will, and a zealous disciple of Tom Paine. His Herculean frame, and bold, flat-footed way of saying things, had impressed his neighbors, and he held the rod in *terrorem* over them.

"One calm, bright Saturday morning many of the neighbors—as is the wont in these out-of-the-way places, had assembled at the blacksmith's shop. The young minister rode up, saddle-bagged, on his sleek, nice steed (Methodist ministers are famous as judges of horse-flesh, you know). After passing the usual compliments with the neighbors, Mr. Vulcan walked up, and, in an unmistakable voice and manner, inquired,

"Where are you going to, Sir?"

"Meekly the minister replied, 'To Brown's Chapel, where I have an appointment to preach.'

"Did you not receive a message from me that you should not preach there, nor elsewhere in my grounds?"

"I did."

"Do you mean to preach?"

"I do."

"Do you know who I am?"

"I do."

"And you mean to disobey my order?"

"I do."

"You will have to walk over me first then," at the same time seizing the minister by the arm, and attempting to pull him from his horse. In a twinkling the active young man sprang from his horse plump upon the body of the blacksmith, his weight carrying them both to the earth, the minister uppermost. Skillfully, artistically putting in his fist into the blacksmith's face, while one hand held him tightly by the throat, the smith had no time to lose, but soon bellowed out 'Enough!' greatly to the amazement and amusement of the by-standers, who looked on and 'let him.'

"May I preach?" says the minister, still pinning him to the earth.

"No!"

"Very well," and he began to repeat his blows with telling effect.

"Enough!"

"May I preach?"

"Yes," says the smith.

"I want Tom Paine's works—where are they?" asks the minister.

"What do you want with them?" replied the smith.

"You shall burn them."

"I will die first!" cried Vulcan, still pinned, but making a death-struggle to rise.

"Very well," and the minister put in his blows again, hot and heavy.

"Enough, I tell you, enough! will you kill a man?"

"Will you burn Tom Paine's works?"

"No! no! no!"

"Very well," and the minister put in a blow which brought the claret.

"Yes, yes! I will burn the books if you will let me get up!"

"All right! but you must go with me to meeting to-day and hear me preach."

"No; I will die a hundred deaths before I will do that!"

"Yes, you shall!" and fixing one knee on the breast of the bravado and one hand on his throat, he began pommeling the smith with zeal, and no mistake.

"Vulcan bawled out, 'Yes, yes! any thing! You shall preach, I will burn Tom Paine's books, and will go with you to meeting!'

"There was an honest earnestness in his promises; so the young man helped him up, and washed his bruises. Vulcan walked into his house—a few rods off—soon returned, bringing all his infidel books with him, laid them on the hearth, set his bellows to work with his own hand, and soon they were consumed.

"Wash and dress yourself, and come along. I am late—you have detained me," said the minister.

"And so *did* Vulcan; and the preacher says 'he went, listened, prayed, and in a short time became

a humble, consistent Christian, and is to-day the most useful and valuable member I have ever had in all my churches."

THE monotony of a recent trip from New Orleans to Memphis was pleasantly relieved by the following somewhat unusual occurrence:

Dinner—the great event of the day—being finished, how to "kill time" was the only thought of the passengers. Some proceeded to the hurricane-deck; others, with a determination to lose money as well as time, were seated in the "social hall," engaged in the fascinating game of "poker;" but the greater number were lounging in easy postures about the cabin, perusing "*Harper* for July," or deeply immersed in the "yellow-covered literature" so plentiful on our Western waters.

In the ladies' cabin were seated the captain and his friend—a rich Tennessee planter—and two lady acquaintances, playing a social game of "eucher." Near the party, at the piano, sat a lovely young widow, who was returning East from a visit to the "Crescent City," and with whom the young planter had formed a slight acquaintance. Suspended above the instrument was a mirror, in which was reflected the pretty features of the young widow; and from the frequent glances of the planter in that direction, he seemed far more interested in the music than in the cards.

At last he exclaimed, "Captain, do you think there is any music in such pieces as she is playing?" to which the captain replied, "No; I have heard Gottschalk and Thalberg play just such stuff in New Orleans at two dollars a ticket, and I must say I had rather, ten to one, hear our boys sing 'Jordan' or the 'Mississippi Boat-race' than listen to the best of their fancy music." One of the ladies here remarked that her friend was performing some of the choicest gems from "*Il Trovatore*;" and that all the best music was from the operas. The young Tennessean then desired to know what operas "*Yankee Doodle*" and "*Arkansas Traveler*" were taken from? for, in his opinion, they were among the best pieces he had ever listened to. Rising from his seat, he proposed the question to the lady at the piano; seeming to have more confidence in her opinion, on so important a subject, than in that of his companions, and pretended great surprise at being informed that his favorite pieces were not operatic. The party now gathered round the piano, and one and another favorite song was called for, and performed by the obliging widow, to the evident delight of the young planter, who, in his turn, asked her to sing "Do they miss me at home?" This finished, it was agreed that the performer should favor the company with *her* favorite; whereupon she commenced the well-known song, "I would like to change my name." During its performance the Tennessean seemed wholly absorbed in either the music or the musician; and when, in the second verse, she sang,

"I would like to change my name,
And settle down in life;
Here's a chance for some young man
That's seeking for a wife.
Perhaps you think I'm jesting,
And mean not what I say;
But if you think so, try me,
You'll find I'll not say nay!"—

she gave him a roguish look from her laughing black eyes that evidently excited new emotions within him, for—with a mixture of boldness and

diffidence—he remarked that he had often heard that there was much truth spoken in jest; and that, for his part, he was willing to test her sincerity. Suiting his actions to his words, he wrote his name on a card, and, handing it to her, he asked whether the name upon it would make an agreeable change. Although herself much surprised at the part she was acting in a joke that was becoming more practical than was at first intended, she did not appear displeased with his question, or to wish to retreat from her position, but still rather evaded a direct reply. As he pressed her for an answer, she asked him if he really was in earnest? and upon his assuring her that he was, she said, "Then, so am I." "Enough said!" exclaimed the young planter; "if there is a clergyman on board we will have the ceremony performed forthwith."

The captain informed him that the Rev. Mr. C——, from ——, was on board; but desired that he might have a little time to make suitable preparations for the occasion, which it was agreed should come off at eight o'clock on the same evening.

Accordingly vigorous preparations were immediately set on foot by the captain, who was determined that the time or occasion should not easily be forgotten by any of the participants. His success was complete; and a happier bride and bridegroom, or a merrier wedding party, was never seen than "tripped the light fantastic toe" that evening on board the stanch steamer.

The pleasure of the party was at its height when the captain announced that they had arrived at —— landing, where his friend would be obliged to leave them. And so, amidst the cordial congratulations of their friends, the best wishes of the passengers, and the cheers of the crew, the happy couple left the boat for their "sunny Southern home." As the boat resumed her course we turned into our berths to dream on the events of the day, and wonder at the irresistible "power of music."

As the quasi King of America is said to be descended from the Kings of Kippen in Scotland, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know how the *Buchanans* of Arnprior came to acquire that title.

James the Fifth of Scotland, who is described as "a very sociable, debonair prince," had a custom, like the celebrated Haroun Alraschid, of traveling in disguise, in order to hear complaints which might not otherwise reach the royal ears. On these occasions he assumed the name of "the Goodman of Ballangeich;" that is, the farmer or tenant of Ballangeich, a steep pass behind the royal castle of Stirling.

In the autumn of 1530, James, who was feasting at Stirling castle, sent for some venison to the neighboring hills. The venison had to pass the gates of the castle of Arnprior, belonging to the chief of the Buchanans.

Buchanan had a considerable number of guests with him, and was short of victuals, although they had more than enough of liquor.

Seeing so much fat venison passing his gate, the chief seized on it, and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he somewhat rudely answered that if James was King in Stirling, he was King in Kippen—the name of the district in which the castle of Arnprior is situated.

On hearing what had happened, James immediately mounted his horse and rode to Buchanan's house, where he found a couple of grim warders, with battle-axes on their shoulders, standing sentinels at the door.

These warders refused the King admittance, saying the laird was at dinner with his friends, and could not be disturbed. "Yet go up, my good fellow," said the King to the milder looking of the wardens, "and tell the laird that the Goodman of Ballangeich has come to feast with the King of Kippen." The warder went grumbling into the castle, and told his master "that a chiel, wi' a rough, red beard, who ca'd himself the Goodman of Ballangeich was at the gate, and said he had come to feast with the King of Kippen." As soon as Buchanan heard these words he knew the King was there in person; and hastening down, asked his forgiveness for his insolent conduct.

James not only forgave him, but, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison; and, after washing it down with copious draughts of claret, became so softened that he gave the laird liberty to tithe any of the royal venison that might thereafter be passing his gate. And thus the chief of the Buchanans of Arnpryor was ever afterward, and is even now, jocularly called the "King of Kippen."

"WHOEVER has been present in the New York House of Assembly when the question is taken upon the final passage of a bill, can scarcely fail to remember that after the roll has been called, perhaps the second or third time, one member after another rushes in from the lobby, screaming out, 'Mr. Speaker, I desire to have my name recorded in the affirmative!'"

"The writer of this recently borrowed of an Assemblyman from one of the rural counties a book of travels, entitled 'Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry,' published at Montreal in 1809. Mr. Henry had been an Indian trader, and miraculously escaped with his life from the massacre by the Indians at Fort Michilimackinac, in 1763.

"The morning after the massacre,' Mr. H. says, 'I was alarmed by a noise in the prison lodge; and looking through the openings of the lodge in which I was, I saw seven dead bodies of white men dragged forth. Upon my inquiring into the occasion, I was informed that a certain Indian chief, called by the Canadians Le Grand Sable, had not long before arrived from his winter's hunt; and that he having been absent when the war begun, and being now desirous of manifesting to the Indians at large his hearty concurrence in what they had done, had gone into the prison lodge, and there, with his knife, put the seven men whose bodies I had seen to death.'

"Written, by way of note, at the bottom of the page from which the above extract is taken is the following, in the handwriting of the member: 'In parliamentary language, *'he desired to have his name recorded in the affirmative.'*"

A CORRESPONDENT in Kansas sends the following to the Drawer. He signs his own name to the story, warranting it to be true:

"Judge Jones, of Indiana, celebrated alike for his want of beauty and his superior shrewdness as a criminal lawyer, when once on a visit to the State Fair at Indianapolis, was presented with a *jack-knife* by a 'committee of wags' for being the

ugliest man in the State. The Judge good-humoredly pocketed both the knife and the joke. Some time after, when attending a term of the Circuit Court of Liberty, Indiana, he one day espied a man on the street who immediately attracted his whole attention. After following him through the town, examining his face closely, until, seemingly convinced of some doubtful question, he approached the man and stopped him.

"My dear Sir,' said the Judge, 'I have a present in my possession that belongs to you.'

"Thank you,' replied the stranger, 'I will be pleased to receive it.'

"The Judge drew from his pocket the jack-knife, and offered it to him.

"This must be a mistake,' exclaimed the man. 'This knife does not belong to me.'

"No mistake,' said the Judge. 'I know it is yours. This knife was awarded to me by the State of Indiana as a premium for being the ugliest man in it, and I always thought the award was just until I met you; but now, Sir, I am satisfied there was an error, and I do not wish to wrong you any longer by retaining that which is honestly yours.'

"Dropping the knife in the stranger's hand, who remained speechless with amazement, the Judge quietly walked off."

"ALL the ignorance of the country is not confined to the West, from which so many of your cases of stupid blundering come." So writes a patriotic Eastern man, who is willing that all should come in "share and share" alike. He tells us of one of the New England census-takers who arranged his statistics under the appropriate heads, and was generally correct; but mistaking *sex* for *sects*, he returned the deaths, etc., of all the persons named as Methodist, Baptist, etc., instead of male or female. That will do till something better beats it.

As good a colored story as we have had in many a month comes from an Augustan correspondent in Georgia:

"Simon had long aspired to the easy and dignified office of carter or ox-driver. Often had he looked with envious eye upon the favored Jef, as, seated upon the pole of his cart, he drove whistling along, the impersonation, in Simon's view, of the true *otium cum dignitate*. Never doubting his qualifications for the post (what office-seeker does?), he longed, or, as he expressed it, 'farly eeched,' for an opportunity of displaying his skill, confident that it would be such as could not fail to secure him a permanent seat upon the cart, *vice* Jef, removed. At length fortune seconded his wishes; Jef was luckily absent; the corn must be sent to mill; Simon must yoke 'Buck and Darb,' and carry it.

"Now you gwine to see drivin', said he to the 'boss,' when, having finished the preliminaries, he took his seat upon the cart, cracked his whip over the cattle, and added spirit to its effect by a well-modulated 'Gee up higher!' Away rushed Buck and Darb in grand style for about ten steps; then suddenly stopped, with a jerk that well-nigh precipitated our hero from his long-coveted seat. A second 'Go 'long da, Buck! you Darb, what you 'bout now?' with numerous and divers scientific jerks at the line and artistic flourishes of the whip, resulted no better. 'Why, 'pon de face of de yeath, what's got into dese steers? Jes' look at Darb

now, a pullin' agin Buck, and a tryin' to twis' his tail roun' toder way! Do b'leve in my soul dem steers knows I ain't Jef! And yander's de boss, too, 'll be hollerin' at me 'fore long!

"After seeing him worry with them a little longer, the boss, who had seated himself on the fence a few yards off to enjoy the sport, did 'holler' at him, to tell him he had yoked the oxen on the sides to which they were respectively unaccustomed, and that he must disengage them, and put Buck on the right side and Darb on the left.

"'Heh!' said Simon, 'wonder why I didn't see dat! I thought somethin' must be de matter; I'll fix you now, my boys—you see ef I don't.'

"Pretty soon he was off his seat and had them disengaged from the cart, but without removing the yoke! 'Gee up da, Buck! I'll drive you roun' to de tother side, and den we'll see what you gwine to do wid your tantrums when de boss's a lookin' at me from de fence yander!'

"By this time he had got them round, and, of course, after arranging them head foremost in *propria forma*, they came out exactly in *statu quo*. 'Laws 'a massey!' said he, in a self-deprecatory tone, 'what was I thinkin' about, drivin' you roun' de wrong way! 'Pears like I ain't got good sense dis mornin', somehow. You Darb, come out o' dar! I boun' I get you right dis time! Spec' you'll fool about wid your projectifications tel de boss'll be down here d'rectly. Whoa, gee! GEE, I say!'

"Owing to some inexplicable fatality, his success was no better this time than before. He drove round to the right, crossed over, and came out—second best. 'Well, now,' said he, 'dis is a purty spot o' work, ain't it? Dat Jef's done somethin' to dese steers! Sho'se you're born, he's done somethin' to dese steers!'

"The oxen had, by this time, got turned with their heads toward the cart, and were standing at the end of the pole, waiting the result of their driver's meditations. Carefully reconnoitering their respective positions, he seemed suddenly to be inspired with a project which must succeed in spite of fate. The reader shall have the benefit of the train of reasoning: 'Dere dey stan's, Buck an' Darb, boaf of 'em lookin' dis way; Buck on de right han' and Darb on de lef'; dat's jes' de way dey ought to be. So now, my chilluns, I reckon I'm gwine to fix you. I'm gwine to jes' drive you up to de cart so; and den I'm gwine to make you turn your heads toder way, and your tails dis way; and den you's 'bleeged to be right, whedder you will or no!'

"I have always regretted that this brilliant scheme was never fully tested. It was but half executed when the boss came up, and made him take off the yoke and change them. What the result would have been had he been left to himself admits of discussion. It is due to Simon, however, to say that many years of profound meditation have but served to confirm him in his original conclusion that they'd 'been 'bleeged to been right!'

AN Arkansas correspondent relates a curious case of church discipline in one of the parishes in that State. It shows the progress of civilization, which is marked by the advance of the follies of the age.

The congregation in Platteville was excited by a complaint being made against Mrs. Plimley, a handsome young widow, that she was in the habit

of adding to the hues of health the color of the rose upon her cheeks; in other words, that *Mrs. Plimley paints!* The offense became so flagrant, and the ladies generally were so much scandalized, that the widow was called to account. She urged in extenuation that she used but the smallest possible quantity—just a slight tinge. But she was told that the quantity made no difference: it was wrong to counterfeit the complexion; it was disrespectful to Providence to seek to wear a face that had not been given her; and she must abandon the use of it. She asked if the shade of color made any difference in the offense, and was told that of course it did not. She then said that she must complain of Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hawkhurst, Mrs. Benjamin, and several other notable ladies, all of whom, to her certain knowledge, used lily white (prepared chalk), and made faces for themselves such as Nature had denied them. This put a new complexion upon the whole affair. The widow insisted that she had her tastes; they had theirs. If she was to be censured for making her white cheeks red, they must be for making their dark faces white. And so it came to pass that, by common consent, Mrs. Plimley was let alone.

ONE of the respected ministers of Northern New York writes to the Drawer in words following, to wit:

"In the month of June I was at Potsdam, St. Lawrence County, New York, attending the yearly Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and at the same house where I boarded were several of the clergy, one of whom was a true son of Erin, a man of strong mind and no lack of Irish wit. One evening, as we all sat in the parlor after tea, an old acquaintance of our Irish minister entreated him to tell the company the story of his first encounter with a skunk in this country. After much hesitation and evident desire to get out of the affair, he consented, and related the following incident, which I afterward obtained leave to publish. There is no doubt of the entire truth of the whole affair, as it was verified by a number of persons who were eye-witnesses of a portion of the ludicrous scene. The story, told in the third person singular, and very singular, is this:

"When the Rev. Mr. Norton was preaching at Sackett's Harbor, he was called upon by the presiding elder of that circuit to attend a quarterly meeting of the church in one of the neighboring towns, which was to be held on Saturday. Consequently our reverend friend was obliged to travel during the evening after the services were over in order to fill his own pulpit on the ensuing Sabbath. Forgetting his overcoat when he left home, he called, on the way, upon one of the brethren, and obtained one. After the day's exercises were over, he mounted his horse and took his way toward home. Evening soon came on, and as he entered a piece of woods it became quite dark. Riding slowly on he perceived a small animal near his horse. He came to the sage conclusion that it was a rabbit. He at once dismounted and gave chase. The race was hot, but soon our friend came up to it, and with his whip gave the rabbit a clip over the back. No sooner was the blow given than the worthy divine found himself lying prostrate upon the earth, with a terrible burning sensation in his eyes, and almost suffocated with a strong sulphurous odor as he then imagined. But he soon picked himself up, and returned thanks to his Maker for

having delivered him safely from the jaws of death. He mounted his horse with the firm belief that he had encountered the Evil One face to face. 'For,' said he, 'I have seen him with my own eyes, have felt his fire upon my face, and smelt the sulphur emanating from his nostrils.' Never before had he seen or smelled a skunk.

"He soon came to the house of his friend, and went in to leave the overcoat. He found his friend in bed, and said to him, 'I have returned your coat.'

"*'Whew! oh, whew!'* said the brother. *'Whew! throw it down—throw it down!'*

"And so our friend did throw it down, and left with no very favorable impression in regard to his brother's treatment. Soon Mr. Norton reached home and retired to rest. In the morning he was awakened by a gentleman who occupied the rooms above him calling him to help him find the skunk. 'There is surely one in the house. I have not been able to sleep during the night for the smell. *Whew! whew! quick! whew!*'

"This was the first intimation that our worthy pastor received which enlightened him in regard to the true character of the animal which he had given chase to the night previous.

"But the most trying part of the act was yet to come. It was the Sabbath morn, and he had to attend divine service, and, like most Methodist ministers, he had but one good suit*of clothes, and those completely saturated with essence of the peddler. But these he must wear; and out he started, with his lady upon his arm, for the church. It so happened that they had to meet the citizens of Sackett's Harbor who were members of the Presbyterian Church on their way to service, and almost every one greeted our worthy pastor and lady with a 'Good-morning—*whew! oh, whew!*'

"*'Now, wife,'* said he, as they came near their church, 'let go of my arm when we get to the steps, and I will hurry through the crowd and into the pulpit in short metre, so that none will stop me to converse.'

"This feat most admirably he accomplished, but not without a '*Whew! whew!*' greeting his ears. He soon opened the religious services, and made a short prayer, read a short hymn, and preached a very short sermon, with every now and then an audible '*Whew! whew!*' coming up from the audience instead of the usual responses.

"Service being over, our pastor thought best to remain in the pulpit until the congregation had dispersed, and the road clear for his exit. All left the house but one of the stewards, an old and particular friend of our pastor, who cautiously approached the pulpit, and said,

"*'Brother Norton, I have shut all the doors, come down and help me to catch the skunk. There is one in the house.'*

"*'Oh no, Brother R——; there is no such thing.'*

"*'Yes there is,'* insisted Brother R——; 'for I see him now, and have seen him and smelled him all through service. *Whew! oh, whew!* terrible—terrible! There, don't you see him? under that table—just the end of his tail sticking out. Come on—come on! *whew!* and we will end him—*whew!*' And, with a sudden jump, the steward made a grab at the tail of the beast, when, lo and behold! he brought forth a bit of old brown paper which had lodged under the carpet back of the table. An explanation was then made by the pastor, and he

took his way home to cleanse his garments and profit by his experience."

THE LAST "GOOD-NIGHT!"

"GOOD-NIGHT—good-night!" a silvery voice
Rang through my midnight dream;
And a fair young face with flowing curls
Flashed in the fancied stream
Of the moonlight on my curtained couch
With a 'wilderer tender beam.

"Good-night!" broke from my answering tongue,
And the beauteous shape was gone;
I woke as the distant clock tolled out
The hour of another dawn;
And the holy moon was smiling down
On the cottage porch and lawn.

"She is dead!" a voice sobbed faintly forth;
I knew she had gone before!
To her sweet "Good-night!" my waking ear
Would never listen more!
The beautiful angel, Death, had come,
And opened the pearly door.

And down in her bedroom's mellowed light
Lay Florence, white and fair;
With the pitying moonbeams on her brow
And the curls of golden hair:
But I thought of the spirit above the stars,
And only the casket there.

At a Court in Texas, the Hon. Judge Devine presiding, the jury in a criminal case failed to agree; and, as is usual in such cases, the Court attempted to coerce a verdict, which elicited from the foreman, J. R. Sweet, the following impromptu lines, addressed to his honor:

"Dear Judge Devine, do send us wine,
Or something good to eat;
For 'tis plain to see we can't agree—
Your obedient servant—SWEET."

The Judge dismissed the jury.

"A SHORT time since I happened," says an Iowa citizen, "to stray in at a Democratic Convention for the nomination of city officers, and where the 'Sons of Green Erin' were out in some force; and sauntering around, my attention was arrested by the following colloquy between three of 'Erin's broths of boys' aforesaid.

"It seems the Convention were then counting the votes just cast for some officer, and our friends' ears were frequently saluted with the word '*Tally,*' which they were a little puzzled to understand. At length one says to the other:

"*'An' what's a tally, Jemme?'*

"*'Faith, I think it's about a dozen!'*

"*'A dozzen, ye fool! It's more nor three dozzen!'*"

A CORRESPONDENT in England, who cherishes the Drawer, writes:

"A dozen years ago, in my 'hot youth,' my lot in London was fixed in the same establishment with a young fellow from a northern county. We were each strangers in the great city, and now and then went together to see some of its wonders. He was a mighty swell—great on breast-pins, finger-rings, and an irreproachable silver-headed riding-cane—and was so well up in all things genteel that he could have dined at the table of royalty, and not have blushed when the Queen asked him to take wine with her. Of course I felt my own inferiority when alongside him. But I learned to put a new estimate upon his qualities one day when we went to see Madame Tassaud's incomparable wax-

work. He handed me the catalogue, and kindly allowed me to be the *cicerone*. We came to a group—"Napoleon and his Generals"—which scarcely needed any reference to the catalogue at all. But my friend said, "Which is Napoleon?" Wondering at the query, I pointed out "the little corporal." The next question was, "Which is *Bonaparte*?"

MANY very amusing sayings of the little people come to us, which we do not print. Why not? Well, because they are the queer imaginations of the children about serious things; and when put in type, and read in the family circle, they make the children laugh at thoughts and words which should never be mentioned with levity. The Drawer is no ascetic, but the Drawer never made fun at the expense of truth, or sought to turn into jest a thought that should be sacred in the chambers of the soul. So the "little four-year-olds" often say curious things about their Maker, death, and heaven; but when they are repeated in the Drawer to *amuse* a million they lose their beauty, and become almost if not quite profane.

A TRAVELED London lady gives the following incident, among others, to a circle of admiring friends, on her return from America:

"I was a dinin' haboard a first-class steamboat on the Hoeigho River. The gentleman next me, on my right, was a Southerner, and the gentleman on my left was a Northerner. Well, they gets into a kind of discussion on the habbolition question, when some 'igh words hariz.

"Please to retract, Sir," said the Southerner.

"Won't do it," said the Northerner.

"Pray, ma'am," said the Southerner, "will you 'ave the goodness to lean back in your chair?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said I, not knowin' what was a comin'. When what does my gentleman do but whips out a 'oss pistil as long as my harm, and shoots my left-'and neighbor dead! But that wasn't hall! for the bullet, comin' out of the left temple, wounded a lady in the side. She huttered an 'orrifick scream.

"Pon my word, ma'am," said the Southerner, "you needn't make so much noise about it; for I did it by mistake."

"And was justice done the murderer?" asked a horrified listener.

"Hinstantly, dear madam," answered Miss L—. "The cabin passengers set right to work and lynched him. They 'ung 'im in the lamp-chains, right hover the dinin'-table, and then finished the dessert. But for my part it quite spoiled my happatite."

FROM Indianapolis, that beautiful capital of a great State, the Drawer gets this letter:

"There is in our county a very consequential lawyer by the name of *Smith*, and whatever may be the value of his opinions *in law*, his opinion of himself is certainly a very enlarged and comprehensive one. His exceeding good-nature makes amends, in a great measure, for this foible of his, and he is a great favorite among the members of the bar. Smith visited Washington, just as other great men have done, and Smith was introduced to Mr. Buchanan. On his return his friends gathered about him, and he related to them the following incident. Said he:

"I received an earnest invitation from the President to call upon him as soon as he learned I

was in the city. I did so, of course. When I arrived at the White House the President was in consultation with the Cabinet; but the moment he received my name he dismissed the Cabinet, and invited me in. We had a long and confidential conversation in reference to public affairs, and I gave him my advice in relation to the Kansas difficulty. He was very much affected as he spoke of the trials and responsibilities of a man in his position; and when I bid him farewell, he held my hand for some time affectionately in his, and said, "Friend Smith, as you value your personal happiness and peace, never do you accept the nomination for the presidency." *And on the impulse of the moment I told him I would not!*

"It is said that, on sober second thought, he regretted his impulsive promise. But he is a man of his word, and future conventions will only waste time in nominating him. *He won't accept.*"

SOME years ago Mr. Jenifer represented Maryland in the United States Senate, and very frequently, among his friends, indulged in warm laudations of his native State, descanting particularly upon the beautiful scenery and social charms of the eastern shore. The constant recurrence to this topic became somewhat annoying to his senatorial friends, and among others Tom Corwin, who determined to seize the first opportunity to insinuate that some other theme would be equally agreeable. Opportunity was not long wanting. Several Senators and Members of Congress met at the table of a friend, and while engaged in discussing the good things of this life, Jenifer took occasion to revert to his old subject. Politeness induced all to listen, and none present seemingly gave so much attention as Corwin, who blandly remarked, during a pause in the conversation, that what had fallen from his friend Jenifer was doubtless correct, as, during his younger days, an incident that occurred in Ohio, and which he would relate, must satisfy all present. Jenifer was all attention while Corwin, in a manner impossible to convey an idea of on paper, related the following:

"Formerly, in Ohio, it was customary for persons having claims upon the General Government for pensions to come into open Court, and, as opportunity offered, have their pension papers regularly drawn and attested. One day, while I was seated in Court, an aged man made his application, and the Judge assigned me the duty of taking his deposition and preparing the papers. I accordingly proceeded to make the usual examination; and, after some preliminary questions, inquired his age. His reply was, 'Just fifty-six years old.' Supposing he misunderstood me, I repeated the question, but received the same answer. I then informed him I did not want to know how old he was at the time he left the service, nor when he came to live in Ohio, but how many years old he was. I was again answered, in a voice tremulous from age, 'Just fifty-six years old.' Finding it impossible to get a correct reply, as the man was evidently much older, and could not have seen the service for which he claimed a pension if his age was only fifty-six, I stated to the Judge my inability to obtain a correct answer to my interrogatory. The Judge, after listening to my statement, called the claimant before him, severely reprimanded him, and informed him if he did not answer correctly he would order him confined for contempt of Court. Again the old man was questioned.

What was his name? His age when he entered the army? How long he served? What corps he served in? What rank he held? To all these queries he answered promptly; but when the query, How old are you now? was put, the same answer was returned—"Just fifty-six years old." The Judge ordered him into custody; and, as the sheriff was leading him away, the old man turned to the Judge, and asked if he might be permitted to say a few words. Yes, but he must be careful. 'Well, your Honor,' said the old man, in a voice broken by emotion, 'I was forced to stay about twenty years on the eastern shore of Maryland, but I have never reckoned that as any part of my life.'

It is sufficient to say that no more was heard from Jenifer in praise of the eastern shore.

MANY of our readers will recollect Colonel Marinus Willet, who formerly resided in the vicinity of Corlaer's Hook. Shortly after the close of the late war, and prior to the time the emancipation act gave freedom to the slaves in this State, the Colonel was possessed of two chattels called Cæsar and John. He had given leave of absence on Sunday afternoon to each alternately, one remaining at home while the other was absent, strict charge being given to behave with propriety under the penalty of having leave of absence cut off.

For several Sundays in succession the Colonel remarked that Cæsar was invariably absent, while John was at home answering any calls made upon him. Imagining that John was imposed upon by Cæsar, and determined that each one of them should perform his round of service, the Colonel inquired of John why he was so frequently at home and Cæsar absent? He was surprised when informed that it was the result of a pecuniary arrangement between the two slaves, Cæsar having agreed to pay John a stipulated sum for performing his duty each alternate Sunday. The Colonel supposed something was going on of which he ought to be informed, and the next morning called Cæsar to account, desiring to know where and how he spent his time, and where he procured money to pay John for performing double duty. Cæsar for some time declined to tell where he went, or how he was engaged, but warmly asserted he was not doing any thing disgraceful. The Colonel, however, insisted upon knowing where the money came from, and threatened Cæsar with his direst displeasure unless he made full confession. Cæsar, thus pressed, informed his master that he went regularly to church.

"To church! where?"

"Down by de sugar-house in Leonard Street."

"Well, if that is true, where do you get money to pay John? I insist upon knowing."

"Why, marster, I preaches a little, and dey pays me for it."

"Oh! you preach, do you? Well, what do they give you—how much?"

"Well, you see, marster, that 'pends on the c'lection; sometimes half-dollar, sometimes dollar."

"Half a dollar for preaching? Why, Cæsar, that's shocking poor pay!"

"Well, yes, marster; but den, you see, it's shockin' poor preaching too!"

The Colonel did not interfere any farther with Cæsar's theological pursuits.

OLD Michael Swartz—peace to his ashes!—was

for a long time the leading politician in a German settlement as noted for its honesty as for its industry. He was always a member of the "Vigilance Committee," and zealously attended to its duties. John Swartz was a distant relative of his, and revered with a just pride the distinguished position of his venerable uncle. Being asked who he should vote for at an exciting election, he replied, with a face as blank as it was honest: "Vell, den, I don't know who I shall vote for—I ha'n't seen Mike."

A LITTLE one in Chicago is the author of the petition that is made below.

She had been visiting the "ragged school," and was sadly grieved with the rags and dirt of the poor children. At night, when she came to say her evening prayer, she added to her usual petitions these words: "And bless the poor ragged children: give them kind fathers and mothers, and new clothes, and give them *all a bath!*"

A very desirable request, and one that the managers of ragged schools might well aim at complying with. Cleanliness is allied to godliness, and religion is a great foe to dirt.

A LITTLE girl about six years old was talking with her uncle.

UNCLE. "Millie, did you ever hear of Curry, the calf-weaner?"

NIECE. "No, Sir."

UNCLE. "There was a man, named Curry, so ugly he followed calf-weaning for a living. When the calf was with the cow he would look under on the other side, and as soon as the calf saw him it would let go, run off, and never suck again."

NIECE. "Uncle, I think you could wean 'em quick!"

UNCLE JOHN was a sturdy old farmer, generous-hearted and well to do in the world, very fond of jokes and much addicted to drawing the long-bow. One evening, by the side of a good fire in Ricketson's bar-room, he related to him and an admiring crowd a remarkable circumstance that he had witnessed during a recent journey to New York. Ricketson expressed his wonder, but Uncle John vouched fully for its truth, as it had occurred under his own eye. "But," said he, "I never could believe such a thing without seeing it myself."

"Neither could I, Uncle John," said Ricketson.

Uncle John wilted.

MANY years ago old Mr. Coons attended to a bar and a small stock of goods for his worthy son, who has since become somewhat famous as being the founder and for many years the master-spirit of the town of Razorville, Texas. The bar-room being large, and the stock of goods very small, they were kept in a large bar with the liquors, inclosed with a wooden grating. John McCabe, somewhat of a wag, was idling about the bar-room, and observing that the old gentleman was careful to lock the door every time he came out of the bar, said:

"Uncle Coons, you needn't be so particular to lock the door every time you come out. A man couldn't make day-wages stealing out of your store, anyhow."

THE Drawer very well knows that every household thinks *its* four-year-old unapproachable in his own peculiarities. We hold that ours has a turn

of reflection decidedly original, and submit his opinion concerning the origin of babies.

Paterfamilias has been in the habit of putting various little presents under four-year-old's plate at the dinner-table, that the family might enjoy his pleasure and surprise, and the little fellow scarcely looks to any other quarter for gifts. Now it happened the other day that his philosophy was pushed into a corner by the question:

"Where did we get our baby?"

Four-year-old was puzzled. Though he had watched his baby-brother's progress and development with great interest, and loved him dearly, too, he had evidently considered him, hitherto, as a matter-of-course possession. He hesitated for an answer but momentarily. Directly he clapped his hands, and cried, with a brightening face:

"I know—I know! God put him under our plate!"

THE "Chief-Justice," as he is called, of Storr's Township, in Ohio, has been in the Drawer already. A Cincinnati correspondent says:

"I take the liberty of sending a sample of his administration which I had from the lips of 'His Honor' himself.

"It is well known that he prides himself upon never having had an appeal taken from one of his decisions, having always succeeded, by threats or cajolery, in inducing litigants to decline taking one. But on one occasion he came in contact with a defendant who was deaf to all attempts to induce him to forego what he claimed as his legal right. The Squire, however, was equally determined that no appeal should be taken, and accordingly kept out of the way, so that the party should have no opportunity of entering bail. He succeeded until the last day for entering bond, when, happening in his office, he was horrified by seeing two carriages stop at the door, filled, as he says, with some of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of Cincinnati, whom the defendant had brought to go his bail—so that no possible objection could be made.

"Well," says the Squire, "this stumped me for a while. I thought I was up a tree, and no mistake. The men were good, there was no doubt of that; and how to get out of the scrape I couldn't see. At last a bright thought struck me. So ranging them all in a row across the office, I began: 'You and each of you do solemnly swear that you are worth real estate, over and above all your debts and liabilities, to the amount of ten thousand dollars.' 'Yes,' was the response from all. 'And that you each of you made the property you own honestly and without cheating any body!' 'This,' says the Squire, with a chuckle, 'stumped them. There was not one would take the last part of the oath; and before the defendant could bring down other bail the ten days were up, and he could not appeal. So I issued execution and made the money.'

"The above is literally true. It is but justice to the Squire, however, to say that he has lately been re-elected for the seventh term of three years, having received every vote cast at the election, not even a blank being cast against him."

"LOOKING over some old letters recently, I discovered the following, which I once begged as a curiosity from the gentleman to whom it was sent. Having seen it taken from the post-office, I can vouch for its correctness, *verbatim et literatim*, according to the original document. It evidently

refers to a trade or 'dicker' partially completed, and explains itself:

"INDANAPOLIS IND. April 30th, 1856

"Mr. W P N— if you wont my cow you cen have hir for 25 dolars paable three month after date she gives 2 galons a day and a gaining GEORG W P—"

"JERRY KELLER' was an Irish lawyer whose fees and promotion did not keep pace with his merits. Mayne, a man of profound dullness, was made a judge. 'There,' Keller was heard to mutter one day, in a voice like distant thunder, 'there sits Mayne, risen by his gravity; and here Keller, sunk by his levity. What would Sir Isaac Newton say to that?'"

As a specimen of "taking it coolly" we do not know that any thing richer than this, from a Tennessee contributor, has come to the Drawer:

"Mr. Barnes, wife, and two children, his niece, and another young lady, with the writer, formed a party leaving Memphis for Clarksville, Tennessee, in the beginning of the summer of 1857. Arriving at Smithland, we were compelled to take a smaller boat, on account of the extreme lowness of the Cumberland River. Such was found in the *Nettie Miller*, a very nice little stern-wheeler. We were proceeding on our way rejoicing, when suddenly we were all thrown out of our nests and brought up standing in the middle of our state-rooms. All the gentlemen rushed out in *deshabillé* to learn the trouble, and were frankly told by the captain that his boat was badly snagged, and would sink in a few minutes! Mr. Barnes flew with the alarm to his wife and the young ladies, seized his children, deposited them safely in a wood-boat which the *Nettie* fortunately had in tow, and ran back. Surprised not to see any of the ladies out yet, he rushed to his wife's room, and found her very quietly washing her face and hands.

"Why, my dear, the boat will sink in less than three minutes!"

"Well," she replied, 'I think I can be out before that time.'

"Dragging her along, he rushed, almost frantic with excitement, to the young ladies' room, and found them very quietly combing their hair.

"For Heaven's sake," says he, 'young ladies, what do you mean? The boat will sink in less than two minutes; and here you are combing your hair!'

"Why, uncle," says the niece, 'you didn't expect us to go out there before all those young men with our hair in this fix—did you?'

"All were finally safe on board the wood-boat, except the captain and two or three of the crew. The steam was rushing from the boiler with a thunder-like roar, and the timbers of the almost sunken boat were cracking furiously; but loud above all these an old maid was heard to scream, 'Oh, captain, do go back to my room and bring me my teeth!'"

"ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA TERRITORY, January, 1858.—Some of us, members of the bar out West, enjoy your legal anecdotes hugely, and the samples of legal documents reported in the Drawer are rich in the extreme. Your 'Wisconsin Scribe,' for instance, gives us a good thing in the way of a decree for divorce, as 'did up' by Mr. Justice Peters; but we occasionally scare up a good note out here in Minnesota, in the higher courts. At the last

Term of the United States District Court in this city, a couple of representatives from the rural districts walked up to the clerk's desk and submitted the following, with the air of a foreman who has just reported an indictment for murder :

SAINT PAUL M T October 27th 1857

TO THE SAID COURT OF COMMON PLEACE

I John Roosen want to get my Naturelized Pappers I also George Roosen want to get My peappers of Naturelization to be come Asitizen of the united Steats accorden to Sd Law of the united Steats

GEORGE ROOSEN age 24 yeares

JOHN ROOSEN age 23 yeares

The Bearers of this is Sodisfied to be come asitizen of the united Steats and to Swear against all forren Pours and alegens accorden to the Law of the union And teritory of M Teritory

"We observed a broad grin break over the usually placid countenance of our friend Prescott, the clerk of 'said' court, while inspecting the document; and the parties having been duly sworn 'against all forren pours and alegens,' he submitted it to us, and we thought of the Drawer right off."

A LEARNED doctor of medicine writes: "I am glad to see the Drawer open for the reception of medical items. An incident has recently occurred in my practice which has amused me greatly; and if others enjoy it, I shall be paid for reporting the case. One of my patients related the facts in his own experience on this wise:

"When you visited me yesterday, doctor, I hoped the remedies you had administered had put an entire stop to this fit of the gout. But how unreliable are all human expectations! This morning I had an urgent call on business into a distant part of the town, which I thought, with using the necessary precautions, it would be perfectly safe for me to answer. With the assistance of my wife I accordingly put on my thickest overcoat, and over that my India-rubber coat; while my lame foot was incased in the loosest shoe we could find; and Jim took special care to wrap as much of me as he could in my largest buffalo robe, which human hands had not touched since last March. So, comfortably ensconced, I started to face the easterly wind and rain, though out of door for the first time within a week. I soon began to feel better, as I always do after having been shut up several days in the house. It was not long, however, before the sting—and *such* a sting as none but sufferers like myself can fully understand—returned to the spot "where it delights to dwell." At first I called myself some hard names for daring to go out in such weather with such health; but I bore the twinges of pain with considerable screwing and grunting, till I arrived at the place of my destination. I then "hastened slowly" out of my carriage, and began to look about me with a view to estimate the amount of damage resulting from the rash exposure of my health. Some unusual sound suddenly caused me to look toward the buffalo-robe remaining in my carriage, from which, to my astonishment, I saw bumble-bees flying by the dozen.

"It appeared that they had selected one corner of this robe for their winter-quarters, in a fold of which they had built their nest, and had stowed themselves nicely away in a dormant state. The jarring which they had experienced, together with the warmth of my feverish foot, had put new life

into them, and they were flying briskly about, evidently thinking "merry May" had come again.

"All this seemed plain enough, thought I; but could this reviving of the bees have any thing to do with reviving the gouty pains in my foot? On slipping off the loose shoe from the affected foot, I discovered that two of the bees had crawled in between that and my stocking, and, in order to express most pointedly their joy and gratitude to their benefactor, had gone, in their way, to kissing his great-toe. The gouty pains did not continue long; and I was not sure but this puncturing process did good homeopathically, so far as "like cures like." That part of the treatment to which I most object is their not adhering to that fundamental principle of homeopathy which requires remedies to be administered in extremely small doses."

THE following I have often seen in print, but I have never yet seen its solution; will some of the readers of the Drawer give it?

ENIGMA.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth, 'twas an awful day!
And though, in that old age of sport,
The rufflers of the camp and court
Found little time to pray—
'Tis said Sir Hilary mutter'd there
Two syllables by way of prayer.
My first, to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My next, with its cold and quiet cloud,
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before the day is done:
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies!

THIS story from a Western wag is a genuine out-wester:

"In recently making the trip in a stage-coach over the rugged range of hills called the 'Baraboo Bluffs,' between the towns of Lodi and Baraboo, in Wisconsin, the coachful of squeezed and jolted passengers found some relief from the tediousness of the journey in the original remarks which, from time to time, fell from the lips of an elderly woman who was one of the company.

"She persisted in expressing great contempt for the other sex, and for married life generally, and intimated that such had always been her opinion; and as it had previously leaked out from her conversation that she had been married and had raised a large family of children, I ventured to ask her how it happened, that, with the feelings of contempt she had from the first felt for the men, she ever could have married one of them?

"'Wa'al,' said she, 'young man, I'll tell you jest how 'twas. When I was a little gal I lived in a family where there was an old maid, who, in going up stairs to bed, had to go through an entry way where there was a pile of potatoes in one corner, and she used to make me go and cover 'em up with a blanket before she went by 'em, for fear they'd see her, 'cause they had eyes. Wa'al, thinks I, if old maids is like that, I won't be one nohow. So you see, as soon as I got old enough, like a fool, I went and got married.'"

IN these times, when the commercial standing of the best of men is liable to suspicion—when bank presidents and merchant princes are suspected of running away if they leave suddenly—it is not certain but that Thompson, of Walton, in Georgia, is

wise in advertising his intention to make a brief visit in another county. He puts the following into the village paper :

TO ALL PARTIES CONCERNED.

THE SUBSCRIBER, WISHING TO VISIT THE new County of Glascock, and not being willing to depart without taking an affectionate leave of his loving, kind, humane, and charitable fellow-citizens, thus publicly gives notice that he will start for the above destination on Monday, the 29th instant.

CHARLES A. THOMPSON,
Of Walton.

N.B.—He expects to leave in broad daylight, and will be absent ten days or two weeks.

“DR. THOMPSON, ‘mine host’ of the Atlanta Hotel, was in your Drawer,” says a Georgia correspondent, “as Judge Underwood’s ‘Know-Nothing man.’ The Doctor is a jolly, free-hearted Georgia landlord; but his wit is often blunt-pointed, and misses fire. He had furnished a hurried breakfast for some Southern passengers by the cars—bustling about, with all sorts of helter-skelter sayings.

“‘Gentlemen, here’s your breakfast. I’ve seen better, and I’ve seen worse.’

“‘I never did see much worse,’ says one of the passengers.

“The Doctor was taken down. As they rose to pass out, asking what was to pay,

“‘Fifty cents down, or a dollar when we charge it,’ said the Doctor.

“‘Well, charge it, then,’ said our grumbling friend.

“‘I’m sold!’ said the Doctor. ‘Go on, gentlemen; I’ll charge it.’”

GEORGIA, by an old friend, writes : “The year 1818 will be long remembered by the old people of Georgia as the dry year, in which corn did not mature at all in large portions of the State.

“‘I’ve got the corn which will stand the drought,’ said Austin Edwards, the landlord of Elberton Hotel, to Judge Dooley, then Judge of the Northern Circuit. ‘I got the seed from a Tennessee hog-drover, and planted a square in my garden; every stalk had six large ears, and hanging to the tassel was a nice little gourd full of shell’d corn. It beats all natur’, Judge! Did you ever hear the like?’

“The Judge listened to the landlord with great gravity, and replied,

“‘Why, Austin, ‘tain’t a circumstance to the corn made by our friend Tom Haynes, of Hancock County. At court there, last week, I staid with Tom. He was just finishing gathering in a piece of bottom land which he cleared last winter and planted in June. It never rained upon it at all. He turned his hogs in to eat the almost dried-up small stalks. Going to look after his hogs the next morning, he saw an old one in great glee with a large ear of corn in her mouth. He couldn’t imagine where she had got it; but, on examining closely, he found she had rooted it up from the foot of a dried-up corn-stalk. Astonished, he looked at another, and another. He then had his field well dug over, and found from one to ten ears at the root all over the field. He said he made an excellent crop.’

“‘Well, well,’ said Austin, ‘that beats my corn! I must have some of that seed.’

“It was thus Judge Dooley handled great liars.”

“A YOUNG, newly-admitted attorney, in 1819,

named John Jacks, was spouting furiously at the hotel in Greensborough, Georgia, against John C. Calhoun, the great statesman of South Carolina. ‘He oughtn’t to be elected constable in his district. He hasn’t either talents or principles,’ said Jacks.

“Judge Dooley heard him out, and, with great gravity, replied,

“‘Mr. Jacks, I know Mr. Calhoun well; and I am certain of his modesty and great respect for public opinion; and if you will write to him, he will take down his name, and not run for Congress at all.’

“Jacks was sold; he never got over it during his stay in Greensborough. He went to the West, and exploded under an excessive pressure of greatness unappreciated.”

“A FEW years ago,” says a correspondent of ours, “in the northern part of Wisconsin, a preacher of a certain persuasion which denounces all associations outside of the Church as utterly uncanonical, took for his text that sadly unheeded advice of Paul, ‘There should be no schisms.’

“‘Here, my brethring,’ said he, ‘we have the plain word of Scripture against all schemes! It knocks on the head the Missionary scheme, the Bible scheme, the Tract scheme, the Sunday-school scheme, and the Temperance scheme, and all such like devices of the devil!’”

MANY a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old Texas Ranger gave when he was asked why he didn’t buy land when it was dog cheap. A correspondent tells the story :

“‘Well, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres onest,’ said old Joe, mournfully. ‘You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt, without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues just below here for a pair of boots.’

“‘For a pair of boots!’ I cried out.

“‘Yes, for a pair of boots for each league.’

“‘But why, on earth, didn’t you take it? They’d be worth a hundred thousand dollars today. Why didn’t you give them the boots?’

“‘Jest ‘cause I didn’t have the boots to give,’ said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned two leagues of land.”

“HERE,” writes a correspondent, “is a specimen of Western eloquence which I have never seen in print, but which I have seen in the handwriting of a celebrated Doctor of Divinity, who, if he should happen to see it here, will wonder how it got into the Drawer :

“‘Who discovered the North Pole?—Our own illustrious Jefferson. Who hung the star-spangled banner on the heaven-piercing summit of the Andes?—Our own immortal Franklin. Who discovered the route to Cappadocia by the way of Cape Cod?—That fearless Moorish navigator, Paganini. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, with the horsoscope in the one hand, and the Magna Charta in the other, plunge boldly on the raging billows of the Mississippi, and leave no sea untried until we shall have united Tivoli with Tripoli, and Gretna Green with the rock of Gibraltar. Then, and then only, shall be brought to light Tarantula—that long lost isle of bliss of which a Pluto reasoned and a Galen sung.’”

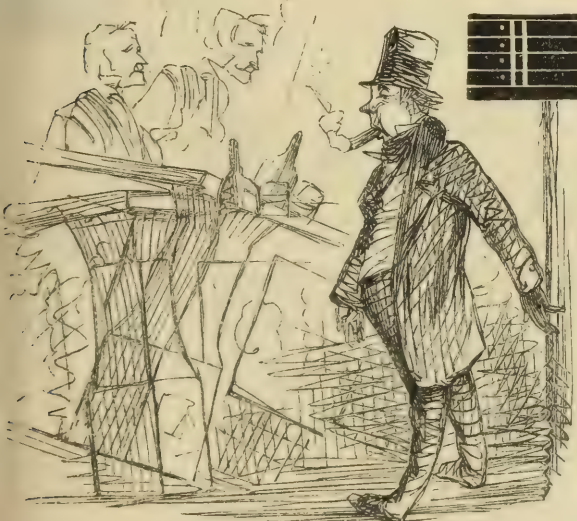
A New System of Musical Notation.



A Stave.



A Bar.



A Double Bar.



A High Note.—Value Fifty Dollars.



A Low Note.—Value Twenty-five Cents.



A Shake.



A Slide.



A Sharp.



A Flat.



A Natural Consequence.



Allegro.—Quick Time.



Andante.—Slow.

Fashions for September.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.—EQUESTRIAN COSTUME.

THE EQUESTRIAN HABIT which we engrave for this month commends itself by its intrinsic beauty, and by its adaptability as well for the light stuffs which suit the present season as for the darker and heavier materials appropriate for later autumn. In our engraving the jacket is of jaconet, trimmed with a narrow pea-green silk cord set on in double lines, with buttons and pendants to match, the centre being white with a green border. It is confined by a cross-lacing of the same cord, forming lozenges over the vest. The sleeves are of moderate fullness, widening below. At the back of the arm they reach midway to the wrist, but are cut away in front with a sweep, opening to the elbow, where they are ornamented with buttons; they are bordered with cord to match. The under-sleeve is of tulle *bouillonnée*, with narrow stripes of green or black velvet. The vest is of white Marseilles, with small gold buttons, and edged with a narrow purling. The chemisette is of insertion, with a narrow purling at the top. The skirt may be of any suitable material. When this dress is made of heavy materials, a more elaborate style of trimming may be employed. It appears to special advantage in a Polish green habit cloth, when the straw hat may be replaced by the jockey cap, which, with the riding-hat, is represented below. The cap is indeed the latest mode; it is made of velvet. The hat is of straw, trimmed

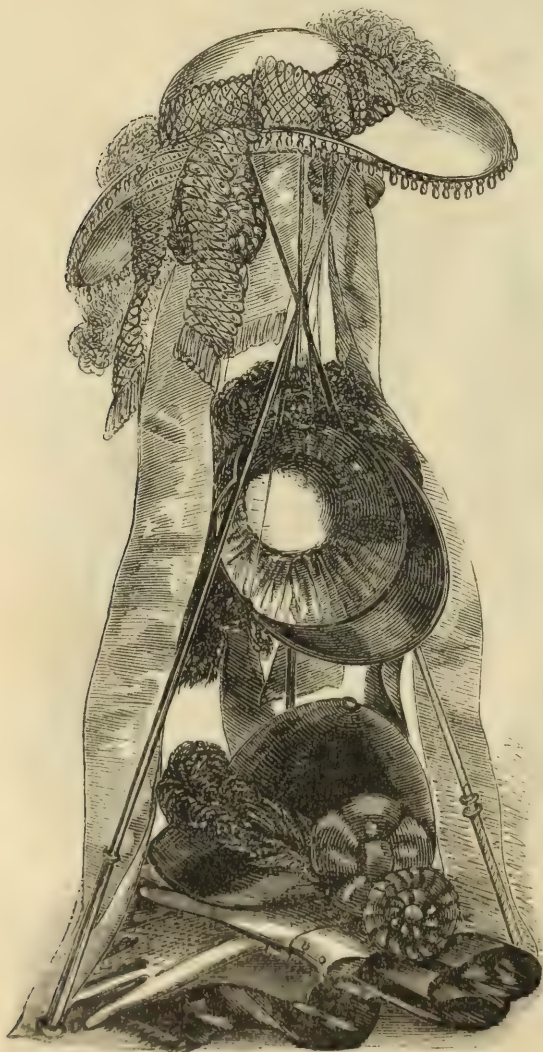


FIGURE 2.—RIDING HAT, CAPS, ETC.



FIGURE 3.—HOOD CAP.

with a white plume, a rich straw braid, and white ribbons and rosettes.

The HOOD CAP is designed to be worn with a *robe de chambre*. It is made of a deep blonde, turning all round. The front row is turned back upon the other to form a *barbe*, and is trimmed about the crown with a small ribbon *ruche* which comes forward to meet the ornaments of the front. On the top is a bunch of ribbons, and a double row of No. 5 ribbon joins the two barbes under the chin.

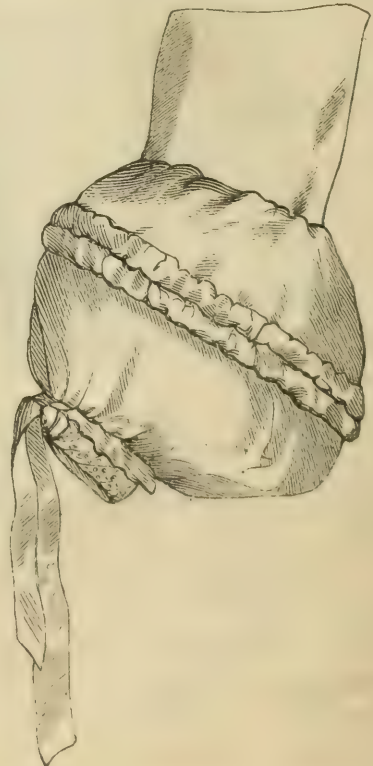


FIGURE 4.—MUSLIN UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CL.—OCTOBER, 1858.—VOL. XVII.



THE BIRLOCHA.

STRAIN'S RIDE OVER THE ANDES.

[It was the design of Lieutenant Strain to write out the details of an expedition to explore the Paraguay, and publish it consecutively with this. The two were then, with the Darien Expedition, to be put in a book form. His sudden and unexpected death having prevented the completion of this plan, his papers were placed in my hands for publication.

J. T. HEADLEY.]

LIEUTENANT STRAIN having been for a long time on duty on the coast of California, was ordered home in the United States store-ship *Lexington*. Having doubled Cape Horn three times in three years he was not anxious to make a fourth trip, and so asked and obtained permission to leave the vessel at Valparaiso, and striking across the continent to Buenos Ayres, there wait her arrival. In the middle of February he, with two companions, set out from Valparaiso to visit Santiago, the capital of Chili.

Two *birlochas*—vehicles resembling a rudely-constructed, old-fashioned chaise, capable each of carrying two persons—were the only conveyances. These *birlochas* were drawn by one

horse within the shafts and another without, attached, by a single trace, to the left side. On the latter the driver sat, who, with powerful bits, controlled both animals. On ascending hills a third horse was often attached to the right side of the shafts. Accompanying them were two extra peons, each leading eight extra horses, to serve instead of relays, of which there were none on the road. Emerging from the city a little after three o'clock in the afternoon, they commenced ascending by zigzags the range of hills behind it, and soon stood on the summit and looked back on the town, the harbor, and the broad Pacific sleeping in the distance. As Strain saw the black hull of the *Lexington* resting motionless on the waters of the bay, soon to start on her race around the Cape, a feeling of regret stole over him that he had left so many warm and genial companions, to undertake the long, solitary, and dangerous journey across the Andes, for his two friends were to accompany him no farther than Santiago. Waving a silent adieu, and throwing one look

upon the blue ocean which, for twelve years, had been his home, he turned toward the mountains that, far away on the eastern horizon, lifted their glittering summits, peak upon peak, into the clear heavens above.

He soon had a specimen of the skillful yet furious driving of these crazy vehicles for which the birlocheros are so notorious. Hitherto it had been up-hill work, and hence slow. But now they had reached the summit, and the rolling country that stretched away before them gave full scope to the drivers to show their Jehu propensities. Without stopping, the rider of the extra horse, which had been fastened to the birlocha to assist in the ascent, unhooked him, and throwing the trace over the dash-board, rushed off like a Bedouin to assist in driving the spare animals. The birlochas also dashed off on a wild gallop, which made it difficult for the occupants to retain their seats.

Up and down the gentle ascents, and away across the level stretches, they swept on at a rate that prevented any study of the country. Arriving at Casa Blanca about four o'clock they determined, as it contained a good hotel kept by an Englishman, to spend the night there. To this arrangement, however, the drivers would not consent, having resolved to push on to a village farther ahead. After arguing the matter for half an hour, Strain cut it short by threatening to knock the *capitaz* down. The chief driver then demanded money to feed his horses. This Strain refused to give, and dismissed the whole with what the sailors call a left-handed blessing, declaring he would not give them a single *cuartillo*. After they were gone the landlord told him that his course was impolitic, for if the rascally drivers find they are to receive nothing as a present to themselves, they are very apt, in some awkward place, to let the birlochas capsize, much to the detriment of the occupants. So he called back the drivers and gave to them what he had refused to the *capitaz*, hinting that he was pleased with their conduct, and offended only with the former. Having thus harmonized matters, all went to supper.

The next morning they were early *en route*, and as the birlochas dashed at a gallop out into the open country, a cold, chilling breeze, apparently fresh from the snow-peaks beyond, made the travelers, though wrapped in heavy cloaks, shrink and cower into the corners of their vehicles. A long ascent was before them, but the temperature was low and the horses fresh, and they pushed up it on a brisk trot until the summit was reached, when they again struck into a sharp gallop, and went rattling down the slope. The road was cut in zigzags, and in making the sharp turns the vehicles would come round with a jerk that made the inmates often start with anxiety. It was dark, and they did not know but some of these acute angles were made on the brink of a precipice.

At length the long-wished-for dawn broke over the cold and strange landscape, and after

a gallop of a few miles they entered, through a long avenue of Lombardy poplars, the straggling village of Curucubi. The chickens running around in the yard of the hotel were soon on the table, and after a hasty breakfast they again took the road, and, having fresh horses, sped on at a tearing gallop through a beautiful valley on which the morning sunlight lay like a blessing. It was Sunday, and the road was thronged with neatly-dressed peasants going to make their holiday visits. Most of them were on horseback, and both men and women being beautiful riders they presented a gay and graceful appearance. Many of the peasant girls were exceedingly pretty, and using a side-saddle instead of riding astride, as they do in Brazil, seemed farther advanced in civilization than one was led to expect. A little after ten they arrived at the steep ascent of the Cuesta del Prado, the summit of which is reached by some ninety zigzags. Up this, with the sun nearly at meridian, they slowly toiled, while the heat, predicted by the driver, together with the suffocating dust, made the journey a difficult and painful one.

But when the ascent was at last gained, the view from it amply repaid the labor. Rising two thousand three hundred and ninety-four feet in the heavens, its top commanded the surrounding region to a vast extent. Behind them lay the beautiful and fertile valley they had just left, studded with groves and neat farm-houses, dropped, apparently at random, in the centre of richly-cultivated fields, the yellow grain of which contrasted pleasantly with the bright green of the poplars that lined the road and the avenues to the dwellings of the inhabitants. Before them was spread the immense basin of the valley of the Santiago, inclosed on all sides but one with high hills rising abruptly, like artificial elevations from the plain, or islands from the sea. Far away to the east stretched the colossal range of the Andes, presenting an almost impassable barrier to the adventurous traveler. Grand, mysterious, and awful, its white and silent peaks rose one above another till they pierced twenty-three thousand feet into the dim heavens. Clothed to the waist in perpetual snow, their immense masses and almost terrific outlines overawe the beholder and fill the soul with new and strange sensations.

The valley that lay between them and the Andes, with its green groves and meadows and yellow grain, and laced with streams sparkling in the sun, furnished a strange contrast to this majesty and grandeur.

But a short time, however, was given to the enjoyment of this magnificent and soul-stirring panorama; for the shrill cry of the drivers and strokes of their whips carried them to the descent, down which the horses that drew Strain's birlocha plunged with a recklessness that threatened the lives of all. They turned the first zigzag successfully; but the shaft horse becoming fractious he soon grew unmanageable, and at the second angle kept straight on to the



CHILIAN OX-CART.

brink of the precipice, on the very edge of which the driver, by the aid of a powerful bit, succeeded in arresting him. Turning the horses back into the middle of the road they again started off, and were brought up at the next zigzag in the same perilous position. Again guided back into the road they started off anew, but instead of making the angle in obedience to the bit the vicious shaft-horse kept straight on as before, and, unable to stop him, the driver succeeded only in turning him aside, leaving the wheel of the carriage within a foot of the brink of the precipice, which here dropped nine hundred feet into the chasm below. The affair was now becoming serious, and Strain jumped out, advising his friend to do the same. The latter, with a rueful countenance, looked at his patent-leather boots, with which he was to walk the capital of Santiago, and confessed that, although in great bodily fear, he could not think of soiling them. Strain was not sorry he had acted on the hint of the landlord at Casa Bianca and propitiated the drivers, for nothing was easier than for them to save themselves and yet, at the same time, tip the occupants of the birlocha to Hades below.

Having arrived at the foot of the hill, the remaining distance to Santiago was over a level road and through a highly-cultivated champagne country.

One of the most striking features of Santiago is the Alameda, or Cañada, which signifies a glen—a name not inappropriately given, for it has all the quiet shade and freshness of one. This avenue is about one hundred and forty feet wide, and stretches for more than a mile

directly through the heart of the city. It is thickly lined with tall poplars, while, on either side, run two other avenues, also bordered with poplars. Outside of the whole, one on each side, run two rapid streams, fresh from the snow peaks of the Andes. When this splendid promenade is crowded with the beauty of the capital, it presents a most picturesque appearance. From the centre of the city arises a rocky eminence, surmounted by a fort, which at all times can command the place. The view from this height, embracing the city below, the distant and highly-cultivated fields, dotted with farm-houses and sprinkled with lowing herds, the sparkling streams, and, fifteen miles distant, the majestic Cordilleras, is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

The commander of this fortress had a novel way of announcing to the inhabitants the hour of noon. A convex lens was so arranged that, at twelve o'clock, it ignited some powder connected with the fuse of a gun, and thus fired it. The sun was made to serve the double purpose of artillerist and town-clock. If the climate was like that of England noon would seldom be announced. The Yankee clock has not yet reached Santiago.*

This city has long been regarded, and justly so, as the most beautiful South American capital. This is owing more to its position and the surrounding scenery than to the city itself. The

* As a branch of our National Observatory has been recently established in Santiago, the announcements of the gun will not be regarded as so infallible, and the people will have to bother their heads over the difference between apparent and mean time.

churches are well enough, with a great deal of wealth lavished on the interior. The cathedral is built of porphyry, and is an immense and imposing edifice. The streets are well laid out and commodious, and paved with mere pebbles instead of large round stones. The houses, which are generally of adobe, are mostly one story in height, as in other South American cities, on account of the frequency of earthquakes. There are few public ornaments, and few public buildings that possess much interest. The inhabitants have a bad character for morality, and Sir Francis Head said (referring to women of ill repute), "The lower rooms of the most respectable houses are let to them; and it is really shocking beyond description to see them sitting at their doors, with a candle in the back part of the room, burning before sacred pictures and images." This is overdrawn. Besides, it must be remembered that this class of women are far more respectable in Southern countries than with us. In Italy, for instance, not one is allowed in the street as such, nor permitted to remain in the city, unless she follows some other vocation. This makes them more respectable, and keeps them from those terrible vices and excesses which hurry the frail women of our own land to such a fearful doom. There is a vast want of good judgment and common sense exhibited both in England and the United States in their efforts to reform this class; and, we might add, a vast amount of hypocrisy. Many who, like Sir Francis Head, would be shocked to have one of these frail ones occupy the basement of a respectable house, would prefer to occupy a hotel at which a notorious prima donna was stopping, and think it an honor to have their daughters introduced to Madame Rachel, who openly flaunted in the face of the public the fruits of her dissolute life. From the notorious Empress Catharine down through the highest to the lowest ranks, the moral community are horrified and disgusted just in proportion to the position of the one sinning.

Still Santiago, it must be confessed, is a very immoral place; and when one is told it is full of priests, it is evident it can not be otherwise. The streets are crowded with these bloated and lazy monks and priests loitering along, and with unblushing effrontery strolling into houses of ill repute, where they can be seen leaning over the backs of the chairs of dissolute women, and in intimate conversation. Still the people, from ancient custom, touch their hats respectfully to them, and still believe in their teaching.

There is, however, very little real respect felt for their character; for almost all of them have families, and take no pains to conceal their disreputable conduct. The people laugh at their immoralities, and send their wives and daughters to confess to them, and outwardly exhibit all the forms of reverence.

It was now mid-summer, and the fashionable portion of the inhabitants were away at the various watering-places or on the sea-shore. The

few who could not afford to leave shut themselves up in their houses, as they do in more cultivated cities, feigning themselves absent. An excursion into the suburbs revealed in detail the extreme beauty of the country, which they had admired in the panoramic view from the fortress. You ride along, mile after mile, through a beautiful avenue of poplars, from which, at short intervals, smaller avenues strike off to the dwellings of the inhabitants, that are set back some distance from the main road. These, unlike the houses of the town, are mostly frame buildings, painted white, and so completely embedded in foliage that you catch only partial glimpses of them through the branches. There was a quiet, home-like look in these residences that one did not expect to see in South America.

Santiago, being the capital of Chili, has borne an important part in those revolutions that have rocked the South American continent. It was here, in 1814, that the young Carrera made the last stand for the patriots, and, when Rancagua fell, abandoned all hope, and the passes of the Andes became crowded with the rebel chiefs and men of distinction. Beyond those impenetrable barriers the scattered forces were reunited, and, three years after, re-entered this city with waving banners and shouts of exultation. The decisive battle had been fought fifty miles off on the twelfth, and yet the victorious troops trod the streets of the capital on the fourteenth.

After a week's pleasant sojourn in Santiago, Strain turned his thoughts toward the Andes, while his comrades prepared to return to the ship *Lexington*. Looking around for some good opportunity for continuing his journey, he met an Englishman, whose son, a resident of Mendoza, was about to return to that place, and the proposition was made that they should travel in company.

The 27th was fixed upon for their departure, as also that of the return of his friends to their vessel. Mutual regrets at parting kept them up conversing until the arrival of the birlocha, which was to return to Valparaiso. With affectionate adieus and mutual good wishes for each other's welfare, the friends parted. Thus was severed the last link that bound Strain to the *Lexington*, and he sat and smoked with Captain L—— till morning. At six he and his companion mounted and rode out of the city. A bright sun, a smiling landscape, the cool, fresh breeze of morning, and a rapid pace, soon dispelled the sadness caused by the absence of his comrades with whom he had been so long in daily and pleasant intercourse.

The company consisted of Don Frederico, who was mounted on a mule; his peon, Bertoldo, who rode a large black, raw-boned horse, his lank, uncouth form set off by flea-bitten ears and the stump of a tail grown bald with age; and a small Chilian boy mounted on a mule, and leading a vicious colt that kicked at every object that came within reach. This Frederico, who was to be his companion in the long and



DEPARTURE FROM SANTIAGO.

desolate journey, proved to be a plausible scamp, who had inherited from his father—originally a horse-jockey—all the trickery and deception by which such a character manages to sell worthless animals at a high price. He knew just enough English to swear with great fluency, but not enough for any other purpose under heaven. Indeed, in the vocabulary of profanity he was perfect; and by his liberal use of it, made up for his deficiency in farther knowledge of the language. Bertoldo was an excellent horseman, but he wore a six-story hat that made his head, at a little distance off, appear to be precisely in the centre of his body. To him the “whole duty of man” consisted in getting drunk on every opportunity, and no man ever stuck to his creed closer, or obeyed it more faithfully. The Chilian boy was evidently an offspring of Somnus, for night and day, standing, sitting, or riding, he would drop asleep, and thus often take the wrong road and have to retrace his footsteps. As for Strain, he was mounted on a miserable mule which Frederico had sold to him for about double his value. But though his companions were uninteresting, the country through which they were now traveling was beautiful. Wheat fields stretched away on either side of the road, interspersed with farm-houses embedded in shrubbery; rural churches, surrounded with neat cottages, rose up from among the poplars, under the branches of which gleamed forth smoothly-shaven grass-plats, while far away rose, stern and majestic, the lofty Cordilleras.

The road soon became thronged with the peasantry—men, women, boys, and priests—all

on horseback, and all on a gallop. Here a fat priest would lumber along, followed by two laughing girls on one horse—these in turn, perhaps, by a little boy with an old woman behind him. Some were carrying water-melons, others milk, chickens, eggs, and fish, but every thing on a canter.

Some of the peasant-girls were better dressed than others, and rode beautifully. As they swept by on a free gallop they would greet the travelers with a nod and smile, while the merry laugh of the various groups rung out on every side.

The peasantry, whether traveling or at work, invariably lifted their hats to the strangers—a custom peculiarly grateful to a traveler in a distant land. At half past nine the company rode into the little village of Colinas, where, with an appetite whetted by a ride of twenty-one miles in the morning breeze, they partook of a frugal breakfast. Mounting again, they rode on through the same delightful country. It was harvest-time, and the fields rung with the shouts and laughter of the peasantry treading out the grain of the wealthier proprietors of the land. Their own little farms were given them on condition that they should assist in harvest-time. Instead of regarding this as a tax or a burden, they seemed to look upon it as a pastime. Males and females joined in the merriment, and such romping, and shouting, and tumbling, and flying of straw, and uproarious laughter, Strain never before witnessed in any country. League after league they passed through the same boisterous mirth, till it seemed like a great holiday; while in the distance, as far as the eye could

reach over the open plains, could be seen little white clouds suspended here and there in the atmosphere, showing where they were winnowing the grain under the steady breeze that came down from the heights of the Cordilleras. The road was in excellent condition, the air clear and bracing, and all combined made the morning ride charming and delightful. At half past two they rode into the posada of Chacabuco, having accomplished forty-two miles since daylight.

The day now had become warm, and Strain resolved to halt till evening. It was his purpose to start at two o'clock in the morning, but by some mistake they got roused at midnight, and by one were on the road. Having retired at nine, he had but three hours' rest, and not sleeping any the night before, he became drowsy, and frequently fell asleep in his saddle, which several times nearly pitched him into the road. Shortly after leaving the posada they struck from the main road into the original mule-path, in order to make one of those "short cuts" which travelers amidst mountains learn to avoid. This path leading up the height was so filled with stones as to render it almost impassable, while running, as it frequently did, along the dizzy edge of a precipice, made the traveling it very dangerous, especially at night. It was moonlight, or they could not have passed in safety. The light was not strong enough to enable them to see clearly, but just sufficient to reveal the dark spaces over which they hung. On the summit of the Cuesta of Chacabuco the path again joined the main road, and they found, in their case at least, that the "longest way round is" not only the "nearest" but the safest "way home." From the top there is said to be a magnificent view; but darkness lay on mountain and valley, and all around was uncertain, wild, and mysterious. Here the patriot, San Martin, after having led his army, one by one, through the gorges of the Andes, met the Spanish forces, and, after a desperate fight, drove them down the mountain. From the foot of this mountain to San Felipe, a distance of ten miles, the road is level, leading across a cultivated plain, abounding in wheat, hemp, and broom-corn. The sides are bordered with cottages, standing so closely together that, for the whole ten miles, it is like passing through a populous village. As they approached the city the road lay along the Aconcagua River, which, winding backward and forward through the plain, compelled them to cross it frequently. There were no bridges except little rustic foot-bridges, which, spanning the stream frequently from high, abrupt banks, composed pleasing and tasteful features in the landscape. The water, fresh from the Andes, was icy cold, and its volume, increased by a turbulent tributary near the city, made the fording of it difficult and dangerous.

Having arrived in the suburbs of the town, Don Frederico sent the peons and baggage to

the hotel, designing to take Strain directly to the house of his uncle to rest till evening. But, to Strain's surprise, his mule refused to stir. He had formed a strong attachment to the thin, raw-boned, flea-bitten, stub-tailed black horse. This affection had been coming on gradually, but heretofore had not interfered with their movements. Now, however, it had reached that point of intensity that could not endure separation. Seeing the black horse passing down the street, he planted his fore-feet firmly on the ground and refused to stir in the opposite direction. It was not till after repeated and heavy strokes of the spur that he was induced to move, and when he did, he gave vent to his wounded feelings in such an extraordinary bray that it brought all the inhabitants in the neighborhood to the door. As he moved lugubriously along he, at short intervals, gave other equally extraordinary specimens of his vocal powers. At length he came to the public square, where were the barracks, in which a military band was practicing. The music seemed to deepen the grief of the love-sick creature, and stopping abruptly, and flinging his nose pathetically into the air, he lifted up his voice in a still more astounding manner. The band stopped instantly, and the players, flinging down their instruments, with the soldiers, rushed to the doors, while all the residents near flocked out of their houses, till a crowd stood in the street. When they saw what was the matter a burst of laughter greeted the poor traveler. Between the exhibition Strain made jerking the reins and striking with his heels, and the poor mule giving forth those lamentable sounds, the scene was inconceivably ludicrous, and the crowd enjoyed it keenly. Every fresh explosion was followed by a peal of laughter, and "Suoni la tromba!" "Suoni la tromba!" ("Sound the trumpet!") was shouted on every side. The disconsolate beast at last consented to move on, but when it reached the house where they were to stop, it gave forth one more parting wail. Don Frederico's uncle being absent, they were received by two cousins of his, a male and female. The latter was married, though extremely young. She had been pretty, but was now pale and thin, and evidently in the last stages of consumption. There was an air of resigned melancholy about her that made her deeply interesting, while her look and conversation appeared as if her thoughts were not in this world, but far away in that spirit-land to which she was fast hastening. It evidently wearied her to talk, not merely from physical weakness, but she took no interest in the common topics they were discussing, and after a short time left for her own apartment. Strain, drowsy and fatigued, soon fell asleep in his chair, and was finally awakened at hearing his name pronounced by Frederico. As he slowly opened his eyes he saw standing before him a creature of rare and wondrous beauty. She was another of Frederico's cousins, whom he had brought in to introduce. Thoroughly aroused by this



SOUND THE TRUMPET.

lovely apparition, Strain sprung to his feet to make his salutations, when his spur caught in his poncho, and he fell back in his seat, while Señorita Delfina smiled at his awkward predicament. In the next attempt he was more successful, and a kindly shake of the hand and a frank, cordial welcome quickly drove away his embarrassment. He had been warned of her charms at Santiago, but had no conception that he should behold such an extraordinary woman.

She was young, but had an air of self-possession, almost of hauteur, that would have become a queen. Having understood that Strain was an Englishman, she inquired if this was his first visit to Chili. Being set right on this point, she congratulated him on the valuable acquisitions his countrymen had made on the Pacific coast in the possession of California. The conversation becoming general, she exhibited an astonishing knowledge of history and geography, such as is seldom witnessed in the most select and cultivated society; and a knowledge, too, of all the important political events that had transpired in Europe, which took him completely by surprise. She put question after question, with an expression of deep interest; and when she came to more recent events, he was compelled to confess that she was better informed respecting them than himself, as he had been for the last year on the coasts of Mexico and California, and hence out of the way of periodicals. Turning to a table, he found a collection of books he did not expect to see at that remote point of civilization. Volumes lay scattered around nowadays seldom found on a lady's table. There was Corinne, the French Ency-

clopedists in the original, and other works, which showed that, while she took a deep interest in passing political events, her mind was also enriched with the stores of literature. He asked, with some surprise, if she read the encyclopedists. Her half-negative, and the blush which mantled her cheek, left no doubt as to the truth, while she could not converse on any topic without showing that her mind had taken a wide range. Their interesting conversation was interrupted by the announcement that breakfast was ready. Over this repast she presided with an ease and elegance that made her as charming there as she had been in conversation. Up to this time Strain had been perfectly contented with his traveling apparel, and his personal appearance generally; but such is the influence of female beauty on the manners of gentlemen, that no sooner was breakfast over than he stole away to the barber's, where, after being shaved and having his hair dressed, he returned as tidy and captivating as the groundwork upon which he operated, and his own limited wardrobe, would permit. At mid-day Señora Delfina, acting the part of hostess, invited him to take a siesta, which he declined, on the ground that he was not sleepy—hoping, instead, to enjoy her presence and conversation. But she remembered the nap in the chair in the morning, and insisted on his going to bed. He was put into a room with a bed whose snow-white linen he could not consent to soil with his dusty clothing; so, using it only for a pillow, he lay down on the tiled floor, and was soon in profound slumber, from which he did not awaken till four o'clock, when he

was called to dinner. This was elegantly got up; and a pleasant journey across the mountains and his future happiness was drunk in Champagne—a wine unusual in any part of this country. During dinner she spoke of Lago Encantada and the Puente del Inca, the two most interesting objects he would find on his journey, and gave him excellent advice as to his traveling arrangements. After dinner, and when alone with Strain, she informed him that her father was a refugee from Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic, whence he had been driven for his political opinions. She was thoroughly conversant with all the political history and events that had transpired in those distracted provinces on the Atlantic coast, and gave him more insight into the various movements than he ever before had. She expressed her opinions fearlessly; and, when she came to denounce the petty tyrants who ruled her native country, that hitherto dreamy eye flashed fire, and the delicate mouth became rigid as iron. The transformation was complete; and as she dilated on the wrongs of her country, and pointed out the course that ought to be pursued, Strain gazed at her in undisguised admiration. There was an independence of thought in what she said, and a high, noble courage, which spoke in every lineament of her glorious face, that made her entrancing. With all her mildness and refinement of manner, there was in her the same spirit which burned in Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa; and it needed only to change her sex to make a hero of her. Strain asked her why she did not raise a regiment herself; he, for one, would be glad to fight under her banner. She would by no means be a contemptible opponent. She is a daring, skillful rider, and four times has crossed the Andes to Mendoza. In those fearful passes, along the beetling precipices, on paths so narrow that the skirts of her robe floated out over abysses nearly a thousand feet deep, she would ride with the same ease and fearlessness as when she was sweeping in a wild gallop along the plain. She would sit a mere speck on the face of the cliff, and look calmly down on chasms that made the nerves of the strongest man quiver. Twice she had made the entire journey, two hundred miles, in four days—or, fifty miles a day—a distance which took Strain over six days to accomplish. It seems almost incredible that this could have been done; and nothing but the most urgent necessity could justify it. It can not be performed in this time merely by making greater speed on those portions of the route where a mule can go faster than on a walk, for they are too few and limited, but by traveling night and day. This, however, requires a power of endurance, and a hardihood of daring, rarely found in men. As he looked upon that beautiful form, and those delicate hands and feet, he could hardly believe that she had, night after night, camped among the rocks in those high, cold regions, or skirted those fearful precipices and plunged into those

gloomy, frightful abysses at midnight. But there was that about her that convinced one that she was equal to any emergency; and, at the head of a column of cavalry, would, with a curling lip and a flashing eye, charge full on a blazing battery, and not a pulse beat quicker except in the joy of the excitement and daring. The mere fact that, born and brought up as she was at the foot of the Andes (she was born at Mendoza), on the outskirts of civilization, with no apparent inducement to obtain those extensive acquirements she possessed, and no apparent use for them when obtained, would alone point her out as a most remarkable woman. It was plain that her spirit chafed, and her whole being rebelled against the limited and inappropriate sphere in which she found herself placed. It needed no confession on her part to prove this; for when Strain referred to it, the sudden gleam that shot from her eye, and the almost fierce look that followed, showed how deeply she felt it. It was really painful to see this magnificent creature, both in person and mind, shut up here for life. In figure, she was full without being stout, and her whole form rounded with exquisite grace. Her hair was black as the raven's wing, and folded back from a brow shaded with thought. Her eyes were large, dark, and dreamy when in repose, but capable of great and varied expression. When they kindled with excitement the rich blood under her brown cheek always responded. Her mouth, in regularity and beauty, matched the other almost faultless lineaments of her face; but it was not its beauty that arrested one—it was its extraordinary flexibility and power of expression. It seemed as if every ripple of thought or wave of feeling, as it floated over her lips, shaped them to its own character and meaning. Her voice, in common conversation, was soft and musical; but when she grew excited over the wrongs of her country, it increased both in volume and tone, yet it became neither shrill nor piercing, but sounded like a distant bugle-note.

So youthful, and yet so mature—so exceedingly beautiful, and yet thinking more of the intellect that is unprized and practically inactive than of her beauty—she can arrive at but one goal—disappointment. She will either take some rash and desperate measure, and get out into that world for which she is fitted, or at last, in mere weariness, marry one of the half-civilized beings around her, only to feel herself, like Pegasus, chained to a dray.

A little before six Frederico came to the door with the mules, announcing that every thing was ready for departure. Strain begged that he would stay overnight, but he refused. Lingered till the last moment, he at length bade her adieu, though with the expectation of seeing her again, for she informed him that within a week she expected to be in Mendoza. The sudden illness of her invalid sister, who was attacked with violent hemorrhage of the lungs, which was doubtless followed soon after by death, prevented the journey.

Strain left San Felipe with profound regret. He had become deeply interested in Señorita Delfina, and sympathized sincerely with her in her complete isolation from that society which could appreciate her, and which she seemed made to adorn.

The chief beauty of San Felipe is its public promenades, which inclose the town on two sides, and furnish a cool retreat for the inhabitants of a summer evening.

It was sunset when the company rode out of the place and commenced their journey to Santa Rosa, fifteen miles distant—the last village east of the Andes, and from which the ascent proper of the mountains commences. The brother of Señorita Delfina accompanied Strain out of the city—a compliment frequently paid to strangers in various parts of South America. For a mile after they had forded the river the country was rough and rocky, when they struck a rich and fertile valley. The road was good, while its sides were so thickly studded with houses that, for more than thirteen miles, it seemed like passing through a straggling village. Cottages and gardens and rural churches, with the cheerful peasants sitting in front of their neat dwellings, enjoying the evening and chatting with their neighbors, filled up the whole distance. With the roads good, the evening cool, the animals fresh, and such pleasing objects to beguile the way, time passed swiftly, and, very much to his surprise, Strain suddenly found himself in the little village of Santa Rosa of the Andes. There being no hotel, it was some time before they could find a place to pass the night in. They at length found a vacant apartment, and taking a drink of brandy and water in place of supper, of which none was to be had, with their saddles for pillows, lay down on the damp earthen floor to sleep; the last act of Strain being an angry growl at Frederico for bringing him to such a place as this instead of remaining in San Felipe, where were comfortable beds, and where he could have enjoyed for a few more hours the pleasant society of Señorita Delfina.

The next morning was the first day of March. The travelers rose early and managed to obtain a very slim breakfast. Strain then called on the governor of the department to obtain some local information; but this important functionary refused bluntly to communicate any, evidently suspecting his motives. From an intelligent merchant, however, he learned that the department of Santa Rosa was one of the richest and most productive of the republic, abounding in wheat and other agricultural products, as well as containing silver and copper mines. The country is healthy, subject to no endemic or epidemic diseases. There are a few cases of goitre, and this disease seems to be slightly on the increase. It is stated by those most worthy of confidence, that the goitre was unknown in Chili till about twenty years ago, when it made its appearance simultaneously with the introduction of poplars from Mendoza. This

being a frontier town, duties are collected on all goods coming over the mountains from the Argentine provinces, and here Frederico exhibited his Jewish propensities. Indeed Strain had a touch of it the day before at San Felipe. On going to take out his passport for leaving the country, Frederico suggested that he should pass for his clerk, and thus he could save three dollars and a half, as in that case the charge would be but four reals. A few weeks before, when he came from Mendoza, he brought with him several horses and mules, which he asserted at the custom-house in Santa Rosa he designed to take back with him, and so, instead of paying duties on them, he gave security that they should be paid in the event that he sold them in Chili. Two of these Strain had bought, and two had been exchanged for the two miserable worn-out hacks upon which Bertoldo and the boy were mounted. The colt had taken the place of another. To avoid paying duties, he had Strain's mules recorded as his own, which he averred he had loaned him for the journey. He was a shrewd financier, and evinced his sharpness still farther by borrowing of Strain the same day twenty-five dollars, which the latter could not well refuse, and which he knew he would never see again. Here they encountered a young man by the name of Astorga, who was also on his way to Mendoza, and who proposed to join company, which was readily agreed to. He gave the house where he was stopping, and said he would be ready at any hour they would call for him.

Finding that Frederico did not intend to start till toward evening, Strain strolled around the town to pass away the time as he best could. It did not put him in the pleasantest humor to think how much more agreeably he could have passed these twenty hours with Señorita Delfina in San Felipe.

The town proper contains about 4000 inhabitants, and is laid out with great regularity, with a large square in the centre. The streets are well paved, while through nearly every one runs a small mountain stream, pure as crystal and cold as iced water. These streams come from the snow-capped Andes, and, sparkling and rippling as they do through the various streets, impart a refreshing coolness in the summer, and present a novel and pretty aspect. A beautiful and shaded promenade encircles the entire town, while over all, and above all, towers, in awful majesty, the snow-capped summits of the Andes. Altogether, it is one of the prettiest towns in the region, though seldom visited by the traveler. Far away from the noise of travel and bustle of commerce, it nestles down at the feet of the Cordilleras—its inhabitants knowing or caring little of what is going on in the great world about them. Simple and contented, they are seldom troubled except when the rumblings of an earthquake are heard in the distance.

Toward evening they set out for the mountains, and Strain observing that Frederico was leaving without calling for Astorga, as he prom-

ised, reminded him of it. The latter replied, perhaps he had already gone; or if not, and they chanced to meet him, they could say that they went for him but could not find him. Strain saw at once that there was a motive in his conduct—that he wanted none but those who would do his bidding in the party. This made him still more anxious for another traveling companion through the mountains, where he would be completely at the mercy of this man, who had already shown himself to be thoroughly unscrupulous. There was, however, no help for it, and, leaving the town behind them, they entered the winding, fertile valley that led to the base of the Cordilleras. Passing near a mill by the roadside, they met a party of travelers, one of whom was from Mendoza and an acquaintance of Frederico. Learning that Strain was an American, he accosted him in English, and informed him that he had been educated in Philadelphia, and at parting, desired him to inform Mr. Somebody there, whose name Strain forgot, that he was well, and had just been married. His bride, to whom he had been married by proxy, resided in Valparaiso, whither he was now going to reclaim her.

The road now commenced to ascend gradually, leading over a substantial stone bridge to the pass, or guard, where their passports were examined. The solitary old fellow stationed here was jolly and sociable. Though cut off from society he had not lost his interest in it; and he would not take No for an answer, but insisted that they should sit down and smoke a cigar and have a little chat with him. They humored him, and sat and talked till nearly dark, when they pushed on. Strain's saddle, being intended for a horse, was too large for the mule, and having lost the sweat-cloth from under it, and the crupper never being used in this country, the first steep pitch he descended he came very near going over the animal's head. Added to this, the boy who had the led-horse, and was put in charge of his cloak, fell asleep and lost both. This caused a long delay; for Bertoldo had to return some distance before he found them, and it was nine o'clock when they caught the glimmer of the light in a miserable hut where they intended to pass the night. Having reached this forlorn hovel, they dismounted and unsaddled for the night. In a short time Strain found himself seated before a fire kindled in the centre of the room, over which two quite pretty girls were cooking a supper of eggs, soup, and jerked beef. The prettier of the two was a black-eyed, coquettish girl eighteen years of age, whose intercourse with travelers had banished all original bashfulness, if she possessed any, and she and Strain became at once capital friends. Her sister had coquetted some six years longer with passing travelers, and hence was less sprightly and attractive. The entire supper was put into one earthen bowl, and each, furnished with a spoon, helped himself. They had just commenced when another traveler was announced, who

proved to be Astorga. Having ascertained that the party had started without him, he pushed on in pursuit. His peon, Jacinto, was a fine-looking, intelligent Guacho, who displayed his pride of country by wearing, even in Chili, a pair of fanciful, loose, white drawers, and a piece of red flannel singularly secured about the loins and thighs. He inquired why they had come off without him. Frederico, with his ready coined lie, replied that they were unable to find him. He did not refer to Strain, who, feeling more independent with Astorga in company, was half-inclined to volunteer a denial, but finally concluded to let it pass, in order to have peace over the mountains. The supper, though fit only for an ostrich, they speedily dispatched, and the three companions lay down in the open air in front of the cottage and soon fell into a sound sleep.

Soon after daylight they were in the saddle, and, without waiting for breakfast, started off. The ascent had now commenced, the road following the side of the mountain, whose summits were lost in the clouds. Occasionally they would catch a glimpse of the peaks of the principal range standing far away against the cold, blue sky. As they pursued their devious, toilsome way toward these, the snow and ice that gleamed in the first sunlight reminded them that before night they would be in a vastly different temperature. The road was a mere shelf along the mountain, hanging over a mad torrent that rushed and roared far below. Compressed between two mountains, it tore along with such power as to carry with it not only heavy débris but huge rocks which it had loosened from the cliffs. At one place the rocky mountains approach to within fifteen or twenty feet of each other, giving a terrific aspect to the maddened waters. This is called the Soldier's Leap, from a tradition which asserts that once a soldier, hotly pursued by his foes, cleared the frightful chasm at a bound and escaped.

Toiling slowly onward and upward they reached, at ten o'clock, Guardia Vieja, or Old Guard, a ruined hut which is occupied only in summer. They breakfasted here on some beef, roasted on a stick. While it was getting ready Strain washed himself in the cold mountain torrent, notwithstanding the earnest expostulations of his companions, who declared that to wash on a journey inevitably brought ill-luck. They neither washed their hands nor faces during the whole route. This superstition is general throughout South America, though no one seems acquainted with its origin or can assign any reason for the belief in it. Here San Martin, who overturned the Royalists in Chili, fought his first battle with them. The Spanish general met him here as he emerged from the gorges of the Andes, and a fierce conflict took place. The patriots were weary with their long and fatiguing march, while the Royalists were fresh, and had chosen their position; but the enthusiasm of the patriots bore down all oppo-

sition'; and the Spaniards, driven back over the narrow way, were hurled into the chasms and torrents below.

As they advanced the ascent became more precipitous and laborious. At mid-day they came to a large rivulet, whose water was clear as the atmosphere, and as it rippled over the white smooth stones it looked in the sunlight like a chain of brilliants. They were now on the verge of perpetual snow, and in the very heart of the mountains, that rose in a confused mass of savage peaks all around. On the banks of this beautiful stream stands a *casucha*, a strong structure built for the protection of travelers in spring and autumn. O'Higgins, the Irish dictator of Chili, had several of these erected, and placed in them charcoal and provisions, intrusting the keys of the stores to the couriers who conducted travelers over the mountains. This was very important, for the transit between Chili and the Argentine provinces was constant. Since then, however, they have been neglected, and now contain neither stores nor fuel. Without any chimney or door, they are damp and cheerless; still they are a great protection to the traveler against the piercing winds, and have preserved many lives. Strain's courier over the pampas had once been shut up in one of these eighteen days in a snow-storm. Some merchants finding it a matter of vital importance, very late in autumn, to send a message to Buenos Ayres, offered him twenty ounces of gold to carry it across the mountains. Tempted by the large bribe he set out, but here, in the heart of the mountains, he was overtaken by one of those snow-storms—*temporales* as they are called—the terror and strength of which the dweller on the plains has no conception of. Groping his way to the *casucha*, he entered it and lay down. As he looked out from the door, chasm and cliff were obliterated—naught could be seen but the driving snow, as, whirled by the tortured and imprisoned winds, it drove through the gorges or leaped madly upward into the murky heavens. The muffled sound of torrents in the abysses below could be heard only in the pause of the storm. The uproar was deafening, and the reflections of the solitary man, as he listened to it, locked up there in those savage solitudes, were heart-sickening. Day after day, and night after night, the storm howled on, mocking the hopes of the shivering wretch as he looked out in vain for some signs of change. At length his provisions began to fail, and he eked them out to the farthest limit. He would sit and gaze on his scanty stores, beating back the pangs of hunger, and with a strong will dole out to himself his miserable rations. This slow and steady approach to starvation was infinitely worse than death. At length the last morsel was consumed, and still the blinding snow-storm swept on. Knowing it was certain death to remain where he was, without the possibility of obtaining food, he crept out and started on his journey. Unable to see but a few feet in advance, sometimes

compelled to lay his face against the cliff, and hold on with both hands, to keep from being swept by the blast into abysses below, he slowly felt his way forward. In lulls of the storm he would be startled by the muffled roar of a torrent right beneath his feet, and rising, apparently, from unfathomable depths. Sometimes slipping on the very brink of the precipice—once saving himself only by catching on the edge with his hands and with great difficulty crawling back, now floundering through heavy snow-drifts, and now picking his way over concealed torrents, hungry, cold, benumbed, weary, and affrighted, the poor man, after numberless narrow escapes, at length emerged into the valley beyond. His account of this horrible journey, related in all its details in his simple language, was thrillingly interesting. Though a brave man, and not given to devotion, he never alluded to this passage in his adventurous life without raising his hat and crossing himself, while a perceptible shudder shook his frame.

Passing up they soon came to another *casucha* standing at the foot of a steep hill, on the top of which was perched a third. The path, thus far, had been up a sharp ascent, but it was nothing compared to the one before them. The hill appeared to stand almost perpendicular, up which the path led in dizzy zigzags, looking as if one had been cutting a countless number of letter Z's on its breast. At the foot of it, and at the head of a gorge, there burst forth an immense spring, issuing from the mouth of a cavern. Strain at once suspected this was the outlet to the "Lago Encantada"—the enchanted lake—so long a mystery to the natives, and also to scientific travelers, who had heard in Chili of its existence. He was therefore not disappointed when, on surmounting the hill, he saw spread out before him a beautiful mountain lake, about a mile wide and three miles long. The great mystery to the natives was what became of the water that from numberless torrents, born amidst the snow-peaks, was constantly poured into it, and how, in spring and summer, it retained the same level. The outlet being a mile from the lake itself, it never occurred to them that this was one end of a subterranean passage, but had always regarded it as a mountain spring. The gorge through which its surplus waters originally passed has evidently, at some remote period, been closed up by a convulsion of nature, which threw an immense hill into its bed. The pressure of the water, as it rose to surmount this new barrier, forced a passage beneath. The mystery was thus easily solved; but it was natural that the ignorant and superstitious natives, awed by the grandeur and sublimity of this uninhabitable region, should seek for an explanation in the power of enchantment. Still continuing to ascend, the cold suddenly became so intense that Astorga's peon said it must be snowing on the mountain, which they afterward found to be true.

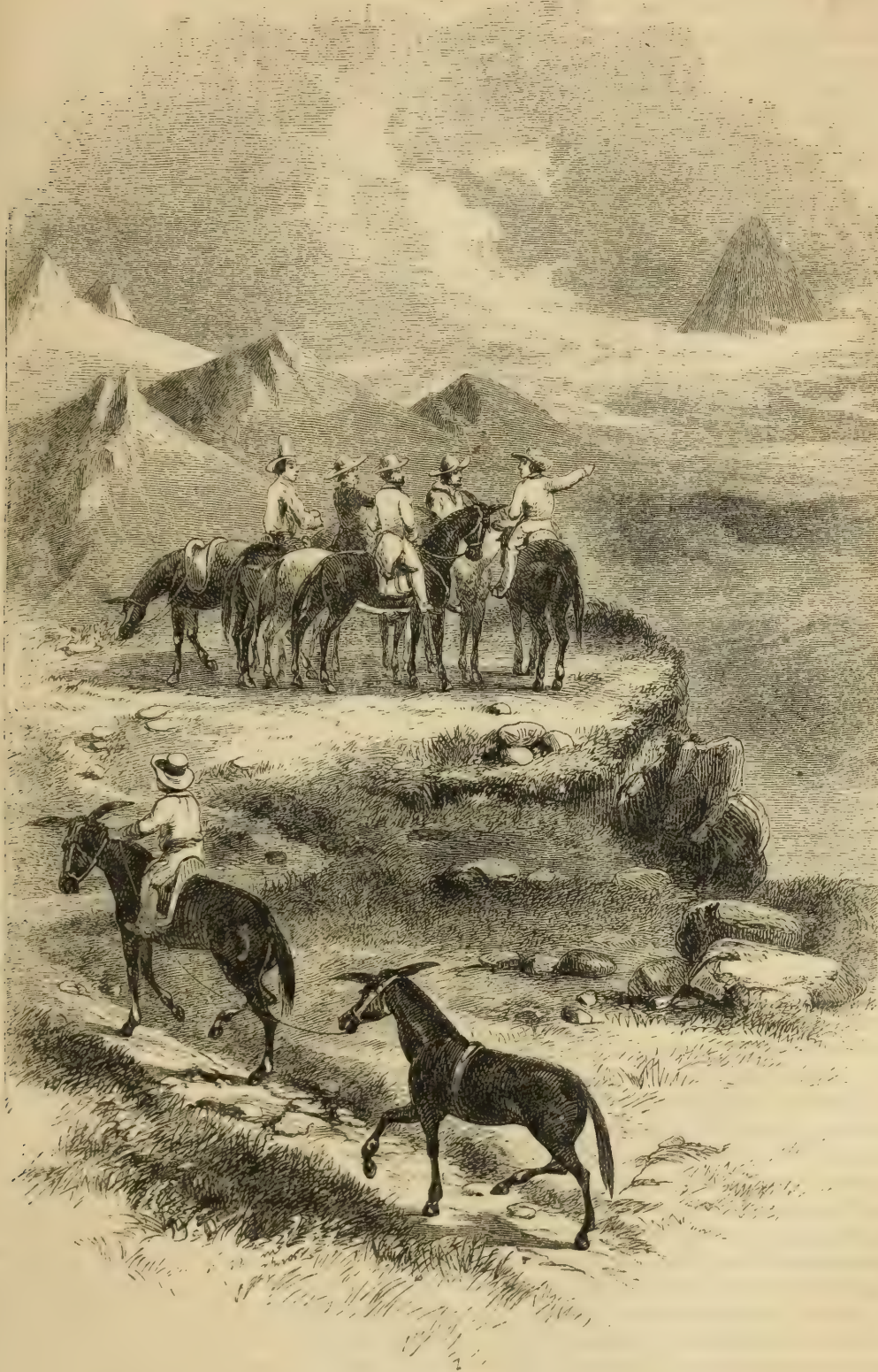
Proceeding slowly upward, absorbed in the emotions awakened by the sublimity with which

he was invested, Strain was aroused by the voice of Frederico, who said, in the most business-like way, "Come, let us take a drink of brandy and tighten our girths, for we have now got to climb the mountain." "Climb the mountain!" exclaimed Strain, "what else have we been doing all day, and a steep one at that?" Frederico pointed to a lofty and regularly formed mountain in the distance, presenting an imposing appearance as it stood out in a gorge against the sky. Regarding it a second time, Strain observed a zigzag line running up the face of it, as if drawn by a pencil. Indeed it looked more like a streak of forked lightning, pinned to the breast of the mountain, than a path for a living thing to tread in. Although it weaves backward and forward in incessant curves, yet even the inclined plane of the path lies at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Here the mules began to labor, and every few minutes would stop and take breath, and then of their own accord start on. It is in such cases as this that man comes to admire the patience and sagacity of this stubborn animal. There was no whipping, or spurring, or abusive words; man and mule had both changed natures—one had become docile and reliable, and the other kind. The natives are exceedingly cruel to their animals, and although the Chilians are the best riders in the world, they have no affection for the horse like the Arab. Strain therefore turned with surprise to Frederico, as if he expected a transformation in his physical appearance. He was unfeeling toward his animals, and used only coarse and abusive language to them; but now his voice was kind and encouraging, and he coaxed and praised by turns. The poor creatures strained faithfully up the steep acclivity; but the rarity of the atmosphere, the biting wind, which was now high, and the fatigue combined, told heavily upon them, and it was painful to witness their sufferings. Their breath came quick and fast, and was ejected from their nostrils with a loud sound, showing with what force it was expelled from the lungs. But apparently conscious that they had a definite task to perform, they needed neither whip nor spur, but, after stopping to breathe a few minutes, would patiently recommence their painful task. The scenery now grew wilder and more sublime. As they approached the summit the sea of peaks, which before had been shut out by the nearer mountains, began to unroll itself, and reveal to the startled traveler the terrific place into which he had pushed himself. At length they stood on the top, more than two miles high, and lo! there spread out a scene around, below, and beyond them, that language has no words to describe or to express the emotions it awakens. Standing in the centre of this vast assemblage of mountains, extending a hundred and twenty miles in width, and lost north and south in the distance, one seems to have been transported to a hitherto undiscovered world. It is a wilderness of snow-capped mountain masses. The sky was clear, and the sun, in all his evening

glory, hung just above the snowy peaks in the west, flooding them with a strange splendor. Between lay the deep, dark valley, from which the eye turned with a shudder; while before them rose the enormous white column of Tupungati twenty thousand feet into the heavens, its everlasting robe of white dazzling the eye as it stood bathed in the full glories of the setting sun. How still, how serene, slept that ocean of glittering peaks! how still, how mysterious, spread the darkness through those unfathomable abysses! Not a sound broke the impressive silence there, save the low wail of the wind. Not an animate object relieved the utter desolation, save the black form of a solitary condor wheeling slowly round a savage peak, as if by contrast to deepen the loneliness of the scene. Every thing is on a vast scale, as if God had exulted in the exertion of power when he had heaved these mighty masses together, and the soul is stunned and stupefied, and stands and trembles and staggers under the majesty and power it can not comprehend. The tremendous chasms and precipices, or frightful abysses, which are peculiar to the Andes, inspire feelings of terror as well as sublimity. Strain, who is peculiarly unimpressible to natural scenery, declared that this one view amply repaid him for all the discomforts and fatigues of the whole journey. In his diary he says: "Had I been *blasé*, I should decidedly have received an impression. I have heard and read much of natural scenery whose grandeur and sublimity had produced in observers a feeling of awe, and yet afterward viewed it myself without surprise, almost with indifference. The storm at sea, in all imaginable phases, I have witnessed without a profound impression. Neither have I been much impressed by the thunder-storm in the mountains, or by cataracts, or by the many natural objects on which so many highly-wrought pages have been lavished. Two views only, of which I have heard and read much, did not fail to realize my expectations. The first was the Andes, as seen from Valparaiso in winter; and the next, the view from the summit of the mountain pass of Uspallata."*

The slope by which they descended lay at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and was inclosed by lofty mountains, whose dazzling white and sun-tipped summits contrasted strongly with the dark depths into which they were plunging, and made one think of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The wind was piercing, and they became so thoroughly chilled that they were compelled to dismount and walk to keep from being benumbed. Rattling down the narrow way, often in danger of tripping and rolling over, they at length, at half past eight, reached the

* There is a good anecdote told of Sir Francis Head when he stood on this summit. His remark was not quite so bad as the Englishman's, who exclaimed on beholding Niagara, "How nice!" but approximated it. Surveying the wondrous spectacle, he exclaimed, "What can be more beautiful!" to which his attendant, a Cornish miner, replied, "Them things, Sir, that do wear caps and aprons." There is not much to choose between them.



PASS OF USPALLATA.

valley, and, mounting, pushed on to find a resting-place for the night. After about an hour's ride they halted, and began to look out for a spot to pitch their camp. They finally selected a huge porphyritic rock, because Astorga's peon had concealed under it two sticks of wood on his way over. It was a bleak and cheerless place; all around was black volcanic rock—not a sign of vegetation—nothing to relieve the eye but the snowy summits that stood,

“Like Earth's gigantic sentinels,
Discoursing in the sky,”

far, far above them. It was a relief to turn from the darkness that lay in vast, dense masses in the gorges and chasms to the stars that gleamed in unnatural brightness in the clear atmosphere of those high regions. Contrasted with the great motionless forms that lifted themselves on every side, and the profound silence and deadness around, they, with their spark-

ling, flashing beams, seemed like living, sentient beings moving in a joyous world by themselves.

The travelers, who seemed mere insects amidst these gigantic forms, sat around their little fire smoking cigars until ten o'clock, when they prepared to turn in. On examining the stock of blankets, cloaks, ponchos, etc., on hand, it was found that Strain and Astorga alone were provided with any. An unlined poncho, which could furnish no protection against the bleak mountain wind, was all that Frederico had. The selfishness and cupidity of this fellow had displayed themselves more and more ever since they started. In the first place, Strain had given him a third more for the two mules than they were worth; in the second place, he had paid all the expenses of the journey, when he ought to have paid but half, besides lending him money he was sure never to see again. He had also bought a large supply of horse feed, of which his mules never got a taste, although Frederico used one of them in place of his old black horse, which had broken down. The colt got the whole, which put him in fine condition for sale when they should reach Mendoza. But his coolness and impudence reached their climax this night, when he deliberately placed himself between Astorga and Strain, thus getting the three-fold benefit of the blankets, of being protected from the wind, and having the warmth of two bodies around his own. Strain had the windward side, and tried to get a little sleep. The covering, however, was too narrow, and, lifting with every flaw of wind, kept one side shivering all night. When the cold became insufferable he would turn on the other side, and so kept shifting from side to side till morning. To compose him still more, Frederico lay snoring in a happy state of unconsciousness, showing how comfortable and pleasant he found his quarters. Strain's only consolation was in vowing a terrible revenge at some future time. Fortune helped him in this; for the colt that devoured all his feed became so frisky that, when Frederico mounted him in the streets of Mendoza, the vicious beast threw him over his head. He dared not again mount his pet horse; so his mortification was greater than if he had lost a dozen animals. To be an inhabitant of Mendoza and not be able to mount any horse, is not to be a gentleman. In fact, not to be able to ride is the next door to crime.

They rose at daylight, and the poor mules, which had passed the night without any food, were glad to leave so inhospitable a region. The temperature may be judged from the fact that the entire margin of the mountain torrent whose course they followed was firmly frozen.

As they were slowly passing down this valley, bounded on either side by enormous masses of porphyritic rock and mountains, Strain was taught a lesson of prudence which came well-nigh being his last. The descent having become more gradual, he relaxed his vigilance

over his large English saddle, which had hitherto, by shoving forward on the mule's neck, caused him no little inconvenience and anxiety. He was gazing up and around on the savage scenery, and did not notice that they had come to a sharp hill. Going down this the saddle slipped forward, when the mule gave two violent kicks in the air, which threw Strain, in a complete somersault, flat on his back on a rock twenty feet below. Not satisfied with this performance, the mule rushed forward and attempted to plant his fore-feet on Strain's breast. Though stunned by his fall, he had sufficient presence of mind to detect the object of the brute, and avoid the blow, by suddenly rolling down the hill. The mule concluded not to follow, and dashed off in another direction till he became entangled by the saddle, which had turned, and was brought back by the peons. About ten they stopped and lunched on tough beef at the camp of an old muleteer, and then proceeded on to the Puente del Inca, one of the objects of interest in this pass. It is a natural bridge, formed of conglomerate, about one hundred and twenty feet long and ninety wide.

This bridge is an object of greater curiosity to the scientific man than to the traveler. Here is a valley, a mile wide and of great depth, which has been scooped out, for miles above and below, by the terrific torrents that are formed by the melting of the snows on the surrounding mountains. There is no other outlet for the vast accumulation of water on their sides and summits. Now this bridge is not a boulder, or section of a mountain, which has been heaved by some convulsion of nature from its bed, and hurled into the ravine, damming up the stream, but is a part of the mountain itself. It seems impossible, however, that the torrent should have scooped out this tremendous gorge for so many miles, and here alone bored a tunnel through a rock only ninety feet thick, leaving a comparatively fragile structure standing amidst the monuments and traces of its power and fury. In contemplating it, the mind goes back for an explanation to that period in the history of the world when the climate was mild, and there was no snow on these mountains, and but a rivulet flowed here, or so cold that the snow never melted. As the climate changed, and the snow began to accumulate and to melt on these mountains, the stream formed and gradually increased in size, and in the progress of ages bored this tunnel, which widened and deepened with the steady increase of water, till now under its arch flows a frightful torrent.

Within a few yards of the bridge there is a spring of hot water; and directly under, in a shelf of the rock, and only a few inches distant, are two other copious springs of an entirely different temperature.

About one o'clock they reached scanty vegetation, where they unsaddled, and turning their half-starved animals out to graze, took a siesta. Awaking about four in the afternoon, Strain saw, on the opposite side of the valley, a series

of zigzags on an almost perpendicular mountain, fifteen hundred feet high. They looked like mere lines drawn backward and forward on the steep slope. From their regularity he thought they must be made by animals, though he could hardly conceive of the boldness that would induce them to venture on such a fearful elevation with so narrow a foothold. But while he lay wondering six guanacos marched, in a stately and dignified manner, over the crest of the mountain. As they came on in single file, each form was distinctly drawn against the clear blue sky, far up in the heavens. Without the least hesitation, and apparently as easy and confident as they would walk the valley beneath, they began their perilous descent.

Saddling up, they forded the deep and rocky torrent along whose margin they had been traveling; and, a little after dark, reached a cave by the side of the path, in which they found eight or ten muleteers encamped, who were on their way to Valparaiso after merchandise. Around the mouth were heaped, in confusion, pack-saddles, cargas, and so on; while in the centre burned a fire, throwing a red glare on the otherwise smoky, black walls of the cavern. Around it were grouped the peons, in various attitudes and fantastic costumes, their features assuming a strange wildness in the light of the fire—the whole resembling a bandit encampment in the fastnesses of the mountains. These were, however, harmless men, who greeted the strangers as they entered hospitably, the owner of the troupe rising from the seat of honor always assigned to him, and conducting Mr. Strain to it, who, as a foreigner, was peculiarly his guest. He then invited them to partake of the supper, which was nearly ready. They declining, he produced cigars, and Strain, in thanking him, incidentally remarked that they were peculiarly acceptable to him, as his had given out the day before. The good host immediately begged Mr. Strain to do him the honor to accept a bundle for the rest of his journey, assuring him that he had an ample supply, and even if he had not, he could resort to cigarettes, to which gentlemen from foreign parts were not accustomed. Courtesy forbade a refusal; and Strain thought that—although the day before his wrath was kindled at the whole race of Mendozans by the conduct of Frederico—there might be some true gentlemen among them after all. And so it is; a man may be made to sleep at night exposed to a chilling wind, by the selfishness of one man, and yet be repaid the next day by the courtesy and kindness of another.

In a short time the cheerful cries of their peons, sounding nearly overhead as they encouraged their mules up the steep ascent, hastened their departure, and our travelers, after expressing many thanks, mounted and pushed on to the Penon Rajada, or River Stone, where they had determined to pass the night. This rock had been at some remote period dislodged from the mountain mass above, and rolled down to the roadside, where it stopped, with its sum-

mit so far overhanging its base that it furnished comfortable shelter for three persons. It looked for all the world like a huge man-trap, balanced there on purpose to fall upon and crush the too trusting traveler. Astorga, Frederico, and Strain stretched themselves under this, Frederico, of course, in the middle, leaving a rough stone for Strain to find the soft side of. His two companions, enjoying the mildness of the night as compared with the preceding one, lay and sang national songs till a late hour, making the rocks around ring with their music. Coiled up under a beetling rock, buried, as it were, in the heart of the mountains, their merry songs seemed strangely out of place. One of these, designed to ridicule the priesthood—called the Franciscan Friar ("Padre Francisco")—was full of wit and humor. The people have no reverence for the priesthood, who are generally jolly, rotund, good-natured fellows—with large capacity for liquor and very liberal to strangers.

Roused up at four o'clock in the morning they pushed on, and after traveling about three miles, came upon a large troop of mules bivouacked. Among the travelers were several women, who were just rising from their mattresses, which were spread upon the ground, and making their toilet preparatory to setting out. Some had children too young to trust on the back of a mule, and these were placed in baskets and slung across the animal. Whenever a pair could not be had to adjust the balance, a stone, or some weight, was put in the other basket, and thus they were carried over these dangerous passes. Those in the camp kindly invited them to take coffee, and when they were about to proceed the women presented them with a pound cake. It is strange how these little kindnesses in a desolate, dreary country take hold of one's heart, and make him think better of his kind. With a "God bless the ladies!" our travelers pressed forward for the first of the three "*laderas*," as these three fearful passes of the Andes are called. A *ladera* is a narrow path cut along the side of the mountain, which is perpendicular on one side, and nearly so on the other. In making the one hundred and thirty miles, the width of the Andes here, the traveler surmounts the obstacles in various ways. Sometimes the bed of a torrent furnishes them comparatively easy traveling; again the gorge turns off in the wrong direction among the mountains, and they come abruptly upon a steep mountain, up which they are compelled to toil in laborious zigzags, and descend in the same way to another valley, which stretches toward the point they desire to reach. At another time the mountain comes down in a sheer precipice to the torrent along whose bed they wish to journey. A rocky margin has hitherto furnished them foothold; but it now presents nothing but a fearful abyss, through which the foaming waters go with a loud and angry roar. The mountain is too steep and high to go over the top in zigzags, and so the path is cut along the face of the precipice, di-

rectly above the stream. In some places it is not more than three feet wide, and cumbered with loose stones. The mountain side between the path and the torrent below, in some places, lies at a slight angle, in others it is a perpendicular cliff, so that a man on a mule can reach out his arm and drop a stone nearly a thousand feet into the shuddering abyss below. Neither is this narrow shelf level, but you ascend and descend the path, necessarily keeping just above the point where the sheer face of the precipice begins, for it would be next to impossible to cut a way along the smooth face of the cliff. In making the first descent Strain said, "I can compare my own feelings, as my mule smelled his way along the narrow descent with his nose almost between his legs, while his short neck and the path were entirely invisible, only to those of a man sliding slowly down a very steep roof, in a disagreeable state of uncertainty as to whether the gutter or trough at the eaves will sustain his weight when he reaches there." It seems impossible that men should ever get accustomed to this perilous mode of traveling; yet the women of this region will sit composedly on their mules, and look down hundreds of feet, and see naught but a dark abyss through which the torrent is raving. A single false step, a slight stroke of the load against the rock, the least start, and animal and rider would disappear like a flitting shadow into the gulf beneath. The last, the Ladera de las Vacas, is the worst of all. The mountain here comes to a point, presenting nothing but a sharp profile. Around this profile, or edge of the mountain, the path bends in an acute angle. In approaching this point, and doubling it, the narrow track passes directly along the edge of a precipice that descends in a straight line to the gorge below. Neither does the path pass along on a level to this dangerous point, but ascends sharply to it, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and descends abruptly the other side. At this point it is solid rock, which has been perforated by the feet of mules, each succeeding year wearing them deeper. Into these holes the cautious, sagacious animals now trod with great care and precision. The slightest mistake here would prove fatal, and our travelers held their breath as they crawled along toward the dangerous point. Even the muleteers who cross the Andes the most frequently never get so accustomed to its danger as to pass it without great anxiety. Pricking his ears, his nose to the rock as if smelling the track, the leading mule slowly felt his way along the narrow shelf. In approaching the edge of the mountain where the path turns it seems to the eye to end entirely, the narrow gash it makes showing clear and distinct like a human feature against the sky beyond. Above was the almost perpendicular and savage mountain; below, the dizzy precipice and the wild abyss; beyond, mountains interlocking mountains. Had they met other travelers here, one or the other party must have perished. In-

deed, in many places along this pass, it would have been impossible for a mule to have turned round, and frequently the path was so narrow that a man could not dismount to save himself, and must have gone over the cliff with his animal. One can well imagine that to such dangers the traveler can never become indifferent, and one unaccustomed to dizzy heights and dangerous paths must never trust his eyes over the precipice, or look upon the savage scenery around him. At length they reached the point where the path bent around the edge of the cliff, and then all the sagacity of the mules were put in requisition. The angle is so acute that the animal has to bend its body almost double to get around, and each foot is lifted and planted with a care that shows he is aware of his danger. Every one felt relieved when this last and most dangerous of the laderas was passed.

Sir Francis Head has the following fine piece of description on his passage of this pass. It is well that the accident mentioned occurred at the commencement of the pass, and not in its more elevated and more dangerous portions:

"As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and, of course, all the rest stopped also.

"He was the finest mule we had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers, which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules, and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, when he again stopped; and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus; but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety: several others followed. At last a young mule carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under them; however, his fore-legs were still upon the narrow path; he had no room to put his head there, but he placed his nose on the path on his left, and appeared to hold on by his mouth. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came up, and in walking along after him, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and head over heels the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which

was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and there he seemed to bound off, and turning round in the air fell into a deep torrent on his back and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought, of course, that he was killed; but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavored to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort, and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage, and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind-quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again; but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turned round and round by the eddy, until passing the corner of the rock I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons with *lassos* in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and after looking toward the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked toward me I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them when I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking toward us.

"We instantly perceived that he was the Phaeton whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet; his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected; however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible.

"With that surprising anxiety which the mules all have to join the troop, or rather the leading mule which carries the bell, he continued his course, and actually walked over the pass without compulsion, though certainly with great caution."

The great danger and difficulties of the journey were now over, and they trotted gayly down the valley, the slope of which every moment grew more gradual. About noon they halted on the margin of a stream, where they breakfasted on the cakes given them by the warm-hearted Mendozinos. Soon after leaving the turbid stream along which they had been traveling they struck across a shingly, barren plain, and at twelve o'clock burst into the beautiful and fertile valley of the Uspallata, whose green fields, luxuriant foliage, and limpid stream was a pleasant relief after three days' journeying amidst the terrific scenery, barren rocks, snow-peaks, and mad torrents of the Andes. The valley is six miles long and two miles wide, and contains but one settlement, composed of a few small houses. This is the custom-house station of Mendoza, and the captain of the guard, with his buxom wife, received the travelers very kindly. A hut was

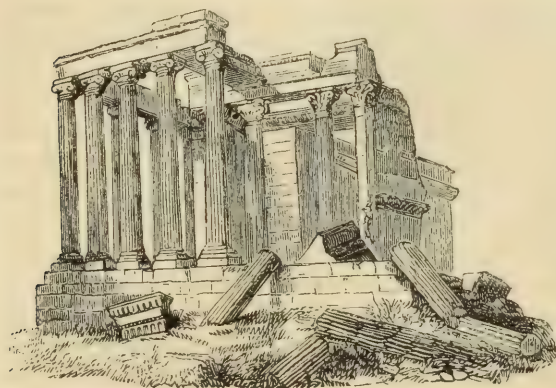
assigned them, and Strain, in the evening, having nothing else to do, counted the dogs in the court-yard. In one group there were twenty, looking gaunt and ferocious as half-starved wolves. It needed not the caution of the hostess not to venture out, for he must be a bold man indeed who would expose himself to such an array of beasts. The Guacho of the plain delights to surround himself with formidable dogs, and is seldom seen away from his habitation without a pack of six or seven at his heels.

Bertoldo, the peon, having an idle afternoon on his hands, celebrated his safe passage of the Cordilleras by getting "gloriously drunk." Like most men in this condition he became exceedingly affectionate, and after expressing his attachment to Strain in the strongest terms, at last approached him with a would-be grave and serious but in reality a maudlin look, and told him that, on one subject, his mind was fully made up—that he never would leave him until he had seen him safely in Buenos Ayres. Rum is a sad leveler, a thorough Red Republican, and produces the same effects the world over.

The beds were made on the floor, and just as Strain and Astorga had begun to undress for the night the Captain and his wife came in to have a quiet game of cards with Don Frederico. Finding the lady did not stand on ceremony with him, Strain thought he would return the compliment, and having finished his preparations for the night turned in, and, lighting a cigar, soon smoked himself to sleep—not before, however, he had seen the money he had given Frederico to pay expenses transferred to the Captain and his wife.

The next day they proceeded down the valley, and after riding a few miles stopped at a spring, when Frederico attempted, without breaking the seal, to read the letter of the Captain of the Guard to the authorities of Mendoza. Being remonstrated with by Strain he defended his conduct, and, to Strain's astonishment, Astorga, to whom he appealed, said he could see no objection to it, as the letter related entirely to them and their baggage. At noon they arrived at an elevated table-land, from whence they had a distant view of the pampas, which lost itself in the eastern horizon like a sleeping ocean. Nature seems to have formed the Andes as a sort of compensation for the vast and almost interminable plains that stretch westward from the Atlantic. Strain thought they had now done with mountain travel; but in leaving the table-land they descended a deep ravine for ten miles, which, for picturesque beauty, exceeded any thing he had seen on the route. After a farther tedious ride of forty-five miles they arrived at Villa Vicencio, where they passed the night. Their landlady gave them their tea by candle-light, and then all began to prepare for the night. This was done by each one—the man, his wife, daughters, and children—making their beds in front of the house, and without paying the slightest attention to the strangers at their side, undressing and

creeping into bed. Strain did the same, and soon fell asleep. Awaking, however, in the night, he found he had a bed-fellow, which, on examination, proved to be a guanaco he had seen around the house. The animal, attracted by the warmth of the bed, had crawled in and nestled down by his side. Pleased with his confidence, he let him remain. Frederico being now near home, and anxious to see the misguided, unfortunate little woman who had a few weeks before consented to be his wife, roused them at midnight, and they started off down the ravine, which they soon cleared, and emerged on the sterile plain that reaches to Mendoza. Over this, for upward of thirty miles, they traveled as fast as the mules could carry them. At the suburbs of the city they stopped and refreshed themselves with water-melons, which here attain great perfection. The whole family that supplied them, with the exception of the children, were afflicted with that disgusting disease the *goitre*. Indeed it prevailed in every class of society in Mendoza to an alarming extent. There being no *fonda*, or public house, in Mendoza, Strain and Astorga, from necessity, though much against their will, accepted Don Frederico's invitation, and put up at his house. His mother was rendered hideous by the *goitre*, while the swelling neck of his pretty young wife showed that the disease had fastened on her also.



ISLANDS AND SHORES OF GREECE.

IT was one of those starry nights of which we sometimes dream, but which with these dim eyes of ours we seldom see. Sometimes I have thought there was no part of the world where stars came down so low as over the Levant. I remember one night at Sinai—but that's not to the point now.

The *Lotus* lay at her anchor in the little harbor at Rhodes, and a soft breeze stealing in from the northeast promised the weather we had been waiting for. The *Lotus* is a schooner-rigged yacht which belongs to my friend S—. She was built in England, after an American model, carried out to Constantinople by her owner, a wealthy scion of an old house, who furnished and stocked her in royal style, and, by dint of the most desperate exertions to clear out her larder, ate and drank himself into a fever, died while his boat lay in the Sea of

Marmora, and was buried at Constantinople. When we were there she was offered for sale as she stood, with her provisions and her crew, for they demanded to be sold with her, and sold they were. S— bought her for a cheap figure, three thousand pounds—she was worth all of double that—and we accepted his invitation to make a cruise in the Archipelago. All told, there were five of us in the cabin. One was a Frenchman, our old friend Laroche, who crossed the desert with us, and another was of that same party, Stephen Strong; the fourth was an Englishman of the rarest kind, a jolly good Englishman, as one of his own countrymen would have called him, and a rare good fellow, as we emphatically voted him the first day out.

I can not now pause to tell how we came to be at Rhodes. We had wandered along the Troad, passed a week on the plain and among the hills behind it while the *Lotus* lay at anchor in the strait between Tenedos and the main land, then we had called at Lemnos and looked off at Mount Athos across the sea, and thence we ran down before a glorious north wind to the shores of Lesbos, coasting along which we found ourselves, before we knew it, in the Gulf of Smyrna. We lingered a fortnight in and around the old city, whose profane glory was that it claimed to be the birth-place of Homer, and whose sacred character arose from its being the spot where one of the Seven Churches grew in "tribulation and poverty;" but which is now better known as the home of the plague and of all manner of Oriental abominations.

And so, by way of Chios, and Samos, and Cos, and Telos, and a score of other isles of old fame, we came to Rhodes, where once was, but now is not, the Colossus, and, dropping anchor close by the old ruined tower of crusading times, we left the *Lotus* at her anchor while we took up our quarters on shore and looked here and there at the ruins of the city. For Rhodes is a mass of ruin. When I was there some years ago it was one of the finest cities of the Levant, and the old street of the knights was worth one's crossing an ocean but once to walk through. Now, alas, how changed! The earthquake and the gunpowder explosion of last year have scattered the old splendors of Rhodes. The stately church of St. John, the cathedral on whose pavement we read the names of Grand Masters and Knights of the Cross, is now utterly gone. There was a fine Greek column that used to form the stepping-stone by which one went up from the body of the church into what was once the chancel or the high altar, but of late has been a Moslem praying place. That column was covered with a Greek inscription, in small but finely cut letters. It was a relic of ancient Rhodes. I wished then to preserve it. I would if possible have carried it away, but the foolish and fanatic Turks refused permission. That stone was doubtless blown to very dust by the terrible force of the explosion, which rent to pieces all the old walls of the city.



THE HARBOR AT RHODES.

The old church seems to have vanished. It was the monument of a brave and noble order; it is like the Knights of St. John, a memory now.

We often wonder how it is that nations vanish and their temples fall into ruin. Lo here in our own day an instance of it! The splendid order that retired from Holy Land to this island, and possessed it and had a name that will live in history forever, stout knights, kings, and priests, are gone, and in our own day we behold their stately temple shattered and scattered hither and thither, so that a thousand years hence men shall wonder over Rhodes as we now wonder over Athens and Karnak.

We were three days at Rhodes looking around and through the city, and on the third evening this article commences, if the reader will now permit me to go back and begin again.

It was a starry night, I said, and the breeze was from the northward. Jackson had gone on shore for a final package of provisions, and had taken with him Iskander, a boy of twelve, son of a Greek woman in Smyrna, who had shipped him as cabin-boy, to be delivered to his father in Syra, should we be able to stop there.

We sat in the cabin over the second magnum of Brousa wine, and the soft air stole in at the open hatchway. A low splash of oars from the neighborhood of the round tower was audible in the profound stillness, and a few minutes later the boat grated alongside, and then a shriek and a splash in the water startled us. We sprang to the deck. Iskander was gone. He had sprung like a monkey to the deck, but, missing

his hold, fell back, and went down between the yacht and the boat. Three of us were over in a moment. Laroche alone could not swim, and made himself useless with a boat-hook, plunging it here and there in the water in a manner that would inevitably have proved fatal to the boy had he found him. Fortunately he did not, but John S—— did, and we had him on deck in a moment, howling so furiously that there remained no reasonable doubt of the healthy state of his lungs. Jackson tossed the packages on board; and we got up the anchor, made sail, and moved slowly out to the northward, leaving Rhodes in a celestial starlight which I shall never fail to associate with my last view of the old city of the knights.

The morning dawned with a cloudy sky and an ugly horizon. We were sorry we had sailed. Low muttering gusts of wind came out of the north, and by eight o'clock the wind was out in his wrath, and the sea was rolling with a plunging swell that characterizes the Archipelago. We made fair way to the westward, however, until toward evening, when the tempest had increased four-fold, and now headed us from the westward and northward, so that nothing remained for us but to run for a lea.

As the day was going we had made the hills of Carpathos on the lea beam, and thinking to run around the southwestern side of the island and gain its protection, or that of Casas, its near neighbor, we kept away a little until finally, before midnight, we were running due south, and going with the speed of the wind that carried us.

It was a fearful night. I have seen few so

bad, none worse. Long before day it was evident that unless the gale broke we must either lay her to the wind and weather it so, or else let her go before it. It was evident we could not round the point of Casas as easily as we could make the lea of Crete. So we held a council on the after-deck, and determined to seek Paul's refuge at Fair Havens, and away we went before it.

Wild, fierce, and inhospitable were the coasts of Crete in that tempestuous morning, as we drove past the Samonian promontory. The waves rolled over the rocky point, and sent their spray high into the thick atmosphere, thick with blinding, furious rain. On went the *Lotus*, like a dead leaf on the winter wind. We stood together at the tiller. The crew were all on the look-out forward.

"Steady!" shouted the mate, as he bent forward in the misty rain and stared at something in the water ahead.

"Steady it is!" and so she went thirty seconds or less.

"Port—port—hard down!" and down went the tiller with all of us on it. She came up into the eyes of the gale with a sweep and a plunge; and then "Keep her away!" and she fell off slowly; then, gathering speed, dashed again before the tempest, close by a huge black rock, which looked out of the water as it had looked in ancient times at Paul's galley and Grecian and Roman fleets. Strange, hideous,

the head of a sea-monster, with tresses of seaweed, wet and tangled and curled, dashing and swinging around the black and seamed brow.

An hour later we were under the shores of Crete, in a comparatively smooth sea, and in the course of the forenoon the gale broke, and then came a steady wind from the southward.

We changed our minds and our course very suddenly, and resolved now to make all the northing we could while this breeze held. So we ran back to the east point of the island, and lost the breeze as the evening came down on us, with Casas well off on the starboard bow. Then for a fortnight we beat about the lower part of the Archipelago. We coasted the north shore of Crete, went into the old port of Canea, the chief port of the island, and whistled for a breeze every where in vain.

At length we ran into the Port of Stancho, ancient Cos, birth-place of Apelles, where he painted his celebrated Venus rising from the Sea. But the days of Apelles are gone, and no artists are now in Cos. A Yankee skipper went in ahead of us and showed us the way; we overhauled him rapidly, and let go an anchor close alongside of him. He came on board half an hour later and gave us New York papers of only thirty days back, wherewith we enjoyed ourselves, reading the very medicine advertisements with infinite interest.

In point of fact we did little else but read these papers till we made Patmos on the star-



A STORM IN THE ÆGEAN



PATMOS.

board bow one pleasant evening, and with a freshening breeze ran gallantly up to the anchorage.

It was Saturday night. We were not unwilling to pass the Lord's day at Patmos, and never did a Sabbath morning rise more gloriously than that. I was on shore early, alone; for none of my companions cared to be stirring before breakfast.

The little town is built on the rocks near the shore, and the climb is difficult even to it. But I found a Greek who led me by the best way, and then gave me some bread and oil, which I needed much. These, with a glass of sour wine, constituted my breakfast, and I was certainly in a good condition, if fasting could aid me, to receive spiritual instruction from the brothers of San Giovanni de Patimo, whose convent I proposed to visit. For Patmos, like all other sacred localities in the East, is in the hands of the monks, and the supposed residence of John, where he wrote the Apocalyptic vision, is inclosed in the huge and massive buildings of a religious house which dates its foundation from the early Greek emperors.

The convent is on an eminence commanding the little town and harbor—a vast pile of stone, containing church, chapel, grotto, and cells. I had a dozen guides to choose from, but adhered to my host who had first discovered me on the shore in the morning, and as we mounted the hill he chatted in broken language, half Greek and half *Lingua Franca*, while I breathed hard and was silent.

At the entrance of the convent a monk received me—Greek, as I recognized at a glance;

for a Greek priest can not be mistaken—noble-looking men some of them are. He led me direct to the grotto of John. "Here," said the caloyer, with all the volubility of a practiced cicerone, "here he lived; there he wrote; through those cracks (fissures in the rock-roof of the grotto) he heard the thunder of the Lord's voice; yonder his head rested against the wall. He was not rich; John was a great saint; his followers are poor also; a small present for the convent will be acceptable if you choose to give it;" and so my seeing was ended, and I paid my fee and went out, and sat down in the morning sunshine that blessed the rock of Patmos as of old.

Mount Elijah, the highest peak, stood up in calm splendor in that morning light, and looked off over the sea in all directions. Far below me the little *Lotus* lay at her anchor in the bay, and I could see the quarter-boat pushing off to the shore with my friends—a stillness which befitted the place and the memories which halloed it rested on land and sea. No murmur came up to my seat from the busy modern town on the sea-side. I could in that serene day, "so cool, so calm, so bright," realize that I was in the Patmos of the beloved disciple, and, looking out on the rolling sea, I seemed in some measure to appreciate the sublimity and the pathos of that last prayer of the old, weary, and persecuted disciple who remembered the days when he had rested on the breast of his Saviour and Master, and now looked across the sea and likened it to the vast ocean on which he was going forth to seek the same old and beloved repose, and exclaimed as he would to a friend



A GREEK PRIEST.

who had gone to Greece or Italy with the same assurance that he would return, "Come, Lord Jesus!"

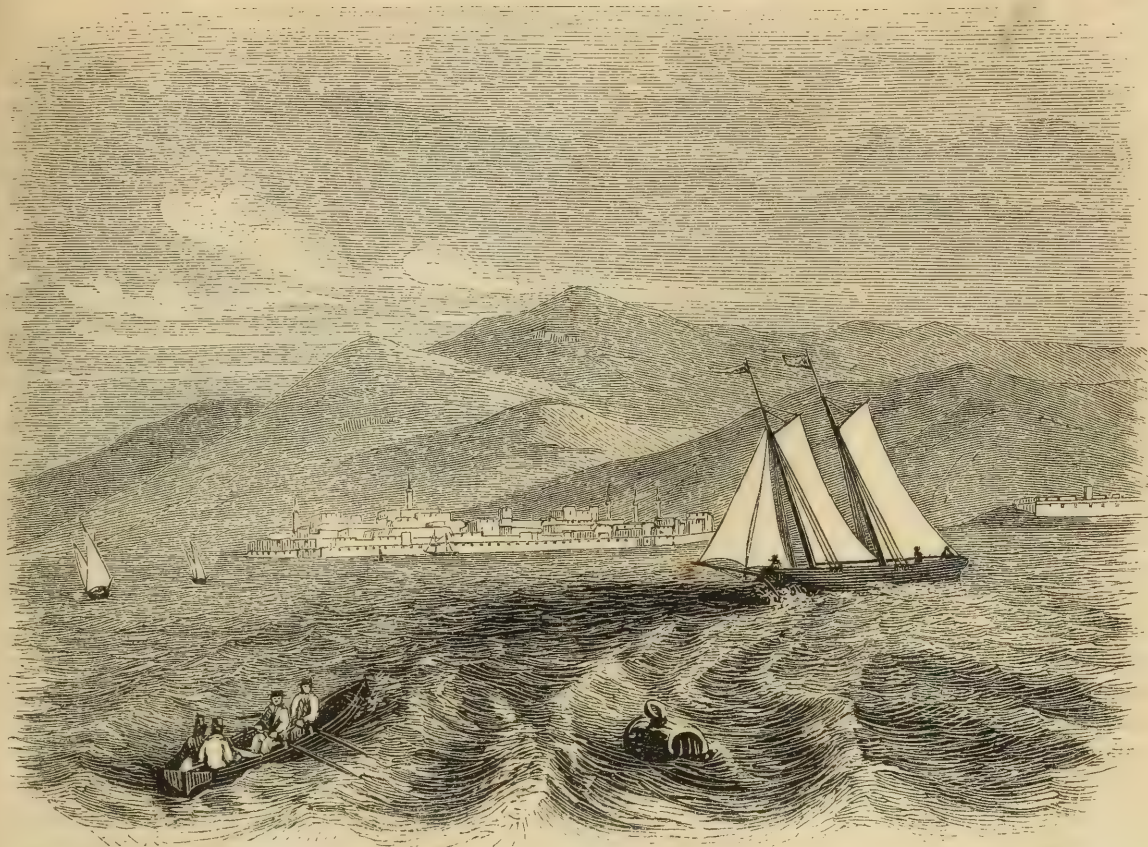
Sublime indeed was that faith of John Christ had loved him best of all the twelve, yet all had been called home except himself. He remembered that promise of mansions which his Master and Elder Brother had gone to prepare, yet he lingered, a lonesome exile on a rock in mid-sea; but he knew that the house was ready, and the Lord would come and take him to it.

See how I weary you with these thoughts! But I will let them stand to show you of what I thought at Patmos. The others came up soon after, and we went through the convent once more, and returned to the sea-shore in

time for dinner. There was nothing else to see at Patmos, and the next day we were off with a stiff southeaster for the coasts of Greece.

We ran to the southward of Icaria, making a straight wake over the spot where the son of Dædalus fell into the water (*Vide* the story in all sorts of old books), and then had a quiet run along the coast of Eubœa, which, if you will look at your map, you will see trends away to the northwest. Without a pilot, and wholly unformed as to the old passage between the island and the main land of Greece, we did not dare attempt the run up the channel, lest arriving at the old bridge which once commanded all the commerce of the coast we should be obliged to turn back.

We rounded the Artemisian promontory and



CANEAE, ISLAND OF CRETE.

ran down the Gulf of Zeitun with a whole-sail breeze, and at sunset we let go an anchor in a still and glassy sea whose blue waters once floated the Persian and the Grecian fleets. Calm as they now were, we of course remembered that they could be roused to fury even as when they dashed the Persian galleys on the rocky barriers of the Pagasæan Gulf.

The shores near which we now lay were famous in history and song. Imagine us on the deck of the *Lotus*, as the evening gloom came on, looking shoreward, if perchance Leonidas and his three hundred "walked o' nights." For here was Thermopylæ.

All night the wind moaned and muttered over the deck, as if indignant at our invasion of the waters which are sacred to them and to old memories.

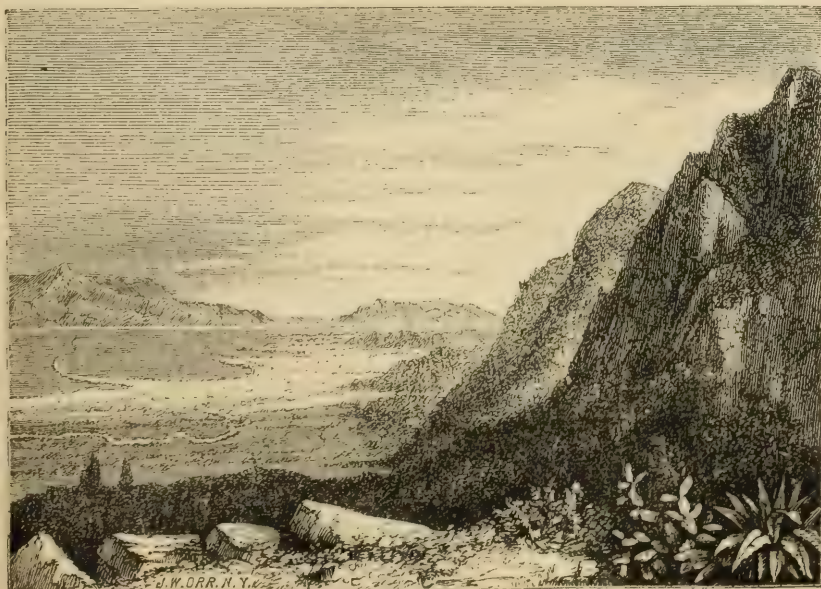
In the morning we were early on shore, and for three days we wandered around the country. In these sketches I can not give you either the details of personal adventure or the full descriptions of scenery which a book might permit.

You know, of course, that the Pass of Thermopylæ ("the Gates of the Warm Springs") was a narrow road, along the foot of the mountains, between them and a morass which reached to the sea. An army could only pass by the road: on their right were the precipitous and impassable hills, on their left the deep swamp and the sea.

Here, therefore, Leonidas, with his band, sat down; and here they were equal to the Persian hosts.

Perhaps a brief sketch of the ground, as it now lies, may make the story of that battle more interesting to those who read this.

The pass is narrower at the northern or western, and the southern or eastern end, than in the middle. At the narrowest part the old Phocian wall was rebuilt by Leonidas. Its remains are still visi-



THERMOPYLÆ.

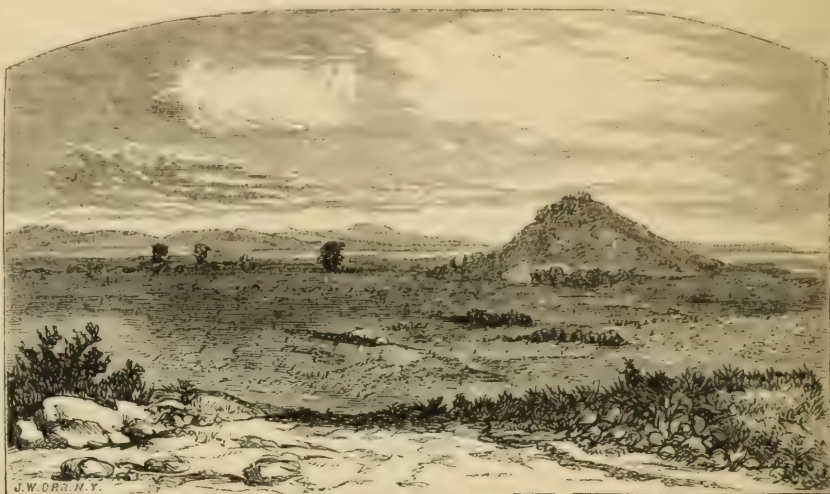
ble. The intermediate and wider part of the pass contains the warm springs, from which the name is derived. The water flows freely now as then—a sulphurous flow of clear, shining water, heated to about one hundred and ten degrees (Fahrenheit).

Approaching the pass from the south, we are at first struck with the mound, which is the everlasting monument of the Spartan band. On its summit are visible some stones that seem to be part of an ancient column or building which crowned the tumulus. Its very simplicity is its grandeur now. Where on earth will you show me hill or monumental structure that shall so impress the traveler as this old mound of the brave who fell at Thermopylæ?

A little farther on are the remains of the Phocian wall, and then we enter the morass. The springs flow from the foot of the hill. The road is built on a causeway, till we emerge at the northern end where Xerxes stood baffled.

The only incident worthy a pause to relate occurred on the second day of our stay. Pierre Laroche was a skeptic on most historical points. He has some doubts whether he ever had a mother, never having seen that parent. He denies absolutely the story of the Pass of Thermopylæ—considers it all nonsense of the poets. Pierre rode a horse down from Zeitun, and to prove that the morass was not such a barrier to the Persians as story hath it, he plunged in, vowing he would ride through it, and “show Xerxes how.” He came near going to have a personal interview with that distinguished monarch; for at the first leap his horse went in, and Pierre went over his head into the depths. We rescued him with difficulty—muddy, slimy, and, like a Frenchman, more skeptical than ever.

How delicious were those days of idle drifting down the Eubæan shore! We had little or no wind at all until we reached the southeastern point of the island; and then only



PLAIN OF MARATHON.

enough to take us, with all sail set, into the bay of Marathon.

The night was serene and calm and quiet when we ran along the battle-shore, and, letting go the sails, waited for the boat to lose her headway entirely before we let the anchor go.

“Hold on there, forward! Peter, how still it is! Did you ever *hear* such silence? There’s not a ripple on the sea, not a voice on the shore. I could not have been better satisfied than I am with this approach to Marathon.”

The mighty dead were calm, and rested in their tumuli along the plain. No ghost walked out to disturb the starlight. It was so calm and beautiful that no sooner had the anchor touched bottom than we sprang into the small boat and pushed shoreward.

The plain of Marathon and its story ought to be, if they are not, impressed on the mind of every intelligent reader:

“The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.”

No simpler or better description can be given. The hills retire from the coast, leaving the plain where Miltiades fought, and where the dust of his valiant men remains.

Over this plain, in a moony night, we strolled, like ghosts of the ancient dead, silent mostly, and very thoughtful. Once in a while we plunged into bog-holes—for such is the penalty of moonlight excursions at Marathon as well as in America; but we cared little for the bogs, and at last we reached the mound which, doubtless, covers the valiant who fell at the great battle.

Seated on its top, we looked over the plain and the sparkling sea. We recalled the scene on the memorable night which preceded the engagement. The Persian host formed along the shore; their fleet in the rear, where now the *Lotus* lay solitary on the glassy sea. The Athenian host, on the declivity of the mountains, with trembling but brave hearts, vowed before their Gods to break on the morrow the hitherto resistless advance of the Medes.



RELICS FROM MARATHON.

"I say, Pierre, which do you think was the greater general, Pelissier or Miltiades?"

"Maréchal Pelissier may go to—".

"Russia—eh, Pierre? They talk of sending him to Russia, don't they? What will you miserable Republicans do, Pierre Laroche, now that Cavaignac is gone?"

"If you had said Cavaignac or Miltiades—"

"You would have pronounced for the Frenchman, I suppose? Well, well; Miltiades didn't know what he was coming to when he was here that afternoon, when the sun fought for him. Think of fighting at Marathon for such glory as this, to have Pierre Laroche there dare to compare him with the beggarly candidate of the Faubourg San Antoine!"

"I didn't compare them at all. You did it yourself, and I—"

"Don't dispute me, Laroche. I say you did. Didn't he, Peter?"

And so John made the night ridiculous with nonsense, as we strolled back to the shore.

"Will you swim off, boys?"

"Yea, all but Pierre."

And so we dashed the water right and left, as we plunged in, and made our way off to the *Lotus*.

We lay at Marathon over the next day, and got away in the night with a stiff breeze blowing fair to take us to Athens.

All that night we were running along a rough line of coast, with high bluffs of rock rising a thousand feet in the air, and the waves dashing on them and flying off in sheets of foam. The sullen roar of the sea on those rocks appeared to be more deep and full of meaning even than the solemn voice of the sea usually is.

I lay all night on deck listening to their sound with my eyes fixed shoreward where, once in a while, there was a white, ghostlike flash of the surf that seemed to be of a verity a nymph rising white and cold from her old slumber, and falling again into the deep, when she saw that Greece was still sleeping the sullen, torpid sleep of these later ages.

Morning dawned and we awoke. It was a clear day and the wind still blew fresh. The

sea ran high. The *Lotus* went along with that graceful swing that seemed to be just what she was built for.

I rose at daybreak and looked at the shore. We were three miles off from the land, but now we were opening the bay of Egina, and the grand hill of Sunium stood before me, majestic in the sea, which thundered at its base. I gazed steadfastly at the lofty summit, and, as the light increased, I began to see more plainly the remains which crown it until, at length, every white column of the Temple of Minerva stood out in the light of the rising sun.

I know no more grand and majestic view than that—the lonely Temple of Pallas, in ruins, on the promontory of Sunium, and the hoarse sea forever dashing with loud murmurs at its base.

As we ran up the Gulf on the right we saw Hymettus, and soon Pentelicus, rising from the interior. The latter hill looks down on the plain of Athens.

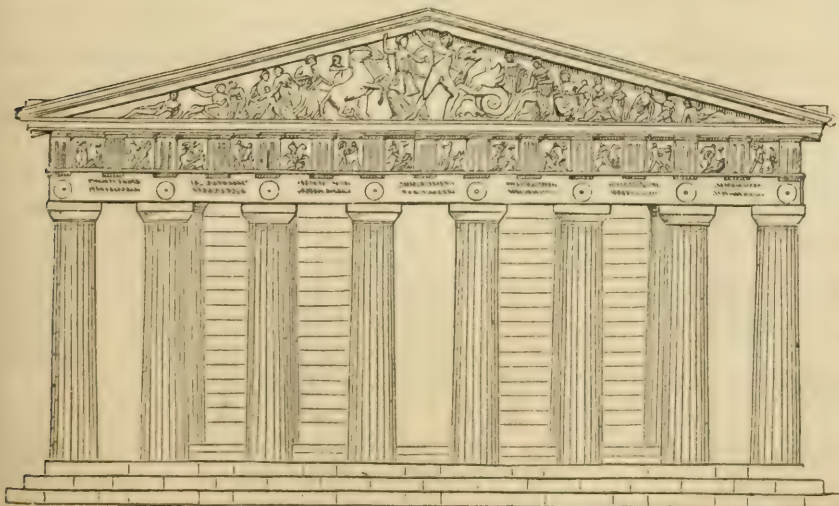
Before reaching the Piræus we ran along a low line of coast which stretches inland for some miles. This shore, grassy and sedgy, is raised but a few feet above the sea; and this is the level of the chief part of the city of Athens, which lay on the plain from five to seven miles distant.

Over this plain we saw the white summit of the Acropolis; distant indeed, but, with a glass, we could count the columns of the Parthenon. "John—that is the Parthenon." "Ay, Peter, I know it when I see it, as a boy knows the house in which he was born. Why, Peter, there isn't a stone of it that Morris Whaley, the old teacher of the Academy, hasn't beaten into me by dint of scolding and drubbing till I should know the Parthenon, if one of the Genii in the Arabian Nights had taken me up in New York and set me down on the Acropolis."

"Pleasant recollections and associations!"

"Yes, pleasant, though you laugh at them. There is Pierre Laroche now, miserable Gaul that he is (John dodged a bucket which Laroche shied at him)—Pierre, I say, has no idea of the pleasant associations which an American boy has with his school-days.

Morris Whaley kept school in a log-house long before the Academy was built, and there was a trout stream running by the very door, and the shadiest grove in all the world on the other side of the brook, and there was a room for the girls and a room for the boys, and all the day long there was fun and study, and study and fun, going on in that little log school-house. For Morris was a good soul, with none of the pedantry of some



FRONT ELEVATION OF THE PARTHENON.

teachers, and none of the stupidity of others. He had seen the Acropolis by dint of economy and third-class passages.

"You need not laugh at my recollections of Morris Whaley. Sit down, Peter; stretch your bones along the top of the hatchway, if you're too proud to lie on the deck as I do, and I'll tell you about Morris's death while the ship is making the Piræus."

So I sat down, and the others gathered around, and, as the boat cleaved her way through the classic waters, we listened to the story.

"Morris Whaley was growing old. He was, perhaps, sixty-five or seventy years old. No one knew exactly his age, and the old man was always quiet about it himself. He boarded with the minister, and the two used to make the evenings slip by pleasantly with talk and pipes.

"There was one little girl that went to the Academy whose blue eyes had won special admiration from the old master. Many a day I have seen him, when he seemed to be listening to the lesson she recited, in fact looking over the top of his book into those twin eyes of hers, and looking with a gaze that I could not interpret or understand. It was not as if he loved her, and yet there was a depth of tenderness in the gaze.

"But finally came the day when old Morris was to go out into the infinite mysteries of which he loved sometimes to talk. While he was sick we all watched around his bed, for all the boys loved him. One day, when I was alone with him, he said to me, in his broad, Irish accent, 'John, d'ye ever see Nellie Bliss nowadays?'

"Yes, Mr. Whaley, she was here a little while ago, to ask about you.'

"Was she though? The Lord bless her! I wish I had seen her. Do ye think, John, she'd be thinking it too much if you just asked her to step in a bit and see the ould man?'

"She was there that afternoon, and when I asked her she came in.

"Ah! Miss Nellie, ye're a blessed child, to think o' poor Morris Whaley. He gathers strength from seeing your face.'

"I wish it might make you strong enough to be well again, Mr. Whaley.'

"Na, na! I doun't mane strength for this wurd. It's strength for the lang journey—strength for the distances no man hath measured or counted. I'm goin' a far journey, Nellie—a far journey—and at the ither end I'll see some one who had eyes just like yours—just like yours; the same brown eyes.' And the old man sobbed.

"Nellie had taken his hand while he spoke, and now she said, softly, 'Who was she, Mr. Whaley?'

"She was my oun oun wife in the long ago years.'

"Were you ever married, Sir? I didn't know that.'

"Ye didn't? who did? She that was mine died, it's forty years since, and lies all that day

in the church-yard in Galway. Ah! Mary, Mary Bray, how the ould heart remembers ye!'

"That was my mother's name, Mr. Whaley.'

"For God's sake, child! who was your mother?' and he nearly sprang from his bed to seize her hands and look in her face. Well, it all came out that Nellie was his own grandchild, daughter of his runaway child that he hadn't seen for thirty odd years. But the shock was too much for the old man, and three days after he died. All the afternoon his mind wandered, and in the twilight he was quite beside himself. Very gentle, though, he was; and at one time he was saying, as if to his class, 'τύπτω, τύψω, τέτυφα:' and then he would commence '*Odi profanum vulgus*,' or the sonorous '*Arma virumque*,' or some other familiar school passages; and then, when the night was changing into dawn, and the uncertain light stole in at the window, through the branches of the pear-tree, the old man turned in his bed, and spoke in a low voice, 'John—'

"Ease off the main-sheet!'

"Well, he didn't say that exactly. You might be a little more polite, Mr. Thompson, than to interrupt me in that way. He said, 'John;' and I said, 'What is it, Mr. Whaley?' and he said, 'Is Nellie sleeping?' and I said she was; and so he—yes, Mr. Thompson's interruption was not so *mal-a-propos* either—he eased off the main-sheet, put up his helm, and slipped away before a soft south wind—away—away—ah! Peter, where away? Shall you and I ever see old Morris again?—ever sail our boat in seas that he is navigating?'

Mr. Thompson (the sailing-master) had waited the conclusion of John's story, and now thundered his orders.

"Ready theré, forward?'

"Ay, ay, Sir!'

"Hard down!'

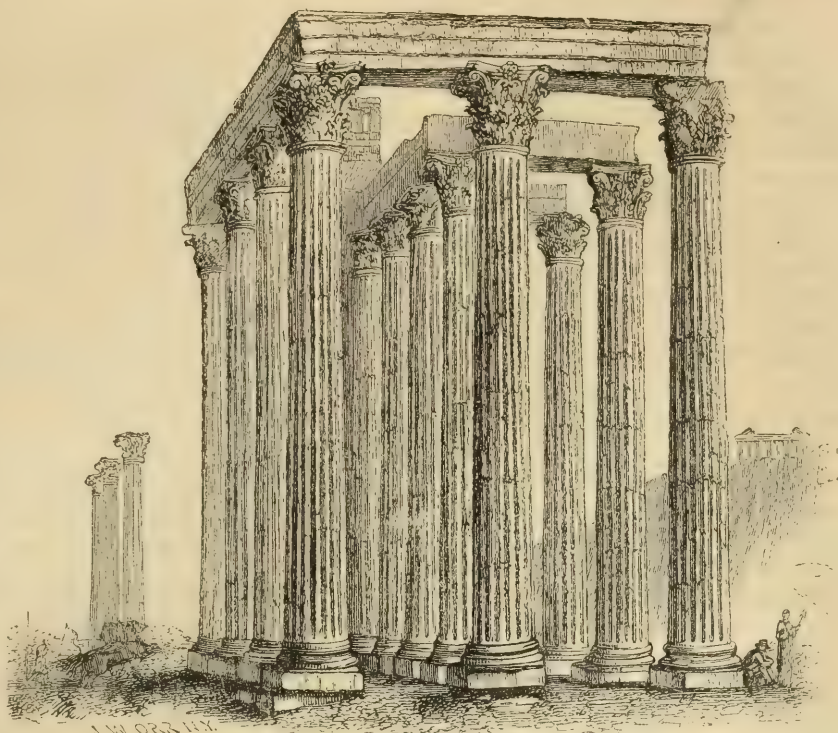
And so she came around with the breeze, which had been nearly abaft, now on the star-board beam; and we entered the narrow passage into the harbor of the Piræus, and let go an anchor under the side of the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, which was just getting up steam to leave on the voyage to Syra.

In ten minutes we were all ashore. Never were men more delighted to set foot on pavement. It was not that we had been long at sea, for we had been on land at a dozen places within three weeks; but we were anxious to see a civilized hotel, a comfortable room, and a good dinner. All these we found at Demetri's Hôtel des Etrangers, in the great City of Athens, whither we were conveyed from the Piræus in a New York barouche, drawn by two white horses that seemed to have been imported from a New York omnibus line, and over a road that certainly surpasses any thing American.

As we drove into Athens the sombre light of a cloudy evening scarcely sufficed to show us the white houses of the city, much less the dark Acropolis, crowned with the ruins of the temples of the Gods. Yet we caught their dim out-

lines as we dashed along the lighted streets, by shops of all modern goods and wares, until we turned a corner in front of the palace of King Otho; and, driving a little way to the westward, were deposited at the door of Demetri's house.

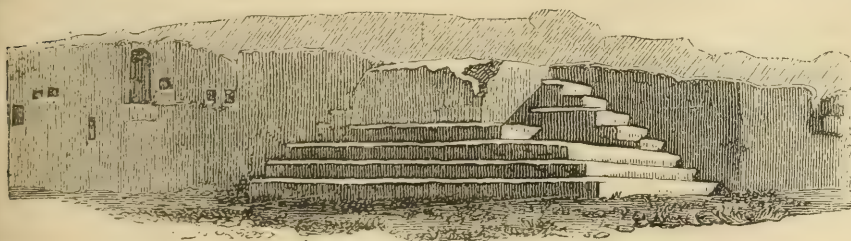
Fear not that I shall repeat to you the hundred times repeated story of Athens, or weary you with descriptions of the modern city or its ancient ruins. Three weeks the *Lotus* lay at her anchor in the Piræus harbor, and we were at anchor in the city of Minerva. Day after day we climbed the Acropolis, and dreamed in the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Temple of Victory which never flew from the hill. Day by day we walked along the bank of the Ilissus, and saw the ruins of the great Temple of Jupiter Olympus; or, driving down the banks of the Cephissus, we strolled in the olive groves where was once the Academy. Now we were in the



TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT ATHENS.

and sipping sour wine or lemonade. The Clock of Andronicus, or the Tower of the Winds, is surrounded by the dirtiest houses in the city. All that is old is miserably contrasted with the modern, and the Parthenon alone stands in solemn majesty far above the city, gloomy and

mournful in its sublime beauty. You have to get a ticket of admission to see it! Think of climbing the Acropolis, and presenting yourself at a shabby wooden door, to a soldier with a wooden leg and a wooden head, who takes your ticket



THE PNYX, THE ORATORS' STAND.

museum at the Temple of Theseus; now in a miserable hole where are preserved some plaster casts of the spoils which British Vandals carried away from the Acropolis, and called, with British taste, "the Elgin Marbles." Where were the Gods of Athens when the barbarians thus rebaptized the work of Phidias?

In no part of the Old World which travelers visit does the degeneracy of the modern times contrast so forcibly with the relics of the ancient day as in Athens. The magnificent remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus are surrounded by modern Greeks, eating cakes

of admission, and hobbles after you around the summit of that world-renowned hill, watching lest you steal a statue by Phidias, or carry off one of the Caryatides of the Erechtheum.

They have become amazingly careful of their ruins since the English stole the frieze of the



FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

Parthenon; and well they may be. If they let the British Museum people alone, they would take the Acropolis; for with all our celebrity as a nation for thinking much of ourselves, we are far from equaling Mr. Bull in the matter of egotism. A genuine Englishman, thoroughly imbued with the "spirit of British institutions," has a firm conviction that art flourishes only on his little island, and that all discoveries and recoveries of ancient art are solely for the benefit of the Museum in London.

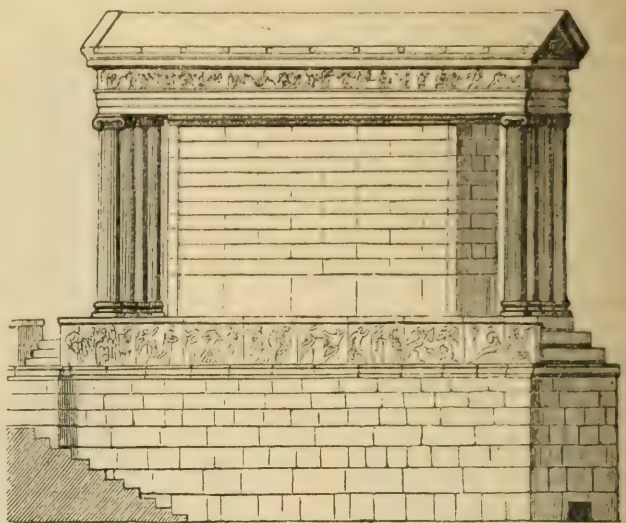
Some specimens of poor modern taste are here visible; the attempted restoration of portions of the Erechtheum, and of the Temple of Nike Arterios. The effect is bad. The restorations are sufficiently well done; but the traveler, thinking to sit down and look at the remains of old glory, finds old glory patched up with modern care, so that he is at a loss to know what he is looking at—whether the work of Ictinus and Calliades, or of Messrs. Jones and Smith; whether the stone was carved in the days of Pericles or of Otho.

But one may be content with what there is of old Athens; and if he like not the city, he may mount his horse and ride out to Pentelicus, and climb its rugged side. There, sitting down, he may sweep with his vision the land and the sea where the bravest men have lived, the bravest deeds have been done; where valor, and honor, and glory have been more faithfully worshiped than on any other part of earth.

"The heroic lay is tuneless now;
The heroic bosom beats no more!"

"Peter, that was a pretty girl that we met in the street this morning—wasn't she?"

"Very."



TEMPLE OF WINGLESS VICTORY.

"You are short in your assent?"

"Because I have my suspicions about the girl."

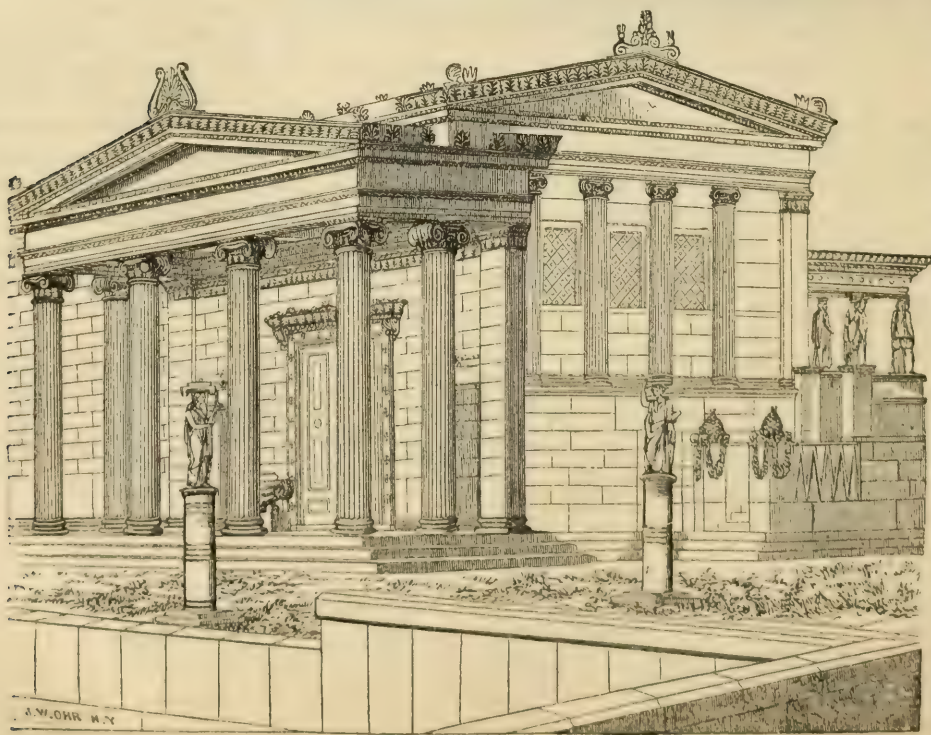
"Nonsense! She was a young peasant from Hymettus."

"A bee with a sting, oh wise Yankee! Beware of her!"

We had seen this same girl twice. She was certainly remarkably beautiful. Her complexion was milk and roses admirably mingled. Her eye was liquid, black, but fiery. She had a little round arm of her own that she showed coquettishly, as if she knew that it was pretty; and a foot of the daintiest for a Greek girl, when she let the slipper fall off, as she did just before we met her the second time. Nevertheless I had not liked her looks overmuch; very beautiful she was, but very dangerous, I thought.

Four or five days in succession we met her, and John had established a sort of acquaintance with her, which had not yet proceeded so far as to words. But he at length attempted a Greek good-morning, and she answered in quite respectable French. John retorted—she replied—and so on.

I can not pause to relate the progress of the acquaintance, but John now became convinced that I was right; and with that peculiar love of adventure which characterizes so many of our countrymen, he



THE ERECHTHEUM RESTORED.

determined to see the adventure out. We had heard of the bandits who infest King Otho's dominions, and had no doubt that the girl was a lure from some of them.

Possibly you may think such an adventure not worth the relating. I am not quite certain that it does amount to much when one remembers how often the same sort of decoy-ducks are used in New York to draw men into the hands of ruffians. But a fight with Greek bandits on the plain of Athens is a little classical, and not altogether like a Five Point row in New York.

We arranged our plans with due care. Laroche took the idea with delight, and Hall, the Englishman, joined us willingly. Our arms were abundant; but we relied chiefly on leaded gloves, which were prepared by an ingenious Frenchman at the Piræus, under John's direction. When all was ready, John accepted an invitation from the little siren (the sirens were Greeks, weren't they?), and agreed to meet her at a place we had fixed on outside the city, and not very far in the rear of King Otho's palace.

Which muse shall I call on to help me in the song of our victory?

John met the lady, and the lady chatted and walked on, and John walked on, and we walked on—but out of sight, by reason of sundry olive groves, and gardens, and the like, which we judiciously kept between us and the enemy.

Three lounging, lazy-looking Greeks followed them slowly, until three more met them; and then—and then—

John struck a blow that sent one of them to Charon, begging a passage in haste. He never moved after he fell. The blow was fierce and crushing, on the very forehead, where Acestes struck the bull; and he fell even so. At the same instant we three leaped into the road, and the five were at bay. The victory was complete in thirty seconds. John, by-the-way, kept his eye on the girl, whom he considered his lawful prize. He knocked down a second of the robbers; and then, seeing the rest of them safe in our hands, he sprang after the escaping decoy, and stopped her with a trip of her little feet that sent her flying most ungracefully into the grass on the road-side.

We had then three living and one dead man and the girl. The others escaped.

It is not to be supposed that all this was done without an attempt on the part of the robbers to use their weapons. They drew enormous knives at the first; and Pierre Laroche quieted the ardor of his opponent with a pistol-ball through his right shoulder. I floored my adversary with the knuckles, and he lost his knife as he fell. When he got up he dashed after it, and I tripped him. That was the last of him; for he went into a mud-hole that cooled him off, and while I was disposing of another he ran. It was, on the whole, a pretty fight. I wish I could describe it more artistically.

We afterward learned what a risk we had run. The scoundrels usually attack in bands of twenty at the least. But we were fortunate

in our experience, and for a while we were the talk of the town. It is something, at all events, to be talked of in Athens.

Alas, that Greek bravery and patriotism is descended to this! A miserable people, with a hireling for a king and a mockery of nationality, it is not to be wondered at that there remains no drop of such blood as was poured out at Marathon and Thermopylæ.

While we remained at Athens a party arrived from Italy and took rooms at the Hotel des Etrangers. They were two gentlemen and four ladies—one of the ladies and her husband English, the other, an American family, father, mother, and two daughters. They were a pleasant addition to our party in the hotel, and we soon made some pleasant excursions together around the city. At last we proposed to them to make a voyage along the coast with us in the *Lotus*, and, to our delight, they accepted the invitation. It was not difficult to arrange the cabins for their use, and our room was ample, if we chose to crowd ourselves a little.

What a glorious day was that when we dashed up the straits of Salamis and stood on deck, all together, to discuss the locality of the greatest of sea battles! We had left Laroche in the city, and he was to drive across by the Pass of Daphne, and join us in the bay, where we would pick him up. We beat slowly up the strait, now standing over to the island of Salamis, now to the main, where Xerxes sat and saw his armies scattered to the wind. The wind hauled at noon so as to give us a fuller sail, and we went up into the bay of Eleusis, where we coasted along the eastern shore until we saw Laroche waving his hat demonstratively.

We sent the small boat for him. He was under charge of the police. It appears that the defile of Daphne is considered dangerous, and the armed police attend travelers who pass through it. They let him off without hindrance, and we then kept away for Eleusis, which lies on the northwest side of the bay. The King has made a splendid road from Athens to the city of ancient mysteries, where corn was first sown and Ceres held sway; but Eleusis is a ruin now. Only the pieces of an aqueduct, and the remains of temples and theatres, attest its old grandeur.

The next day we went out, as we came into the bay, by the straits of Salamis, and rattled across the Saronic Gulf to Calamachi on the eastern shore of the Corinthian Isthmus. We were four hours from Salamis to our anchorage, which we considered pretty fair time. It was nearly dark when we arrived, but we had time to look up some horses and an omnibus to carry us over to Corinth, and then we had a merry evening on deck and slept to the music of the Grecian sea.

What shall I say to you of Corinth? The voice of the Apostle rings in the moonlight nights along the lonesome sides of the Acropolis; so that the wanderer can hear it, and, hearing, can remember that this was once the greatest city



PLAIN AND HILL OF CORINTH.

of Greece—once the home of art, the seat of the Isthmian games, the residence of luxury and splendor, which is now, alas! the most desolate and mournful of Grecian cities.

The Acropolis looked to the Acropolis at Athens. The worshiper of Minerva at Corinth had but to climb the hill and kneel with face to the north and east, and he could see the sunlight on the white columns of the Parthenon.

The Acrocorinthus is now occupied by a Greek fortress, one of the best in Greece—which is not saying much for it—and the village at the foot, where once stood the luxurious palaces of the city of the Isthmus, is inhabited by a degenerate race, scarcely fit to be named as the descendants of those who fought with Lysander.

We had ridden across the country two hours, from the fort at Calamachi to the foot of the hill of Corinth. Then for two hours more we wandered about the plain seeking ruins and finding almost none. For but little is left here. There are remains of an amphitheatre, and of a temple—a fine row of old columns, but nothing more. The lofty hill, the fields of ripening grain, these are all that remain.

"Many a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth, yet she stands
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands!
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side."

One might possibly avoid quoting Byron in Greece if it were not for the guide-books. But they quote no one else, and furnish the noble poet's verses always precisely to one's hand.

The tone in which Miss ——— recited these lines would have been inimitable. They were impressive, and most of us were looking at the red lips of the fair speaker as they came out musically, when Pierre Laroche interrupted her.

"Ah that is very pretty, very pretty! I

have just been reading them in the Red book, which you call Murray;" and a general shout of laughter spoiled the effect of the fair lady's quotation.

We dined gloriously on the *Lotus*. Jackson had been on shore all the morning, and found the market of Calamachi worth his labor. He had not far to look, since one miserable hut contained pretty much all the trading facilities of the port. But the people

brought him fowls and vegetables, and we "dashed down" the dinner with a little very fair "Samian wine," while the *Lotus* went rolling gracefully on the long swell of the sea down the coast of the Peloponnesus.

THE AMERICAN DEER: ITS HABITS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

BY T. B. THORPE.

NO animal, native to our continent, is better known or more generally appreciated than the common deer. His form is exquisitely beautiful, his habits simple and delicate, and, as game affording employment for the hunter, and amusement for the sportsman, he is of all other animals the most universally popular. The deer tribe is diffused entirely over the continent, and in the extremes of north and south varies but very little in its general appearance; for the largest found in the swamp regions of the Lower Mississippi and the best specimens of Upper Canada will average about the same size. Their general appearance varies, however, in particular localities; and the experienced hunter will tell, by looking at the carcass, the kind of country "in which it has run." A deer living habitually in the highlands never attains the magnificent proportions of one occupying a low, wet region. This is because of the greater abundance and more nutritious character of the vegetation. As a general thing, whether in Maine or Florida, a deer that weighs two hundred pounds is considered of a large size; but they have reached, or weighed, two hundred and fifty, and even three hundred pounds.

In summer the animal is of a deep red color, and unfit for food. In winter he changes to a grayish blue, and is then in perfection. From the fact of this diversity of appearance Buffon was led astray by his correspondents, and was induced to say that there were two species of American deer, designated by the changes in color, which regularly take place in the same

animal. If any exceptions occur to the colors named, they may be looked upon as unnatural. There was found once in Louisiana a pet deer pure white, marked with red spots. Also in the same region a pure white buck was often seen and pursued, but we are not aware that it was ever killed; while, quite recently, a buck and doe, perfectly white, were caught in the Rocky Mountains, and afterward exhibited in some of our Western cities.

A general peculiarity of the deer species is, that, with rare exceptions, they renew their horns annually. The American deer usually sheds his antlers in the months of May and June. At these times the bucks have been met with one antler gone, and shaking their heads discontentedly, as the weather grows warm and the blood increases in the rapidity of its circulation. At this time also the doe drops her young, and both male and female may be said to have retired for the time being from strife, the buck burying himself in the deep fastnesses of the woods, and the doe, by a beautiful arrangement of nature, protected for a while from the pursuit of the hounds by giving out no scent, thus being left in comparative peace to foster its helpless young.

The place of separation of the old horn from the head at first is very tender, but the spot is soon covered by a membrane and is prepared for the new growth. The determination of the blood to the head, which preceded the displacement of the old antlers, seems suddenly to increase, and becomes more intense in proportion to the demand for the enormous secretions required for the new growth. The budding horn first makes its appearance in a soft pulpy mass, protected by a velvety covering; the development goes rapidly on, the increase of every few hours being clearly perceptible. Those who have had an opportunity of grasping these incipient weapons of defense realize a startling idea of the animal heat required by nature to forge them, for they throb, and glow, and swell—the very incarnation of reproducing life. The antlers are, finally, complete, and the buck is said to have a velvety head. The external surface now rapidly hardens, compresses the blood-vessels, and obstructs the circulation, and suddenly the whole of the once sensitive integuments lose their vitality, leaving a perfectly formed insensible weapon.

The buck, who up to this moment has sought the deepest recesses of the forests, and avoided all collision with his rivals and stinging insects, now comes forth and confidently prepares for future action. The velvety covering has performed its office, and now only mars the beauty of the growth beneath. That the weapons may be polished the buck commences rubbing them against the surrounding trees; the “peels” are thus torn off, and are often seen dangling to the bark and lacerated limbs. At last the new horn is left naked and *burnished*, and the animal stands perfect before you in all his pride of strength. It is now a charming sight to be-

hold him at early morn snuff the fresh air, look around with the mien of a monarch, and then, in the mere wantonness of his strength, dig his horns into the green turf and shake the uprooted grass and disturbed earth over his glossy sides. As the season advances he will spring at the lower boughs of the trees and entangle his antlers in the meshes of thrifty vines, or loaded oaken boughs, shaking the rich grapes or budding acorns plentifully at his feet. The size of the horn and the number of its prongs or antlers, are not necessarily indications of the size and age of the animal, although such is the common tradition. A yearling buck has one straight prong, and is termed a “spike buck;” but after he is three or four years old, or rather “aged,” the horns cease to be peculiar. The largest buck we ever saw, and apparently the most venerable among the patriarchs, had medium-sized horns, the branches consisting but of five antlers. The age of the deer is very nearly ascertained by an examination of the teeth, and, in addition to this, by the presence or absence of gray hairs about the forehead.

In this connection it may be well to repeat the often uttered question, What becomes of the deer's horns? for whether kept in parks or running wild in the woods there is a sort of mystery about the disappearance of these sturdy appendages. The head ornaments of the moose and the elk, equally with all the species, are rarely found in their most frequented haunts. After long exposure the substance of a deer's horn becomes very light and friable; and, when in that state, it is reported, on authority that appears reliable, that the deer and other animals greedily chew them up, as a corrective to acidity of the stomach—as cows may sometimes be seen picking out withered bones and chewing them vigorously, probably for the same purpose. If this theory be true, it will account in part for the singular mystery that attends the shedding of these horns. That wild animals have instincts thus to act is inferable from the fact that, when from age about to die, they retire to some lone place, some dark fastness or deep cave, where alone their bones are ever found.

Some years ago a man was looking for “strayed cattle” in a forest in Victoria Province, Canada West. While thus engaged, his attention was attracted by some curious shoots from the stump of a beech-tree. Upon examination he was surprised to find that they were the protruding antlers of a deer's horn, the body of which was embedded in the centre of the tree's trunk. It is probable that some forester had made a commencement at cutting down the tree, and left his work unfinished, when the horn was inserted and finally caught in the new wood which nature provided to fill up the gaping wound inflicted by the axe.

Independent of the fact that the deer annually sheds its horns, it has another peculiarity most worthy of notice. Upon examination there will be found, just above the hoof on the



A NORTHERN DEER HUNT.

hind leg, a spot sometimes scarcely noticeable in the fawn, but in old bucks very observable. This insertion seems to be the seat of the secretion which scents the air, and enables the hound to follow so certainly on the deer's track. In some old bucks we have found the depository evincing remarkable activity, and emitting, even to our senses, a strong, but not absolutely unpleasant odor. When the buck is in "the velvet," and the doe is with young by its side, these secretory organs become inactive, and thus they escape for the time being from their numerous enemies. But for this merciful provision of nature the species would become extinct.

The deer, though proverbially considered a harmless animal, is not without powerful means

of defense, to which, in part, must be ascribed its preservation. Its frame is one of the most perfect that can be conceived, one of the most beautiful mechanical constructions under the sun—a sublime combination of bone, muscle, sinew, elastic cartilage, and springy hoof, which jointly in action produce a rapidity of motion superior to many quick-flying birds. For the hunting-whip there is no handsomer handle than the fore foot and bone of the fawn; and, independent of its genial feeling in the hand, the marvelous beauty of its structure gives pleasure by its appearance. Independent of the speed of the deer, the male is armed by a "brow of bayonets," which gives majesty to its appearance, and when considered in connection with the powerful hind-quarters of the animal,

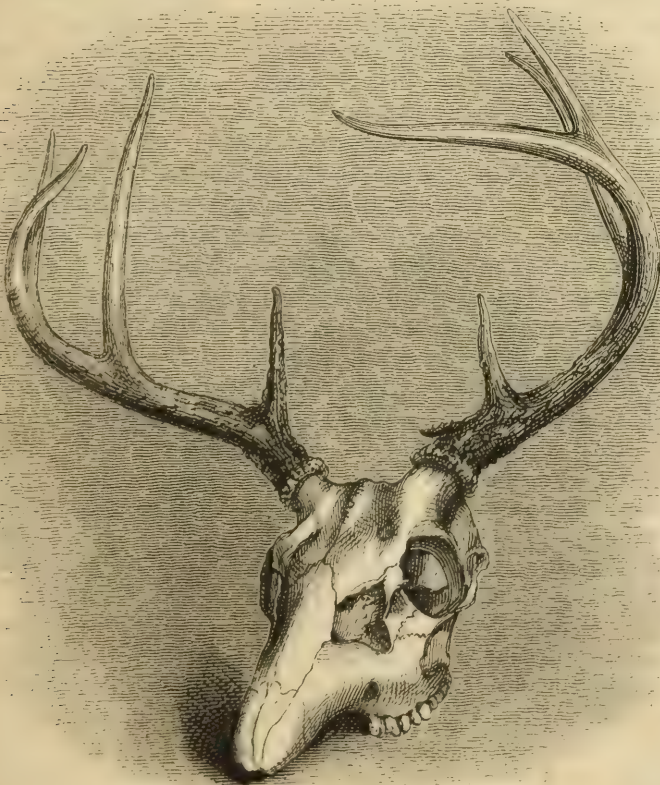
ever ready to drive them home with telling force, they become formidable weapons of defense, and no ordinary antagonist can withstand a fair blow from their many points. Although among themselves they are exceedingly playful, still they are not unconscious of their power to do injury, and are not disposed to pass by an opportunity to make the effort. For hours a herd of deer will feed quietly together, when suddenly a joust will commence between two rivals that will fill the whole herd with excitement—the does suspending their eating, the unoccupied bucks regarding the battle with professional gravity. The challenges of aspiring braves are very curious, and full of etiquette. There is no rushing together with unceremonious haste. They come side by side, affecting an unconsciousness of each other's presence, looking around and beyond, yet evidently, in spite of appearances, eying each other. While thus engaged, one suddenly presumes his opponent is off his guard, when he "pitches in," only to find his intended blow scientifically caught upon the horns of his antagonist. Rare, indeed, would it be to find a buck assaulted when off his guard. Sometimes these woodland duels consume the day, until the combatants sink exhausted on the broken turf; not unfrequently, when the opposing antlers are large and the battle fierce, they will lock together, and thus fasten the duelists in fatal contact. When this is the case, they oppose each other by pushing until one or the other falls; a hopeless struggle to separate then ensues, and the poor creatures recover their wind and strength only to realize that a lingering death is to close their career.

Some buzzards, on one occasion, wheeling over our heads, directed our attention to a dark spot in the forest, upon visiting which we found occupied by the dead and greatly decayed bodies of two once proud monarchs of the forest, who had thus fallen in their struggle for ascendancy.

Nor does the buck always confine himself to attacks upon his own species; many incidents are related where they have lost their fear of man, and without hesitation boldly commenced the battle. In the year 1808 the Earl who then held the title of Berkeley was walking with his little son in one of his parks, when he was set upon by an American deer which he kept as a curiosity. The Earl seized the horns of the animal with both hands, bravely holding on after he was thrown down and rudely trampled upon by the furious beast. In this critical condition he called out to his child not to be alarmed, but to take from his (the father's) pocket a knife, and stab the deer, or, if he could, cut his throat. The boy obeyed, reached his parent's pocket, found the knife, and went to work upon the throat of the animal. The noble boy's courage, however, was greater than his strength, and he could not cut the animal's windpipe; nevertheless, he quailed not, but dealt the brutal assailant of his father so many stabs that, weakened with the loss of blood, the deer was fain to make the best of its way back to its deep wood haunts, just as the Earl was all but exhausted.

It is traditionary that the deer species are long lived. Hesiod was so impressed with this idea that he suggests they reached the age of many centuries, and the reason of this was supposed

to be dependent on the fact that they have no gall. This singular phenomenon was noticed by Aristotle, Pliny, and later writers, although it has recently been revived as the result of the observation of many of our Western hunters. To test the truth of this peculiarity in the group, Professor Owen extended his examination so far as to include a giraffe, and most singularly, by some freak of nature, it had two gall bladders; and it has been very properly observed that if he had continued his investigations no farther, this singular animal would have been credited with what would seem to be an unnatural amount of "bitterness." But subsequent experiments developed the fact that the giraffe, in its natural formation, was destitute of the gall. The deer, however, is not long lived—it shows symptoms of decay when ten years old—and we presume one that had reached the age of



SKULL AND ANTLERS OF DEER.

twenty would be justly considered a Methuselah of his kind.

If the deer does not reach a great age, its tenacity of life, while in its prime, is most remarkable; but perhaps it forms no exception to the general rule, that all animals, in high health, and possessed naturally of a superior organization, often "die hard." Man, of all created beings, shows the most tenacity; examples being recorded of the human frame surviving wounds, and maintaining life beyond what can be found exemplified in any other warm-blooded creature.

We have known a deer to keep its position in front of a fleet pack of hounds for near a mile, running all the while with its fore legs broken below the knee. A stag was killed in the year 1686 by Dorothea, the Electress of Brandenburg, and her attendants, that seemed for a while to have "a charmed life;" for every new wound, however severe, seemed only to inspire it with renewed power to elude its pursuers. Among other wounds inflicted a long time before it was pulled down by the hounds, was that resulting from a ball through the posterior part of the heart, through the middle of the right and a portion of the left ventricle; the wound was sufficiently large to admit a finger, and the fleshy fibres of the surrounding parts were much lacerated and contused.

A more remarkable case of vitality came under our own observation. Some years ago a friend residing in Concordia parish, Louisiana, after a very prolonged hunt, killed a fine old buck. After it was dressed according to custom, the negro boy in attendance proceeded to cut up the lights, liver, and heart, to divide them among the hounds. The boy met with his usual success until he came to the heart, which, when cut through to the interior, resisted the edge of his sharp knife. Our friend, who was a skillful physician as well as spirited hunter, had his attention attracted by the circumstance, and upon a critical examination, to his surprise he discovered that a rifle-ball had passed entirely through the heart, and that the orifice thus made was filled up with a cartilaginous substance very nearly resembling bone. It was evident that the animal had been at some previous season thus severely wounded, but escaping pursuit, had gradually recovered its health, for when killed no deer could have been in better condition.

A case not less extraordinary is reported by a physician living in Virginia. Like our friend just alluded to, he was fond of the chase, and on one occasion had the good fortune to kill a buck that was remarkable for his fine condition. In opening the animal the wonderful discovery was made that, at some time in the animal's history, an elder stalk had entirely transfixed his heart: on examination it was evident that the stalk had been thus embedded for a great length of time. The wounds which it had made in its ingress were perfectly healed, and no trace of inflammation was dis-

cernible, nor was there any sign of disease in the substance of the heart through which the stalk penetrated. Nature had kindly and effectually cured the wound, and preserved the life of the gallant buck that he might die by the hands of the doctor, *secundum artem*.

The circumstances connected with the death of "Bill Poole" rendered the event notorious, but when the post-mortem examination of the body displayed the fact, that he had lived eleven days with a pistol bullet embedded between the ventricles of his heart, additional notoriety was given to the circumstance. The popular idea that a wound in the heart was necessarily immediately fatal was exploded, and we find that men in a high condition of health are quite as full of vitality as are animals subjected to the chase. On the 21st of December, 1835, at Cincinnati, Ohio, a man by the name of Maguire was shot in the chest by a ball weighing seventy-four to the pound. He lived in spite of the perforation of his lung five days, and when dead, the physician discovered that his heart had been perforated by the ball, and the wound had begun to heal. In all probability but for the injury to the lung he might have recovered. A similar case, but perhaps more extraordinary, is related of a negro of McNairy County, Tennessee, who was wounded in the chest by a load of shot. He was doctored entirely for the relief of inflammation of the lungs, no indications appearing that the heart was diseased. Up to the sixty-seventh day of his confinement he improved in health, and finally died by an over-indulgence of his appetite. In tracing the course of his wounds after death, the physicians were astonished at finding three shot in the bottom of the ventricle, and two shot in the bottom of the auricle of the heart. The wounds made in the substance of the organ were all firmly healed, and the internal surface of the cavities, in which the shot were found, betrayed no sign of having suffered in any way from the presence of the shot.

The poets have created much sympathy for the deer by representing that, when torn down by the dogs, they have been known to weep. Somerville, Thomson, and even deer-stalking Will of Stratford, have alluded to their tears. This idea would naturally be suggested by a merely superficial examination of a deer's face, from the fact that there is an indentation under the corner of the eye peculiar to this animal, that gives the idea, in connection with its mild blue eyes, of melancholy, helped out, no doubt, by the fact that the inner lining of this depression is of a dark color, as if caused by the markings of continual drops of water from the eye. There is no reasonable authority to say the deer sheds tears; the physical representation that leads to such an idea is an evidence of the beauty and variety of Nature's handiwork, for it has thus made the deer species additionally charming, and separated its physiognomy from more destructive animals. Upon dissecting a deer's head the cavities alluded to are found



A HAPPY FAMILY.

to reach up into the jaw-bone. As the deer breathes through his mouth, these contrivances may be vents to add to respiration, and also to give more intense perception to the olfactory nerve—an addition not accorded to any other species.

The food of the deer consists of grasses, mosses, and weeds. They also browse on the tender buds of almost all kinds of shrubs and trees; but deer will destroy, seemingly without discrimination, every thing that is to be found in a well-stocked garden. They are also passionately fond of "mast," which term includes the whole acorn family. In the seasons when the mast is abundant the deer, as well as all other wild animals consuming vegetable food, become very fat.

In the northern parts of our continent the deer live for months, sometimes, on hemlock leaves, and so impregnated does their flesh become with the pungent odor that it is entirely worthless for food. At times these poor animals suffer immensely from starvation, and this is particularly the case when the snow is so deep that the creatures can not dig down to the surface of the earth and obtain some sustenance from the roots of grasses and herbs. In the year 1835 a gentleman, traveling in the vicinity of Lake George, came into a hemlock forest, which was full of different wild animals that had sought its protection against the unusual

prevailing cold. Here, among other things, he discovered a "deer yard," in which were huddled together nearly a hundred and fifty deer, who stood with their heads all turned out from the centre, to anticipate any outside attack. The deer had, by constant trampling, made an inclosure in the snow with walls over four feet high. Inside of this they had remained until nearly famished, many being so weak that they could not stand. Sixty of the most vigorous were taken out without their making any serious resistance, and placed in a large barn, where they soon recovered upon a diet of excellent hay. In the vicinity there were several small yards. So long had these creatures lived upon the aromatic leaves of the hemlock that their flesh was as pungent as the leaves themselves.

The favorite haunts of the deer are where they can find some matted thicket in which to hide, places they select with remarkable sagacity to secure seclusion. When their antlers are in velvet they then occasionally seek the sunny side of a hill, in the expressive language of the hunters, "to dry their horns."

The deer is a great bather, and a luxurious one. He chooses a shallow place with a hard bottom, and first scraping away any pebbles or other rough projections that may be distributed under his feet, he lies down with the air of a creature that is about to be comfortable and

knows how to enjoy it. After resting a while, that the water may quietly soak through his thick coating of hair and cool his sensitive skin, he rolls from side to side, occasionally rising partially out of the water, and shaking himself as will a Newfoundland dog. These traits suggest habits common to the deer, north and south; but in the swamps of Louisiana and the neighboring States the deer, at nightfall, seek the protection of the water against the attack of the poisonous mosquito, and will for hours remain entirely buried under the surface, with nothing visible but his sharp nostril, over which is continually buzzing a cloud of rapacious insects, which, the moment they attempt their bloody work, are disappointed, by the sinking of the nostril under the water. At this game of attack and defense will deer and mosquito indulge all night.

The scent of the species is very powerful, while the sight, on the contrary, is quite imperfect. A chamois, when dashing down the mountains, will suddenly stop, as if struck by a thunder-bolt, some yards from the spot where recent human footprints are visible in the snow, and turning, scared, away, will rush in an opposite direction. The very taint in the air is recognized long after the hunter is passed. The common deer will often approach within a few yards of a human being without perceiving him; but directly a change of position brings the scent upon the wind the animal will be off like a shot. In localities where they are not much hunted they do not fly at the approach of man, but, like all game, crouch in the long grass or underwood, endeavoring to conceal themselves, lying with their heads erect, their ears pressed flat on their necks, their eyes keenly watching the movements of the intruder, ready, on the instant, to spring to their feet. The Indians sometimes disguise themselves in the entire skin of the deer, imitating, at the same time, its cries and gait, and in this way often destroy many, provided the keen scent of the animal, which can not be deceived, does not take the alarm.

Of all animals known the deer is the most easily domesticated—a fact which seems exceedingly strange when we take its natural timidity and wildness into consideration. Persons who can imitate the bleat of the fawn often bring the doe within gunshot, though it is certainly a cruel thing to shoot the poor creature whose maternal affections have thus overcome its fear. It is not an extraordinary thing for the hunter to be obliged to push the doe off with the muzzle of his gun when he has accidentally captured its young. Upon seizing a fawn it will, for a few moments, struggle and bleat terribly; but when you set it down its contact with humanity seems to have changed its nature, for, like an affectionate spaniel, it will follow you home, *and never requires further domestication.*

When the doe goes out to feed she hides her fawn away, with maternal solicitude and consummate judgment. She will, by some power

known to herself, cause the young one to lie down in the thicket, and there remain until she returns. Nature has made these little creatures not only very strong and active, but has kindly mottled up its skin so that it is less distinguishable among surrounding natural objects than it would otherwise be. When very young they are red, with white spots on their sides like little stars; these spots disappear when they advance toward maturity, and entirely disappear when they assume their blue coat in the autumnal season.

A gentleman of our acquaintance was on a hunt when a doe was shot (a most cruel murder!), and, perceiving that it was with fawn, he stooped down, and, with his knife, brought the tiny thing into the world. The little animal, thus "untimely ripped" from the body of its dead mother, ultimately gained its feet, and, to the surprise of all who witnessed it, followed the party home. We afterward saw the animal in the full pride of a majestic head of horns.

It is not uncommon, in riding among the plantations of the South, to see a deer bound over the high Virginia fences into the road, stop and gaze upon your intrusive presence, and then frisking its tail, gambol along in sight, and suddenly disappear behind some Cherokee hedge. You know this to be a domesticated deer, not only from its sociability, but also from the little bell it wears upon its neck to protect it from the weapon of the hunter, who might otherwise be deceived, when met with in remote parts of the plantation where it was domiciliated. These domesticated deer shed a beauty over the lawn, and afford infinite amusement when the hound puppies about the yard open at full cry and "give it a brush." The old dogs take no notice of these household pets, but seem to know them as well as any other prominent member of the family.

Mrs. Kenzie, in her "Early Day of the Northwest," relates that, as a token of gratitude from an Indian woman for some trivial favor bestowed, she received a fawn, which pleased her much by its soft blue eyes and dappled coat, and having often heard of the simile, "as wild as a fawn," she was greatly surprised to witness how soon it became tamed. Wherever the lady went "Fan" was sure to follow, showing all the familiarity and affection of a spaniel. On one occasion the pet made her way to a shelf of the dresser, endeavoring apparently to find a comfortable place to lie down among the plates and dishes. Upon examination it became evident that it was the protecting projection of the shelf the animal was after, as it always sought the shade of a chair or something else approaching an "umbrageous bower." The hint, or rather the instinctive feeling of the animal, being understood, at the usual hour of the morning when the gentle creature took her nap, a large green parasol was opened and set on the matting in the corner of the room. Fan was then called, when she would come and instantly nestle under the "genial shade," and fall asleep.



FIRE-HUNTING.

There are three methods practiced by American hunters in killing deer, designated in general terms as "Fire-hunting," "Still-hunting," and "Driving." Fire-hunting is considered the least legitimate, and is seldom resorted to by the conscientious sportsman, except when game is very scarce, and consequently, from being much hunted, rendered too shy to approach in daylight. Two persons are necessary for successful fire-hunting, one to carry and attend to the torch, and one to bear the gun. The hunters are generally accompanied by a cur dog, one that is well trained and will not "open" on the trail.

The dog has a little bell suspended to his neck, the tongue of which is stuffed around with cotton that it may emit no sound until the proper time for action. If the weather is favorable, it must be a still, misty, dark night after a rain, which renders the fallen leaves so moist that they will make no noise under the feet of the hunter. A person of much experience can generally distinguish between the eyes of a deer and those of other animals when "shined" by a torch; first, by their brilliancy; secondly, by their unusual size; and, thirdly, by their great distance apart compared with other animals.

A colt's eyes approach the nearest in appearance, but they are dim. The deer also gazes at the light with great steadiness and intensity, while the bear and wolf are constantly moving theirs about, being of a more fretful and fiery disposition. The deer, fascinated as it was by the illumination, remains motionless, giving the hunter ample opportunity to approach within gunshot. If a hunter once loses the "eyes" after they have been "shined," he is satisfied that the creature is alarmed and is moving off, and he embraces the first favorable opportunity to fire. As a general thing, if the shot is at all successful, the victim falls, and is at once secured; but if mortally wounded, and yet possessed of strength enough to make an effort to escape, the "track-dog" is unloosed from the cord that has fastened him to his master, the cotton is removed from the tongue of the bell, and he follows in pursuit, the hunter for his course being entirely guided by the tinkling of the bell. If no dog is employed, and the deer runs off, the spot is carefully marked, and the hunter returns home and waits until daybreak to secure the reward of his midnight labor. It is related that Daniel Boone, while fire-hunting, "shined" a pair of mild blue eyes which struck him as not belonging to the game he was seeking to destroy. He lowered his rifle, and made farther examination, when, to his surprise, he discovered a young girl, who, with himself, was equally astonished at the adventure. Boone expressed the most eloquent gratitude that he had not fired his weapon, and waited upon the woodland nymph to her home hard by; in time

the damsel became the wife of this most famous of backwoodsmen.

We knew a gentleman who indulged in this rather questionable amusement, who saw what he believed to be the glare of a deer's eyes, and fired. His astonishment can be faintly imagined when he discovered by the yelp that followed that he had shot his "track dog" in the head, and at the instant when the animal was firmly held between the knees of a negro to keep him from too suddenly springing after any game that might be shot. Dr. H. J. Peck, of Louisiana—a most accomplished hunter and writer—speaks of a neighbor of his, who went on a fire-hunting excursion, and having discovered the eye of a deer, dismounted, and, with his companion, fastened their horses to a limb of a tree and advanced toward the deer. After walking some distance, and occasionally losing sight of the "eyes," they were finally "shined" and fired at, the result of which was, the killing of the gentleman's favorite saddle-horse.

"Still-hunting" resembles the English practice of "stalking," and with many gentlemen sportsmen is preferred to any other method. To an individual who is fond of nature, and can find amusement in communing with the solitudes of the forest, still-hunting possesses manifold charms.

A good still-hunter, says our friend, Harry Huntington, "of Trinity," must be thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the deer, know where he ranges, be able to tell his tracks from other cloven-footed beasts, and the time that has elapsed since they were first indented in



STILL-HUNTING.

the soil. He must know which way the game in the locality walk when feeding, and the direction they take at nightfall—things which seem to be strangely dependent upon the moon. The abundance of acorns or mast is also to be considered; and, moreover, still-hunting is most practiced, by all familiar with this wood craft, when the buck is seeking the company of the doe. Then they are less than usually cautious, and an imitation of the female, even if clumsily done, will often attract their notice; while others again, utterly reckless, will come rushing toward the hunter, and, not unlike some more intelligent lovers, find, instead of a flirtation, a premature death.

At this particular season the still-hunter is in his glory. The woods, if a favorable resort, seem to be alive, the deer are so active. Presently he notices coming toward him a doe, he lets the timid creature pass, knowing full well that a nobler haunch is following in the rear. Presently the vines and low hanging branches seem to shake as if agitated by a strong wind; two, three, perhaps four bucks are plunging on, almost side by side. It must be the work of a flashing thought only to decide which one is the finest, for they are going with almost lightning rapidity. This done, a slight whistle, or other unusual noise, is made; the intrusion arrests the bucks for an instant, and they stop to gaze: the delay is fatal, for the unerring weapon is brought to bear, and the far-reaching echoes of its report mingle confusedly with the sounds which come from the death-throes of a lordly monarch of the forest. A more difficult contest is exhibited when the still-hunter pursues his game in a less propitious season—at a time when the buck is comparatively unoccupied except by thoughts of self-preservation, and has no passions roused to betray him into imprudences. To approach a deer at these times requires patience which few possess; his suspicious nature must be conciliated by penances of almost suspended animation; the hunter must crawl upon his victim not only against the wind but he must move with the silence of the cloud's shadow: if the deer's attention is attracted, he must not be alarmed.

When a deer is reposing, satisfied that the wind will convey the approach of an enemy in that quarter, it gazes intently in the opposite direction. If there are any birds in the vicinity it watches them, knowing that they will give the alarm if any aggressor is near. It not only selects its cover with the greatest caution, but, if possible, it chooses commanding ground. The difficulty attending the pursuit of the still-hunter can, therefore, be appreciated. An eminent English deer-stalker was often balked by a wary stag, which had for years occupied a part of the plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The man, determined to succeed, finally conceived the idea of approaching his victim behind a clump of bushes. Having prepared his screen he started at eight o'clock in the morn-

ing, pushing it slowly before him. At near six in the afternoon, after nearly ten hours' labor, the stalker managed, without alarming the stag, to get within gun-shot and bring him down.

It is a common thing for still-hunters, when a deer is suddenly "bounced up," or when one happens to be passing, to bleat, imitating the noise of the fawn. This, as we have already observed, will always arrest the attention of the buck. When a deer is approached, and, in hunter's phraseology, "has got wind" of his enemy, even if only an imperfect view is obtained, the hunter instantly fires; for on such occasions the deer makes a few bounds into some open space, in order to satisfy his curiosity, and then instantly disappears. The Indians excel in this method of hunting, being by nature remarkably patient and full of caution. In their preparations they wisely adopt colors for their dress that harmonize with the barks of the trees and decayed logs with which they are surrounded; and thus, with their bronzed faces, they are almost invisible while stealing through the thickets and lairs.

An old woodsman of our acquaintance, who had been, without success, still-hunting through a long day, from fatigue sat down on the banks of a small stream to rest himself. While thus negatively employed he was surprised at the sight of a number of deer at a distance entirely beyond the reach of his rifle, he being at the same time so situated that he could not approach them without being seen. Abandoning the idea of securing "their venison," he became interested in their playful gambols. Presently two lordly bucks commenced a joust, when, most unexpectedly, a third appeared—a young "spike," which, as if fired with revenge, made one plunge at the side of his now occupied antagonist, and drove his sharp horns into the quivering flesh, where they cut their way as if sharpened knives. The wounded, stricken deer staggered, and fell dead on the green turf. The woodsman leisurely proceeded to the scene of the foray, secured the game thus unexpectedly placed in his possession, and, with a heavy load upon his back, but a light heart, proceeded homeward. Such good fortune sometimes overtakes other individuals when they least expect it. A gentleman, riding along a well-beaten road in Southern Mississippi, was arrested by the sight of two large bucks furiously engaged in a fierce trial of strength. Finding that the animals did not heed his presence, he dismounted from his horse, and, without difficulty, killed them with his knife. Tying their hind legs together, he with great labor hung them over the back of his patient steed, and thus enriched he proceeded on his journey.

Killing deer by "driving" furnishes more excitement than either method already described. In "driving," the cheerful clamor of the horn, the thrilling cry of the hounds, and the inspiring sympathy of the well-trained steed, make the pleasure, at times, as perfect as it is possible for the hunter to enjoy. To be



THE LEER STAND.

successful in the drive the hunter must be acquainted with the character of the surrounding country, must be perfectly familiar where the game haunts, and must know at what places to enter the drive; for deer are fond of following and retracing the paths which they have formerly pursued, and will continue to do so even after they have been hunted "on the trace." It is also a well-known habit of the deer to skirt along the edges of thickets, and keep in the shade of the thick woods. In ascending rising ground they never take a direct route, but wind about after the fashion of a turnpike road; and in descending to the plains they observe the same rule. Hence it is that the hunter takes his *stand* in the lowest gaps between the hills; and by so doing he is sure to occupy the path the deer will take when driven from the vicinity. The morning is always selected for the hunt, and at daybreak the party is in the woods. The hounds are kept compactly together, and, as they become interested in the progress of things, witness the cheerful prancing of the horses, and hear the encouraging voices of the riders, they become constantly more enthusiastic, and in spite of all discipline, will occasionally yelp forth their impatience. The noble steed also sympathizes with the work in which he is engaged; and as he steps upon dead twigs that crush and break beneath his feet, he affects to start as if he already saw the game.

The hunters having finally reached the "drive," a consultation is held as to which *stands* are most available. This question settled, they separate, and each quietly moves on to the point assigned him. Meantime the *driver*, accompanied by the pack, scours through the outside of the range, circling round until the dogs come upon the trail of a deer. This done, they instantly open, as, no longer able to restrain their impatience, they make the surrounding heights and wooded isles musical with their cries. The deer, which have been quietly feeding in the vicinity, start at the sound, throw their heads in the air, and prance about, as if exulting in their conscious fleetness. The dogs, with heads near the earth, have now fallen into line, and are running close and compact, seriously engaged in their work. Occasionally you hear a sharp bark as the scent grows warm, and their steady, unerring course is accelerated. To them there is blood in the air.

The hunters have gained their "stands," where, concealing their horses in a neighboring thicket, they examine their weapons, and, lying down on the grass, wait with anxious ears the sounds that will announce the approach of their victim. Hours sometimes thus listlessly pass away, and oftentimes every surrounding object, by repeated examination, is vividly impressed on the eye. More particularly do the pathways of the deer leading from the highland

toward the hunter become painfully familiar. Patience is oftentimes exhausted, and the hunter pettishly wishes himself home, when suddenly he hears on what is now, perhaps, the noon-day air, the distant breathings of a sweet intoned horn. In a moment lassitude is gone; and he springs to his feet, inspired with life. The distant echoes play upon the air as will the sweet sounds of the *Æolian* harp. Under those notes are the breathings of the maddened hounds, who are now sweeping on in the path of destruction; while the deer, still defiant and vigorous, is flying and ambling by turns, unconscious of his fate.

Nearer and nearer the exciting sounds approach; for in the distant melody, the hum-drum of twenty or thirty throats mingling together in a general sound, you can occasionally discern the sharp bark of some impatient hound whose bloodshot eyes bespeak his Cuba stock—rushing on in anticipation of throttling the game so swiftly speeding on the wings of fear. A

glancing of bright rays, as if from a mirror, flashes in the blue vista of the distant gap that leads from the foot of the hills. The hunter is now on the alert. Another moment and a lordly buck comes plunging into the open space; his head is erect, his eyes filled with alarm; he has scented an enemy in *front*, and those fearful demons are ringing what may soon be his death-knell in his rear. Undecided he gazes, turns to fly back to his haunts, and then wheeling round, rushes on with headlong speed; the rifle is raised to the eye, and the spiteful echoes that follow tell of the flight of the messenger of death. The tail of the deer that, a moment before, like a white plume, waved in triumph over the noble haunch, drops suddenly down, the deer gathers up his body in pain—the lead has done its mortal work. But life still exists, and the animal rushes out of sight.

Before the hunter can regain his horse to follow, the maddened pack, like so many fiends, come rushing in sight, their voices ringing like



BREAKING COVER.



RETURN FROM THE HUNT.

fifty trumpet charges on the battle-field—with mouths open and teeth flashing, with ears erect, and eyes hazy with passion, they go on, treading, like inexorable fate, in the pathway of the wounded deer.

The hunter, now mounted, gives the dogs a cheer, exultant and soul-stirring; the horse, no longer manageable, inflates his nostrils, and, throwing his delicate limbs into the air, carries his rider like a spectre through the dust that rises in the track of the now distant hounds. Converging from point and point come in the different hunters, and, side by side, they spur their steeds over ravines, and rush down the sides of hills reckless of limb or life. At last the game is overtaken, the buck is dead; the dogs surround it, and reluctantly yield the prize to their masters.

Dragging the body to some shady place, hounds, horses, and hunters in turn recover their breath. The brute animals stand panting, their tongues out, and their sides heaving with painful efforts to regain composure. Now commence animated discussions upon the merits of the several dogs composing the pack. The body of the deer suggests a thousand reminiscences—the performance of the steeds revive the details of many hair-breadth escapes. Some cool spring near by is sought; the canteen is

produced, and the party, refreshed, is ready for the homeward route. The carcass of the deer is thrown across the back of a horse ridden by a faithful servant, the horn sounds to call the dogs together who have already broken into groups in search of fresh excitement, and the party thus joyfully end the day. Such are the leading incidents of a deer drive in the Southern States.

In the excitement of a drive places are passed over by the skillful rider that seem impossible when viewed in dispassionate moments. Deer sometimes fail to come within gunshot of the hunter at the stand, but pass beyond his reach. It is now that the expert sportsman shows his skill. Mounting his horse he follows and passes the hounds then coming in sight of the fleeing deer. He rides across the circle the animal is making to escape his enemies, and, having accomplished his object, suddenly reins up his horse, raises his rifle to his shoulder, and for the instant horse and rider are motionless as if of bronze. The deer, in spite of the speed with which he is flying, is killed in his tracks, and falls a legitimate prize to the prowess of man.

Hunters are very fond of good stories—those told round the camp fire have become proverbial. They are also given to practical jokes. One

of the most ridiculous we ever witnessed was "played upon" a friend of ours who was given, to an insane degree, to the indulgence of such unwarrantable wit—and therefore only made excusable in his case. The individual alluded to, from excessive fatigue, threw himself on the ground, while his party was indulging in a lunch, and directly fell asleep. One of the "boys" taking advantage of the occasion, tied a strong cord to one of the sleeper's feet, and then fastened the other end of the cord to a team of good dogs, which, lashed together, were quietly gazing upon the viands forming their master's meal. This done, our practical joker was awakened from his nap, not only by various punches in the side, but also by the presentation of some good brandy and water. By a concerted arrangement, just as he raised the tumbler to his lips, some one blew a blast on the horn, when the two hounds in the tackling made a spring, upsetting the gentleman with marvelous rapidity, besides doing other inconsiderable damage.

We once heard an old hunter gravely relate the story of "Ike Toadvine," who made a living by killing "varmints," and had a dog named "True," which was his friend and fellow-hunter for ten years. The dog was represented to be really part of his master, for old Ike declared, when he was intoxicated, that he loved him more "than he did his whisky." The dog in time died of old age, and his master, out of pure affection, tanned his hide, and with a piece of it mended his old buckskin breeches; from that time forward old Toadvine knew where the game was better than ever, for the patch would swell out and palpitate whenever it came within scent of a deer. We heard another old Hunter, John Spinck, of Ouichita, say that he once shot an old buck, which was so astonished and pained by the circumstance, that the "critter," in his agony, "broke through a sweet gum-tree four feet over, and tore the whole consarn up by the roots."

While in Texas we had the pleasure of meeting with "old Martin Bailey," known the country round as "*the deer-hunter*." He was a powerfully-made man, six feet high, and, like all men who are much in the forests, was slow of speech. He wore a buckskin hunting shirt, pantaloons, and moccasins, and had hanging to his person a hatchet, knife, shot-pouch, and powder-horn. His rifle weighed twenty-seven pounds, and carried a ball weighing exactly an ounce. He could with this weapon bring down a deer at two hundred and fifty yards. In four years this man killed fifteen hundred deer, only saving their skins. He could strip the animal of this natural covering in a few seconds; he made a cut along the belly of the animal, and then forced it off with his clenched fist inserted between the flesh and the skin.

The deer of America are thought to be more active and swift than those of Europe, and are ranked before the antelope, notwithstanding the extraordinary tales related of the latter by naturalists and poets who never saw one or the

other. The average speed of the deer is quite equal to the best blooded saddle-horse. An old buck is the least active, a spike buck is the fleetest. No calculation has ever been made of the number of miles an American deer could run in a given space of time. It is recorded that a rein-deer once ran nineteen miles in sixty minutes. In 1699 an officer carried the news of an invasion of Norway to Stockholm, with a single deer and sledge, making eight hundred and forty miles in forty-eight hours. For activity and high leaping the deer is superior to the horse. "We have seen a tame buck, suddenly alarmed by the hounds, leap over—without touching it—an inclosure near eight feet high; and we have seen a wild buck, pursued by hounds, clear a fence six feet high, leaping thirty feet clear in the extraordinary effort." Greater distances are recorded of the European stag. One is said to have accomplished fifty-four, and another sixty feet, but they are traditions of the "olden time," and most probably pleasant exaggerations.

As necessary as deer are generally considered as ornaments of an English nobleman's park, sometimes the "gentry" take an inveterate dislike to the breed, and destroy them with the most criminal recklessness. It is stated, on the best authority, that the late Duke of Portland ordered four hundred head of deer to be slaughtered at Bulstrode. The Earl of Jersey offered three thousand pounds for the animals alive, but was refused; the *noble* duke not only disdained the money, but even went farther, and accompanied his brutal act with the infamous injunction that the venison, skins, and horns should be buried in the earth entire. If a combination of crimes could create an unpardonable sin, it rests upon the head of this most honored nobleman.

In this country, with rare exceptions, we properly eat *our venison*; but the term in old times took a wider signification. It seems almost profane to go to Lord Coke for an opinion that shall bear upon our subject; yet the "venerable" tells us that venison derives its name from the means whereby the beasts were taken, and a beast must be hunted before its carcass could lay claim to the title. But to make the thing "legally clear," we learn from those old forest laws once in force in England, that a roe killed with buck or pheasant shot was *not* venison; while the wild boar, if he submitted to be chased before he was killed, *was* venison; and that the hare is venison too, because he submits to be hunted.

A Mr. Gilkey, of Independence, Missouri, while out on a hunting expedition, came across a buck in the midst of the open prairie. The gentleman was well mounted, and gave chase; in a few moments he overtook the animal, and threw a lariat over its horns. A fight now commenced, the rider only by the most finished equestrianism keeping clear of the fore-feet of the infuriated buck. Mr. Gilkey finally reached a small tree, around which he fastened the lari-

at, and was thus enabled to dispatch his game at leisure.

The Indians of Sierra Valley, California, resort to various stratagems to circumvent the deer. They not only disguise themselves in their skins, but they set the woods on fire on one side of the valley, which drives the game in the opposite direction, where bark ropes are stretched along the brow of the hill, with here and there openings to let the deer through. The Indians lie concealed near these openings, waiting for the deer, which edge along the rope, they not being inclined to jump over it unless greatly impressed with a sense of danger. By this simple contrivance many are slain.

It would seem to be necessary for the completion of our article to mention the black-tailed deer, which inhabit the mountains (for they rarely descend to the plains) of that part of our continent known as New Mexico. They are larger than the common deer, and their flesh is equally good for food. Living among precipices, they have habits peculiar to the goat and the chamois. When disturbed, they usually take a succession of bounds into the air, bringing their feet back again to the earth in nearly the same place from which they sprung. They possess the same curious disposition as the antelope, and thus frequently fall an easy prey to the hunter. The peculiarity of the common deer about the eye (elsewhere noticed) is possessed by the black-tailed species in a more eminent degree, for just below the internal canthus of each eye is an oval opening, which the animal appears to have the power to open and shut at pleasure. It is very properly supposed that these have something to do with the respiratory organs; for it is said that, when the deer is eating or drinking, these oval openings uniformly contract and enlarge with the motions of these organs. The young are even more easily tamed, if such a thing is possible, than the red deer. A well known peculiarity in its power of endurance is, that it will go without water for a day, or even two days, without apparent suffering.

As a curiosity of the deer species we must not forget the deer, specimens of which have been brought from the island of Java. When full grown they are among the most tiny things that can be imagined, not possessing the weight of a small rabbit. Their limbs are remarkably delicate, and their hoof, which is cloven, is almost transparent. In colors they are red and brown, with white upon their breast. From the nose, and extending back to the ear, is a tan-colored stripe, and under the lower jaw a white stripe, forming a trident. Their eye is large and projecting; they ruminate; and are the smallest animals in creation that chew the cud. They are represented to be very swift in their movements, and to all outward appearance are miniature representations of the common red deer of our own continent.

Venison, as a culinary dish, has ever been esteemed one of "the greatest luxuries of the

season," and the merciless way it is tortured while being prepared for the table is the best evidence of its high appreciation by cooks and gourmands. It is a nutritious food when eaten with other viands, but its a remarkable fact that, in an exclusive diet of "deer meat," it will finally cease to afford any sustenance, and the person thus living will present the phenomenon of actual starvation. Frontiersmen have been found in Texas in the last stages of exhaustion, wan, shriveled, and at the point of death, who had been reduced to this condition while there was a plentiful supply of venison in the camp. To discuss the way to cook venison would be to open all the mysteries of Ude and Soyer; upon one thing have its fanciers only agreed, and that is, that to be best enjoyed the meat must be served up *hot*. We have tried it broiled, fried and stewed; plain, and mixed with innumerable condiments; we have partaken of it in palaces, and amidst the equally imposing associations of the primitive forest; we have rejoiced over it with one of Britain's proudest lords at our elbow, and a "Nature's nobleman" on the opposite side; we have indulged in venison served up in silver dishes, in costly china, and on fragrant birch bark; we have tried it when relying upon its natural sweetness for its flavor, and when it has been loaded down with spices and wines; yet the time in our history when eating venison made the most lasting impression was under the following peculiar circumstances: We once found ourselves, on a cold winter's day, with some half dozen fellow-travelers, working our tedious way through the then little-visited region bordering on the shores of Green River, Kentucky. Our mode of progression was by means of "an extra," in the shape of a stage attached to two indifferently good horses. The fare we obtained along the road, though seasoned by frank hospitality, was not always sumptuous nor always plentiful. On one occasion our breakfast consisted entirely of corn bread that had soured at the disgust it felt at being left uncooked in the centre; but our backwoods host jocosely remarked that we could do better at the next "hotel," still farther on the road. With this comforting assurance we proceeded on our journey, and kept on with it until our appetite and that of our fellow-sufferers was sharpened to an extreme edge. Desperate with hunger, we hesitatingly inquired at a log-cabin for food. Through the chinks between the logs of which it was built we easily observed the glowing flame of a hickory-wood fire. The "lady of the house," to our inquiries, said she had no *meat* to give us, but we were welcome to as much *venison* as we could eat, thus making as nice a distinction as ever did my Lord Coke. Looking in the direction she pointed with her finger, we beheld the carcass of a fine buck hanging within the huge jambs of the fire-place.

It was but a few moments' work, by the aid of my companions, to move the pine table nearly into the centre of the room. Some pure crystallized, but not too fine, salt was produced.

along with a hunting-knife possessed of an edge sharp to perfection. A cart-load of coals was glowing on the earthen hearth, and a sharp, clear, winter wind came refreshingly through the openings in the cabin walls. Thus situated, we fell to work on the haunch of the lordly buck. A good carver and a man of sense wielded the knife and brought away the tender-loin steaks; they were laid upon the coals, and in a trice involved themselves in a fragrance that would not only tempt an anchorite, but would have roused an overfed and insensible alderman for one mouthful more. Snatching, as best we could, the delicious morsels from the embers, we delicately sprinkled them with salt, and ate! The viand was hot to intensity, but it only burned its rich juices into our lips, and gave an intense gusto to our palate we never before realized. Our conversion to the true way to cook and eat venison was complete—all doubts about the perplexed question were solved—and we never expect to realize the full merits of its wild sweetness until we find ourselves, after a long fast, again in a backwoods cabin, with a glowing fire, a handful of hard salt, and with a fine buck at our service hanging in the chimney jamb.

AN UP-COUNTRY ADVENTURE.

PICTURE to yourself a miniature lake, with high, wooded shores—literally a gem of the first water, in a magnificent setting. Time, nine o'clock; a breezy July morning; wind northerly; a sail-boat beating up against it, cutting its silver-edged furrow, and leaning lovingly under the shadows of the curved eastern shore. Crew consisting of—first, myself, at the helm; second, a lad, with tow trousers and hair of a similar quality, trailing from the weather-side a line with a spoon-hook attachment; and, third, a half spaniel water-dog, seated on the bottom, wagging his wet, bushy tail, and winking, under his shaggy eyebrows, with an expression of sagacity and good-humored enjoyment almost human. I should not forget to mention a fine brace of lake bass, which Eliphalet (the lad's name—commonly called Life) had hauled in, and a small wild duck which Nep (that is the dog) had brought on board, after a shot from my fowling-piece had incapacitated her for flying or diving.

The weather was superb—"one of those charmed days" which paint, with brightest Italian tints, our pale native skies and rugged New England hills:

"It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;
Or west—no thunder fear."

I forgot my look-out for birds, and had given myself up to the delicious sensation of gliding through the water, of feeling the cool wind in my hair, of listening to the cawing of young crows in the pine-tops over the lee-shore, when suddenly the boy Eliphalet sprang up in the boat, and uttered a startling exclamation.

"Another bass, Life?" I said, listlessly.

"Just look! Jehu! look!" cried the lad—Jehu being not the name of the person addressed, by any means, but a simple ejaculation appropriate to the occasion. With one hand still dragging the line through the water, he pointed with the other to the summit of a long green slope, stretching up from a marsh on the northeast boundary of the pond.

This slope was now the scene of an exciting race: a man running as for his life; clearing fences, letting go his hat, and flinging, first his coat and then his waistcoat after it; two pursuers close upon his track.

Life stood up in the boat, and, putting his fishy fingers in his mouth, blew, like a small steam-whistle, a blast which the echoes caught up, tossed to and fro all around the lake, and from hill to hill, faintly and far off, beyond. I think there was never any other human achievement in the way of whistling equal to that boy's.

The fugitive, whose cravat was at that moment flying from his throat, heard the sound, and perceiving our sail, immediately altered his course, striking a straight line down the slope toward the marsh. He shouted, and, throwing up his arms, beckoned wildly for us to approach. His pursuers came with long strides down the declivity, reaching the barrier of a brush fence just as he had broken through it. He bounded forth upon the uncertain footing of the marsh, and by the time they emerged from the bush he again changed his course (as Life vociferously recommended, declaring that he would "sink in"), avoiding the low, wet land, and running due east, toward the woods. The pursuers followed—one considerably in advance of the other, and gaining on the fugitive—and soon the three had disappeared. An occasional shout, and the crashing of dry boughs, told us that the race was still kept up. Eliphalet was greatly excited, and I must myself confess to a more than lively interest in the event; our sympathies, as was natural, being enlisted altogether for the pursued.

"He'll come out of the timber in a minute!" said Life. "I see him! I see him! hurrah!" As he spoke the line cut through his fingers, and seizing it just in time to prevent its losing overboard, he hauled on board a pickerel, twenty inches long, that had chosen this strange and exciting time, of all others, for being caught.

While Life and the fish were flouncing together in the boat, I saw the fugitive's white shirt gleaming among the trees; and presently, making the water's edge, he ran out upon a log that lay in the lake, paused, pulled off his boots, hurled them at the head of his foremost pursuer, then plunged in with a shout, and commenced swimming toward us with all his might.

Anticipating his design, I had crowded the boat forward as fast as could be done on that tack with a head-wind, which failed us, or blew uncertain gusts, as we drew near the wooded shore. The fugitive was still several rods dis-

tant, appearing to swim with great difficulty, his pursuer following with strong, swift strokes.

"The oars, Life!"

If that boy had whistled like a steam-engine, he now worked like one, pulling the boat through the water where the wind scarcely shook the sail. We rapidly approached the fugitive. It was time. He was gasping and gurgling, with frantic strokes, making no progress, and apparently ready to sink. His pursuer was three or four yards behind him. All this time Nep (short for Neptune) was alert, upon his feet, whining, and glancing wistfully from the chase to me. I now gave the signal, and, with a splash, he went into the water. With his head above it, and his long hair afloat, he darted toward the drowning man. The latter was just going down, beyond the reach alike of rescue and pursuer, when Nep seized him by the shirt and eke the skin of his left shoulder (it was no time to be particular), and towed him alongside. Life shipped his oars, and dragged first the man and then the dog on board. We had headway enough to come around handsomely upon the other tack, heading off from the shore, while the second swimmer passed within about half a yard of our rudder-blade. He called to us to pick him up; and I should doubtlessly have accommodated him in so reasonable a particular, but his companion in the pursuit was also swimming out in expectation of a like favor, and thinking two such might occasion some inconvenience if taken on board, I resolved to be strictly impartial, and leave them both in the water. Nep was ardently desirous to offer them his assistance, but I objected, and cast out a loose board instead. The foremost swimmer seized it with an expression of countenance which did not strike me as especially grateful, still uttering entreaties or threats which were unintelligible amidst the shouts of triumph and defiance raised by the fugitive, and the vehement barking of Nep. The boat, meanwhile, laid her broadside full to the freshening breeze, and sailed smoothly and briskly toward the middle of the lake.

Leaving the pursuers to cool their warmth in the water, and return at their leisure to the shore, I now took occasion to observe more particularly than I had yet done the personal appearance of the man I had rescued. I must confess that I did not find it extremely prepossessing. I was little pleased with the jubilant and excited manner in which he hurled back his scorn upon his baffled pursuers. His face was alive with passion, his eyes glittered, his gestures were wild and rapid. I silenced the dog, but did not find it so easy to silence the man. At last my indignation was roused, and, in a voice of authority, I commanded him to be still. Thereupon his countenance changed; he looked about him with an expression of distress and fear, and cowered down in the bow of the boat.

"I swanny!" muttered Life; "if he makes any more fuss pitch him overboard!"

Although I could not but share the boy's sen-

timents, I saw fit to remonstrate against the uncharitable expression of them.

"Darned if I didn't think he'd have us upset!" said Life. "Mebby they're officers, and he'd ought to be took. I wish we'd let him be!"

I also more than half regretted interfering in the matter; but consoled myself with the reflection that I had acted upon a generous impulse, and that I ought not to be sorry for it, whatever the consequences. If I had stopped and calculated, and put cold discretion before the warm human instinct which prompts us to side with the weak against the strong and succor the distressed, then truly I might have been ashamed.

"Mebby it's agin' the law, and they'll make us smart for't!" remarked Life, more and more troubled as he watched my countenance.

"For what?" I answered. "It is always lawful to save a drowning man."

"That's a fact! I never thought o' that!" said the lad, brightening. "Of course we wouldn't let him drown—though I 'most wished we had, one time."

While this conversation was being carried on in low tones, the fugitive continued to crouch in the bow. I now perceived that his feet were small, white, and delicate; for he wore no socks, and his boots, as before stated, had been disposed of. His hands were of equally fine proportions. He was young, perhaps not more than twenty-five years of age; and, brushing away the wet and matted locks from his face, he showed a forehead of handsome and intelligent aspect. His head appeared rather broad and large in comparison with his shoulders, which were slender, and with the lower part of his face especially, which was narrow and weak. His features wore an expression of fear and dejection pitiful to witness. I began to feel a deep and compassionate interest in the history of this strange being.

"You are not an accomplished swimmer," I remarked.

He started, and glanced quickly around; but his eye resting an instant on me, my look seemed to reassure him.

"I did not know that I could swim; I never tried before," he said, with a swift glance, full of dread, at the water.

"'Twas a narrer 'scape!" remarked Eliphabet. "You run a darnation great resk!"

"But if they had caught me!" said the fugitive in a suppressed voice, twirling his fingers rapidly.

"What did they want to ketch you for?" cried Life, abruptly, stating the question which I was about to put in a rather more delicate way.

"Because—because—I am the most unfortunate and miserable wretch in the world!" exclaimed the man, in a broken, passionate way. "Do you think I wouldn't rather drown than have them take me? I've had enough of them!" And he gazed with kindling eyes at

the baffled pursuers, climbing up the fast receding shore.

"Have they any authority to arrest you?" I inquired.

"They are never without authority, such men—or at least some show of authority," replied the fugitive, uneasily. His tone and manner suddenly changed. "What is this young person's name?"

"Eliphalet," I said; "you can call him Life."

"Eliphalet, otherwise Life," resumed the stranger, "you did me the favor to pull me out of the water, which shall be remembered. You will place me under still further obligations by bringing my coat from the hill yonder. I am chilled!"

"I guess you'll ketch me doin' it!" growled Life, highly indignant at the proposal.

"Your cold bath was taken too suddenly in the heat of the race," I said. "There is an oar at your service, if you are afraid of a stiffening of the joints."

The man took up the oar, but threw it down again immediately.

"I didn't agree to work my passage! After all, coats are of no consequence. I've a good mind to tell you the whole story—who those devils are, and what they want of me."

"I guess they'd put ye where your wet shirt would dry pretty quick," said the grinning Eliphalet, "if they be devils."

He cast his hook into the water and coolly continued his fishing, suggesting that we were too far from the shore.

"You mean to deliver me up!" cried the stranger, starting with alarm. "Where are they? They have disappeared; they have gone for reinforcements! There's no hope!" And again the craven-hearted wretch twirled his fingers spasmodically.

"How can they take you?" I said. "This is the only fast boat on the lake. Your safety depends on me. Be calm now, and tell your story."

"You think me a coward; I can't help it, when I remember—" said the man. "You will call it a great crime—no doubt it was—'twas certainly a great revenge! Yes, Sir," he added, with a gleam of triumph, "I took my revenge!"

"What revenge?"

"A terrible and comprehensive revenge!" he went on, kindling more and more. "To appreciate it, you must hear the story from the beginning. That would take me back too far, though. I couldn't bear to tell you of— But she perished with the rest! Yes, Sir, I killed her!—killed her, for the heart's sake! killed her, for love and revenge!"

A thrill of horror ran through my flesh. The wretched man had gradually crept toward me, along the bottom of the boat; and now he sprang up, with excited looks, and seated himself erect on the gunwale, which dipped suddenly to the edge of the waves. Eliphalet

screamed. I politely requested the stranger to move to the other side and remain quiet. Nep made room for him with a growl. It was clearly discernible that the man was no favorite on board.

"You see, I had set my heart on marrying her. God in heaven!" he exclaimed, "how I loved her!"

"You needn't tip us over if you did," muttered Life.

"It was Paradise for a time, till the serpent came," the man continued, his mind evidently whirled away by tempestuous memories. "He crawled in one night. I was absent; I was finishing my theological studies; for, you understand, I had chosen my profession—the ministry. Her letters grew cold, and finally stopped. That taught me more about hell than all the books! I was in hell, burning like a lost soul! What was my profession to me then? I could not read; I could not eat; for many nights I did not sleep at all. So one morning I ran away. My heart was so withered and in pain, and I looked so haggard to myself in the glass, I did not dare to see any one, so I stole off like a thief. It was a long journey—my thoughts were fierce and deadly all the way. I thought what I should do if she was false; and I knew then I should kill her—death! death!"

The poor wretch held his head between his hands, groaning miserably. I exchanged glances with Life, who earnestly made signs that the boat should be run ashore, and our dangerous acquaintance got rid of. I had different thoughts, however, and steered southward along the western shore of the lake, indicating to the lad that he should attend diligently to his fishing.

"For, will you believe it?" cried the man, looking up, "it was just as I feared all the while, they were making up another match for her. I was her cousin—did I tell you? and for that reason they all united to oppose our marriage. Her family and mine all combined against it. My own parents were cousins; and it was said As if to have hearts broken and souls destroyed were nothing!" he exclaimed, with a laugh that chilled my blood.

"Was it for this you took your revenge?" I asked.

"Ah, but you have not heard it all! Because we were cousins; that was *their* excuse. It was *hers* too; and now the perfidious creature said she had never thought of marrying me; that in all her treatment of me she had loved me as a cousin only! Now this is the secret truth—she loved another man! I arrived just in time. They little expected such a guest! They had managed me so shrewdly, and I was supposed to be some hundreds of miles away, stupidly eating and digesting the dry fodder of divinity books! I was learning something besides divinity just then!" Another laugh.

"Did you find her married?"

"I'll tell you!" I had disguised myself, put on some false whiskers and green glasses. Besides, I was changed so I imagine few would

have known me. It was just at dusk ; I stopped at the house, and asked for a tumbler of water. She gave it to me with her own hands : little did she know whose eyes were glaring at her through those glasses—they would have killed her if they had been daggers ! She saw how my hand shook—maybe there was something about my face, too, that frightened her, for she turned pale, and called her mother. The mother came, then the father, and they whispered together, and looked at me—for I was all this time slowly drinking the water, or pretending to drink ; there was fire and gall in it, you can imagine, coming from her hand ! Finally, they asked me to go in, and in I went. I found the old grandmother sitting there, fatter than ever, laid up with the gout ; her head bolstered ; her feet, big as churns, resting on chairs ; the skin of her face seamed and yellow, like the rind of a musk-melon. She was an inveterate match-maker, had always talked against cousins marrying, hated me, and looked for a different husband for Laura. There was no hate lost ; I hated every inch of her (and that was a good deal !) I could have strangled her then and there with my hands ! But I kept quiet ; sat with my hat on ; said little ; but observed. Shortly a man walked up to the gate. Laura ran out, just as she had done when I came ; and now I saw that she had been expecting her lover, and had mistaken me for him. I knew him—he was a townsman ; rich enough to please the old grandmother herself, who had some property to leave Laura, if she chose ; and handsome and happy enough to make me consume with jealousy and rage, from the one glimpse I had of him through the window—Laura hanging upon his arm, looking up in his face, both smiling upon each other so fondly ! From that moment they were all doomed, every one of them, lovers, parents, old grandmother ; and I lived only to be revenged ! ”

“ Didn’t none on ’em know ye ? ” queried Eliphalet.

“ Not till I bit the piece out of the tumbler ! ” replied the man, with wild, false gayety, void of mirth. “ Shall I tell you how that happened ? I think they were all afraid of me, for some reason ; a presentiment of their fate, perhaps. Laura had disappeared, of course ; but when, having rested and getting up to go, I asked to see and thank the young lady who had given me the water, they didn’t dare refuse. I went in to the entry—father and mother were both there—another door was opened ; Laura came forward, with that man by her side. I bowed and said—‘ You have presented a cup of cold water to the lips of a consuming soul. It shall be remembered. I wish to show my gratitude by asking for another draught of the same. ’ I pronounced these words with peculiar emphasis and hidden significance.

“ ‘ With pleasure ! ’ said Laura. A servant was ordered to bring the water ; when it came, the mother filled a tumbler, and handed it to me.

“ ‘ Not from your hand—only from hers, ’ I said.

“ Laura took it—her lover stood with his arm half around her, as if protecting her, as she gave it me. I tried to drink, for I was burning up within ; but a sort of spasm seized my jaws, and I cut a piece out of the glass clean as if my teeth had been diamonds. I hurled the tumbler to the ceiling ; the water and fragments flew all over us, as we stood there ; Laura shrieked—they knew me then, and the father and the lover laid hands upon me.

“ ‘ Gentlemen, ’ said I, ‘ I am not going to resist. But my time has not yet come. Unhand me ! ’

“ There was fright and confusion enough for one while. I laughed to see the old grandmother, so fat and gouty, hobble forward on chairs to see what had happened.

“ ‘ Adieu ! I said, the world is wide ; God is above all. Remember ! ’

“ So I left them, and went home, and astonished my own family ; and soon I was aware of a great noise about me in the village ; and they had doctors sent for, none of whom dared look me in the face and tell me truly and plainly what they thought. If a man does that, I am his respectful, humble servant ; but curse all liars forever ! ”

We were now coasting along the south shore of the lake, gradually working up again toward the eastern side—Eliphalet taking on board now and then a fish ; myself keeping a close look-out, ostensibly for birds, but in reality for bipeds of a different description. Our strange passenger eyed me keenly.

“ The rest and best is to come, ” he continued ; “ how I deceived them all ; pretended to renounce all claim upon Laura ; even preached for the old minister the very Sunday morning before the wedding ! For I can preach like Mephistophiles ! I don’t know but they would have invited me to perform the ceremony if I had been ordained—they had got to put so much confidence in me by this time. As it was, I kept away from the wedding. Nobody thought that strange. But I was not far off that night. I had found an old rusty pistol in the garret at home ; this I had scoured up and loaded for the occasion. I crept about the house when all was dark and still, waiting and watching. The windows were lighted ; I could hear, from time to time, laughing and singing ; all went merry as a marriage-bell—for who cared for the torments of my soul ? At last the guests went away. I was hid behind a wood-pile when they went out and passed near me. They were gay ; but the night itself was not so black as my heart as I lay and listened.

“ After they were all gone I crept back to the garden. The windows of the bridal-chamber were there. The curtains were down, but lighted up from within ; and I could see human shadows upon them. I snapped my pistol three times at those shadows, but it missed ; their hour had not come. The third time a curtain was put aside, and the bridegroom opened the window and looked out. He had heard the

noise. I remember wishing him dead ; but I was afraid, and hid my pistol in some bushes.

"The next day they set out on a long bridal-tour, and still I waited for my revenge. It seemed almost providential when it came—every thing favored me. The husband had been building a new house ; it was finished, and, on their return, there was to be a grand house-warming. 'I'll warm the house for them !' I said. I visited it every day for a week before they came, and had all my plans laid. At last they arrived, and the guests were invited—I among the rest. The old grandmother, with her gouty legs, was lifted into a wagon, lifted out of it again at the door, and carried up stairs. Laura met me, smiling and happy ; I greeted her without a word. I could think of but one word all the while, and that I kept in my heart."

"What was that ?" Eliphalet asked.

"DEATH !" said the fugitive. "If I had looked at her when she smiled, and said 'Death' as I felt it, why, that would have frightened her, and my trap would have been sprung ! Ah !" he cried, alarmed at the course I was steering, "is this treachery ?"

"We will beat up to the woods," I said ; "then, if your friends are nowhere to be seen, Eliphalet shall go ashore for your boots."

"That will do, thank you—also for my coat," replied the man. "Meanwhile the conclusion. It was the bravest house-warming in the world ! All our relatives were there—hers and mine, and their friends—just the persons I would have chosen. There was not one I did not hate from the bottom of my soul ! There was a supper, and all were so merry ! The bride and bridegroom were toasted. 'I'll toast them in a way they don't imagine !' I said to myself. The house rang with laughter. 'It will ring with something else soon !' There were stories told, and songs sung ; and the old grandmother reigned queen—so far every thing had gone to her heart's content—and she sipped her tea. 'You'll sip something hotter than that !' I said to myself.

"When the dancing began I had the best excuse for withdrawing—my cloth, you understand. The dancing was in the upper rooms of the house, prepared for the occasion ; no carpets down ; brilliantly lighted. 'I'll make a brighter light than all that !' I crept down stairs to the cellar, where I had my materials all ready. I made one pile in the kitchen, one in the sitting-room, one in the library, high against the dry ceilings—first, shavings ; then fragments of boards and laths ; then chairs and books over all. I could hear the music and dancing above my head. 'Oh, you'll dance a different figure soon !' said I. I had all the keys of the house in my pocket. The lower sashes of all the windows were nailed fast ; that's the reason they could open them only a little at the top. They little knew whose hand drove the nails ! Last of all, I made a grand pile under the stair-case. The servants might have seen me ; they stood in the open door

above, looking on, diverted with the dancing. 'We'll have a new diversion,' I said ; 'fire-works !'

"I went up and spoke to the servants when all was ready.

"'Don't be afraid ; go in and sit down ; they won't mind you.'

"Somehow, nobody liked to dispute or oppose me. The servants had taken their lesson from the rest—that I was to be humored like a school-boy. So, without a word, they glided into the room and sat down in the corner. Then, very softly, I closed the door. They were all within—all those I hated ; I was without. I turned the key in the lock. Still the music and the dancing—all so merry ! Then I ran down stairs like a cat, locked the outer doors, and threw the keys into the pile under the stair-case. I first lighted the rubbish in the library with a bunch of matches ; tore down the curtains, and dragged them, all blazing, through the sitting-room, through the kitchen, to the heap under the stair-case, firing every thing as I went ; then trailed them down the cellar stairs, and dropped them among the shavings. I listened till I heard a mighty crackling and roaring burst out overhead ; that was my signal for climbing through the cellar window, and away I went. Fire-works with a vengeance !"

The narrator uttered a gleeful laugh, which was speedily checked by the discovery that we were now running close to the shore.

"Eliphalet," I said, "jump off the moment we touch ; find the gentleman's boots, if you can ; take them around to the north side, and bring them, with his other lost garments, to the edge of the woods, where we will meet you and take you on board."

This order, placidly given, seemed to quiet the man's fears. Yet it puzzled and disturbed the boy, who scowled and muttered over it ; but I gave him to understand by a look that he was to obey. Afterward, as he stepped ashore, I took occasion to whisper half a dozen words in his ear which enlightened his perceptions, and prepared him to assist in the execution of my plan. I pushed off again, leaving him in the woods, and when we were once more beyond all danger from the shore, my strange companion resumed his narrative.

"Where was I ? Oh, the fire ! I ran into the orchard and climbed a tree. There I had a charming view ! To and fro, and round and round went the dancers. I could see them through the upper windows—Ha ! ha ! ha !—and I could see through the lower windows another dance ; red flames waltzing ; mad-leaping demons in red shirts chasséing and crossing over !—a mock house-warming above, a real house-warming below !

"She was there—Laura—so smiling and happy ; never thinking of me ; dancing, with hell under her feet ! So, in life, we polka and waltz over the infernal abyss, don't we ? I almost shrieked with joy to see the fine show !

Suddenly screams—a wild rush of the dancers—the lower part of the house all a roaring furnace, the upper part a cage with a gridiron floor! Ho! ho! ho! it's no use trying the windows. Shriek and howl, ye doomed! Break the door open there! See the flames burst in! Spouts of fire from below! the stair-case a cat-a-ract of fire! Dance, and dance again, oh ye worldlings! Waltz and polka and jig! there's music to dance by, with a running accompaniment of shrieks! Oh, superb! Look again! The dancers in red shirts from below are joining the dancers above! they seize them by shoulders and waists; sway them furiously to and fro; embrace with arms of fire; kiss with forked tongues of hell! A house-warming for you—ha! ha! ha! Now the old grandmother has it. See her on her gouty legs! How she leaps and whirls! Who would have thought she could do it? Bravo! never say die! A swarthy, grim, dare-devil has her. He envelops her all over in his flying red scarf. See, she grows dizzy and faint! Down they go, pell-mell, together! Crash the floor! down all! Windows shattered in vain; the red-shirt fellows drag back those that would leap out! Who toasts the bride and bridegroom? There they are, clasped together! down they go in the storm! smoke, and tempest, and fire! Ha! ha!"

The madman had sprung to his feet, and now stood screaming with terribly grotesque gestures, as if the hideous scenes he pictured were being enacted before his eyes. I had never in my life witnessed any thing so frightful. While I was endeavoring to silence and quiet him, and at the same time to prevent the boat from capsizing under his frantic movements, the tragical representation was interrupted by an incident almost laughable. The mad actor lost his balance and fell overboard. Backward, and head-foremost, down he plunged, quite disappearing for an instant; then showing a naked foot thrust upward; then a pair of hands clutching at the air; and, lastly, hair floating—at which hopeful appearance the dog Neptune, already in the water, dived, and seizing him by the light garment covering the back of his neck, brought him to the surface. Having with considerable difficulty got him once more into the boat, I picked up the dog and resumed my course, making for the corner of the woods.

The man strangled a good deal, brushed the wet hair out of his eyes, and looked around bewildered.

"I was telling you— Where was I?" he stammered.

"In the water," I replied, "as was fit. You had a great conflagration on hand, which it was needful to quench. Now have the kindness to remain quiet till we get ashore."

"Ashore?" he cried. "You are deceiving me! I see them; they are there waiting. I'll not go!"

He started up, seizing an oar. The two men were visible in the woods conferring with Eliph-

alet. I perceived that it was now time to act decisively.

"Put that oar to its right use!" I commanded.

He turned; I caught his eye; its wild light flickered and fell before mine, and his purpose faltered.

"I am not deceiving you," I said. "I shall take you ashore; and you are to assist with that oar. You know how to row; if not, you can learn."

He was evidently not accustomed to any such direct mode of dealing. The oar dropped from his hands, and he endeavored again to look in my eye.

"Shall I teach you?" I asked.

"I know how." He adjusted the oar and dipped it once. "But you will deliver me up?"

"This I promise; no injustice shall be done you," I replied. "You must leave the rest to me. I know better than you what ought to be done. I am sound here"—touching my forehead—"and you are not."

"You mean so?" he demanded, uneasily.

"I know it," I answered. "You need a friend; I will be your friend."

"You will?" he cried.

"Have I not shown myself one? I have twice saved you from drowning. I have heard your story. I will do still more—I will protect you. But you must obey me."

"And you will not let me go back there?"

"Where?"

"Where they kept me shut up. They will put me to the torture next time. Don't let those wretches lay hands on me!"

"They shall not harm you; I promise, and I keep my word." I then directed him to row, keeping his eyes turned toward me. He complied, but with discontented and troubled looks. I watched him closely, aware how much depended upon the calm, constant presence of my eye. As we approached the shore my attention was for a moment diverted from him in looking out for a landing-place. Instantly, like a cat pouncing upon a mouse, he leaped toward me, snatched my gun from my side, and retreated. This was so quickly done that I scarce knew what had happened until I found the muzzle leveled at my head, and a demoniac pair of eyes behind it. It was well for me then that I did not lose my self-possession.

"Are you a good shot?" said I, regarding him fixedly.

"You are a good mark!" he replied, with a foolish laugh, turning the muzzle immediately from my head to the dog's.

Nep was growling fiercely.

"Show me," said I, "how well you can shoot. Hit that water-lily and I'll give you a quarter."

"I can do it!" He brought the gun to bear, took aim, pulled, and sowed the water around the mark with good shot. The lily trembled.

"Well done!" said I. Here's your quarter."

He pocketed the fee triumphantly.

"Load up again," he whispered, "and I'll

try a shot at one of those wretches when they put their heads out of the woods!"

"That would not be well," I said; "we must treat them like men if we would have them treat us the same. Give me the gun. The wind fails us, and I depend upon you to row ashore."

He took the oars with alacrity, and two or three minutes later we ran up under the woods, near the edge of the marsh, and landed. The two men, who had concealed themselves, sprang out of their ambush.

"Stand off!" I exclaimed, placing myself between them and the fugitive. "This man is my friend!"

The poor wretch stood behind me on the boat, trembling. There was no escape for him, unless he took again to the water, and he evidently preferred trusting to my protection. The men, not fully comprehending the meaning of my attitude and words, explained, rather hurriedly, that they had come with authority to take him away.

"Prove," said I, "that you mean him no harm, and he will go with you."

"No harm is intended," replied one. "He left his friends last week, and we are sent to take him back."

The miserable man entreated me not to desert him, promising that if I would accompany him he would go wherever I wished. Eliphalet soon brought his clothes from the hill; and leaving the boy in charge of the boat, I set out to guide this strange party to the village.

Arrived at the hotel, dry clothes were procured, refreshments had, and telegraphic messages sent and received. My influence over the insane man was now completely established; whereat his attendants wondered, and asked how I had obtained it.

"I can not tell," said I, "unless it is by dealing with him honestly, treating him with gentle firmness, and showing no symptoms of fear."

I have had occasion to manage other cases of insanity since, and have invariably found the rule here indicated to hold good. The subject is usually quick to perceive in those around him the least signs of equivocation or fear, and to take advantage of them; but he can seldom resist the power of courage and truth, wisely and kindly administered.

In the mean time I learned something of the young man's history.

"We can hardly tell what was the origin of his insanity," one of his attendants told me. "Some think he studied too hard; for he was very deep in theology. Others think 'twas a love affair. He fancied his cousin, and began to act strangely just before she was married—preaching in the barn, talking to himself, and carrying about an old rusty pistol which he loaded with sand. He can tell a pretty straight story, and talk rationally enough on most subjects, till he touches upon what he considers his great crime—then he is all gone. He once tried to set fire to a house; he now imagines

that he burned it full of people, and that he is to be put to torture for the crime."

The men were returning him to a private asylum, from which he had recently effected his escape after a few months' residence. He had traveled without funds; carrying a pocket-bible with him, out of which he requested conductors and hotel-keepers to read enough to satisfy their demands upon him when they asked him for money.

It was not long before the train arrived on which he was to be removed. He was now in a merry mood, being elated at the prospect of the journey. Eliphalet appeared just as the party were entering the cars, carrying in his hand a pickerel whose tail touched the ground.

"Eliphalet, otherwise Life!" cried the young man, gayly, "the meeting is opportune! Farewell, and thanks. Give me that fish for a cane!"

"Can't spare it," muttered Life.

"Ingratitude in the highest!" said the other, turning upon his heel. "But I see how it is—bread! Wherein lies a riddle."

I entered the cars with him, and placed him in a seat with one of the attendants behind him, and the other at his side. I then took leave of him, having previously reconciled him to the idea of parting with me, and inspired him with confidence in his attendants. I leaped from the platform while the cars were in motion. He thrust his hand out at the window and waved a joyous adieu with his hat, then withdrew, and was seen no more.

As we walked away together Eliphalet had a good many questions to ask—among them the following:

"What did the everlastin' fool mean by *bread*?"

To which I had but a very foolish answer, namely, that I didn't know.

That answer, so easy and convenient, is yet the one which nobody likes to make. I feared its effect upon Eliphalet. He had hitherto considered me an oracle, giving me credit for knowing almost every thing, and guessing the rest. Now his faith was shaken. There was one thing I did not know—what an insane man meant by "*bread*."

I was humiliated. We walked on in silence. Eliphalet, never before so presumptuous, passed me in the path. I saw that a skillful stroke was necessary to win back his confidence and respect. The question must be answered! When great necessity urges we are capable of any thing, up to the very verge of the impossible. I succeeded—I found what subtle and shadowy meaning there was in "*bread*." I announced it triumphantly.

"You remember he wished you to give him the fish for a cane?"

"Yes," muttered Eliphalet.

"Very well; and when he said *bread*, he meant—that it was THE STAFF OF LIFE."

The boy made no reply. The explanation was evidently not clear to him. Still it was an answer; and as such, it impressed him; for I

observed that almost immediately he stepped aside, allowing me to precede him, and afterward walked all the way behind me in the path.

HOW I FELL IN LOVE.

I AM an old bachelor. Of this fact I am not ashamed. I am not sure that I regret it very much. There is nothing in life to wound or afflict me. I may not be very happy, but nobody can make me very miserable, because no one stands near enough to my heart to reach it for good or for evil.

I was not always quite so callous. Years ago—but stop!—why am I going to reveal for the first time a secret that has never passed my lips? Perhaps, it is because I feel a strong wish for some one's sympathy, and, secure in my incognito, I can venture to pour out long-buried thoughts that few would suspect. My grave, hard, pale face is a discreet tombstone erected over the ashes of a dead hope and love: no eye can read the inscription written in its wrinkles, and my acquaintances will never guess whose pen has created these pages.

I was twenty-three, independent, not ill-looking, and was not generally considered either dull or uninteresting. It was spring-time: the lovely April month, when youth drinks in the balmy breath of Nature, and the mere fact of existence is a pleasure.

Caroline Ashton had invited some half-dozen guests to her father's plantation. He was absent: her mother and herself did the honors of their beautiful home. We were old friends and allies. She was a trebly-distilled flirt, with innocent eyes, a soft low voice, and a taste for mischief very strong and very well developed.

The time passed gayly and swiftly in the usual country fashion of rides, drives, impromptu picnics by day, and impromptu dances by night.

One evening—shall I ever forget it?—we lingered late beneath the moon's light, sauntering through the grounds. Twice had Mrs. Ashton sent to call us in, with some message to which none of us listened. I was standing with Caroline just at the extremest edge of a rustic barricade. It hung over the river as a protection to those who might ascend or descend too carelessly the narrow winding path, overshadowed by ancestral oaks, which skirted the broad stream, and was one of the numerous walks that beautified Ashton Hall. We had been a little sentimental, although each knew the other too thoroughly to be deceived. *She* was only "keeping her hand in," and *I* was lazily conscious that she was very pretty, and liked to tell her so.

"You are absurd," she said, turning away her head from my "ardent gaze." "Why can not men invent a new vocabulary of phrases. If Laura or Bessie were suddenly to take my place, you would keep on in the same strain and never *feel* the difference. Oh! how chilly it grows! Didn't mamma send after us?"

She shivered coquettishly and moved away.

"Stay," I pleaded; "pray, stay. It is so calm, so happy here. How different from

Bessie Mortimer's jingling talk and Charley Benson's inane laugh!"

"My friends, Sir! is it decent to speak so? But you prudently omit one name. Laura's lovely eyes are watching for you." She sprang up the steep path, laughingly waving her white hand.

"*Your fate awaits you in yonder mansion, my lord; go seek it!*" and she ran off, extending the broad ends of her scarf like wings on either side.

I overtook her, and we mounted the front steps together.

Mrs. Ashton met us in the hall with a slight shade of anger. "My dear," she said to her daughter, "twice I have sent for you: we have a guest, and a very mysterious one. You have worried me by your tardiness in coming."

"A guest! a mysterious one! is he a handsome man? I hope he won't turn out to be a traveling peddler? I am sorry, dear mamma, to annoy you. Kiss and make friends! It was so nice in the moonlight."

Mrs. Ashton smiled as she kissed the upturned, fresh lips. "No man at all, my dear. Read your father's letter. You need not go, Mr. Leicester: read it to Mr. Leicester, my child."

Mr. Ashton's letter was very short—very un-explanatory—very hurried. He simply said that business would detain him three weeks longer in Florida. Meanwhile he sent this letter by the daughter of an old client. "She is young, sad, and friendless;" so I remember the words ran. "Need I say more to commend her to the kind hearts of my wife and daughter?"

"And not even her name mentioned, you see!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashton, who, although the best of women, was a little nettled at this unceremonious advent. "Your papa always was, and I suppose always will be—"

"My papa," interrupted Caroline, gayly. "Just so, dear mamma, I have no doubt he always will be. But we can ask her her name, that's one comfort. Where is she? How did she get here? Let me put her through her catechism at once. I'll practice first on you, Mr. Leicester. Hold up your head. 'What is your name?' Don't say N. or M."

"Hush, hush!" whispered Mrs. Ashton, "she is in the drawing-room," and we were just at the door of that apartment by this time in our slow progress through the wide entrance hall.

The evening was a little chilly, and a few twigs burning in the chimney not only gave a cheerful, ruddy blaze, but attracted by their pleasing warmth. The clear globe of an astral lamp shed its mellow, steady light from the sofa-table drawn rather near the fire-place. Between these two lights, seated so that the one played flickeringly upon the dark silk of her skirt, while the other shone full upon her face, was a lady, who did not move as we entered. So grave, so lost in thought, so completely apart from us and from her surroundings, that when Mrs. Ashton spoke she started, and it was evidently with an

effort that she remembered where she was, and recognized our presence.

She had no beauty, I thought; and she was scornful "even unto death."

Her eyes were swollen with excessive weeping, her cheeks were pale, her mouth faded, her hair lustreless, careless, profuse. Her dress was almost shabby—a worn black silk, and an old shawl wrapped closely around her shoulders.

Unperceived, Miss Ashton made me a lugubrious grimace, as much as to say, "what a bore!" but she went up kindly enough, and with that involuntary air of superiority which woman must take toward those worse dressed than themselves; it was with a rather patronizing tone that she welcomed her father's client's daughter.

But it did not last. Simply the stranger thanked her, but in her words, her manner, her carriage, there was that nameless something which proclaims conscious dignity, well-assured position, superiority, more than *equality*.

Caroline drew back; she was not pleased, and yet she could not take offense. Catechise this regal Niobe! The thing was impossible. Caroline wanted to question her, began, broke down. I, meanwhile, played *personage muet*, and the stranger did not seem to have yet seen me.

At last Miss Ashton said, "Perhaps, mamma, Miss—I beg your pardon, papa neglected to tell us the name of our very welcome guest."

"My name," she said, "my name is Frederica Rawdon."

"Miss Rawdon?" The lady bowed.

"Perhaps, mamma, Miss Rawdon would like to go to her room. Is her luggage taken to it?"

"There is my luggage," Miss Rawdon said, pointing to a valise on the floor near her. "It is all I have."

The ladies tried to hide their surprise, and Mrs. Ashton rang the bell. There was an awkward pause. Caroline plunged into it. She evidently was determined not to be overpowered in her own house by a woman in an old gown, who seemed to have dropped from the moon.

She looked mischievously at me.

"There is a curious coincidence," she said; "your name is Frederica, Miss Rawdon, and this gentleman's is Frederick: allow me to present Mr. Frederick Leicester, and I appoint him your knight during your stay with us. He is more useful and agreeable than he looks."

"You deserved that," she went on, after an exchange of bows, whispering to me as she passed out of the room—she was following her mother and their guest. "You seemed to be enjoying my bother. But oh!" she exclaimed, pausing, with upraised hands, "who *is* this dreadful girl! Has she really lost *all* her friends, I wonder! And she is so lofty too! I know that I shall hate her! *Au revoir!* Sir Knight of the Lady of the Rueful Countenance!" and with a light laugh she disappeared.

But I shall never get through my story if I linger over all these details, and my reader

(should I have one) will be wearied before I have half finished.

Miss Rawdon was a mystery whom none of us could solve. That evening we discussed her when she retired, which she did early. I recollect Laura Hamilton, who was a great, dark-eyed, magnificent creature, saying many disparaging things of the unattractive stranger. If she would have allowed these girls to pity and protect her, they would have been kind enough, but she evidently rejected sympathy, and sat in the midst of us, Miss Hamilton said, like the skeleton of the Egyptian feasts.

Was it obstinacy or instinct? I was attracted toward this silent, plain, gloomy woman; and when the rest of the party, on separating for the night, murmured over the necessity, whatever it was, which had made Mr. Ashton dispatch to his family such an unpleasing addition to our merry, complete circle, I alone put in a word, and said that I was glad she had come, for her face interested me.

There was a general laugh, and no one believed what I said; but, for all that, I am sure I felt it even then.

The next morning, after breakfast, it was too warm to leave the house; the ladies sat and worked in the cool, dark library, and Francis Sheldon read aloud to them. I thought the book very stupid. I don't remember what it was; and first I yawned, and presently I nearly fell asleep, and wished heartily that I had gone out shooting, and felt too inert to start then. Miss Ashton aroused me with the gratuitous information that my features were not sufficiently classic to warrant their public display in such complete repose; and I then perceived, by a glance around, that *the* guest was absent. Through the open door I saw her in the adjoining drawing-room—at least, I saw some dark object gathered together upon the sofa. I went in pursuit.

It was she—doing nothing—leaning her forehead on her clasped hands. The hands were very small, and very white, and very beautiful. This discovery was pleasant and encouraging. Not so was her tone when I addressed her. She looked up wearily, with a slight frown; but I hoped that I was not intruding, or some such commonplace beginning, and presently she listened to me. I had to speak very low, not to interrupt the reader in the library, and a half-whispered conversation can not continue very formal.

I tried my best—I wanted to please—I wished to amuse and interest, if I could, a forlorn stranger in a strange place.

Miss Rawdon recognized and requited my efforts—not by gayety, not with smiles; but her replies grew longer, and she questioned as well as answered. We got on very well. I found her more than intelligent—she was clever, brilliant, pointed. She had traveled, she had read, she had profited by both. Her language was exquisitely chosen, her slight gestures perfectly graceful: I never saw a woman who moved her

hands like that one. No, I am wrong; years afterward, RACHEL's hands reminded me of Frederica Rawdon's.

"I wish I could make you smile—I wish I could light up your sad face," I thought. "How would you look, I wonder!"

This conversation lasted a great while—till the party in the library broke up, dispersing until dinner. Caroline Ashton was amused and annoyed. "You here all this time!" she said to me. "Bravo! you *are* eccentric!"

"Did you not give me over to Miss Rawdon?"

"Model of obedience!" she exclaimed, ironically. Of course Miss Rawdon had gone off before these words were uttered.

I sat next her at dinner. I walked with her that afternoon—all the evening I was near her. Not that Mrs. or Miss Ashton willfully neglected her; but she showed plainly that she wished to be let alone. She would take part in nothing, speak voluntarily to no one. She said more than once—not crossly nor peevishly, but decidedly—"I am such poor company, don't let me interfere with you. I feel so grateful to be here, and to be quiet. Pray don't notice me."

By tacit consent, in twenty-four hours Miss Rawdon became my charge, and nobody else's. They let us both alone. Caroline sneered a little, and Laura pouted a good deal; for they had not even the satisfaction of honestly saying or thinking that Miss Rawdon sought my attentions, which would have been a consolation. For days she received these attentions listlessly, indifferently; never raising her eyes when I approached her, scarcely making room for me when I joined her.

I verily believe that had I suddenly disappeared during the first week of our singular acquaintance she would never have missed me to the extent of wondering where I was, or caring to see me again.

And I—I thought of her at every moment of my life! What was that woman's charm? The God that made her alone could tell.

Her coldness fretted me; her eternal sadness distressed me. If she would only say what ailed her!

At length the icy chain melted. It was the day week of her arrival in our midst. We were idly walking home after a long stroll; and, by one of those coincidences which, slight or strong, are constantly recurring, Frederica took the same path through which I had walked with Caroline Ashton, and she paused to rest half-way up the ascent, just where Caroline had stood when accusing me of "airing my vocabulary" of flirtation phrases for her benefit. I remember this; and I also remember the mocking laugh with which she sprang away, saying, "*Your fate awaits you in yonder mansion!*" She alluded, jestingly, to Laura Hamilton; but had my fate really met me at Ashton Hall in the shape of this grave stranger, of whom I literally knew nothing?

The moon, which then was young, had now

grown rounder and fuller. Frederica remarked on its beauty, on the lovely stillness of the night.

"I think it was even more beautiful ten days ago," I said, forcing myself to say something. "The new moon shone in the purest sky I ever looked upon, and the atmosphere left nothing to desire. I should think the most fiery spirit would have felt its holy influence. Did you notice it? Where were you on that evening?"

"Where was I?" she said, turning upon me; "where was I? What makes you ask that question?"

Her eyes glittered—how bright they were!—her color rose, her figure dilated, her flexible brows bent into a frown.

"What makes you ask that question?" she repeated.

"Pray forgive me," I said, "if I have startled you by a thoughtless speech. I had no covert meaning in a simple question. Do not think of it again."

She sat down on a rustic bench behind us; she covered her face with her beautiful hands, trembling, shuddering, weeping.

I threw myself at her feet. Heaven knows what I said, what incoherent words or wishes I uttered. I don't think she heard me at first; but presently she gave me her hand—it was the first time I had held it—its touch thrilled me.

"How kind you are!" she said; "how kind you have been to me all these weary days! Oh that others were like you!"

"Are we both different from other people, or are we both just imprudent alike? I have closed my lips and refused my confidence to Mrs. Ashton, to her daughter, and feel a strong desire to open my heart to you. You show a deep interest in a total stranger, without in the least accounting to yourself for the feeling; and I believe in this interest, although Heaven knows I have cause enough to doubt all human kind. But I have faith in that nameless attraction which draws us to some and repels us from others. Have you?"

But why give her bare words? They never will convey, especially through my dull pen, the exquisite charm of her tone, her manner.

At last she was natural, herself. She put aside the mask she had forced herself to wear; she gave the reins to her suave tongue; she no longer imprisoned the light of her radiant eyes, nor checked the play of her ever-varying smile. By the rules of compass and art her lips were not perfect; by the judgment of those who studied them they were the heavenliest exponents, silent or speaking, of a delicious woman.

Ah me! to be twenty-three again, and to have again the wild, surging thoughts which, after deluging my heart with love, passion, frenzy, came welling, bursting to my lips, and lay there, too fierce to be beaten back and too timid to pass that barrier! I am nearly fifty now. That love gave me infinite pain, and yet—

"Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
 Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best
 light.

"Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his
 frame,
 And his soul—like the wood which grows precious in
 burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!"

But I am wandering sadly. Who cares what an elderly man feels or don't feel? How my neighbor Patton would laugh and shake his jolly sides if he guessed that old Fred Leicester was growing sentimental! I must tell my story without these digressions.

Did not Frederica see at once that I was madly in love with her? She said not, afterward. She was not vain; she underrated her own attractions; she only thought me kind and sympathizing.

She did not speak any more of herself at that moment. It was late. We returned to the house. "To-morrow," she said, "I will tell you something about your friend—about this forlorn creature whom you have so generously borne with. I am not—" Mrs. Ashton met us at this moment, and chided me for keeping Miss Rawdon so long in the evening dew.

I thought Frederica looked brighter during this evening. I supposed others would notice it, but they did not. She seated herself, with a book, near the sofa table, read till ten o'clock, and then slipped off to her own room.

What dreams I had that night! How little they foretold what the morrow would reveal!

Well—the moment came. We were sitting alone, as we frequently did, in the bay-window of the drawing-room. The Venetian blinds were closed, the light was soft and subdued, the perfumes from each flower which grew in the garden beneath stole gently in upon us. The air was languid and yet cool. A distant voice every now and then reached us; the billiard room was the attraction to-day, and we were safe from interruption.

Each circumstance is impressed distinctly upon my memory. I see her now as she sat in the great chair, with her old, yet perfectly neat dress, her hands folded above her head, her eyes cast down. I had long ceased to think her plain; I wondered how I had ever done so. How could any one be plain over whose face every emotion traced itself in light or shadow? But, after all, I confuse my impressions then with my impressions later; in fact, I write very badly. I have half a mind to pause here—shall I? No; as well go on.

I spoke first. I reminded her of her promise the night before. She sighed, and told me her story with little prelude and in the fewest words. I can tell *it*—I can never tell how icily, how heavily it fell on my heart. She was not Miss Rawdon, she was not named Frederica. She had invented the name. She was a widow—

Florence Raymond. The only daughter, only child, of a rich and tyrannical father, the largest planter in the Southern country (I had often heard of him), and the most violent and obstinate of men. She married for love at sixteen, married most unhappily, led a dreadful life; Raymond died and left her once more dependent upon her father, at the age of twenty-two. Since then three years had passed. Eighteen months back she met with one whom it was plain to see that she adored. I would have needed only to hear her tone, without catching her words, to know that he was her earthly idol. Very casually she mentioned him; with a rising blush and veiled lids. "My father at first approved," she said, "of our acquaintance; we were betrothed with his consent; but I have a cousin, my father's nephew, who is a wretch, a miserable creature, whom I have detested since I was in my cradle. He hates me too, but he loves my fortune. Disappointed by my first marriage, he counted upon making his way now. Again baffled, he crept to my father with lies, only too well calculated to inflame and anger a person easily prejudiced. You can guess the rest. I was to have been married on that very evening, ten days ago, which you asked me last night if I remembered, instead of which, I was flying like a culprit from my home, owing to the kindness of a stranger my escape from persecution or a marriage with a man my very soul abhors. Yes, my father required that I should give my hand to his nephew; he actually thought—desired—that I should exchange a husband as quietly as one does a chair or table, or a servant, who happens not to suit you or your friends!"

"And where was *he*?" I asked, forcing my parched tongue to speak, when she paused, indignant and overcome.

"What *he*? Alfred?" and she colored crimson as she spoke his name for the first time. "What could he do? He is as poor as I am, in reality. He can not—Would it be right for him to put an eternal barrier between my father and myself?"

My lip curled, perhaps involuntarily.

"Don't blame him!" she cried; "I convey a wrong impression if you consider him mercenary. Would I not, probably, in future years, think him selfishly imprudent to have deprived me of my inheritance for his sake?" These words were not hers; she had heard them before, and repeated them like a lesson. "My father is as stern and inflexible as he is hasty. His favorite sister, whose life he had saved, whom he worshiped, displeased him by her marriage, and he allowed her to die in poverty and unforgiven. Mr. Ashton advised too that we should wait, that we should hope; he rescued me from my father's anger and his fierce determination, and sent me quietly here. I was going mad among them all."

"At least, you had the comfort of knowing yourself beloved; of feeling that, although apart, he would be faithful and true to you. There is consolation in that," I said, slowly.

She turned upon me, tears in her eyes. "Yes," she said, simply, but with effort, and sighed as if she felt great comfort indeed.

"He will come with Mr. Ashton to visit you perhaps?" I pursued. "There will be no great danger or trouble in such a step."

"You tease me," Florence said; for now I shall call her by her true name.

"How?"

"I don't like your tone—you mean more and something besides what you express. You are unkind. "What a child I am!" she interrupted herself—"A widow, twenty-five years old, and as full of sickly sentiment as a girl of fifteen! You must forgive me. I can not tell why I have taken the liberty of confiding in you; forget, if you can, all that I have said. I am behaving like a heroine of romance. Look upon me as a prosaic reality, and pardon my forwardness and want of delicacy. I am amazed at myself as much as you must be at me."

She rose and bowed. I caught her hand.

"Sit down—pray sit down again," I pleaded. "Indeed you wrong me, you misunderstand me. Can you suppose me insensible to the trust, the honor you have shown me?"

I spoke with warmth and sincerity. I reassured her. We talked on for long hours. I wanted to be convinced of what I suspected. Not from idle curiosity, but from the strong, the intense desire to know if her lover was really true to her, or if, in this time of trial and dismay, he had abandoned her because the fortune was insecure.

She defended him and herself bravely; pride and love were both in arms; woman's vanity and passionate devotion helped her long to keep her secret, but I held it at last. This had been the crowning drop in her cup of bitterness. Her father's unfounded wrath against her lover, his anger with herself, his threats of forcing her to marry, his violence, her cousin's hateful attentions—all, all had been borne, not meekly—for one could easily see Florence was no creature of angelic temperament—but these could be borne and they were, till he, the loved one, the adored of her heart, spoke to her of a necessity for separation. He loved her—he would never, could never love again—but fate divided them. He was poor, had no profession, lazy (she acknowledged), a spoiled child, used to luxury—what could they do, if they did marry? "And then," she sighed, "my temper is so uneven. I am naturally so rebellious. He has had such trouble with me, poor fellow!"

"Ah! he is very amiable?" I suggested.

She laughed merrily. It was the first laugh I ever heard from her lips—a lingering, musical, merry laugh. She stopped, as if shocked at herself, but also as if she could not have helped it. "Amiable! I don't think he could spell the word! He could not, I verily believe, get as near to the thing as that."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"I don't care to have him amiable: he suits me as he is."

She would say no more. I prudently stopped; and there our conversation ended.

Need I say what my thoughts were? I hoped he might prove all I thought him to be—and, Heaven knows, this "Alfred" was a monster of selfishness and ingratitude to my mind.

We were drawn together still more, of course, by this confidence, and dangerous to me was the intimacy which now ensued. Hopeless as I felt my passion, I could not give it up, nor even try to conquer it. How often I repeated the old adage, "Many a heart is caught in the rebound;" and how selfishly I prayed that the unworthy, the unfeeling creature (for such I unhesitatingly considered him), might never again claim the hand I longed to call my own.

I meant to wait patiently. I never intended to declare my love until circumstances had finally separated her from even the memory of the past. I should surround her with every proof of my devotion without speaking it; but my resolutions ended as such resolutions always must end.

The time was approaching for us all to quit Ashton Hall—I had already staid longer than the usual duration of my visits. Charley Benson had left; the party was breaking up; Mrs. Ashton was looking out for her lord, and matters could not go on in this dreamy way forever. Florence had no plans; she depended upon Mr. Ashton; she had had no letters from any one; the temporary excitement produced by her revelations to me, which, unburdening her mind, made her feel less solitary and care-worn, had in a measure passed away. She was very sad; it maddened me to see her so miserable, to feel that she was lavishing a wealth of tenderness I would have periled life and soul to gain, upon a cold, neglectful, calculating man, who, knowing her anxiety and unhappiness, made no effort to comfort or rescue her. I could stand it no longer; I told her I loved her, and I besought her to forget him and to listen to me.

Her eyes fixed themselves gravely, sadly, inquiringly, upon my eager, flushed, excited face. I was cold and hot all at once.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked, at last.

Heaven knows what I answered—what I said.

She was not angry, but she grew very pale, and her words were cold yet kind. She told me how much she had trusted me, how much she had relied upon my friendship. "This must end now. I must give up an intercourse fraught with dangers to us both." My heart beat.

"Yes," she continued, answering my eyes, for my tongue said nothing. "Yes. To both. I am not a simpleton altogether. Friendship between a man and a woman is by no means impossible nor impracticable until the word 'love' is mentioned. Then, incessant dangers arise—dangers of all sorts. It matters not how strong may be his resolutions never to repeat the fatal syllable—it *will* come; it matters not how engrossingly she may be attached elsewhere. Madame de Meulles has said, 'A wo-

man often resists the passion she feels; seldom the passion she inspires.' There is something very sweet, very powerful, in the conviction that one is seriously loved. Spoken or unspoken it carries its way. I will not expose myself to any such formidable *enemy*. As usual, I am candid. I do not love you, but I do believe that you love me. I am very, very much grieved that it should be so. Is it my fault? is it yours? You were warned, you were armed against such a folly. I have one comfort—quickly as it came, so quickly will it go."

"Never. You are my first love—you shall be my last."

She smiled.

"You do not believe me?"

"All men say this to every woman. Nearly every woman says it to any man whom she loves. It is considered a necessary fiction."

I buried my head in my hands; I did not care to argue the point.

She withdrew my hands gently from my face.

"Pray don't," I said; "for I did not choose that even she should see the tears that dimmed my eyes. Oh! what a fool I am to recall all this! Those were the saddest and yet the happiest moments of my life. Sad, because reason told me that I was destined to disappointment; happy, because hope never quite dies so long as there is life—and life for me was in her presence, the silence of her lover, the faintest gesture of her white hand, our separation from every one about us, the curve of her red lip, the gleam of her dark eye, the low, sweet, mournful cadence of her expressive voice. I slumbered and floated along. Time enough to awaken when some change or accident should arouse me. I just held on to the passing moments and never looked ahead.

How kind she was—how noble—how true! After urging me to go, to leave Ashton, and finding me determined to stay, she seemed to adopt my own ideas, and to let things take their natural course.

"You are obstinate," she said, "and I am weak. Listen to wisdom you will not; prudence you scorn. I can not go, and I have not the courage, the energy to avoid you. On your own head be the consequences;" and she began to talk of literature, music, any thing.

Well, the end was near at hand; it came. I had noticed a growing impatience in my idol, a restlessness of manner, a petulance, which she instantly repented and repeated. She would look earnestly at me, and then impatiently withdraw her gaze. She did not speak crossly to me, but her thoughts were hard, sneering, bitter, and so expressed themselves of her own self and of others. At length, one evening, again we sat upon that rustic bench overlooking the lazily flowing river, and Florence's dark eyes watched the setting sun, as, like a ball of fiercely heated iron, he dropped behind the trees.

The dewy shades of night softly crept down and spread around us: what possessed me I do not know; but I felt that a crisis was at hand,

and something forced me to speak once more of the love which was, I saw, filling my very existence. I poured out burning words of passionate affection—I called her cold, cruel; I accused her of trifling with me. I sneered at her callousness. Heaven knows what follies I uttered. I was fierce and bitter. Through it all she never moved nor spoke. At length I paused, and then her low, sweet voice broke upon the silence which followed, like a strain of angelic melody after a crash of noise and confusion.

"I thank you," she said, "for arousing me just as I was about to place my feet upon the verge of a precipice. I am still stunned by the sense of the danger I have escaped, and am equally divided between gratitude to you for doing me this service and terror at my own imprudence. Do you understand me? I can express myself very freely now, for I am safe. Have you been so blind as not to have perceived that during the past day or two a change had come over me? Do you remember what I said to you when first you declared your love? I feared for us both: however vaguely for myself, still an instinct bade me be wise and avoid you. I neglected the warning—and you, insensibly, grew upon me each moment." I would have seized her hand—she resolutely withdrew it: my blood danced and bubbled in my veins—she went on, calmly, and each word she uttered fell in measured accents, without a shade of emotion.

"I began to draw comparisons between you and—some one. He lost by the contrast, and you gained. Your unselfish, unexact, eager, and respectful devotion, the sympathy you felt, the evident determination which you showed to convince me of your love, by respecting my position and leaving to time to work a change in my feelings, if change there ever would be, gave me so much pleasure, touched me so fatally, that my mind has been a chaos of remorse, happiness, doubt, determination. I could no more unravel it—this tangled skein of fifty opposite feelings—than I could make that sun pause in its downward course. Your hand has saved me the trouble. What! you accuse me of a want of faith in you, because I do not believe your love eternal after a three weeks' acquaintance! You call me callous, because I did not, at your first words, throw myself into your arms! You consider me heartless, because I cling to a love which does not date from yesterday! I am calculating, because I have been deceived, and fear to be so again; and, last of all—worst of all—I have trifled with your affection—coquetted with you! I"—and now her words came fast and indignantly—"I, who bared my inmost feelings to you, a stranger; who accepted you as my friend on the faith of your honest eyes, and your own wishes—disregarding the half-uttered warnings of Caroline Ashton, who, in our few conversations, has insinuated that your reputation as a flirt was only to be equaled by your vanity and your inordinate love of conquest! Mrs. Ashton too, has kindly hinted a

few such specks upon your excellence. Regardless of them, I chose to judge for myself, and this is my reward. Hush! not a word."

But I would speak, I would not be silent. I implored her forgiveness.

"I forgive you," she said; "I freely forgive you. More than that, I thank you. You have taught me a lesson. I read your character aright now. How many days have I been dreaming?"—she counted them off on her fingers—"Saturday, Sunday, Monday—and this is Tuesday—four days I have loved you—loved you in spite of memory, prudence, delicacy—every thing: what is more, I love you still, and I don't believe in you. Your vanity alone has been touched. The scales have fallen from my eyes. Were I to promise now to be yours, my charm would depart."

I caught her in my arms. She remained thus a moment, and her heart beat against me with a wild flutter, although she was motionless as a statue.

"Be mine!" I said; "tell me so at once—believe in me, trust to me!" I scarcely dared to tighten my grasp about her, she was such a willful creature—and I, who never feared man or woman, I feared her. She bewildered me: I knew she was in earnest, perfectly sincere in what she said, and yet how understand such reckless inconsistency? Her distracting lips parted in a half-sigh, and she looked up at me as if she hated herself and hated me, and yet—and yet—I bent down and kissed her. Never, while I live, will the memory of that kiss leave me. It burned into my heart, and the scar is there still.

"Are you mine?" I said, softly.

"No."

"Then why are you here?" and I drew her more closely to me.

She disengaged herself suddenly and fiercely from my embrace.

"I despise you," she said, "for your want of appreciation of what you should commend. Would you love me if I were so lightly won—I, the affianced wife of another man, caught, in three weeks, by a stranger's flattery and sympathy? How could you trust me in time yourself if you found me so careless now—so easy to woo, so easy to win? What is your love worth if it be given so freely to one who would prove herself unworthy in thus dishonorably accepting it? Am I disengaged from ties that, but for accidents, would now be indissoluble? Will you not let me decently bury one love—if it is to be buried—before I welcome another?"

"I will wait an eternity if you but give me hope—a certainty—in the future."

"Do I know myself? Do you know yourself? Three weeks since you had never seen me; three weeks since I was on the eve of marriage with a man whom I loved fervently. Should one trust to such hasty passion as now actuates us? Had we not better test ourselves by a better knowledge of each other, by time?"

"Time!" I repeated, scornfully. "Is time the only test of love?"

"In our case it would be very well to try it."

"And how long will this test endure?"

"Can I tell? It is no light thing, Fred"—and her voice seemed to caress my name as she uttered it; "it is no light thing to love as I have loved. My love has cost me too much to be lightly given up or lightly considered. It has been to me the source of more tears than smiles; and perhaps that is why it has been, and is, so mighty. Your tenderness has refreshed me like a spring in the desert; your very look of admiration when I speak, or when your eye catches mine; the consciousness that, do what I will, you find me charming, is very delightful to one accustomed to meet with reproof oftener than praise—averted looks more than lingering glances. Yet, can I forget that time was when his gaze dwelt as fondly upon my face, and his voice spoke the devotion he felt? You do not yet see my faults—he does. Perhaps that is the only difference between you."

"You can not expect me to listen to this."

"Hear me to the end. He has so long ruled my thoughts, my actions, my heart—what if his dominion be as strong as ever? Suppose what I feel for you is a mere ephemeral fancy—suppose I mistake gratitude for your sympathy, pleasure in your society, rest after much weariness, for love, and, twice perjured, awake to a morbid regret, to an undying remorse? I am pledged—I am bound. He may make me unhappy; but till he releases me I am his, and can not with honor break my bonds."

Silently I dropped her hand from my clasp; but she took mine and pressed it warmly, and then hesitatingly carried it to her lips, and a tear fell upon it as it rested there. I wish she or I had died just then!

An approaching step startled us. It was a servant breathlessly arriving, and the bearer of a request from his mistress that Miss Rawdon would come in as quickly as possible.

"Any thing the matter?" I asked, while a vague foreboding of evil instinctively possessed me.

"His master would be here presently," the man said; and "a woman had come with trunks for Miss Rawdon."

I motioned the servant away. Florence took my arm. She was pale as death and absolutely silent. Neither of us uttered one word as we slowly walked up that path. Once only she bent her eyes on mine. Neither of us commented on the arrival of Mr. Ashton, or the news that he might bring.

There was bustle and confusion awaiting us. Mrs. Ashton looked half-annoyed, half-pleased.

"So the mystery is solved, *Mrs. Raymond!*" she exclaimed, with a smile, and kissing her guest affectionately. "I have had a talk with your maid, who has just come with your luggage, and very indiscreetly and innocently told

me a great deal about you. Caroline and I would have kept your secret very safely, had you told us; but Mr. Ashton has sent on a little note which partly explains why you wished to be quiet and unknown, and from what he says I think your troubles are over, my dear; and I congratulate you."

This was in a half-whisper; but I caught the words.

"Here is a letter for you, too. I don't think you need to wonder who *it* is from;" and nodding to Florence significantly, the good lady drew me away into the porch.

"A queer business all this!" she said. "I am glad to see, at last, to the bottom of it. I have often heard Mr. Ashton speak of her father. He is a dreadfully violent man; and I suppose he would have been fully capable of coming here and shooting her, or Lord knows what." She talked on. I heard a confused murmur of, "Given his consent," "A widow—Mrs. Raymond," "Found out his nephew's villainy," "Taken one of his sudden turns," "Mr. Ashton," "Her maid has a very long tongue," "Servants know every thing," "Couldn't help listening," "She had puzzled us so much." Finally she wound up: "Are you not surprised to hear that she is a widow, and just going to be married again? If she had been prettier I might feel very anxious for you, Mr. Leicester; and I am afraid she *is* a great flirt."

I made a gesture of warning, for Florence stood in the door-way.

"I wish to speak to you, Mr. Leicester," she said.

Her voice was husky. I followed her into the empty drawing-room.

"*He* is coming with Mr. Ashton. They will be here in an hour." She spoke abruptly, impetuously.

"Well?"

She looked at me wildly, despairingly.

"What shall I do?"

"It is for you to decide."

"For me! Do you not know that I am a slave—that I am the victim of an infatuation that I can not conquer. One cold, searching glance of his steady eyes will make me fall again under his control, as powerless as the bird charmed by a serpent. I have no will where his is exerted. My vacillation, my weakness, are worthy of his contempt; and I have not the courage to tell him that I no longer love him. I can not tell him that a stranger has supplanted him. And do I know if you have! Frederick, pity me; do not judge me harshly. I have suffered so much, I have loved so much, that I can not analyze my feelings nor understand them. I have meant to act honorably by you, by him, by myself; and I am wrecked, wrecked, wrecked!"

"Do you forgive me?" she asked, after a pause.

"Freely. Can you forgive yourself for what you are about to do? I do not ask you from a selfish motive, but will you not be deceiving him?"

"Of course, I will!" she exclaimed, passionately. "He trusts me so entirely, and never doubts my constancy!"

"How much of this trust is to be attributed to his own personal vanity, and the satisfied conviction that he is too superior to be forsaken? I do not accuse him; I only put the question. And do you really think he has been true to you? Have you already forgotten how he behaved in the time of your trial and trouble? his arguments? his prudential considerations?"

"Hush! Don't remind me."

"Florence!" I said, and I took her trembling, cold little hand, "I have never loved till now. I am very young, but I shall never love again. This is the crisis of your fate and of mine. Be true to what is true. Whatever your decision, I am yours for life. Yours to have you mine; or yours at a distance, and as strangers before the world and in the world. God bless you, and guide you rightly! for you hold in your hands the earthly happiness of two human beings—your own and mine."

"And his," she murmured.

I made no answer, for I would not say what I really thought. We stood side by side, her eyes bent down, and her whole figure relaxed and weary.

Suddenly she started, shuddering.

"I must leave you." She passed her hand across her brow, as if to rid herself of some tormenting vision, and forced a smile. "Look at me for the last time in this shabby gown. This was one of my minor trials; I had to abandon my wardrobe when I ran away, and I have a taste for magnificence. I must 'make a toilet' for the first time in three weeks. Three weeks only, is it! It seems as if a whirlwind had swept me through long ages!"

She was gone.

The butler brought in extra candles. The rooms wore a look of *fête* and preparation. I wandered listlessly out of the house. I went back to that memorable bench. Wild, impossible thoughts chased each other through my brain, such as—no! I can not describe, I would not describe what I felt, what I contemplated. Hours wore away.

Back to society and its claims. Mr. Ashton had no doubt already arrived with his guest, and, of course, there were good-natured inquiries going on as to my absence. I cared very little for their remarks, but better brave it at once.

I was very deliberate, very careful: went to my room and arranged my dress; I think I brushed my hair unintermittingly for ten minutes. I recollect how slowly I went down stairs, never pausing, but secretly anxious to delay the moment.

So that was Alfred Varnham! He was talking to Mrs. Ashton. He was handsome, dark, high-bred, calm, grave, cold as a cold man can be, courteous withal, graceful and gentle.

I shook hands with Mr. Ashton: "Where

had I been?" "Asleep." Well, I had been dreaming, so my conscience only winced.

I was presented to Mr. Varnham. I saw a smile exchanged between Laura Hamilton and Carry Ashton. Not a muscle quivered—and this was the man she loved.

I answered mechanically and correctly, put questions *de rigueur*, made phrases of politeness, and inwardly repeated, "She loves this man! she loves this man!"

"Mrs. Raymond will not sing, papa," Caroline Ashton said, "although you have just revealed to us what a musician she is, and begged the favor, through me, of one song!"

"Oh, she must consent!" Mr. Ashton exclaimed. "I must try my personal persuasions."

I followed his footsteps with my eyes. Mr. Varnham returned to his hostess, and Caroline drew me aside, whispering, "Have you seen her? What a transformation! Dress and brighter hopes have turned our plain miss-tery into a married beauty."

Then I saw her, but not distinctly. There was, as it were, a field of strange vapor between us, and I perceived a radiant figure, differing so widely from my late grave, quiet companion, that I could with difficulty recognize her.

The color of her gown was blue, and it had broad white silvery bands, shimmering and glistening like melted stars. Her shoulders were bare, so were her glorious arms; I had never seen them uncovered before, and they were dazzling. Her hair was dressed in some peculiar fashion; of course, in these days it would seem hideous and awkward, but it was very beautiful then, those piles of massive braids, crowning her head, with a soft curl peeping out here and there, and then one half-falling as if to kiss the white neck that carried itself so proudly.

There was a flush upon her cheek, a grand light in her large eyes. Gracious Heaven! how madly I worshiped her! not for her beauty—remember I loved her days before, and divined her power before she ever wielded it.

They were pressing her to sing; the whole party urged it. "Join your persuasions to ours, Mr. Leicester," Miss Hamilton called out, maliciously and markedly.

Florence caught my eye; I saw her color rise, spread, darken. Varnham slowly glanced at both of us.

Florence turned to the harp hastily, saying, "Since you all wish it, but I am out of practice."

A graceful woman at the harp is a very beautiful sight. I wonder now to see girls abandoning such an instrument for the piano. I would like to prose a little about it to calm down my nerves. I had not thought to feel so very deeply a memory which dates back so long.

"What shall I sing?" she said to Mr. Ashton.

"Let me see. I like ballads, you know; none of your fashionable screechinas. Nobody

sings Moore so well as you, my child. Give us 'In the Morning of Life;' you sang it charmingly for me a year ago."

I don't think Florence paused to remember the significance of the words she was about to utter, as, in the most melodious voice that ever charmed *my* ear, she began. Moore's melodies are passed away now; who would think of singing—

"In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright, beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh, 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away."

"When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true."

Florence's voice trembled as she pronounced this last line. She swept the chords hurriedly, and got up. A murmur of admiration was interrupted by Mr. Ashton catching her hand. "But the third verse, my dear; you must not cheat us."

"I don't recollect it; it has escaped me."

"How does it go?" he continued; "I remember the last of it—

"So it is not mid splendor, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears."

Florence shook her head. "I don't trust to my memory; it is sometimes faithless. I should never sing except 'by book.' Will not Miss Hamilton kindly replace me at the harp? You do yourself injustice, Sir, in wishing to hear me when some are present who put my poor voice to shame."

Varnham had his eyes fixed upon Mrs. Raymond as she spoke. Without looking toward him, she seemed to know that he was watching her. She went up to him and said a few words. He answered in still fewer, with a smile, sweet on the surface, icy beneath. Her back was turned to the company. I saw her give him an imploring, pleading look. His lips moved in reply to her silent, earnest appeal; then he crossed the room and spoke to Miss Ashton.

She stood where he had left her, pretending to examine the flowers on the table against which he had been leaning.

"Come into the piazza," I said to her. "The stars are very bright, the sky very clear. I shall almost be able to count the diamonds in your bracelet by the light."

We went out together.

"Florence! you are mad—or I am. That man does not love you. He can love nothing but himself."

"Hush! it is not honorable to speak so; it

is not like you—it is not you, in fact; you are beside yourself. There is a glitter in your eyes—a wildness in your speech. He has noticed it; he has noticed me. There is no deceiving him. Already he suspects—”

“So much the better. Make his suspicion a certainty. Florence, have you decided?”

“I have.”

“And—” my life hung on her words.

“Frederick, we must part!”

I see her now, as she stood before me in all her loveliness, her pride, her sorrow, and her strength.

“Are you determined?”

“It must be so.”

“Then I shall no longer importune you.”

She placed her hand lightly on my arm. “We must not part in anger. Later, you will understand me; you will know and feel how sorely I am pressed, how sadly tried. There are duties, obligations, memories, which must be obeyed. Turn where I will, I am hunted, pursued, baffled, beset by my own weakness and the power of others. Don’t mistake my meaning. A whisper, a hint of what has passed between us would be sufficient to break my present betrothal, and I would be miserable. So wayward, so uncertain I am—so divided between two strong feelings—so utterly perplexed, that this calm heaven never looked down upon a more troubled and distracted spirit. Forget me. I have been but a moment’s interest to a man, young, free, with the world before him, and with many a heart ready to exchange itself for his own. I am older than my years, saddened, wearied, disappointed. Do not desire to link your fresh life with mine. Twice I have loved; twice I have learned the bitterness of loving. Is it in myself? is it my fate? I shall never keep a heart. As a past dream you will care for me, and talk of me, perhaps, to your children. But to-night we part. I beseech you to leave Ashton to-morrow. You peril my peace of mind—you will do no more. No earthly power can shake my resolve. Am I right? am I wrong? God knows. Farewell!”

She pressed my hand with convulsive energy; her burning lips touched my brow, and I have never seen Florence Raymond since that hour.

My story is told. Whatever blanks of importance, whatever necessary details I have omitted, my reader will kindly supply. I am no author; and I have been often diffuse, and again too succinct.

Does there remain any thing to add? She married, she lived, she died. Was she happy? I know not. Could I have made her happier? Sometimes I think so. I have flirted with many a girl since that spring-time at Ashton Hall. I have seen many handsome women, and fair hands have furtively slid into mine; and scarlet lips have met my own, and bright eyes have smiled and wept, they said, for my sake. But to no other ear have I whispered

“I love you!” and I am the last of my name; and my sister’s sons will live here when the “old man” is gone, and jestingly rejoice that he never loved and never married.

Vale!

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF JOHN HUSS.

THE traveler who visits to-day the old, half-decayed city of Constance, will meet, not far from the place where he lands on the shores of the lake, a huge, warehouse-looking building, a careful inspection of which will reward his curiosity. More than four hundred years ago it presented scenes toward which the eyes of all Christendom were directed with varied but intense interest. Mounting the stairs leading to the second story of this immense structure—the old *Kauf-haus*, or Market—the visitor enters a vast chamber, where the Council of Constance was once assembled, and which has been rendered ever memorable by the trial of John Huss and the thrilling eloquence of Jerome of Prague. The ceiling is very low, supported by heavy wooden pillars, and the rough planks of the floor give evidence of the ruder age in which they were first laid. The visitor might fancy himself in some neglected warehouse loft, only that yonder, partitioned off from the vast space, is a small room filled with some very curious and touching mementos of the Great Council. There are the wax figures of Huss and Jerome, the first bearing the following record: “John Huss, of Hussinetz, in Bohemia, born July 6, 1373, Rector of the University, and lecturer at Prague; burned alive at Constance, in consequence of the order of the Council, in the forty-second year of his age. His last words were, ‘I resign my soul into the hands of my God and my Redeemer.’” Even there, in the hall which was the scene of his trial, the martyr’s memory is honored. There is a model of the dungeon in which he was confined—a living sepulchre, three feet by ten; and there is the hurdle on which he was drawn to the scene of execution; while of the Pontiff who sought to make him the scape-goat for his own sins, and of the Emperor who blushed at being reminded of his violation of Huss’s safe-conduct, the only memorials are the chairs they occupied.

Passing along the streets, lined with buildings, many of them untenanted, we reach, on the shores of the lake, the Dominican monastery in which Huss was confined, and in whose damp dungeon he contracted that torturing neuralgia which for a time threatened his life, and made the long months of his imprisonment one continuous living martyrdom. At some distance to the west is the plain stone building where Huss first found lodgings on his arrival at Constance. In a niche of the wall stands a rude stone statue of the reformer, but with its features still distinct. It marks the dwelling yet known to every citizen as the Huss House. Still farther on, and outside the Götliben Gate,

amidst cultured gardens, is the spot where the fagots were piled and the martyr suffered. A deserted Capuchin monastery stands near by, a monument of the past and a symbol of the present. The whole scene, within and without the walls, is quiet, and almost desolate, now; but the time was when it was thronged with the wealth, learning, nobility, and power of European Christendom. Near four centuries and a half ago (1414) kings, princes, nobles, prelates, priests, soldiers, and merchants were congregated there. The buildings of the city could not accommodate the guests. Booths and wooden structures of all kinds were erected outside the walls, and thousands were encamped in the adjoining country. The whole neighborhood presented a curious and novel scene. It was a miniature Christendom. There was the salesman with his wares, the prince with his escort, the magistrate with his symbols of authority, the servant hastening on his errands, bishop and presbyter, lord and vassal, soldiers of fortune, curiosity hunters, the abandoned and the profligate. Wealth and poverty, splendor and meanness, learning and ignorance, were strangely blended. The eye was now attracted by costly attire, sparkling with jewels and glittering with gold; and now repulsed by the loathsome forms of indigence, vice, and lust.

Learning was represented there. In the service, but not in serfdom to the Pope, might be seen Poggio Bracciolini, of Florence, one of the most illustrious scholars of his day, whose zeal for literature was rewarded by the discovery of many lost manuscripts of the classics. There, too, was Thierry de Niew, secretary to several popes, whose memory his pen has consecrated to historic infamy. There were Æneas Sylvius, less renowned as pontiff than as priest; Cardinal Zabarella, distinguished for his virtues and his learning, and respected by all; Manuel Chrysoloras, the illustrious scholar, who brought from the Eastern Church the tribute of his literary renown.

And, besides these, there were Cardinal d'Ailly, "the eagle of France" and "anvil of heretics;" John Gerson, for a long time the master-spirit as well as most eloquent and distinguished member of the Council; with a long list of representatives from the universities of Paris, Cologne, Vienna, Prague, Erfurt, Bologna, Cracow, and Oxford.

The scene was magnificent and imposing. The questions that had drawn together the vast assemblage had shaken Europe to its extremities. Three several pontiffs laid claim to the tiara. The nations were rent by ecclesiastical dissensions. Corruption in the Church and anarchy in the State had reached a height of profligate and unscrupulous daring that was loudly pronounced to be intolerable any longer. The whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint. Some remedy must be devised, and the doctors of Europe met at Constance to draw up the prescription.

But another matter, almost equally grave in

the eyes of the Council, was the popular charge against John Huss. Though accused of heresy, his crime was one not so much of doctrine as of practice. Except on the single point of the supreme authority of Scripture, it would be difficult to name one of his peculiar views which had not, at the very time, bold and earnest advocates in the Roman Catholic Church. It was only after his arrest, and during his imprisonment, that he avowed his adherence to the Calixtine doctrine of the Communion of the Cup. He had exposed pretended miracles; but the Archbishop of Prague had sustained him in it. He had rebuked the sale of indulgences; but so had Gerson. He had laid bare the rottenness of pontifical and ecclesiastical corruption; but Cardinal d'Ailly had done the same. He had denounced pontifical canonizations and church festivals, characterized by bacchanalian orgies; but, with more caustic sarcasm, Clemengis had set him an example. He had poured forth torrents of eloquent and indignant rebuke upon the papal crusade against Ladislaus; but Paletz, his former room-mate, now his accuser, had been his abettor. His crime—save that, philosophically, he was a Realist—was narrowed down to this: He would not bow down and acknowledge as infallible the image of its own authority which the Council had set up in the place of the vacant pontificate.

A melancholy interest gathers over the closing scenes in this fearful tragedy enacted by the Council. Their victim is no common man. His whole career, from the hour when his widowed mother, with her cake and goose as a simple present for the rector, set out with him on the journey from Hussinetz to Prague, enlists our sympathy. Huss, like many of his less distinguished compeers, was a charity student. But the poor boy was rich in the noblest gifts of mind and heart. To his dying day the malice of his enemies could not charge him with a mean or wicked act. Calumny left his private character wholly untouched. His patriotism might be termed ambition, and his zeal for a pure Christianity might be accounted infidelity to the Church; but his lips never uttered impurity, and his hand never held a bribe. He was liberal to the extreme of prodigality, but in honesty was an Aristides. The lessons of his pious mother were rooted deep in his heart, and no allurements or temptations could shake their hold upon his conscience.

He was not long in rising to distinction. Among the thirty thousand students of the university he soon took the foremost rank. At twenty-six years of age he became the Queen's confessor, and preached before the court. He was little more than thirty when he was chosen rector of the university. The liberality of two citizens of Prague built for him the Bethlehem Chapel. It was crowded to overflowing with an eager auditory. The preacher spoke with an authority and eloquence that carried all before it. At this juncture the widowed Queen of England brought back with her the writings of

Wicliffe. Huss was slow to approve them; but the more he read, the more he liked them. The spirit of the two men was sympathetic. He commended the writings of the English reformer. Copies were multiplied. Scores, elegantly bound, were soon in circulation. But the university took the alarm. The archbishop demanded that the books should be brought him, and he made a bonfire of them. The people were exasperated. The King remonstrated with the archbishop; but the large secession of students, dissatisfied with the patriotic zeal of Huss, who demanded that the university should be subject to Bohemian instead of German control, made him many enemies. He was accused of heresy. The Pope sustained the charge on a prejudiced trial, and forbade Huss to preach. He was forced, at length, to leave the city. But he would not be silent. He was still busy with tongue and pen. In different parts of the kingdom his voice was heard. At last he was permitted to return. The popular demand for his presence bore down all opposition. Again Bethlehem Chapel resounded with his bold denunciation and eloquent invective. A weaker man filled the episcopal chair. As inquisitor of the faith he certified to Huss's orthodoxy. The university commended him. Secure in the confidence of his integrity, Huss welcomed the approach of the Council. The Emperor sent him a safe-conduct, and he set out on his journey to Constance.

Many a hearty greeting did he receive on the way. At almost every place where he stopped crowds were eager to see and hear him; most approved his words. Almost at the same time with the Pope he reached the city. The first conference passed amicably. John XXIII. assured him that he should not be molested. "You are safe," said he. "Even if you had killed my own brother, no injustice should be done you." Huss returned to his lodgings. His fears were quieted; and as opportunity offered, he gave utterance to his views. The citizens of Constance thronged to see him. But his enemies were not idle. They first spread the report that Huss could read their secret thoughts. Some were terrified; but others were drawn toward him. And now the arts of his enemies were directed to his arrest. The reckless and unprincipled pontiff was persuaded that it would be a good stroke of policy, and give him credit for zeal against heresy, if he should arrest Huss. In violation of the Emperor's safe-conduct and the Pope's assurance, it was done by his order. Huss was thrown into prison.

The indignation of the Bohemian escort was extreme. John de Chlum sent to the Emperor—now on his way from Aix-la-Chapelle to Constance—an account of the outrage. Sigismond was enraged, and gave orders for the immediate release of Huss, even to tearing down the prison doors, if necessary. But in his absence the Pope declined obedience. The place of imprisonment was kept a secret. At length the Emperor reached Constance, but the Pope soon

had him in his toils. Sigismond dared not risk the consequences to himself and the Council of vindicating his own safe-conduct against a man charged with heresy.

Huss remained for a week, under a strong guard, in the house of the clerk of the cathedral of Constance, and was thence conveyed to the prison of the Dominican monastery on the banks of the lake. It was close, damp, and unwholesome, in immediate proximity to the receptacle of the filth of the monastery. Huss was seized with a raging fever, and his life was almost despaired of. The Pope sent him his own physician; "for," says an old historian, "he feared that John Huss might die a natural death."

It was in this vile and noisome cell that the three commissioners appointed by the Pope to examine Huss found him. They presented him the series of articles drawn up by Paletz, which he pretended to have extracted from his "Treatise on the Church," but which had been in part falsified. Worn down by sickness and anxiety, Huss felt impelled to claim the criminal's right, and apply for a legal defender. But this was refused him, on the plea that the canons make it a crime to defend a man suspected of heresy. "I besought the commissioners," said he, "to grant me an advocate. They at first granted my request, but afterward refused it. I therefore place my confidence in our Saviour Jesus Christ. May He be at once my Advocate and my Judge."

For three months, while the trial of the Pope was pending, Huss was left almost entirely unmolested. The humanity of his physicians ordered his removal to a healthier place; and his faithful friend De Chlum provided him with pen, ink, paper, and a Bible, of all of which he had been hitherto deprived. His patience, gentleness, and piety won the hearts of his keepers. Not rarely, when his examiners entered the prison, they found these rude and uneducated men listening with eager attention to his instructions. Several of his treatises, contained in his works, were designed for their perusal, or were written at their request. It is a touching memento of affection which we find in the simple names of Robert, James, and Gregory, appended at the close of these writings, and indicating the strong sympathy which attached them to the prisoner. The records of martyrdom scarce contain any thing more affecting than Huss's prison experience. His letters to his friends at Prague, afflicted, as well as indignant in his affliction, betray no murmuring, and affect no bravado. Repeatedly do they remind us of "Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ," in the affectionate earnestness and apostolic fervor of their appeals. Not a sign of wavering or irresolution do they betray throughout. Of his sufferings, which were intense, and of his hardships, which were cruel, scarce a single word escapes him. Now and then he cheers his disconsolate countrymen by the expression of a hope of release. But in his own mind the prospect

was faint indeed. "Pray to God for me," said he. "All my hope rests in Him, and in your prayers. Implore Him, therefore, to vouchsafe to me the assistance of His Spirit, that I may confess His name, even unto death. If he deigns to receive me at the present time, His holy will be done."

On March 20, 1415, the wily Pope fled in disguise from Constance. Huss was given in charge to harsher jailers than the Pope had allowed him. Armed men transferred him, by order of the Bishop of Constance, to the Castle of Götleben, on the banks of the Rhine. He was shut up in one of the towers of the building, with irons on his feet; and at night a chain, firmly fixed to the wall, prevented the captive from moving from his bed.

For nearly two months Huss remained in the castle. The deposition of John XXIII. at length allowed the Council leisure to regard the importunate and indignant remonstrances of the Bohemians, who demanded for him an impartial trial. Little as Huss had to expect of mercy, he was rejoiced when, on the 6th of June, he was brought back to Constance. "I had rather be burned than suffocated in prison." So he wrote to his faithful friend De Chlum.

A congregation, embracing the prelates, doctors, and most of the members of the Council, met to hear the articles against Huss. They were read, and the assembly was about coming to a decisive vote, when the notary, Maldoniewitz, a friend of Huss, hurried out to inform his countryman, De Chlum. The latter hastened to the Emperor. Sigismund was indignant, and gave immediate orders to suspend proceedings in Huss's absence, and to send him the objectionable treatises, which he would put into the hands of learned doctors to examine. The last direction the Council refused to observe; to the former they yielded, and ordered Huss to be brought before them.

He was first presented with his books, and asked if he acknowledged their authorship. He replied that he did; and added, "If any man among you can point out any mistaken proposition in them, I will rectify it with the most hearty good-will."

The first of the series of articles containing his objectionable views was then read, with the names of the witnesses who supported the charge. Huss commenced to reply, but the clamors of the assembly drowned his utterance. According to the account of an eye-witness the members behaved more like wild beasts than sage doctors. As the tumult subsided Huss appealed to the Holy Scriptures in his defense. "That is not the question," was shouted from all sides. Some accused him; others laughed him to scorn. Calmly glancing over the excited assembly, Huss exclaimed, "I anticipated a different reception, and had imagined that I should obtain a hearing. I am unable to make myself heard in such a noise, and I am silent because I am forced to it. I would willingly speak were I listened to." There were some

who admired the firm and noble bearing of Huss; but the assembly was too excited to proceed, and the sitting was broken up.

The Emperor, informed of the disgraceful scene, resolved to be present himself at future sessions, and curb the hot-headed zeal of the theological disputants. But even his presence was a feeble check. The first article, read by his bitter enemy, Michael de Cansis, charging Huss with having taught the doctrine of the Communion of the Cup, was met by a firm denial. To some of the others he gave a qualified assent, which was received with deafening peals of laughter. Cardinal d'Ailly attempted to prove, scholastically, from Huss's realism, that he must also believe in transubstantiation. Huss replied that transubstantiation was contrary to the natural order of things, and, as a miracle, the logic of realism made it an exception. Several members found fault with him for having expressed a doubt of Wicliffe's damnation, when the Englishman's books were publicly burned. "These were my words," said he; "I can not affirm if Wicliffe will be saved or lost; I would, however, rest content in the hope that my soul might be with his."

His appeal from the popes Alexander V. and John XXIII. was cited in accusation. "No appeal," said Huss, "can be more just and holy. Is not an appeal according to law—to have recourse from an inferior judge to a higher and more enlightened one? But what judge can be superior to Christ? Is there in any one more justice than in Him, in whom neither error nor falsity can be found? Is there any where a more assured refuge for the wretched and oppressed?" The reply of the Council to this plea of Huss was mockery and insult.

He was charged with having urged the people to take up arms in defense of the Gospel. "Yes," he replied, "I did so; but they were the arms spoken of by the Apostle—the helmet of righteousness and the sword of the Spirit."

An Englishman, Nason, asserted that he had caused the banishment of many learned men from Bohemia. "How can that be?" answered Huss. "When they were banished I was in exile from Prague myself."

But the time had arrived to close the sitting. As they led Huss away, guarded by soldiers, Cardinal d'Ailly exclaimed,

"John Huss, I have heard you say that if you had not chosen to come to Constance neither king nor emperor could have forced you."

"What I said," replied Huss, "was, that there were friends of mine among the Bohemian nobles who could have kept and concealed me so that no man, neither king nor emperor, could constrain me to come."

"Do you hear his audacity?" exclaimed the Cardinal, seeking to incense the Emperor against him.

"John Huss has spoken well," retorted the brave knight De Chlum. "I am but an insignificant person in Bohemia, compared with many others; and yet, if I had undertaken it,

I should engage to defend him for a year against these great sovereigns."

The Cardinal was not prepared for such language. "Enough has been said," he replied, indisposed to press the matter farther. But, turning to Huss, he urged him to submit to the Council. The Emperor seconded the Cardinal's exhortation. Acknowledging the grant of a safe-conduct previous to Huss's arrival at Constance, he, too, urged the prisoner to submit, without reserve, to the Council. Huss commenced his reply by expressing thanks for the safe-conduct; but De Chlum, fearing what might follow, checked him.

"I did not come here, excellent prince," said Huss, recovering himself, and speaking in a tone more than usually mild, "with the intention of defending any thing with stubbornness. God is witness to the truth of what I assert. Let any thing better or more holy than what I have taught be shown me, and I am perfectly ready to retract."

This was the utmost concession which Huss could make. He could not submit to any human authority. First of all, he demanded to be convicted of error from the Word of God.

Scarcely had Huss spoken when, at a signal from the cardinals, the soldiers dragged him away by his chains; not, however, till his faithful friend, De Chlum had exhorted him, "Noble Professor, sacrifice thy life sooner than abandon the truth." With a tearful eye Huss smiled his hearty assent.

On the following day, June 8, Huss had his third and final audience. Thirty-nine articles, ostensibly extracted from his writings, were laid before him. Some of these he acknowledged. Others he rejected, as incorrectly stated or as absolutely false. Many of them were taken from Huss's book "On the Church." They turned mostly on the invalidity of pontifical authority to interdict or excommunicate. Some concerned the doctrines of election and predestination, firmly held by Huss, although in a peculiar sense. Others bore upon the share which civil government might take in promoting the cause of ecclesiastical reform. The most offensive doctrine charged upon Huss was that, so generally known in connection with Wicliffe and some reformers of a later age, of dominion founded upon grace.

To this Huss replied at some length. He objected that the term "most holy" should be given to a wicked man, even though he were Pope. If a man were in mortal sin, he declared it was impossible that he should be worthily a king before God. Of these, the Scripture was true: "They have reigned, but not by me; they have been princes, but I never knew them." The Cardinal of Cambray was much excited. "What," said he, "will you not only shake down the Church, but attack Kings?" Paletz, attempting to explain the words of Samuel to Saul, to which Huss had referred, declared that "a pope might be truly a pope, and a king truly a king without being a Christian." "If John

XXIII. was a true pope," rejoined Huss, "why have you deposed him?"

A series of charges was based on Huss's vindication of Christ to the sole headship of the Church. In explanation of these Huss had a manifest advantage. "What is there," he asked, "to prevent Christ from governing the Church now, as at first, by his true disciples, without these monstrous chiefs, this triple head? Yet why do I ask? The Church has now no visible head. Yet Christ reigns."

The reading of the articles was closed, and Huss was asked if he would recant. He replied that he could not do it. To abjure was to renounce errors that had been entertained. But many of the articles charged against him he had never held. How could he abjure them?"

"What can you fear?" replied the Emperor. "For my part, I would disavow all kinds of errors."

"To *disavow*," answered Huss, "is not the same thing as to *abjure*."

Cardinal Zabarella, inclined to mercy, promised him a form of retractation that would be unobjectionable; but he answered as before. Exhortation, remonstrance, and accusations followed. Huss, wearied to exhaustion, was still firm in his purpose. He demanded to be convinced of his errors from Scripture, and he would not hesitate to renounce them. But such conviction was impossible. The assembly dispersed, and Huss was led back to prison.

The result of the examination disquieted the Emperor. He was anxious, for his own sake, to save Huss from the flames. All his arts were employed to induce him to recant. A form of abjuration was offered him which it was hoped he would accept. He read it over, and replied, "I can not sign it; first, because it calls me to condemn as impious propositions which I hold to be true; and, secondly, because I should scandalize the people of God to whom I have taught these truths."

Persuasion and argument were employed in vain. One inflexible doctor of the Council, maintaining its infallibility, urged an unqualified submission. "If the Council," said he, "should affirm that you have but one eye while you have two, you would be obliged to assent to it." "As long as God shall preserve my reason," replied Huss, "I shall take good care not to say any such thing—no, not if the whole universe should endeavor to force me to it."

Paletz, once his room-mate, now his accuser, visited him. Huss had asked to see him as his confessor, and Paletz was not at liberty to refuse. The interview was affecting. The apostate probably never doubted that Huss would finally retract, and felt some remorse when he saw the life of the reformer endangered. As he entered the prison, Huss mildly but sadly exclaimed, "Paletz, I uttered some expressions before the Council that were calculated to offend you. Pardon me." Paletz was much affected, and earnestly besought Huss to abjure. "But what," asked Huss, "would you do yourself?"

Would you abjure what you never held, and incur the guilt of perjury?" "That would be hard to do," answered Paletz, and he wept. More words passed, and when the interview closed Paletz was the more unhappy man. He withdrew weeping bitterly.

Again and again, with the same result, persuasion and terror were tried. Bribes even were held out to him. The enemies of Huss urged him to recant and save his life. His friends encouraged him to be faithful to his conscience even unto death. His farewell letters, written at this period, are sadly affecting. They are tender, consoling, submissive, and even cheerful. He bestows some legacies, and makes provision for the payment of his debts. His enemies—even his bitterest accuser, Michael de Cansis, who taunted him in prison, and repeatedly said to his keepers, "By the grace of God, we shall soon burn this heretic"—he freely forgave.

A month of imprisonment had now passed since his first audience—a remarkable delay. The Emperor spared no pains to induce him to recant. But his efforts were futile. On July 6th he was summoned before the Council to hear his sentence.

The Bishop of Lodi preached the sermon. As a literary production it had some smartness. Its sentences were short and pithy. It was evident that the Bishop was more familiar with Seneca than with the New Testament. His text was, "That the body of sin might be destroyed." As he concluded, he addressed the Emperor: "Destroy errors and heresies, and especially," pointing to Huss, "this obstinate heretic." Such a work he pronounced "holy," and besought the Emperor to do it, and make his glory immortal.

The sentence against the writings of Huss was then read. It consisted of ninety articles. Huss wished to reply to each separately, but was not allowed. He was told that he might answer all at once. "So great an effort of memory as that would require," said the prisoner, "is absolutely impossible." He was proceeding to say more, when the ushers were ordered to seize him and force him to be silent. Huss was indignant. In a loud voice, and with hands uplifted to heaven, he exclaimed, "In the name of Almighty God, I conjure you to allow me an equitable hearing, that I may clear myself before all whom I see around me from the reproach of these errors. Grant me this favor, and then do with me what you will." But again his request was denied. Kneeling down, and raising his eyes and hands toward heaven, he solemnly commended his cause to the Sovereign Judge of the universe.

The articles were then read, Huss rarely offering any interruption. But when the charge was read of appealing from the Pope to Jesus Christ, he could no longer restrain himself. In few words he exposed the injustice of the pontifical sentence, and closed with the words—that must have stung many a conscience—"I

say confidently that the surest and safest of all appeals is to the Master, Christ. He it is whom no one can sway from the right by any bribes, nor deceive by false testimony, nor snare in any sophistry, since to each he gives back his due reward."

His disregard of the Papal excommunication was mentioned. Huss defended himself. He exposed the injustice that had been done him, and then declared that he had on this very account voluntarily and freely come to the Council, "relying upon the public faith of the Emperor here present, who assured me that I should be safe from all violence, so that I might attest my innocence and give a reason of my faith."

As Huss said this, he fixed his eyes steadily on the Emperor. A deep blush suffused the Imperial brow. Sigismund felt the shame and meanness of which he had been guilty, and, on his own previous confession of the granting of the safe-conduct, stood condemned. The fact was not soon forgotten. A century later Charles V. called it to mind at the Diet of Worms. His Spanish honor revolted at the proposal to violate his pledge. "No!" said he. "I should not like to blush like Sigismund!"

The so-called "definitive sentence" was then read. Huss again wished to be heard; but the violence of his guards and the shouts of the assembly drowned his utterance. Again, therefore, he knelt down, exclaiming aloud, "Lord, of thy unspeakable mercy forgive my enemies. Thou knowest they have falsely accused me, and have condemned me on the testimony of false witnesses; yet, O thou All-merciful God, I beseech Thee, lay not this sin to their charge!"

Scoffing and derision followed the utterance of the prayer. One individual alone walked slowly through the cathedral—for this final scene was transported thither from the Council Chamber—and at the door protested, in presence of all, "that his conscience would no longer permit him to witness so infamous a transaction." This man was Gaspar Schlick, a peer of the realm and Imperial Chancellor.

The ceremony of degradation was now commenced. Huss was first clothed with priestly vestments, and the chalice was placed in his hand. He was again exhorted to abjure. "Behold," said he, turning to the vast assembly which crowded the immense cathedral, "Behold these bishops persuade and exhort me to retract these errors. But I fear to do it, lest hereafter I be charged with falsehood before God. How could I, after such a hypocritical abjuration, lift my face to heaven? With what eye could I support the looks of that crowd of men whom I have instructed? . . . No! no! It shall never be said that I preferred my life to their salvation."

"See how perverse he is in his wickedness!" was the reply of the bishops.

The sacerdotal vestments were then successively taken from him. As the chalice was removed, the act was accompanied with the charge of the "accursed Judas." But Huss, in a clear,

loud tone, replied, "But I have all confidence in my God and Saviour that He will never take from me the cup of salvation, and by His grace I believe that I shall this day drink of it in His kingdom."

When the ceremony was complete, and Huss had been stripped of his priestly prerogatives, in order to be given over to the secular arm, they brought forward, to place upon his head, the paper mitre with pictures of fiends traced upon it. As they did so, they exclaimed, "We devote thy soul to the devils of hell!" "But I," said Huss, reverently folding his arms and looking toward heaven, "commend it to my most merciful Master, Jesus Christ." Glancing at the mitre, on each side of which was traced the word *Heresiarch*, he calmly said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, though innocent, deigned to wear for wretched me a rougher crown of thorns."

Huss was now given over to the secular arm. Sigismond directed the Elector Palatine to give him in charge to the proper officers. By these—the magistrates of Constance—he was handed over to the executioners. They were directed to burn him, with all that belonged to him—his clothes, his knife, his purse, from which not a penny was to be withdrawn.

Huss was led to the place of execution between two officers of the Elector Palatine, and without being chained. The princes followed, with an escort of 800 armed men. An immense crowd, allured by anxiety or curiosity, pressed upon their rear.

Turning from the direct route, the procession passed in front of the Episcopal palace. The books of Huss had been gathered, and the bonfire made of them was in full blaze. He only smiled at the futile malice that would serve to make his writings still more famous.

At last the scene of execution was reached. It was to the west of the city, outside the Gottleben Gate, surrounded by green fields and gardens. As the procession reached the place, Huss kneeled and repeated in prayer the language of the penitential Psalm. "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!" "O God, into thy hands I commit my spirit!" were supplications repeatedly uttered by him. "What this man may have done before," said some among the crowd, "we know not; but now certainly we hear him speak and pray in a godly and devout manner."

Huss wished to address the multitude, but the Elector forbade it. He was allowed, however, to speak to his keepers. "Ye have shown yourselves," said he, "not merely my keepers but brethren most beloved. And be assured that I rest with firm faith upon my Saviour, in whose name I am content calmly to endure this kind of death, that I may this day go to reign with Him." The words were in German, and clearly bespeak the attachment and affection that subsisted between him and his jailers.

The stake was now driven into the earth, and Huss was bound to it by wet cords and the sooty chain borrowed from a cottager who had used it to hang kettles over the fire. Huss looked at

it, and said, "Christ, for my sake, was bound with a harsher and more cruel one. Why should I blush or shrink, for His sake, to be bound with this?"

The fagots were then piled around the victim. Once more Huss was asked to recant. Again he refused. The Marshal and Elector entreated him. Huss protested his innocence, and declared that, in all he had written or spoken, he had aimed simply to rescue dying men from the tyranny of sin. "Wherefore," said he, "I will this day gladly seal that truth which I have taught, written, and preached, established as it is by the divine law and by holy teachers, by the pledge of my death."

On hearing this, the Marshal and Elector withdrew. The executioners kindled the flames. Amidst the smoke and blaze Huss could still be observed engaged in prayer. Repeatedly was he heard to say, "O Christ, thou Son of the living God, have mercy on me!" He bowed his head, or from exhaustion it fell toward his bosom. But his lips still moved. At last all was still. The charred carcass was motionless and the spirit had fled.

As the fagots burned away, the body was to be seen still held fast to the stake by the iron chain. The fragments of the burning fagots were pushed back with poles, by the executioners, around the half-consumed skeleton. The bones and limbs were struck at, that their broken fragments might the sooner be consumed. The head rolled down. It was beaten to pieces with a club and thrown back into the flames. The heart was found, pierced with a sharp stick, and roasted apart until it was all consumed. One of the executioners was seen with some of Huss's garments in his possession. The Elector promising compensation, ordered him to throw them, with whatever else belonged to Huss, upon the blazing pile. "The Bohemians," said he, "would keep and cherish such a thing as a sacred relic." When all had been consumed, and the fire extinguished, the ashes and every fragment or memorial of the scene of martyrdom were shoveled up and carted away to be emptied into the Rhine.

Thus perished, at the early age of forty-two, in the full vigor of his faculties, and in the strength and promise of opening manhood, one of those men whom after centuries have been constrained to acknowledge well worthy of the martyr's crown. His real crime, in the eyes of the Council, was his refusal to submit his conscience to their authority. Gerson, at first one of his most bitter and prejudiced opponents, declared immediately after his execution, that he might have been saved if an advocate had been allowed him, and his cause been properly conducted. On the Council itself the guilt of the wrong which refused to Huss the common right of criminals must rest. They might thank their own rash audacity for the terrible scenes that desolated Bohemia for the next decade—scenes for which the execution of Huss furnished the inspiration.

Of the abilities, character, and bearing of Huss, we must speak with the highest respect. A more gifted or better balanced mind than his it is rare to find. A more stainless purity, a more incorruptible integrity, a more unswerving devotion to the conscientious convictions of truth and duty, will be sought for long in vain. The heroism of the man shines out through all his career. Worn out by disease, suffering, anxiety, and a harsh imprisonment, he is ever calm, collected, and decided. Less impulsive, and, in some respects, less impressive in speech than his friend Jerome, he was full as convincing and far more winning. He never makes a mistake. He has nothing to retract. Every utterance, every measure, is deliberate and well weighed. Six months of tedious imprisonment attended with great physical suffering and extreme debility, fail to subdue his resolute spirit. Bribes and terrors are alike spurned, and to the last moment, none of his disciples need to blush for his master. Even his enemies were constrained to admire him, and they could not but eulogize his noble bearing and respect his manly and heroic spirit. "They went," says Æneas Sylvius, who afterward filled the Papal chair, and who knew all the circumstances of the trial and execution of Huss and Jerome, "they went to their punishment as to a feast. Not a word escaped them which gave indication of the least weakness. In the midst of the flames they sang uninterruptedly to their last breath. No philosopher ever suffered death with such constancy as they endured the flames."

PEACOCK.

IT was the afternoon of a beautiful and sunny day, in the early spring time.

"The freshness of the soften'd air
Still told that winter had been there."

But far away, in the sheltered hollows of the hill-side, fresh patches of verdure were daily gaining on the fast-retreating snows. A few bright, hazy clouds were floating lazily along the horizon, trailing their soft, white folds of drapery against the deep lapis-lazuli blue of the sky; and the warmth of the sun, and the twittering of the swallows, if they could not "make a summer," at least gave promise of one near at hand—when a fair-haired, bright-eyed little girl, of twelve years old, with her sun-bonnet hanging on her arm, emerged from the back-door of a large, substantial-looking farm-house, and glancing cheerfully up at the sunny sky, as if her young spirit drank in its congenial blitheness, daintily and cautiously picked her way over the wet chips and moistened ground of the door-yard to a large barn, whose wide-flung doors hung hospitably open, and from the dusky interior of which a clear, manly voice might be heard whistling the cheerful air of a popular tune.

"Jim!" said the little maiden, peering earnestly in at the open door, and shading her bright eyes with her hand—for the long, slanting rays of dusky yellow sunlight which streamed across

the darkness of the barn dazzled her vision; "Jim—Jim O'Brian! are you here?"

There was no answer; but the merry music suddenly ceased.

"Jim!" repeated the child, after a moment's pause, "are you here?"

"'Deed, thin, Miss Tazie, I am," answered a rough but good-humored voice, speaking with a strong Hibernian accent. "Didn't ye hear me v'ice?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "I *heard* you; but—"

"But ye thought I wasn't in it! Ye thought, mebbe, me *v'ice* wor here, and *mesilf* wasn't—is *that* it? Oh, fie then, Miss Tazie dear; if *mesilf* said that, I wonder wouldn't it be a bit of a blunder now?"

"No," said Miss Theresa, laughing. "I mean I heard you singing, Jim; but I couldn't see you—and I can't see you *now*!"

"Thru for yer, Miss Tazie; and what is the *raison* of that, I wonder? Is it becaze *mesilf* is so little, or becaze yeez don't look in the right place?"

"But where *are* you, Jim?"

"Sure, thin, I'm up stairs."

"Where?"

"Why, *where* would I be but up in the barn-chamber, sitting by the winder?"

"Oh yes," said the little girl, advancing to the foot of the stairs; "and are you going to stay there?"

"Well, I suppose I'll stop here till me work is done; that is, if I'm not tuck off or called away."

"Why, what work are you about? What are you doing up there?"

"Well, thin, it's sowing I am."

"Sewing? Oh, Jim! I did not know that you knew how to sew."

"Ye didn't, now! Well, thin, Miss Tazie, it seems I can do more nor ye thought I could; and mebbe ye don't know all me accomplishments yet."

"I'd like to see you sew, Jim. May I come up?"

"Why wouldn't ye? Sure ye may if yer like; on'y mind the broken step, and don't git a fall."

"Oh, I don't mind the broken step a bit," said the healthy, active little girl, springing with agile movements up the steep ladder-stairs, at the foot of which she had been standing during the foregoing colloquy with her unseen companion. "So here I come, Jim. I should like to see some of your sewing, of *all* things in the world! I did not know that men ever sewed," continued she, advancing toward Jim O'Brian, a middle-aged, burly, but honest and good-natured-looking Irishman, who, seated upon a long grain chest by the open barn window, was busily plying his needle. "Why, Jim, so you are really sewing! I thought you were only funning. Why, Jim, how droll you *do* look!"

"And so ye did not belave me, Miss Tazie?" said O'Brian, looking up with a merry twinkle

in his honest blue eyes. "Now is not that hard on me, and I telling ye the blissid thruth?"

"Oh, what a funny big needle, Jim! Do let me look at it. Why, it has got three flat sides to it; and oh! what a great, big eye! I guess, Jim, that's the sort it's easy for the camels to go through; and you are sewing with twine, too! Oh! Jim, I don't see how you can sew at *all* with such needles and such thread."

"Betther a dale than I could wid one of yer little finnikin things, which would be lost in me clumsy big fingers. *Pea-cock!* it's mesilf wouldn't know had I hould uv it or not."

"I don't believe I could set a stitch with yours, Jim. Do let me try."

"No no, Miss Tazie; don't be bothering me. Keep off! Ye'll on'y hurt yer own hands, and be a hindering mine; and what 'ud be the use? No, ye keep to your work, and lave me keep to mine; that will be best for the two of us."

"And what a funny thimble, Jim! Why, it has got no top to it!"

"No more it don't want one," said Jim, stitching away resolutely.

"And what in the world are you making, Jim?"

"I ain't making nothing," said O'Brian; "I'm a *mending*. Yer grandpa said I wor to go to mill o' Monday; and so, yer see, I wor jist getting me ould male-bags ready; and, *pea-cock!* it's time they *was* mended! See the tundering big patch I'm after putting on this one!"

"Jim," said little Theresa, musingly, as she stood watching his operations; "Jim, what do you always say '*pea-cock*' for?"

"Why," said Jim, "sure there isn't any harum in *that*, any way. *Is* there, now?"

"No; no *harm*, Jim—no, I suppose not; nor any good either."

"I dun' know that," said Jim, gravely; "mebbe if I didn't say that same I'd say worser."

"But it does sound *so* droll! What in the world do you say it *for*?"

"Oh, becaze—becaze, Miss Tazie dear, ye see, I've got the trick of it. I larned it a good while ago."

"You learned it, Jim? Why, it was a fun-ny thing to learn, I think; and who taught you, I wonder?"

"And who *tached* me, is it, Miss Tazie? Well, then, nobody didn't *tache* me to say it; I larned it of myself—jist tuck it up, as it were; but *she* at first put me upon saying it—May the holy saints make her bed in glory, and kape her in blissidness forever and ever! Amen."

"She! her!" said little Theresa, resuming the conversation after a few moments' pause; for James's unexpected and vehement exclamation had surprised and silenced her; "and was it a woman, then, who taught you to say '*pea-cock*'?"

"No," said Jim, gravely, "she wasn't a woman; she was a young leddy—a raal born led-dy; but she was not much older nor yerself, Miss Tazie. And I didn't mane she tached me to say it, nather—on'y that she first put me upon saying it."

"Jim," said the little girl, after another short pause, "I came out to ask you to tell me a story this afternoon; can't you tell me about that young lady? Now *do*!"

"I could," said O'Brian, hesitating. "But what wud be the use? 'Twas a good while ago—'twas whin I first comed out to this country."

"Oh! do tell me now—that's my good Jim; you never *did* tell me about your coming over here. Begin at the beginning now; tell me how you came to leave Ireland, and all about your passage out, and where you landed, and *all*; will you now? That's my good Jimmy; and I will sit here, close by, and see you work." And springing, as she spoke, up on to the top of the grain-chest, she seized upon the peck measure in which James had deposited his ball of twine, his shears, and wax, and hastily inverting it, and perching herself upon it, she rested her plump, round arms upon her lap, and prepared herself to listen vigorously.

"Whist! Miss Tazie!" said Jim, gathering up his scattered implements. "What do ye make way wid me woruk-box for? Oh, *pea-cock!* but it's yersilf has the illigunt manners! Free and aisy ye are, onyhow!"

"Never mind the work-box, Jim (here's your wax, though). Now tell me how you came to leave Ireland, and all about it."

"Well thin, Miss Tazie, if yer must know, it was becaze I met wid the big sorrow there—I lost me on'y child, me little Jamsie. He wor nigh upon four year old, and oh! Miss Tazie, he wor jist the cutest, crabbedest, puttiest little fellow ye iver *did* see!—full of his fun, and with his putty blue eyes, and his curly yellow hair. Ah! and the mither's heart wor bound up in him—not to say me own, too. Oh, Miss! he wor so crabbed and knowing like, ye'd jist die to hear him talking so sinsible, and he so little! And it's not a bit of a lie I'm telling ye, he'd sing and whistle '*Paddy Carey*' and '*Rory O'More*' betther and more corriet nor mesilf could do. And whin I'd come home to me bit place at night, afther me day's woruk wor over, he'd kim rinning out to mate me, and lape up into me arums, and he'd talk so cute like!"

"But he wor tindher, Miss; he wasn't like a working man's child should be at all; he wor rosy, too, and as plump as a partridge! But he was *soft* like, jist as soft as a bit of butter; there wasn't any good strength at all in him, and he couldn't stand hate nor cold; and one day he tuck the convulsions, and before the blissid sun wint down God had me little Jamsie—and I had no child!"

"Well, ye see, Miss Tazie, I've thought *since*, mebbe the blissid Vargin seen he wor too tinder and delicate-like for a poor man's child; sure and sartin his little bones would niver have

hardened to the labor that would be his portion in this life; sure, *he couldn't work*; and so, jist in marcy, she tuck him to hiven while he wor still at his play. I can see this *now*, Miss Tazie—and praise be that I *can*!—but I couldn't see it *then*, nohow; me way was all dark!"

"My father says," said little Theresa, soothingly—for in virtue of her being the daughter of a clergyman, she held herself called upon to speak a "good word" in due season—"my father says, that what seems to us a great sorrow *at the time*, often proves to be a great blessing; only we, poor mortals, can not see it."

"True for ye, and I dare say his honor's right entirely. But, Miss Tazie, dear," said James, with that sudden transition from grief to mirthfulness which is one of the many peculiar traits of the Irish character, "what do you talk that a way for? *Poor folks*, indeed! Why thin, it's yersilf and poverty might be married ony day in the week, and the priest his own silf wouldn't so much as speak to forbid the bans."

"What do you mean, Jim, by *that*?" said Miss Tazie, glancing from beneath her long lashes an indignant look, half questioning, half angry. "I don't *want* to marry poverty any day in the week. What do you say *that* for?"

"No more I wouldn't, if I was ye," said Jim, laughing heartily. "No more I don't want ye to, Miss Tazie, darlint! No, no. I on'y meant there wasn't any sort of *relationship* between yersilf and poverty."

Little Theresa nodded, as much as to say "Go on;" but it was plain to see that Jim's logic was not altogether satisfactory, and that she considered the proposed match as a very ineligible connection for her.

"Well, then," resumed O'Brian, going back to his story, "I sorrowed badly for me child. Ye see, me own father and mither died airly, while I wor but a slip of a boy mesilf, and I niver had the brother nor sister; and little Jamsie was all I had, of me own like, in the wide world, and my very heart hungered for him. Day afther day I wint out to me woruk wid the heavy sorrow lying like a big stone on me; and whin I'd come back at night, sure it would be worse agin; for besides me own miss of him, there wor the poor woman jist fritting, fritting for her child, and I'd no rist be day or be night!"

"And *thin* it was that the throuble kim upon Ireland, ye know—the potato-rot and the famine, ye've heard tell on't—and in the hoith of it the master I worked for died sudden, and nobody knew what had becum of the property. Sure all had gone to the bad entirely; and his family wor all broke up, and every thing they had was canted, and I was lift widout a hand's turn of woruk, and ivery thing had riz on us.

"Thin hersilf—that's Nora—begun to taze me to go to 'Merica wid her. She said she had two brithers, and mesilf an uncle there—but more by token, we niver seen 'um yit, and niver is like to; for her two brithers is in New Orleans, and me uncle had died up in Mount Re-all—and why wouldn't we go? Sure, she said,

we'd the money *thin* to bring us over, and if we waited much longer, the way things was, we wouldn't, mebbe, be able to go.

"And, oh, thin the illigunt stories that Nora, the crather, tould of the country! How wages wor so high, and things so chape, it was jist mate three times the day, and no thanks to nobody! And how the price of one day's woruk would buy a pair of boots, or the making of a gownd and a pair of shoes; and how gould wor to be picked up in the very streets, it wor so plinty; and how the very poorest there was wore on'y the broadcloth coat, and the silk gownd, and they wouldn't *let* yer wear *ony other*; and how it was no use at all to be bothering to take our ould things wid us, for they'd be after giving us *new* directly we got there. And oh, pea-cock! the big fools *we* was! we niver thought to be asking who *they* wor, that 'ud be so ginerous to us! and more be token, we niver found out to this day.

"Well, Miss Tazie, the long and the short of it all was: me own place wor jist like a graveyard to me, now Jamsie wor gone, and ould Ireland going to the bad, day be day; and mesilf didn't care did I go or stay, so I jist let the woman have her way, and so we comed over to 'Merica."

"And did you have a good passage, Jim? Tell me about your voyage."

"Well, Miss, I don't say but we'd *some* hard weather; but it wor middling good the most on't, and we had a putty good run, but we was awful crowded! Misery, sickness, and death goes ivery where, and ye've a right to say they wouldn't be missing in an emigrant ship, wid more nor four hunderd passingers in her! But we came over safely—thanks be to the Power that kep us!"

"And where did you land, Jim? And how did you like the looks of our country?"

"We landed in New York, Miss; and faith, Miss Tazie, glad enough were we to set fut on the firm land agin. But, indade, and I had no time to spind in looking about me, for me money wor mostly gone, and I had to be seeking for woruk."

"But where did you go first, Jim—the *very* first of all?"

"Oh, pea-cock! Mesilf found it hard to get a shilter for our heads at first, for I'd nobody to spake the good word for me, and but little money in me pouch; and the *timid* folks wor in dread of the ship-faver, and the *respectable* ones wor afraid of the diet, and the *poorest* ones wor afraid of me poverty; and so I had to take jist what I could get, and that wor poor enough. I wint into a boarding-house, they called it; but oh! Miss Tazie, what a place that was!—noisy, crowded, hot, and dirty; full of crying children, scolding women, and drinking men. Oh thin, but indade hersilf wor homesick and favered there—and she praying me to take her out of it or she'd die—and what could I do? Every day I'd go to the intelligence office and thry for woruk, and couldn't get it. There wor plin-

ty of woruk to be done—plinty of persons wanting servants—but *I* didn't seem to be the one they wanted.

"One gintleman wanted a man to do house-woruk; but he couldn't take the two of us, and sure I couldn't lave hersilf behint me. One wanted a salesman, and I didn't know the money. One wanted one thing, and one wanted another; but, *pea-cock!* it seemed as if nobody wanted *jist me!* At long last there kim one gintleman, and he wanting a driver; and sure, I thought, *that'll* do for me; faith, but I'm *that*, if I'm any thing."

"Are ye used to horses?" he sez to me.

"Sure, thin, I *am*, Sir," sez I. "I've been round horses iver since I wor big enough to stride one."

"And are ye used to driving?" he sez.

"Deed, thin, and I *am*, Sir," sez I.

"And what have yer been used to driving?" he sez.

"I've druve a jaunting-cart and a tax-cart, yer honor," sez I.

"The gintleman laughed. 'I wanted a man to drive a coach and pair,' sez he; 'have yeez iver done that?'"

"No, yer honor, Sir," sez I, 'sure and I niver did.' And I seen I wouldn't do for him."

"And, Miss Tazie dear, ivery day whin I'd go back hersilf would come out to mate me; and whin I'd shake me head she'd fling the apron over her face and cry."

"Well, there wor an ould woman, one Miss M'Gra, stopping at the same house—and she from the one place wid us, and knew all our folks, on'y she wor unknownst to me, for she'd been in the country before iver I wor born, and knew all its ways like. She sez to me, one day, sez she, 'It's ye are too honest, Mr. O'Brine,' sez she. 'If ye go on this a-way telling on yerself, and putting the bad word on ye, ye'll niver git a sitivation. Who's to take ye if ye let on ye can't do nothing?'"

"Thru for ye, mistress," sez I; 'but how can I help it? I can't put the lie on 'em, can I?'"

"No more ye needn't," sez she; 'ye can tell the *thruth*, but ye needn't tell the *whole* thruth, any way. Whin they axes ye kin ye do *this*, or kin ye do *that*? can't yer jist put a bold face upon ye, and make as though ye know'd all about it, and let them take ye on thrial?'"

"Yes, gossip," sez I; 'and whin I'd be tried I'd be found wanting, and sure I'd be dismissed.'"

"Well," sez the ould woman, 'and what if yer was? Sure ye'd a had yer board and wages for that much time, at least—and larned something, too, if ye was not jist that stupid; and ye might get a char-*ac*-ter for being honest, and civil, and steady, and *quite* into the bargain; and sure *that* would help pass ye into another place; and *there*, if ye kep your eyes open, ye'd larn a little *more*; and so ye'd keep moving on, larning one thing *here*, and another *there*, till,

little by little, ye'd pick up a dacint eddication, and ye'd larn in time to be a raal servant, and thin ye'd be fit for a first-rate place and arne the good wages.'"

"Well, now, Miss Tazie dear, there wor sinse in what the ould body sed; and I thought it all over in me bed that night; and the next day I wor at the intelligence office agin, hoping I'd have betther luck; and sure enough there comed in a young gintleman, wid a young led-dy wid him, and oh! Miss Tazie dear, me heart warmed to 'um at wonst they kim in; for I seen at wonst that they wor the rael ginttry."

"He was a fine, portly-looking young man, wid a ruddy cheek and a bright blue eye, and a stately way wid him; and his sister—the young leddy—oh! Miss Tazie, she wor on'y a slip of a girl; but wasn't she the big beauty—wid her cheeks jist as red as the roses, and her great, beautiful blue eyes, and her long, fair hair?"

"Was her hair like mine, Jim?" said little Theresa, tossing back her sunny curls.

"No, Miss Tazie dear, it wasn't," said O'Brian, regarding her attentively. "Your hair is fair and putty, but it's not like hers was. Hers wor more browner; and in the sun it glinted jist like threads of raal gould—sich as the fairies spin. Oh! I *knew* they wor the raal ginttry jist as soon as me two eyes fell on them; I seen it in their very walk—I heard it in their v'ices—I felt it in ivery thing they sed or done. There was no mistaking them!"

"Well, they walks up to the desk in a *quite* way, and he spakes to the intelligencer man; and then *he* turns round to us, and looks about, and he sez,

"The gintleman is wanting a gar'ner. Is any of yeez used to gar'nering?" And nobody moved a foot.

"Oh, thin, Miss Tazie, I bethought me of what old Mistress M'Gra had sed; and I gets up, wid the blood tingling all over me body, as if it would spurt out at me finger-ends, and I jist walks over to the table, and I sez, 'Could *I* sarve yer honor?'"

"And he takes a long look at me, and then he sez, kind of pleasant like, and friendly, as it were,

"Ye look strong and able, my friend," he sez. "Do ye understand gar'nering?"

"I knows how we gardens at home, yer honor," sez I; 'but I'm new to the country, and the ways, mebbe, is different like.'"

"And where have ye worked?" he sez to me.

"Sure I bin in some of the best gardens in Ireland, yer honor," sez I; and so I *had*, but *not as the gardener*. (May I be forgiven that much of a lie, for me case wor disperate!)

"But who have ye worked for at home, my man?" he sez to me next.

"I worked for Colin O'Hara last, yer honor," sez I; and *that* wor all true.

"Was ye *head*-gar'ner there?" sez he.

"Oh, murther! thinks I, now, thin, I'm bate intirely; for I can't tell him such a big lie as

that, and he and the swate young leddy looking full in the face of me; and thin I jist thinked to meself, 'The truth may be blamed, but can't be shamed,' and I made answer to him,

"'Deed, thin, yer honor, I'll not put the lie on ye. I *wasn't* head-gar'ner there.'

"Whin I sed that the gintleman turned and spoke to the young leddy, and they both smiled, and then they two talked together a piece in some kind of a furren tongue—it might be Frinch; I don't think it wor the Latin, for I niver heerd Father Riley spake it so nately; and wouldn't it be jist a sin and burning shame to be saying they'd bate his Riverence at that, and *he* brought up to the same, and they on'y two young Pro-test-ants? Well, thin he turns to me agin, and he sez,

"'How *long* did ye sarve Sir Colin?' he sez.

"'I stopped wid himself four years and five months, yer honor.'

"'And have ye a character from Sir Colin?'

"'What *is* it, yer honor, Sir?' sez I.

"'A recommend, that is,' sez the intelligencer man. 'Haven't ye a bit writing from Sir Colin to spake for yer?'

"'No, then, Sir,' I sez, 'I haven't—the more's the pity. But the way it was, the ould master died, and the family wor broke up, and I'd not the heart to be throubling the mistress, poor lady, and she in the great sorrow, too; and more nor that, I didn't know would it be asked of me, either.'

"Thin the gintleman and the Intelligencer looked at each other, and I could read the meaning jist as plain as if they sed the words, 'That's on'y an excuse; they *all* sez the likes of *that*;' and a bright thought comed into me head. I had an ould letter from the master about selling some oats for him; I'd seen it the night before whin I bin counting out me bit money, and I jist kep it for the sake of the ould times; so I whips out me wallet and gives him the letter; and whin he'd read it, he sez to me,

"'That's as good as a recommend,' he sez; 'for it shows yer employer put the trust in yer. And is there nobody *here* who knows yer to speak for yer?'

"'Not a one, yer honor,' sez I. 'There's not a one in the country, save me ould woman, as iver I laid me two eyes on tul I kim here.'

"'So much the betther for ye,' sez he, laughing; 'ye'll have the fewer followers.' And then he axed me a hape more quistions, and I made answer to them all the best I could; and then he talked agin to the young leddy, and sure I am she spoke the good word for me, for, after a little, he sez,

"'Well, my man, I think I'll give ye the trial. What wages do ye ask me?'

"'Faith, yer honor, Sir,' sez I, 'yer own self knows best about that. Sure ye knows the work and the wages, and meself don't; and I'll go bail for it yer honor is not the one to take the mane advantage of a poor man; *for-by* he a stranger. Make the tarms to suit yerself. Jist take me on thryal, and give me what me

worruk is worth; and I'll be contint and grateful to yeez.'

"'Very well,' he sez. 'Ye may begin at twinty-five dollars a month, and yer house-rint and firing,' sez he; 'and if I find ye arne more I'll pay ye more.'

"Oh! Miss Tazie, wasn't that the glad hour for me? The heart in me wor so full, I wor feared the big tears would burst out if I spoke agin, and so I only bows.

"Well, he goes up to the desk, and he takes out a bit card and writes on the back of it, and then he calls me.

"'Here is me address,' he sez, 'and yer directions; here is yer railroad ticket—ye'll come in the cars.'

"'And *whin* will we come, yer honor?' I sez.

"'Tuesday is the first of the month,' sez he, 'and ye may come either Saturday or Monday, as you like, and begin work on Tuesday. And I've only this direction to give ye to begin with,' sez he; 'mind me orders, and don't desave me. If ye don't know how to do any thing, don't purtend ye do, and do it wrong; but ask me *how* I'll have it done, and I'll show ye.'

"'Yes, indade, yer honor,' sez I, 'I *shall* do that same, and thank ye too; sure ye knows I'm not used to the country nor its ways; but, faith, I'll do yer bidding, and be forever obliged to ye for your instructions, and mebbe I'll make up in zale what I wants in experience.'

"'Very well,' sez he; and then he and the young leddy bade me 'good-day' sort o' friendly, and wint out; and I jist waited till they had gone, to be sort of civil like, and thin I were following after, for I wor dying to tell me woman, whin the Intelligencer stops me.

"'Here, thin!' he sez, 'and ain't ye going to pay me fee, and ye afther getting such an illigunt situation?'

"'Be me sowl, Sir!' sez I, 'will ye plaze to excuse me; sure I'd be the mane baste to thry to be shot of it that a-way; but, ye see, I wor bothered like, talking to the quality.'

"So I pays him his fee, and then I sez to him, 'If ye plaze, Sir, *what* is the wages I'm to be getting?'

"'I didn't take notice,' sez he; 'sure, and don't ye *know* what wages ye hired for?'

"'The gintleman *sed* twinty-five dollars a month, Sir,' sez I.

"'Well, then, if he sed twinty-five dollars a month I suppose he meant it; what do yer ask *me* for, if ye know'd it yer own self?'

"'Faith, Sir,' sez I, 'it's meself don't know the money; what *wud* it be in pounds, shillings, and pence?'

"'Oh, *that's* it, is it?' sez he; 'yer green, hey? Sure that's five pound a month.'

"'Oh, wisha-wisha!' sez I; 'five pound a month, and me house-rint and firing! Oh, that's the illigunt wages! Be me sowl, but it's a made man I am entirely!' and I catched up me hat, and was out of the shop and doon the street in a jiffy; for, oh! the way seemed long to me till I'd tell poor Nora!

"Whin I got into the street where the board-ing-house wor, sure enough I seen her—the poor crather—and she laning over the shop-door, looking up and doon, thrying to get a brithe of frish air, mebbe; for though it wor on'y about this time of year, it wor warm for the season, and the close, dirty, miserable little shop wor hot and stifling to the poor, worried, heart-sore, home-sick woman—and I seen the stain of tears upon her cheek. When she seen me she started, and looked wild like at me, and I made her a sign to come out wid me, and she flung her shawl over her head and rin out to me; and whin we had turned the corner I tuck hould of her arm, and sez I to her, 'Nora, woman! how would yees like to be wife to a gentleman's head gar'ner, wid a nate little cottage all to ourselves, and five pounds a month?'"

"Poor woman! she looked in me face, and the big tears kim; and then she sed, sadly, 'Jim, ye've bin dhrinking. *Me poor lad!* the sorrow's too hard on ye!'"

"'No, no, Nora,' sez I; 'it's not drunk I am; on'y me head's turned wid the luck, for it's all *true!* Nora, woman dear, it's no lie I'm telling ye; and we'll be out of this before Saturday night!'"

"Och! thin the poor crather she cried worse nor iver, for the very joy.

"'Nora, mavourneen,' sez I, 'sure and do ye cry *now*, whin we're jist out of the woods? Whist! woman dear. Sure ye must rin in and get on yer cloak, and go out wid me and buy me a new jacket and a gar'ner's apron; and ye must rid *yerself* up a little, too, Nora, that we'll not be bringing discredit on the new master; for, plaze the Lord to spare our lives, we'll be laying this the day after to-morrow.'

"So while herself wor making ready to go out, I jist slips up to the man of the house, and 'Hev ye got a place yet, O'Brine?' sez he.

"'I've heerd of one,' sez I; for I thought it wor best to keep dark till all wor sure, for how could I know who might thry to cut me out? 'There is one Colonel Berkley as wants a man.'

"'What!' sez he, 'Colonel James Berkley, of W——, is it?'"

"'The very same!' sez I. 'Did ye iver hear tell of him?'"

"'Didn't I?' sez he. 'Why, he is one of the very tip-tops! Ye *would* be in luck to get service wid *him!* And what is he wanting?'"

"'I think it's a gar'ner,' sez I.

"'And don't ye wish ye may get it?' sez he, sneering like. Well, I never let on another word; and whin herself kim down we wint out together and bought our little matters; and Saturday morning we wint off to W—— in the steam-cars.

"Oh! and was not *that* the beautiful place? and didn't we find a home there? Here there was no lack of any thing; there was full and plinty to do with; and there wor all sorts of il-ligunt tools (more, be token, than I iver seen before, or knew the uses of); and all kinds of grand *mach-ins* to do every thing in the world

easy like; and a nate little cottage, close, near-hand, convanient, all to ourselves! Oh! Miss Tazie, I've been alive iver since I wor born, but I niver yet laid me two eyes on the bate of it! Sure and I giv satisfaction, too; for I had a cha-*rac*-ter to earn, and me heart was in me woruk. I used to be at it in the morning while the stars wor in the sky, and I wouldn't quit at night till I'd see no longer. Yes; and ivery thing thriv wid me; me flowers and me vegeta-bles got the praise; and herself wor contint, and the heavy sorrow passed off us, and I wor happy.

"There wor many young leddies in the fam-ily. There was the master's wife, and her two sisters, and the master's young sister, and his cousin; fine, tall, beautiful young leddies they wor, all of 'um; but the best of 'um all, to my thinking, was the master's sister, Miss Rosamond—her that I seen at the Intelligencer's, ye mind. She wor the youngest of them all, and she wor in the gardens more nor all the others put together. The other leddies they jist walk-ed a-round, wid their fine leddy and gentleman company, and laughed and talked pleasantly enough; but ah! Miss Rosamond's wor the light foot that wor round me beds and borders the last thing at night, the first in the morning. She wor just like the golden butterflies; oh, how she did love the flowers! I could niver tell her a thing about them but she know'd it all aforehand; and whin a new flower bloom-ed she found it out before the bees did. Yes; and she had iver the kind word to say to me, if it wor only 'A beautiful day, James!' or 'A fine rain for yer carnations, last night, James!' It wor cheering like; and I'd be as pleased as if the Queen of the Fairies had spoke to me.

"And now, Miss Tazie, I'm coming to what put me upon telling yeez this story—how I larn-ed to say '*pea-cock!*' Well, ye see, whin I kim there first I had a bad trick of swearing. I used to say, 'Be God!' (saving yer presence) ivery tin words I'd say. Well, it's a wrong thing; but it's a way they has at home; and I wor so used to it I wouldn't know whin I'd say it, and if I did I'd think it no harum, becaze I'd been used to it all me days. I've lift it out in tell-ing you this becaze I have larned betther now; but if *this* time had been *that* time ye'd have heard it fifty times or more.

"Well, one fine summer day, in the after-noon, Miss Rosamond came out. She had jist got some new plants, and I should go and set them out for her; and I wor ready enough to do that, for and indade it wor me delight to do her bidding, and most of all, to have herself stand by and dirict me woruk. *These* wor very *chice* plants, and Miss Rosamond wor very pur-ticlar 'bout their names. Every one on 'um wor wrapped up in its own paper, wid its own name on it; and Miss Rosamond had some nice little smooth white tallies in her hand, and as she unrolled each paper, while I set out the bulb, herself wrote its name on the tally, and guv it to me to set out by the root. By-and-

by, whin I had set out one of 'um, she wint to toss me the tally to put wid it, and, *pea-cock!* if she didn't make a mistake, and fling her fine great gould pincil right away into the hole among all the dirt! Of course I picked it up in less than no time; and as I wiped it on me sleeve and handed back agin, I sez,

"'Be God, Miss Rosamond, I'd like to plant the root that 'ud bear sich goulden fruit as this is!'"

"'James!' sez she, sort of cold like and reprovingly; and I thought mebbe I'd made too free. She didn't say another word; but I seen she wor displeased wid me, and I was ready to have bit the end of me tongue off for being so bould.

"'I humbly ax yer pardon, Miss,' sez I; and I didn't spake agin, on'y 'Yes, Miss,' and 'No, Miss,' till the job wor done.

"'There, James,' she sez to me, and she after giving me the last one, 'that is all; and ye've done them jist the way I wanted them done.'

"'I'm on'y too proud if I've plazed ye, Miss Rosamond,' sez I. 'I'm thinking they *can't* but grow; and, be God, I hope they will, and bear the finest flowers iver ye seen yet.'

"'Oh, James!' sez she agin; and this time she sed it in a sich a kind of frightened, sobbing way, catching up her brite like. I thought for all the world she had cut her hand wid me big knife; and I started up, and I sez, 'Miss Rosamond, are ye hurted?'"

"'Yes, James,' sez she, spaking kind of sad and mournful like. 'It hurts me to hear ye take yer Maker's name so lightly. I think it is sinful.'

"'I ax yer pardon, Miss Rosamond,' sez I; 'sure I didn't mane to offend ye. I ax yer pardon, Miss, a thousand times.'

"'It's not *me* pardon ye most need to ask, James,' sez she, 'though sich language is disrespectful and displazing to me, too,' sez she, spaking high and stately, as if she wor the very Pope hisself; 'but what is tin thousand times worse,' sez she, 'it is disrespectful and displazing to *Him* who has forbidden us to take His holy name in vain,' sez she.

"Well, now, Miss Tazie, ye'll mebbe not be-lave it, but it's no lie I'm telling ye: though I'd heard that same Commandmint iver since I wor a child, I *niver* before thought of its *maning*.

"'I'll niver say it agin as long as I live, Miss Rosamond,' sez I. 'Sure I'd be the thafe of the world if I'd be disrespectful to *yerself*, let alone Hiven's glory! And I'll jist drop it entirely from *this out*.' But that wor aisier *sed* nor *done*, Miss Tazie; for ye see, *ould dogs* and *ould habits* is hard to break; and as I spoke I looked up at her. She wor standing upon a little bank, just over aginst me, wid her back to the setting sun. It might be that the red light which wor behind her, and jist *op-pos*-it to me, dazzled me eyes, or else it wor the tears which blinded me; but as she stud there, widout her bonnit, and she drest all in white, wid her great

innocent blue eyes a-looking up to hiven, and the sun shining on the long goulden hair falling round her shoulders, she looked for all the world so like them beautiful picters of the Blissid Vargin, and the Holy Saints wid the glory round their heads, which I used to see in some of the fine ould churches at home in the ould country, that, before I thought of it, I whipped off me hat and begun to say an 'Ora pro nobis.' Ah! ye need not laugh, Miss Tazie! If ye'd bin there, too, and seen her, ye'd have done the same (supposing yer had bin a Catholic—which yer *not*, more's the pity!)."

"And what did the young lady say to that?" said Miss Theresa, recovering her gravity with an effort.

"Oh! she niver knew what I done it for; I didn't say it out loud, but in me heart, softly like; and whin I seen her looking at me, I jist rubbed me arum over me head, this a-way, and clapped on me hat agin; and if she tuck notice of me at *all*, she on'y thought it was hot and tired I was; oh! *she* niver mistrusted, and I niver let on; but iver since, from that day to this out, whin I thry at me prayers to think of the Blissid Vargin and the Holy Saints, I can on'y see Miss Rosamond standing as she stud that day, between me and the goulden light, wid the glory round her head! And often after that, whin I wor jist upon saying them words—for they would slip out, unknownst to me—I'd catch mesilf up, jist in time, and I'd turn it into '*pea-cock!*' and thin she'd smile, and say, 'Thank ye, James.' And faith I wor as proud of them words as if I'd found a purse of gould; and that's the how I larned to say *pea-cock!*'"

"Why, Jim!" said little Theresa, "how you did love her! didn't you?"

"No! Miss Tazie," said O'Brian, indignant-ly, "I didn't. Sure and it wasn't for the likes of *me* to be loving the likes of *her*; I wasn't her aquil. Love her? No; *I riverinced her!*'"

"And where is she now, Jim?"

"Gone to glory!" said Jim, without looking up.

"Dead!—what—dead?" cried little Tazie, bending forward, her widely opened eyes dilat-ing in sudden terror. "Oh! Jim, you do not mean to say that she is *dead*?"

"No, Miss," said James, speaking thick and huskily, but unconsciously giving utterance to the sublimest truth the lips of man can utter: "*The likes of her can not die!* She has gone from this world sure enough; but wherever God and the holy angels is living in blissidness, *there*, I know, sure and sartin, Miss Rosamond is living too!"

There was a few minutes' silence while Jim stitched busily at his meal-bags, and little Theresa sat twirling his great shears, apparently lost in thought. At last, bending forward, she spoke, but low and softly,

"Jim, if you don't mind, will you tell me about her sickness and death? I should like to hear more about her."

"Well then, Miss Tazie, I can't be telling

ye much about it, for I don't know much meself; I think it wor the consumption, though; for I heer tell the mither of 'um died wid it soon after that one wor born. The first I iver knew of her being sick wor at Christmas-time. She hadn't ben out to the green-houses for some days, and I tell ye we missed her there. It seemed to me the flowers missed her, they niver bloomed so good whin she wouldn't be looking at them; and meself missed her most of all, for I'd no heart to me woruk and she not coming to overlook me; but it had been damp and rainy, and I niver mistrusted but *that* wor the reason.

"Well! come Christmas-day, they wor to have a power of company, as they allers did on that day; and I should make up ivergreen wreaths to dress off the rooms: for though they was 'Mericans born they comed of an ould English stock, and they loved to keep up all the ould country ways.

"Well! whin I'd made me wreaths, and cut me flowers, it come into me head I'd jist make up a *bo-kay* for Miss Rosamond, for I'd hearn tell that she wor born at Christmas-time: so I cut a beautiful passion-flower—did ye iver see a passion-flower, Miss Tazie?" Theresa shook her head. "Well thin, indade it's a pity but ye did! it's the most holiest and curiousest flower ye iver *did* see! I have an ould gar'nering book at home, and it tells all about it. What's this it sez? Stop a bit: it sez, 'This holy and beautiful flower, which wor named in memory of the death and passion of our Blissid Saviour, wor first diskivered by the mourning disciples, on the hill of Calvary, on the morning afther the Crucifixion.' And then it goes on to tell how it bears the cross, and the nails, and the thorns, and the rays of glory, and the twelve disciples! And it's *all true*, Miss Tazie. Sure I've seen 'um meself, oftin and oftin. Oh! I wish ye *could* be seeing one of 'um; I'd walk miles to get ye one, jist to be looking at, it is so wonderful curious. But them flowers is what we used to call 'eggs-hot-igs,' and doesn't live on'y in green-houses; and I don't know as there do be any green-houses round here.

"So I put me passion-flower in the middle of me *bo-kay*, becaze, ye see, it wor a raal Christmas flower; and thin I put little white lilies and green leaves *all round* it; white lilies and green leaves; white lilies and green leaves; jist them and nothing more. Oh, it looked *illigunt*!"

"What were the white lilies for, Jim? What do *they* mean?"

"Well, I think white lilies is holy like, isn't they? Sure is not they the on'y flower our Lord tuck notice of whin he wor upon airth? and where is this it sez, 'Of all the flowers of the whole airth, He has chosen Himsilf one lily!' Isn't that in Scripture, Miss Tazie? I don't justly know, but yer pa would. Oh yes, I guess *lilies* is holy!

"Whin me flowers wor all fixed, I tuck me basket on me arum to carry them up to the

house; it had been wet and rainy for some days (I told ye so, yer know), but the night afore Christmas the wind changed sudden, it cleared up fair and cold, and it friz; and next morning (Christmas-day, ye mind), oh, Miss Tazie, it wor jist a glory to be looking at it! *Ivery* little branch and twig, 'way up to the very tip top of the tallest trees, wor cased in ice, clear and shining as barley candy, forenent the blue sky! There wasn't much wind at all; but now and agin there'd be a little brith to sweep the boughs together; and thin the brittle ice would crackle and kim down, all shining like diamonds and jewels! And the ground below, it looked for all the world as if forty thousand rainbows had been thrashed up fine and sowed over it broadcast!

"Ye have seen sich days, Miss Tazie, *often*; for ye have them here, one or more sich, mostly ivery winter. But, ye mind, I wor new to the country thin, and the sight of it fairly bewitched me.

"So, as I wor saying, I wint up to the house, and as I kim across the lawn, I jist looked up and there wor Miss Rosamond, all drist for the grand company, and she standing her lane in the big winder of the liba-ra-ry, a-looking out wid her two beautiful great eyes, as blue and shining as the winter sky; and I thought to the full as hivenly!

"Whin she seen me, she smiled and beckoned, and signed to me wid the hand that I should bring the flowers to her; so I wint into the servants'-hall and the housekeeper met me and said she should take me basket. But I tould her how that I seen Miss Rosamond at the winder, and how she bade me come in; and so, by her lave, I'd make bould to take them to the liba-ra-ry door mesilf; and sure enough, whin I got into the hall Miss Rosamond opened the door and called me in.

"A merry Christmas to yez, James!" she sez; 'and is not *this* a splindid Christmas morning?"

"Ye've a right to say that, Miss,' sez I. 'Oh! its jist splindid to be looking at! One would think the dumb airth knew the holy day it wor, and had drist hirsilf up in her best to kape it! Why the trees is all decked out in jewels and diamonds, and all out-doors is sparkling and glistening like the streets of the New Jerusalem!"

"Yes! James,' sez she; 'and I'm glad that it happens to-day of all others. Earth ought to look like heaven to-day, for this is the day that heaven came down to earth.'

"I only wish that yerself would kim out into the garden, Miss Rosamond,' sez I, 'and see some of our trees there! Why the big willow is a regular show!"

"And I wish I could, James,' she answers me back agin. 'But I am not very well; I have taken cold, and I have a little cough, and they think it is not prudent for me to go out.' Oh, Miss Tazie, me heart misgived me whin she spoke them words.

"Thin I opens me basket and gives her me flowers; and whin she seen the *bo-kay* she wor plazed, I tell ye, and her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks grew redder than the roses; and she sez to me, 'That is the welcomest gift I have had to-day, James.' Yes, she did—they wor her very words, Miss Tazie; and thin she turns around toardst the table and takes up her illigunt little purse, and takes out a nate little bit of gould, and slipt it into me hand, and she sez, 'I haven't been well enough to go out and buy me Christmas gifts for any of me friends, James, so you must take this and buy something to plaze yerself.'

"Ah, Miss Tazie! I niver hoarded up gould before nor since; and sure it's but little of that same meself iver had to be hoarding; but I have that piece by me yet, and, *pea-cock!* it's the last bit of money I iver *will* part wid.

"Well! I wint home; but that evening, as I sot in me lodge a-thinking of Miss Rosamond, I felt so troubled that a big groan burst from me full heart, all unknownst to me; and, 'the blissid saints be round us!' sez me woman; 'Why, Jim O'Brine! man alive, why how yer scart me! Whatever's come over ye, to be groaning that a-way? and this the blissid Christmas too!' And then I up and tould her how that Miss Rosamond wor sick, and that me heart misgived me that she would niver be well agin.

"Oh, pshaw! nonsense!" sez me woman; 'yes she will. *She's* young and strong, bless her! and ye may be sure it's she as will have the illigunt care and the best of doctering. Oh! sure she will do well enough. Why, Jim, man! rouse up! ye've got the megrims!'

"Well! that didn't comfort me any. I didn't say no more to Nora—'twasn't no use; but I jist kept thinking of *her* wid the glory round her head; and I wor sartin she wor more fitter for hiven than airth; and, sure enough, she niver *wor* well agin!

"All the winter she wor better and wors; now up, and now down; and come spring she faded faster still; and she that wor used to be on the light foot round the garden airly and late kim out now only at noon in the warm sunny days.

"Ah! thin, her brither, the poor master! He *wouldn't* belave it, and he hurried her away this way and that way—now it wor to some wonderful springs; now to a famous doctor; now to the say-side; thin to the mountains; and agin to the pine-woods. And she, sweet lamb! wint jist as they bid her. But it wasn't no use! And ivery time she'd kim back her great wonderful eyes looked larger and clearer, and her sweet cheeks more rosy, and her little, thin, thrimbling white hands paler and thinner!

"And thin, Miss Tazie, I wasn't let to see her ony more; but day be day I sarched the whole garden for the very chi-cest fruit and flowers for her; and the night before she died me woman wor called in to sit up wid her (not but she had a rigular sick nurse besides, but ye see she'd a fancy to have Nora round her—she knew

her ways), and I made up a little cross, all of white flowers, and herself tuck it to her; and she telled me Miss Rosamond held it in her hands all night, and died wid it lying on her breast. Ah, Miss Tazie, dear! *that's nothing, I know*—and she wasn't a Catholic; but it wor a comfort to me to know that she died wid the emblem of salvation in her hands, and that it wor meself as furnished it to her."

"How old was she when she died, Jim?" asked little Theresa, striving hard to wink away the tears which would fill her pretty bright eyes.

"On'y jist fifteen, Miss. Meself read it on her coffin: 'Rosamond Berkley, aged 15.' And oh! it was a sight to remember, Miss Tazie! To see her lying smiling there, and the great, grand picters of all her ancestors—iver and iver so far back—all hanging there forenenst her! Great, stately, beautiful leddies! in their silks, and satins, and furs; and noble, grand-looking gentlemen, in lace ruffles and scarlet cloaks! jist as natural as very life! looking as though they'd walk right out of their frames! And she, sweet lamb! the flower of 'um all, lying pale and still in that great silent room! Ah, well! God knows best!

"Well, after that, Miss Tazie, the master, poor man! I pitied him (though, indade, that seems strange for me to be saying, and he a grand estated gentleman, and I on'y his servant); but I thought how me own heart ached whin the light wint out of me little Jamsie's blue eyes—not that I'd aquil me child to Miss Rosamond, or liken his loss to mine; by no manes!—on'y I suppose the *heart's sorrow* is the same in rich or poor! Well, he wor restless like, and it wor plain to see the world wor changed to him.

"He tried to busy hisself; he kim out into the garden and made great changes; he moved the trees and planned great improvements; but his heart wor not in it, Miss Tazie, *I* knew. One day he ordered me to cut down an old tree, and he standing by while I dun it; and close near-hand to it wor a bunch of white v'lets which Miss Rosamond had set there, and as I dug round the tree I wor in dread for them v'lets; and at last I jist tuck off my hat and put over them.

"Niver mind the v'lets, man,' sez the master to me. 'They isn't worth saving; there's plinty more of 'um in the garden.' And before I thought I spoke right out, and I sez:

"Miss Rosamond set them there wid her own hand, yer honor! I seen her whin she dun it."

"Oh, Miss Tazie, dear! whin I'd sed it I wor fairly frightened, for the poor master he dropped one hand on me shoulder and kivered his face with the other, and he wint deadly pale, and giv sich a great choking sob—I could have torn me fool's tongue out be the roots for saying it; and I spoke out, all thrimbling and frightened like, and I sez: 'She's a blissid angel now, Sir.'

“ ‘She always was, James,’ sez he; and he giv me hand a grip and walked away.

“ ‘Well! about a month, or mebbe it might be *two* months afther that, he walks out to me one day, and he sez to me: ‘James,’ he sez, ‘I’m going to Europe,’ he sez. ‘I can not stop here. Me uncle will take the place while I am gone; and if ye like to remain he will employ ye on the same terms; but if ye prefer to lave I will give yer a good recommind,’ he sez, ‘and pay ye a quarter’s wages in advance.’

“ ‘Is any of the family to remain here, Sir?’ sez I.

“ ‘No,’ he sez; ‘they will all travel with me.’

“ ‘Then, yer honor, Sir,’ sez I, ‘I’ll go; for the heart of me would be broke intirely to be stopping here and yeez all gone. No, I’ll go! and plaze Hiven to bring ye all home safe, and if yer *wants me*, I’ll be on’y too proud to be taking sarvice wid ye agin.’

“ ‘And so I lift whin they did. And now,

Miss Tazie,” said O’Brian, rising and shaking out his work, “me patch is on—see what a banging big one it is! And I must go down now and feed me crathers. And so, *now* ye know how I wor cured of swearing.”

“ ‘Stop one minute, Jim, if you please,” said little Theresa, speaking fast and breathlessly. “Do you think, Jim, if I tried hard—*very hard indeed*, Jim—I could ever be like your Miss Rosamond?”

“ ‘No, Miss Tazie,” said O’Brian—regarding his little companion affectionately, and shaking his head slowly and reluctantly, as if loth to discourage her laudable ambition—“No, Miss Tazie, dear! I doubt yer couldn’t! Yer a nice little girl, and a good one, and if yer life is spared I dare say ye’ll make a fine young woman. But Miss Rosamond! I niver saw *any* one else like *her*; and I don’t belave I iver will—at least not in *this* world. I suppose there’s more of them in hiven!”

MARE VICTUM.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I.

WHAT means this clamor in the summer air,
These pealing bells, the firing of these guns?

What news is this that runs

Like lightning every where?

And why these shouting multitudes that meet
Beneath our starry flags that wave in every street?

Some mighty deed is done,

Some victory is won!

What victory? No hostile Power, or Powers,
Dare pour their slaves on this free land of ours;
What could they hope to gain, beyond their graves?

It must be on the waves:

It must be o’er the race of ocean-kings,

Whose navies plow a furrow round the Earth.

The same great Saxon Mother gave us birth,
And yet, as brothers will, we fight for little things!
I saw her battle-ships, and saw our own,

Midway between the Old World and the New:

I feared there was some bloody work to do,
And heard, in thought, the sailor-widows’ moan!
Triumphant waved their fearless flags; they met,

But not with lighted match or thundering gun:
They meet in peace, and part in peace, and yet

A victory is won!

Unfold the royal battle-rolls of Time,

In every land, a grander can not be:

So simple, so sublime!

A victory o’er the Sea!

II.

What would they think of this, the men of old,
Against whose little world its waters rolled,
Immeasurable, pitiless as Fate,

A Thing to fear and hate?

Age after age they saw it flow, and flow,

Lifting the weeds, and laying bare the sands;

Whence did it come, and whither did it go?

To what far isles, what undiscovered lands?

Who knoweth? None can say, for none have crossed

That unknown sea; no sail has ventured there,

Save what the storms have driven, and those are lost,

And none have come—from where?

Beyond the straits where those great pillars stand

Of Hercules, there is no solid land;

Only the fabled Islands of the Blest,

That slumber somewhere in the golden West;

The Fortunate Isles, where falls no winter snow,

But where the palm-trees wave in endless spring,

And the birds sing,

And balmy west winds blow!

Beyond this bright Elysium all is sea;

A plain of foam that stretches on, and on,

Beyond the clouds, beyond the setting sun,

Endless and desolate as Eternity!

At last from out the wild and stormy North—

Or is it but a dream?—a bark puts forth

Into that unknown sea. It nears me now;

I see its flapping sails, its dragon prow,

Its daring men; I know the arms they bear;

I know those shaggy Jarls with lengths of yellow hair!

They go, and come no more.

Still lies the sea as awful as before!

Who shall explore its bounds, if bounds there be?

Who shall make known to Man the secret of the Sea?

The Genoese! His little fleet departs,

Steered by the prospering pilot of the wind;

The sailors crowd the stern with troubled hearts,

Watching their homes that slowly drop behind:

His looms before, for by the prow he stands,

And sees in his rapt thoughts the undiscovered lands!

All day they sail; the sun goes down at night

Below the waves, and land is still afar;

The sluggish sailors sleep, but see, his light

As steady as a star!

He pores upon his chart with sleepless eyes,

Till day returns and walks the gloomy skies.

In vain the sullen sailors climb the shrouds,

And strain their eyes upon the giddy mast;

They see the sky, the sun, the anchored clouds—
 The only land is past!
Day follows day; night, night; and sea and sky
 Still yawn beyond, and fear to fear succeeds.
At last a knot of weeds goes drifting by,
 And then a sea of weeds!
The winds are faint with spice, the skies are bland,
 And filled with singing birds, and some alight,
And cheer the sailors with their news of land,
 Until they fly at night.
 At last they see a light!
The keen-eyed Admiral sees it from his bark,
A little dancing flame that flickers through the dark!
They bed their rusty anchors in the sand,
And all night long they lie before the land,
 And watch, and pray for Day!
When Morning lifts the mist, a league away,
 Like some long cloud on Ocean's glittering floor,
 It takes the rising sun—a wooded shore,
 With many a glassy bay!
The first great footstep in that new-found world
 Is his, who plucked it from the greedy main,
 And his the earliest kiss, the holiest prayer;
He draws his sword, his standard is unfurled,
 And while it lifts its wedded crowns in air
He plants the cross, and gives his world to Heaven and Spain!
His silver furrow faded in the sea,
 But thousands followed to the lands he won:
They grew as native to the waves, as free
 As sea-birds in the sun!
Their white sails glanced in every bay and stream;
 They climbed the hills, they tracked the pathless woods,
 And towns and cities o'er the solitudes
 Rose, as in a dream!
The happy Worlds exchanged their riches then;
 The New sent forth her tributes to the Old,
 In galleons full of gold,
 And she repaid with men!
Thus did this grand old sailor wrest the key
 From Nature's grasp, unlocking all the Past,
 And thus was won at last
 A victory o'er the Sea!

III.

 The victory of To-Day
 Completes what he began,
Along the dark and barren watery way,
 And in the Mind of Man!

He did but find a world of land, but we
 What worlds of thought in land, and air, and sea!
 Beside our ships, whose masts o'ertop the trees
 On windy hills, whose hulls are palaces,
 His crazy caravels
 Were little sea-shore shells!
 His weary months of wandering seem a dream;
 For, sped by our broad sails, and flashing wheels,
 We shorten the long leagues with sliding keels,
 And turn the months to days, and make the sea a stream!
 The worlds are nearer now, but still too far;
 They must be nearer still! To Saxon men,
 Who dare to think, and use the tongue or pen,
 What can be long a bar?
 We rob the Lightning of its deadly fires,
 And make it bear our words along the wires
 That run from land to land. Why should we be
 Divided by the Sea?
 It shall no longer be! A chain shall run
 Below its stormy waves, and bind the worlds in one!
 'Tis done!
 The Worlds are One!
 And lo! the chain that binds them binds the Race
 That dwells on either shore;
 By Space and Time no more
 Divided, for to-day there is no Time, or Space!
 We speak—the Lightnings flee,
 Flashing the Thoughts of Man across the Conquered Sea!

IV.

Ring, jubilant bells! ring out a merry chime,
 From every tower and steeple in the land;
 Triumphant music for the march of Time,
 The better days at hand!
 And you, ye cannon, through your iron lips,
 That guard the dubious peace of warlike Powers,
 Thunder abroad this victory of ours,
 From all your forts and ships!
 We need your noisy voices to proclaim
 The Nation's joy to-day from shore to shore;
 The grim protection of your deathful flame
 We hope to need no more;
 For, save our English brothers, who dare be
 Our foes, or rivals, on the land, or sea?
 Nor dare We fight again, as in the Past;
 For now that We are One, contention ends;
 We are, We *must* be friends:
 This victory is the last!

"NIPPED IN THE BUD."

"YOU can depend upon me, and dismiss every anxiety. The dear girl shall be watched over with parental solicitude."

"I trust her to you, ma'am," said the planter, bowing with old-fashioned gallantry. "Don't be too hard on the young people, though. 'Much study is a weariness to the flesh.' That's *my* experience." And Major Clayton's burly figure and good-natured face loomed up in the dark, threadbare-looking parlor as he rose to go. "An old man's darling, you see; and it isn't so easy to say good-by for three long months."

"She has every liberty consistent with our strict rules, Major Clayton; but, you know, where one has such a *great* responsibility—" Madame Dubois paused, shook her head, and sighed.

"I feel for you, ma'am. It must be great. I feel it so with only one young thing to look after; and you have—how many?"

"Over two hundred in our winter session. Yes; one really sinks down overwhelmed at times."

Florida Clayton's haughty mouth curled with a sarcastic smile, unobserved by her absent-minded principal, intent on bowing her visitor out, and locking up the roll of bills he had handed her—the advance board and tuition for the term just commenced, which was to "finish" several of her elder pupils, Florida among the rest.

Major Clayton had never seen the long, dreary dining-room in which table etiquette was taught by a general scramble for the thick slices of bread and butter, the morsels of cheese, and cups of weak tea, which formed two of the daily meals at this celebrated establishment. He had never visited the crowded dormitories where each young girl's trunk was at once wardrobe, bureau, and ottoman, and a solitary washstand without a screen did duty as a bath-room. Florida complained; but all girls hated boarding-schools, and the Major heroically denied the impulse to take her home with him, on each successive visit, and mitigated the rigors of her banishment as far as possible by keeping her with him at the Charleston Hotel while in town, buying her every thing she imagined she wanted, and leaving her, as on this occasion, a plentiful supply of pocket-money when he forced himself to return to his plantation.

"Good-by, puss! Don't study too hard and lose these roses—for somebody's sake, as well as your old father's—hey? Let's know when you want more."

When Major Clayton pinched his daughter's cheek and made this friendly offer, it was not in allusion to the roses blooming thereon. This old-fashioned country gentleman had not even heard of those "standards" for sale "by all principal druggists," but with a parting squeeze which had reddened the slender white hands he bestowed on her the remainder of the check he had just cashed at the Planters' Bank to meet

the modest demand of Madame Dubois for the aforementioned board and lodging. The tuition was in the same ratio of demand and supply; but it needed some judicious management to clear five thousand a year above expenses, and the salaries demanded by first-class teachers was a consideration as well as the butcher's bill.

"I am to go and see Mrs. Thomas half-holidays, you know—tell her, papa," whispered Florida, eagerly. "Oh! if you knew how dull it is here!"

The Major paused for a second. Mrs. Thomas, Florida's new hotel acquaintance, was not overwise or steady, and now her husband had suddenly been summoned North on business; so that she was quite left to herself. But—and he looked at the low wainscoting and stiff decorations of the drawing-room, at the hard, thin face before him—it was dull for the poor child; and it hurt him to leave her there with every alleviation.

"Now and then, puss. Now and then, if you please, Madame Dubois. Flory has a friend at the Charleston, and might look 'round on her *occasionally*. Of course you don't lose sight of her, you know." And with this qualification the indulgent father endeavored to cheat the feeling of uneasiness the request had called up.

"Under my constant supervision, Sir; of course, it is understood that Miss Clayton visits only with that." The smile crossed her pupil's face again in the shelter of her father's broad figure; but besides that there was a strange restlessness until the permission was finally accorded.

Madame Dubois hurried away to secure this last installment of her rapidly increasing gains.

"Your class is exercising, I believe. You will join them, and fall into your place at once, Miss Clayton," she said, as the dilapidated hack that conveyed the Major to the railroad dépôt clattered down the street. "Supper at six—study hours at seven."

And so ended the fortnight's holiday.

It was one of those damp, murky afternoons so peculiar to a Charleston winter. The chimes of old St. Michael's sounded the passing hour as ten of the young ladies—for they exercised in detachments—issued from the low wooden gateway of the very narrow street in which Madame's establishment was situated. The second English teacher was nominally in charge of Company B or C, but presently diverged toward King Street for purposes of her own, charging them by no means to leave the Battery, unfrequented at this season, until she returned to marshal them.

Every feminine knows how reviving and animating a class-walk usually is, the uniform march being broken only by a titter or giggle from the members young enough to think of enjoying themselves, or the reprimand of the teacher passed sharply down the line. But after Miss Walker—who was universally disliked and detested, of course, by all her charges—had

left them, they broke into little groups of two and three; while Florida and her friend Juliet Semes seated themselves near the sea-wall and watched the white-capped waves roll in with the tide, and the dark-crested palmettos rising from the islands far out in the harbor.

"I don't think you're very entertaining, Florida, I must confess," said Juliet, presently, tired with counting the white caps, to see if they really did come in groups of three, as some one had told her they did. It was rather trying when Juliet had been shut up with the dozen girls who did not go home for vacation, and the five teachers who had no homes to go to.

"You haven't told me how Mrs. Thomas had her new dresses made, or what you had for dinner every day. When I'm married I intend always to order the dinner to suit myself, and have *merangues* every day at desert. Don't you?"

"I never intend to get married, Juliet. No, I shall never marry; I've made up my mind to that!"

"Oh, dreadful! Florida. For goodness' sake don't talk so!" Juliet looked as distressed as if her friend had announced a determination to enter a convent, or throw herself to the "cruel, crawling foam"—to be washed ashore, and be "found drowned" by a low, vulgar coroner's jury.

"No, I repeat it solemnly, Juliet. How can I marry?"

"Oh, that's easy enough. I mean to, the very moment I get away from this hateful place—Charlie Tombs, or Julian Pringle, or some one, I haven't decided who yet. But I don't intend to wait long, for I'm dying to go North; and papa says he never will take any of us, and I'm going to stipulate that for a wedding trip."

"You don't understand me," said the superb Florida, with an impatient wave of the hand.

"Well, of course I don't *know*, but I generally say what I mean, and I think it's the easiest thing in the world to get married; though, to be sure, it's a great bother to have to order every thing from New York or Philadelphia, and not know whether it's going to fit. Georgia Tombs's wedding-dress didn't come till the very day, and then it was large enough for her mother. I never pitied any one so in all my life!"

"But you don't see," said Florida, again, with a dreary little sigh. "It's my lot in life, though, papa doesn't understand me. I never shall find a kindred spirit!"

"I'm sure that's what you called *me* last term." The dull perceptions of the good-natured Georgian began to comprehend that a change had come over the ardent friendship sworn to be perpetual five months ago. She drew away hurt, and a little indignant, to peel a banana which made its appearance from her pocket, and swallow it in silence. No shocks of fortune could destroy Juliet's appetite. Fruit and confectionery were her resource in all trials; and her chief enjoyment, as described by herself, was "a new novel, a basket of fresh figs,

or a pound of chocolate bonbons, and a good easy sofa."

"You don't know all"—and Florida lifted her blue *barège* veil and glanced around for the tenth time at their scattered companions. Not one of them was within ear-shot. It was too cold for them so close to the water—they hated going out, and the Battery of all places.

"Why don't you tell me, then—la! they ain't within a mile, and no signs of Walker either." A secret was almost as good as a pine-apple or a new bonnet. Juliet was ready to forget her pique.

"You don't know John Habersham, or you'd pity me. I can see father's set his heart on it. He talks just as if I was engaged to him."

"Why, I thought you were, when you first came!"

"Oh, that was ages ago, and I was a mere child!" She was sixteen and one month now. "Besides you never saw him, or you'd understand."

"Has he got red hair? That *would* be enough. Does he squint?"

"Oh, he looks well enough for that matter, only he's too tall and stout, and has such a loud voice, and is always on horseback, and talks crops and markets till I want to stuff my fingers in my ears and run away. Oh, *Julie!* there he is!"

Not John Habersham! That outline could never be filled by the slight graceful figure that suddenly appeared to Juliet's astonished vision. So romantic too, wrapped in a cloak, with a broad-leaved hat drawn over his face. He raised it slightly as he came near, and darted *such* a glance at Florida, who turned pale and clutched Juliet's hand till she could scarcely keep from screaming. The clear, olive complexion, the deep fiery eyes, the white teeth gleaming through the dark mustache, never belonged to the planter absorbed in corn and cotton. And that low, musical voice in which he murmured a salutation in a foreign tongue—no one would desire to fly from such a tone! It was not Italian—Juliet knew enough of that by an incessant practice of "*Ah non giunge,*" and various other popular arias, to detect the difference; and it *did* sound, ignorant as she was, far more like a lover's caressing greeting than the formal courtesy of a stranger and a foreigner.

Juliet was spell-bound at such a realization of one of her favorite heroes. But the returning Walker, looming up in the distance, broke the enchantment. Her instinctive note of warning gained her a smile, and word of thanks—as the stranger passed on, assuming an air of complete self-absorption in wonderful transition from the eager look and words of interest of the moment before.

"Oh, Florida! who *is* he?"

"If I could only trust you! On your sacred honor, Juliet?"

"As true as I sit here. Oh, I don't wonder you don't want to marry John Habersham. Oh,

isn't he splendid? I could but think of a prince in disguise, or Claude Melnotte. Yes, isn't he like Claude Melnotte when he walks in the garden, you know?"

"Juliet, if you tell, you will risk his life—only think, his life. He's an exile, and people are watching for him, but you will have to know, and I told him so last night. And he said if you betrayed him—oh, you can't think how dreadful he looked; and I know he put his hand on his dirk, when he swore he would kill you if you did. I believe he would.

Juliet looked after the figure now leaning against one of the few trees that had aimed at the dignity of casting a shadow; with a thrill of actual bodily fear, in addition to the excitement of this opening romance.

"Oh, never! You know I never tell; and that wasn't Walker after all. Do let's hear, Florida. We sha'n't have a moment after she gets here; and I shall never go to sleep if I don't know. How he watches us, though he seems to be looking after that ship!"

"That's his way; you never know when he is looking at you, and he makes every one afraid of him. Mrs. Thomas is as afraid as death, and minds every thing he tells her, for all they're such friends. It's because he's a Spaniard, partly, and partly because he knows he's always watched. Don't look at him, Julie; it makes him angry."

"But how do you know so well what he likes? What's his name? Is he a Count? What has he done in Spain?"

"It is not Spain—Cuba. He's a Cuban and a patriot, and was a Colonel under Lopez, young as he is. But then his family is so distinguished, and he's so brave; and though he has had to fly and leave his estates—he has two or three, and so many slaves that he does not even know the number. As soon as Cuba is free, and he says it must be very, very soon—any day—he is watching for the news—then he will go back triumphantly, and take his own name and title again."

"Oh yes. You didn't tell me what his name was. It's all just like a novel, isn't it? Better than one, I think, really to see him." Juliet's interest was unfeigned, and, as a proof of it, the twin banana in her pocket was quite forgotten.

"Carlos—and he's not a count, but a marquis."

"Oh that's better still. I'm rather tired of counts—ain't you? they're so common. Marquis of what?"

"Oh, I can't tell you, for you know the danger is so great; but he passes for a planter from Texas now. That's what they think he is at the hotel; and he has C. L. on his baggage. They think he is French; he speaks French altogether there, and so beautifully that you never would know. Isn't it strange that we should meet? Oh, I always sympathized with those poor fellows so. Calhoun Habersham—he's worth ten of John, though he's only sixteen—used to come and talk to me by the hour, and

bring me all the accounts in the newspapers, so that I knew all about it the minute he began to talk about his country. He can scarcely think of any thing else. Is he going? I don't dare to look after him."

"Yes, I think he is. No, he's only just gone farther on, and he's sitting outside the railing—there, near the summer-house."

"Don't point, Juliet!" broke in Florida, nervously. "There's Walker at last. Oh, if you tell! oh, he will certainly kill you, and it will ruin him! There are spies sent out after him now, only they think he is in New Orleans. He had to fly without clothes, or money, or any thing; and he expects remittances from his mother every day. She is just as devoted to the cause as he is; but she pretends not to be, so as to keep the estates."

"Miss Clayton—how often have I suggested to you young ladies to keep exercising, and not expose yourselves to this damp sea-air? it will ruin your complexions. Miss Semes and Miss Clayton, fall behind. Miss Morton, join Miss Middleton;" and the return commenced. There was an end to conferences and confidences for the present; and, chafing helplessly at the restraint, Florida Clayton found herself once more a martyr to practice and study hours.

Madame Dubois exercised rigid scrutiny over her cook and her store-room; she could tell, to a lump, every pound of sugar that was given out, and knew, to a day, how long the tea and butter should last. But she did not know—and how should she, poring over her endless account-books?—how much food for the imagination found its way to the dormitories of her young ladies in the shape of novels, French or English, or how rapidly their social and moral education progressed. Was it her fault if her pupils deceived her and went to the Battery instead of the dress-maker's; or stole out on the gallery, and thence to the great fig-tree at the end of the garden, when she was quietly asleep in bed and the bells chimed "Days of Absence" at the midnight? And had not Major Clayton himself given permission for his daughter to visit at the Charleston? It was not at all worth while to inquire how often her pupil was seen there, or what occupied the holiday afternoons which gave her a breath of rest and peace.

"It's none of my affairs, mother, and I suppose I'm an old busy-body, but I can't bear to see that girl throw herself away so."

Judge Pickens had unbuttoned his vest, taken off his neckcloth, and wiped his glossy bald forehead until it shone, after the exertion of a two hours' dinner at the *table d'hôte*, where nothing worth notice on the bill of fare had escaped him.

"What girl?" asked Mrs. Pickens, drowsily, from the depths of a rocking-chair and the shelter of a large palm-leaf fan, which threatened the glories of her best cap at every nod.

"Why, that handsome daughter of Clayton's, with the great black eyes and red cheeks."

"I don't see as any thing ails her, particularly;" and Mrs. Pickens roused up a little, for she had married off nine daughters of her own, and felt a natural interest in all young girls of an age to throw themselves away. "She's got beautiful manners—beautiful—I like to see her come into the room—and the handsomest hair I've beheld since our Jocassa's, though it's not quite as long as Marie Antoinette's was."

"It's that young monkey I mean—that Frenchman—that's always hanging 'round Sam Thomas's wife. He'd better come home and look after her; fooling away there in New York, I hain't a doubt."

"I thought he seemed quite attentive to her. There! and I ain't often mistaken." Mrs. Pickens drew her cap well on to her forehead and pinned the strings back over the top, giving her benevolent countenance an unusually belligerent expression, as of one prepared for any fray she might encounter.

"Yes, quite too much so for any woman that writes *Mrs.* to her name. Seems to me it's very hot for race week. Just hand me that other fan, won't you?"

"Talk about *women* being uncharitable, Judge Pickens! I should just like to know what *men* are, all of 'em. You're not a mite better than the rest of your sex—not a mite. One minute you say that young man's after Flory Clayton, and the next that he's paying attentions to a married woman! How can he be after both, I'd like to know?"

"'Tain't harder work than hoein' cotton, I guess—not much. Well, I s'pose I am hard, but I hate a foreigner as I hate a Yankee; ain't much to choose. And that girl of Clayton's, if she was a daughter of mine, should be locked up on bread and water, before she should be marching 'round galleries, and singing songs in a private parlor, by the hour, with them mustaches *about* touching her cheeks. Don't tell me!"

"You're awfully prejudiced, Judge," retorted motherly Mrs. Pickens; "and always was. I've told you so a hundred times. What's to hinder her marrying him if she wants to? She looks like a born nobleman's lady, with that high head of hers!"

"*He* isn't going to make her one! But I ain't going to dispute about it—it's hot enough now. Where's my silk handkerchief? These flies bite as if it was summer."

Mr. Pickens caught the bandana, drawn off the bureau by his wife and thrown at him, with as little unnecessary exertion on her part as possible.

"There it is! How do you know he isn't a nobleman?" she added, mysteriously, glancing round at the keyhole, and under the bed.

"Fiddle-stick's end! How do I know I ain't an Abolitionist?"

"Just as much as you *do* know. I'm not to be imposed upon at my time of life. I've read enough about foreigners that pretend to be lords and are only blacklegs; but from the very min-

ute I saw this Mr. Charles I said to myself he'd turn out to be something extraordinary."

"Gracious! are the women all gone out of their senses?" There was a tone of conscious triumph in his wife's communication that roused the Judge from his favorite attitude for an afternoon nap, bolt upright on the sofa, his feet stretched out, and his face shielded from the sun and flies by an ample silk handkerchief. "First, Sam Thomas's wife goes distracted, and follows him 'round from pillar to post; then that pretty girl; and now here's my respectable old woman, with her head turned. I think I'd better ferret him out. I've been aching to the last six weeks. Where did he come from? What's he doing here? How does he live? That's what I want to know."

"If you wasn't so unbelieving— But, la, there's no use trying to convince you! You've sent so many people to the Penitentiary that it's got to be a regular fever with you. You seem to think every body *ought* to go."

"I don't doubt but this chap does, if the truth was told. Who knows any thing about him? That's the point in question." And the Judge made a judicial gesture, as if addressing "gentlemen of the jury."

"Well, suppose I do." It was too much to resist being able to bring such convincing proof to confound this suspicious disposition. Mrs. Pickens had expressly promised not to tell her husband only two hours before, but, as she reasoned, "A man and his wife are one, so it wouldn't be telling, after all."

"Marquis of Fiddlesticks!" burst forth the Judge, indignantly, at the recital of the romantic incidents connected with the escape of the Marquis de Legarra—known at present as Monsieur Charles Leroux, of Galveston, Texas—from a bloody encounter in the late expedition; with a few thrilling particulars of the combat, and a wound received by the gallant exile, which still bled internally when he was in the least annoyed or excited.

"Hum, Mrs. Pickens, and who's going to vouch for all this?"

"Oh, Mrs. Thomas says he brought quantities of letters to people of the very first respectability in town, but he has not delivered one of them, because so much depends on his keeping secret. He doesn't care for himself, you know, but he says his life is worth so much to Cuba."

"Letters! Oh, I thought he escaped with just the clothes he had on, and not even a pocket-handkerchief or a clean shirt!"

"Well, so he did," said Mrs. Pickens, indignantly.

"How did he bring his letters, then, let alone stopping to have them written? That's a likely story to begin with."

The Judge knew his witness, and having had no doubt whatever of being able to trip up the evidence from the first, took it quietly.

"There's no use telling *you* any thing, Mr. Pickens. Just as I said. You wouldn't believe your own mother! He's got the letters any

way; for he showed them all to Mrs. Thomas, and I suppose you'll allow she can read writing. And he didn't have any clothes, not an article, for when he arrived he bought a carpet-bag with his last dollar, and stuffed it out with something, so nobody should suspect. And she lent him the money to get those very clothes he wears, and a trunk, and things respectable. There now!"

But instead of being overwhelmed by the accumulated proof, the Judge's eyes—what were to be seen of them—twinkled maliciously. Mrs. Pickens grew exasperated. The heart which the warmth of her partisanship had excited and the continued incredulity were too much for her, and she fired her last shot.

"Well, if you won't believe it, you *won't*; and there's the end of it. But let me tell you that Mrs. Thomas has written letters to his mother time and again since he's been here, and such beautiful, affectionate ones, she says—it would make you cry to read 'em over. He can't write since his arm was hurt; but he tells her what to say, and she's sealed them with his coat of arms, and directed them to Madame Luisa de Legarra, and put them in the post-office herself. There, what do you think of that?"

"How many answers did she ever see?—hey, Mrs. Pickens!—that's the idea."

"Oh, I never thought of that." And the beaming face of a moment ago looked slightly crest-fallen.

"I don't doubt her lending him money—not a mite. You see, Mrs. Pickens, she's just such a fool, and ought not to be left alone twenty-four hours. I always said she wasn't capable of taking care of herself. The other one, though, has got sense enough, if she ain't over head and ears in love."

"Where in the world are you going, Judge?" asked Mrs. Pickens, in alarm, as he commenced to replace his neckcloth—in a leisurely way, however, refolding and smoothing it over his knee.

"Just goin' to look 'round a little. There's no goin' to sleep for these plaguy flies. Be having mosquitos next thing."

"But you ain't going to tell? You won't get him into trouble, poor fellow! after all he's gone through?"

"You don't suppose I've got a woman's tongue in my head, now, do you, Mrs. P., and can't keep a thing twenty-four hours?" Whereupon he proceeded to array himself, still leisurely, and with no obvious purpose under the sun but getting a breath of fresh air outside.

Mrs. Pickens, ever easily beguiled, sank into her nap with double enjoyment from its postponement. Mrs. Thomas, in the little dressing-room attached to the parlor and bedchamber which formed her suit of apartments, sat with true Southern enjoyment of the brushing and curling process which occupied herself and maid the interval between dinner and tea daily. Florida was supposed to be quietly following the example of the good Mrs. Pickens in the

adjoining chamber. But, alas! she had not the calmness of spirit which metaphorically rocked that good lady's slumbers; and she had stolen out of the door communicating with the corridor, and now stood in the shelter of one of the gray, stone pillars supporting the gallery, restless, eager, starting at every footstep, and hearing her own heart beat above the din of house and street.

It was a heavier hand than the one she looked for which was laid on her shoulder, veiled only by transparent lace, and gleaming by contrast with the dark stone work against which she leaned.

"He won't be here for half an hour yet, Miss Flory. I've watched him and his cigar safe down street. I wouldn't look after him too much though, if I was you, or too long at him, when he does come," said the bantering voice of her father's old friend, Judge Pickens. She turned proudly to resent it; but his keen gaze turned the blush of anger into her cheek, and her eyes sank again. She had always dreaded him, and yet they had been so very guarded!

"I'm an old man, Miss Flory, and I've seen a little more of the world than you have, by fifty years or so. Now I've only got one thing to say," and his voice sank to a grave earnestness. "Don't make any promises that won't bear thinking of when you say your prayers, or do any thing that would give your father a heart-ache."

What did he suspect? What did he know? She tried to regain her self-control—her voice. But the portly figure passed on as leisurely as it had strolled up to meet her, and she stood alone for a moment in a strange whirl of wonder and shame and doubt; then turning suddenly, hurried back to the unoccupied parlor of her friend, and, burying her face in the sofa pillows, lay quite still till the twilight began to gather.

"*Estrella mia! bien mia!*"

"No, no!" she said, starting up and waving away the form that bent over her.

A heavy frown passed over the dark face. "I go, then;" and he turned with folded arms. "You have decided!"

"Yes! no—no! Stay one moment, Carlos, *mi vida*," she murmured, in his own passionate tongue.

"Yes, you do not dare any thing for my sake—for Cuba's. I am deceived. I trusted you as my life—my honor. But you are weak and irresolute—you are a woman! I go alone; at once!"

"Stay, Carlos! I did not say so. I can not tell! Give me one day more—until I am here again!"

"You do not love me."

"I do; you can not dream how much!"

"But I would *die* for you, and you will not promise."

If she did—if she promised to forsake all for him—could she recall it in her prayers? Could she dare to say to herself that it would not bring

down her father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? She had tried to forget all this before, but those few faithful words had loosed conscience from the bondage of self-will and passion.

"You do not love me," he said again, looking down at her with stern coldness.

But though she held out her hands to him and affirmed it more eagerly, a sudden chilling conviction that he spoke the truth forced itself upon her. It was a strange fascination that bound her to him. She could not rest out of his sight; every pulse thrilled to the touch of his hand; the thought of separation was like death; and, yet, what *was* love? Trust, confidence, repose? What if these were its elements? In place of them she found only fear, and now a suspicion that she could not conquer; though she said to herself, again and again, that she wronged him cruelly.

"I am to stay then, and you will go with me; you will enter into all our plans; you will be a patriot's wife, and, if I die, weep for me!"

The wild enthusiasm of her nature flashed up again. The pause was filled with mad visions of conflict and defeat, of a gloomy prison, the scaffold, and the block; that noble head, bared for the executioner, rolling in the dust at his feet—the fire of those burning eyes quenched by a stroke! Oh never, never!

"You do not speak. I see, I stand alone. Not all alone! My noble mother, praying for her son in exile—the memory of the brave—the liberty of my country—these never fail!"

He struck his hand upon his breast, and she could see by the waning light a sudden pallor overspread his features as he sank back heavily on the sofa beside her.

"Carlos! oh, what can I do? What is it? I promise! Speak to me! Do you hear that I promise? I will go with you—do all you say!"

His lip moved, but there were no words; only a faint gurgling sound as the bright life-blood welled from his lips, crimsoning her white arms as she supported him, trickling slowly, slowly down the silvery folds of her dress; while his eyes, upraised, smiled faintly back to hers, as he lay clasped to her heart.

"Help! help!" Oh, would they never come? Must he die without aid! Her strength, her senses suddenly seemed failing her. She had killed him! Her coldness and suspicion—her mute denial! If he would only smile again—only speak—once more unclothe those heavy-lidded eyes—she would promise, swear, bind herself for life or death! Could she doubt her own heart longer?

Mrs. Thomas was going North to join her husband. That was natural. Major Clayton had written to Madame Dubois to remit Florida's last month at school, and allow her to accompany her friend, as he "felt himself too much a prisoner to crops and gout to be able to give her that pleasure himself." Was not her board paid in advance? Was there not an

application for the half of the bed and eighth of the wash-stand occupied by Miss Clayton? Was Madame to inquire into it too closely? By no means. Monsieur Charles Leroux was about to return to his affairs in Galveston; he had already been absent too long. How simple were all these transactions!

It was not term-time, but Judge Pickens found much to occupy him in the way of business. What made him so anxious about the arrival of the Southern mail, and why did he receive so many telegraphic communications? They interfered so seriously at last with the sleep and appetite of Mrs. Pickens that orders were given at the office for the book-keeper to retain them until inquired for. Why should women desire to know who intended to run for Congress, and what decision the political causes at Jonesville and Macon had arrived at—especially those entirely satisfied by the share of "rights" they had always participated in?

Juliet Semes was dying of envy. Florida to go North before her—to purchase a bonnet at Genin's—to buy gloves at Stewart's—to dine at the St. Nicholas daily—to eat as many ices and as much fruit-cake as she liked, surrounded by the fabulous splendors of Taylor's newly-frescoed and gilded Alhambra! But then Florida was not what she had once been to her. "A blight," as Juliet expressed it, had come over their friendship. She was certainly fickle. How she had blushed over her father's delighted allusions to John Habersham when she first came there, and confessed that it might end in something one of those days, especially when she found not another of all Madame's pupils had the slightest claim to being engaged. And how she had raved over that young Spaniard only at the commencement of the term; so wrapped up in him that she forgot, for three successive weeks, to borrow the concluding volume of "The Doom of Dunmore; or, the Bride of a Day" from Mrs. Thomas, keeping Juliet in torturing suspense! So Miss Semes bore the parting by the aid of a wounded spirit, and retracted the promise she had made to ask Florida for her first bridesmaid, bestowing the appointment on Augusta Middleton, who liked confectionery as well as she did, and shared her passion for shrimps and pickled limes.

The Wilmington boat lay, lazily puffing and blowing, at the end of its long, dirty wharf. "Uncles," with wrinkled, black faces and frosty hair, walked around the freight as if to calculate to a certainty the lightest end to take hold of. The "boys," who drove jingling, dilapidated hacks, and private carriages, scarcely fresher or more elegant, made great displays of energy in shouting, "Clar de track!" and "Wha' you 'bout dere?" but had none to expend on the baggage which presently blocked up the gangway. Little groups of passengers and their friends began to crystallize about the deck and in the cabin. Frail invalids, who had come southward full of hope, and now only prayed that they might reach home to die, looked out

wearily at the glare and bustle, and longed for the fresh sea-breeze that was to give them momentary vigor again; while gay belles, who had fluttered through race-week and February balls, turned impatiently away from these living sermons on the vanity of life.

Conspicuous among these stood Florida's new chaperone in the gayest of plaid silks and the most cherry-colored of ribbons, bandying jests and compliments with her own train of gallants and any who might chance to claim acquaintanceship from neighboring circles. So completely was she absorbed in the triumphs of the moment that nothing short of an explosion would have distracted her attention from the business in hand.

How long the hour seemed to Florida, alone in her state-room, breathing the close, heated air, unable to fix her thoughts for a moment on the book she had taken mechanically to stifle thought and reflection. It was too late now. She had promised—she had taken an oath so fearful that her lips trembled to pronounce it, and in three days more it would be sealed by marriage vows.

Already she obeyed Legarra as if she had been his slave; ever since that terrible night, and those days of utter prostration which followed, when she was maddened by their separation and his danger, a frown, an approach to agitation on his part, triumphed. It was the same unquestioning servitude she had so often wondered at in Mrs. Thomas, when she first knew the secret bond between them, and how even her jewels were pawned to furnish the sums he demanded, always to be paid by those remittances that never came. A hard, unnatural feeling rose up whenever she thought of her father; but now that distance, and oaths, and a lifetime were separating them, it gave way to an anguish that almost forced her to cry out. The narrow berth seemed like a coffin inclosing, stifling her. Was this a foretaste of the days that were to come? What was remorse like?—penitence unavailing, and finding no place for forgiveness, though sought carefully with tears?

"The gentleman, Miss—" and the yellow-turbaned face of the stewardess followed the slight tap that announced her at the door.

"Yes, directly," she said, almost sullenly, so unlike the greeting the coming of a betrothed lover should receive. It was his own arrangement that they should remain in their respective state-rooms until they had crossed the bar, to avoid the possibility of any uncomfortable encounter or questioning. Why had he intruded on her so soon? She waited to wrap a shawl about her and shade her face with a veil before she went out to meet him. But it was not the dark form of the Cuban that filled up the narrow entrance of the passage leading to the saloon. John Habersham's kindly face, softened into strange gravity, startled her more even than her father's would have done. And behind him, with a package of letters and busi-

ness-like papers, Judge Pickens raised his hand warningly.

She followed them without a word, clinging to John Habersham's arm as she threaded the crowd, passing the state-room, where Legarra was content to remain a voluntary prisoner, and so close to the unconscious Mrs. Thomas that their veils fluttered together for an instant; they crossed the slippery gangway; it was withdrawn the next moment; black, turbid, impassable waters swelled up between them and the heavy hull turned seaward. She felt that her father was dying, and that she deserved it; and she felt, besides, as Peter might have done when the angel guided him past the sleeping guards, and he heard the great iron gates of the prison clank together behind him.

Mrs. Thomas, "weak but not wicked," purchased the absence of her vindictive and re-criminating escort by nearly the full amount of the liberal check received from her husband for her expenses Northward; and Florida's trunks, strange to say, were added to the russet box inscribed "*C. L., Galveston, Texas,*" though what use he could possibly make of a lady's wardrobe Mrs. Thomas could not divine. Nevertheless it saved her all thought and perplexity regarding them, and she was too thankful to purchase liberty at any price.

Mrs. Pickens wonders to this day how "that runaway barber from New Orleans, who imposed on Flory Clayton so shamefully, ever learned French and Spanish so beautifully, and got money enough from Mrs. Thomas to pay his board bills: above all, how he ever managed to hold that stuff that every body took for blood in his mouth, and talk, too, when he had those turns! No wonder Florida was frightened, poor thing! with that horrid story of an inward wound, and she had come as near as any thing to offering to nurse him herself when he was pretending to be sick after it!" She admires her husband's shrewdness and sagacity more than ever, and thinks he ought to be made Judge of the Supreme Court, since she found how quietly he tracked the antecedents of their late foreign acquaintance by telegraph and detective, and proved that letter of Major Clayton's to Madame Dubois a forgery, "though he said any body might have seen that with half an eye!" she adds to any new acquaintance to whom she may happen to be detailing the only romance in real life in which she ever enacted a part.

Florida Clayton is Mrs. Habersham now—a noted housekeeper, and excellent mistress to a crowd of sable attendants, whose clothes she cuts, and whose children she looks after, as well as two of her own, Clayton and Calhoun, mistaken by most people for twins. When the busy day is over, and she sits by her husband on the broad piazza, while he smokes his cigar and caresses the dear head laid upon his knee, she looks thoughtfully out from the deep shadows of the magnolias on to the far-off lights of her father's house shining faintly through the

distance, and thinks how grateful she ought to be that he is spared to her, and that John forgave her so nobly, and made her a loved and honored wife, when he knew all.

Yes, all; for pure wife and mother as she is, her face burns with a sudden glow of shame as she wonders if he does not sometimes recollect with bitterness that her forehead has been touched by other lips than his—polluted lips that she shudders to recall. But this memory is her punishment, not his bane; for when she kneels by his side and winds her arms around him in a mute plea for forgiveness, burying her face—for at such moments she can not raise her eyes to his—he lifts her brow and banishes the guilty flush with gentle, womanly kisses that speak more lovingly than words.

ENJOYING OUR WORK.

THE most of people who live in a Christian community believe that work is a divine institution; but there are few who have more than a general idea of what is meant by work as a divine law. As for tracing the wisdom of God in it, they never think of such a thing. Content to know that, somehow, it is connected with the system of Providence, and operates to the moral advantage of society, they take no pains to investigate its close relations to the character and future welfare of man. Such persons can readily see how work provides daily bread and clothing—how it moves the whole machinery of business—how it creates a nation's wealth, and builds up the power of material civilization. Beyond this their thoughts never extend. Hence their opinions on this subject are defective; and they never realize half the good of work, because of their imperfect conceptions of its true value.

Work is not a mere provision for animal wants. Without doubt it was designed to be the means of our livelihood; but this is its lowest use. Work feeds and clothes us. It gives us homes, and furnishes comforts and luxuries. All this it does as God's ordinance; but it does much more. Work is a great auxiliary to the moral and spiritual interests of life. Not only does it tend to preserve us from vice, but it promotes virtue, by occupying our time, training our faculties, and disciplining our nature to patient, persevering efforts. Work may supply our bodily and social wants; may yield all that the present and future require for sustenance and support; and yet its obligations are not discharged. It is a moral and spiritual law, ordained by the Creator to exercise our higher attributes—to aid in forming a pure and elevated tone of character. For the sake of the mind, no less than for the body, are we appointed to be creatures of toil. The "sweat of the brow" has a deeper meaning than is derived from nerves and muscles, while "thorns and thistles" speak another language besides the curse. Work is a part of that economy which contemplates the renewing of our ruined race. If Christianity has been sent into the world to redeem our spirit-

ual nature, work has been ordained to improve the earth, and render it a fit theatre for the displays of Christian virtue. How beautifully are religion and work united in the Decalogue? The divine command is to labor "six days," and to rest on the "seventh." If we do not work for six days we can have no Sabbath; for the Sabbath, no matter how observed, can not be a religious day to him who fails to labor through the other period of the week. Idleness can never have a Sabbath; luxury and ennui, wasting all their time in "inglorious sloth," deaden their capacity for its repose. The two institutions—weekly labor and Sabbath rest—are joined together, and neither has any significance without the other. Both, therefore, are typical institutions looking to the future, and foreshadowing ideas greater than themselves.

No man should feel that his work is a mere earthly necessity. Nor ought he to look upon it as drudgery. Whatever are its burdens and toils, there is always a thought, a sublime thought beneath them, which is, that there is a great intellectual and moral benefit in all his appointed tasks. Of this benefit nothing should deprive him. Nothing can deprive him of it, if he is a sincere, right-minded, true-hearted man. Daily industry may not fully repay his hard exertions; all his struggling may yield him but a scanty remuneration; but beyond this there is another reward. There is a strength of will, a silent endurance, a peaceful reconciliation to the dispensations of Providence, a heroic trust, that elevate and ennoble his humble toil. So far as a man considers the higher connections of his work, that far is he above circumstances. In that sphere the penuriousness of capital, the grinding selfishness of employers can not reach him. Hence there is always an opportunity for him to enjoy his work. Let its earthly aspects be ever so discouraging, it has more than food and raiment in it. The presence of a divine spirit is there—a wise and beautiful law established by the benevolence of God—and wherever that law is obeyed, wherever its wisdom and beauty are felt, the goodness of the Infinite One comes to the heart and enriches its feelings. A man works all the better by thus entering into the moral import of labor. God's laws justify themselves to our reason. If we yield our intelligence to their excellence, as well as our service to their authority, they become means to improve and exalt our character. No one avails himself of the entire power of any great law, be it natural or moral, unless the convictions of his mind, no less than his actions, are offered in homage to its wisdom and love. For the obedience that honors God is not a blind, thoughtless obedience, but one that sees the embodiment of Himself in His laws, and seeks therein for fellowship with Him. Men grossly err, therefore, who find in work nothing more than a provision for outward life. For them the presence of God is there. If they labor aright, the purity and glory of His

nature will shine through the law and brighten the spiritual faculties of their being.

To enjoy our work, we must be conscious of personal improvement through its instrumentality. It must afford employment to the mind, stimulating the active powers of the intellect, and enlisting the feelings. Not only must it keep the attention awake, but it must exercise skill and ingenuity, and besides this lead the thought beyond its own immediate requisitions and quicken its functions. If our work fail to occupy the thinking faculties, it soon degenerates into dull routine. The freshness of the mind is lost, attention becomes mechanical, habits put an end to vigor, and the whole intellect sinks into a sluggish mass. All occupations, in this respect, are not alike. Some are more intellectual than others. Few, however, are necessarily deadening to the intellect. By far the larger part of human employments tend to cultivate and enlarge the mind, and if we used them aright they would be constant means of intellectual progress. There is always something to be learned from them. The most common day-labor, the humblest mechanical pursuit, have some connection with natural laws and objects, which, if properly studied, expand the thought and refine the taste. Every thing is an outlet into a grand universe, in which truth awaits the honest, earnest seeker. Books and men are not the only teachers. Nature is full of private help. Intellectual friends are never wanting. A mind open to instruction, anxious to learn, burning with eagerness to know, is sure of aid and counsel. Hugh Miller found the science of Geology in his business as a stone-mason, and Pallissy, the potter, had an ample field unfolded to his genius while he worked in ores and earths. How much of poetry Burns saw and felt as he followed the plow! What visions of beauty and glory rose upon the mind of the Ettrick Shepherd as he watched his flocks on the hill-sides of Scotland! If our work is in itself not directly intellectual, let us remember what Bloomfield the poet and farm-laborer, Drew the metaphysician, Bunyan the Bedford thinker, accomplished. These men worked and thought. They had minds not to be satisfied with the occupations of their hands. Carey belonged to this class of men. They do not reach distinction by the avenues that others tread in their heralded march to the summits of greatness, but through hidden paths, aloof from the crowd, away from observation, their instincts guide them up the steep of fame.

In this view work is discipline. Day by day it gives one a greater command over his faculties, over himself; teaching him a patient submission to wise laws, exercising him in the knowledge acquired by effort and experience, and withal fitting his mind for other and higher tasks. Any work, if well done, makes a man more a man. However humble that work may be, its faithful performance employs something more than skill of hand and ingenuity of brain. The moral nature of the soul enters into the

thing done, and it is a stronger nature for every effort put forth to express itself. No law of life is more beautiful than that which provides the conditions of progress in whatever is honestly and honorably executed. Give a man the homeliest employment, and if it occupy him aright it will tend to qualify him for something better. True work never enslaves and degrades the mind. Instead of this, it continually calls out the rational qualities of our being, and trains them for vigor and scope in other departments of life. In his sonnet to Milton, Wordsworth says:

"And yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The great poet, gifted with that insight which reads the heart in its relations to outward objects, knew how "*lowliest duties*" are the firmest stepping-stones in all advancement. For the same reason the "*lowliest*" work may bring us nearer to God, and develop a capacity for what lies beyond itself. A man never knows the future purposes of Providence toward himself. But this is always to be believed and felt; viz., if a man will faithfully do the work assigned him, living up to the measure of his lot and perfecting himself according to the opportunity granted him, the good Providence that rules the world will not deny him the means of progress. One should work evermore in this hopeful, trusting spirit, for the temper of mind in which he toils is more important than any outward result. Business may yield profit, sagacity may find short roads to wealth, hard work may bring houses and lands, but it is all a sad failure if a man grows not thereby into a larger manliness of soul. For the material can never compensate for the loss of the spiritual, and a defrauded heart is infinitely worse than a bankrupt purse.

Probably no truth in human history is more frequently and strikingly illustrated than the one now under consideration. Men are not suddenly and amply endowed for great positions, nor is it usual for them, by one quick and mighty bound, to spring into the leadership of society. Not only is time demanded, but toil and service are sternly required of him who is destined to achieve something for his race. How forcibly David's life exemplified this fact! No one, perhaps, could have seen any connection between the sheepfold and the kingdom of Israel. Wise men would have been puzzled to trace the relation that a boy's careless existence, lying on the hill-sides of Judea and watching the grazing flocks, bore to a destiny of incomparable grandeur. What occasion was there here for the exercise of those virtues that were, in after years, to make David's reign a memorable era in the career of Israel? And yet we know that this mode of life, its peculiar circumstances, its secluded thoughtfulness, its silent meditateness, its mute companionship with nature, all went far, under divine influence, to mould him for future distinction. The encounter with "a lion and a bear" was more than a

victory of physical force; for it was a moral lesson, never forgotten, of where his strength lay, and what unseen hands helped him. Then, too, how much he owed to his daily task—how his watchful offices over the sheep lifted his heart to the great Shepherd—how the vast heavens above him prompted the inquiry, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" Had he not been a shepherd-boy, dwelling away from the haunts of men, enjoying the open freedom of nature, and living in the fellowship of beautiful or sublime scenes, he would never have felt the presence of God in the material universe, nor had that profound insight into the ways of His ever-working providence that has invested his Psalms with such a hallowed interest. In this history of David we see that even miraculous power did not disdain to recognize the use of ordinary means. The simple life of a shepherd-boy trained him for one of the grandest theatres on which man ever acted. It awakened thoughts and feelings, inspired impulses, quickened affections, that not only educated the mind of a nation, but for many centuries have proved a blessing and a joy to the most cultivated intellect, to the Christian piety of the world. Had God chosen he might have made his intellect an image-chamber of the universe by direct inspiration, and, with the quickening touch of his hand, opened all the founts of feeling to send forth sweeter and healthier waters than those which miraculously rolled their glad stream along the pathway of Israel in the desert. But there was a "more excellent way." Better for him, better for the world, that the seal of Heaven should be set on the ordinary incidents, the everyday scenes of life, and that out of these, by slow and painful strife, a soul of strength and majesty should emerge.

If we would enjoy our work, we must accept it as a divine thing and put our whole heart in it. Work that is a mere contract with men—work that has exclusive reference to hours and tasks—is not work in that truer sense which conveys the meaning of labor as an institution ordained by God to renew the face of external nature, and to restore man's sovereignty over the inferior orders of creation. Industry and skill—the strong muscle, the resolute will, the cultivated mind—may remove a portion of the curse that rests on the globe. Machinery may lessen the "*sweat of the brow*," and science may raise productive crops in the place of the thorn and thistle. The landscape may smile beneath the toils of a cheerful peasantry, while enterprise, commanding the services of philosophy and art, may build cities and expand its magnificent system of trade and commerce over continents and oceans. These are vast results. But work, as a divine ordinance, has far nobler ends to accomplish. To subdue nature—to bring the soil, the atmosphere, the waters under its sway—to convert the earth into a home fit for man: this is the humblest part of its office. If our lost sovereignty over the material universe, so far as delegated to man, is thus to be

recovered, the sovereign must be prepared for his empire and rule. Of what avail will be the reconstruction of the palace if the royal mind is not clothed with a dignity, a strength, a glory in unison with its high enthronement? Work, therefore, is designed to assist in preparing man for this foretold ascendancy over matter. But work, by itself, can never contribute to this result. A moral spirit, which Christianity breathes into all true industry and business, must penetrate our work. It will then refine and ennoble our being; and as the "*six days*" of toil are tributary in God's economy to the Sabbath, so all our labor will blend with religion in purifying and exalting our nature.

MARRIED TO THE MAN OF HER CHOICE.

FRANCES TEMPLEMAN was no ordinary child. In appearance, in manner, she differed from other children; and that difference can best be defined by a simple statement—she was never called Fanny. Readers will judge what the peculiar character of a child must be who has never known an endearing diminutive. But let them beware lest their judgment be too harsh. Frances was passionately loved by her parents, respected by all who knew her, and was herself warm and true, though not demonstrative in her attachments. She was reserved, not cold; full of controlled spirit, not wild, nor, in its lightest sense, gay; dutiful, though willful; obliging, but careless of praise.

At eighteen she was the proudest of all the proud beauties of her State. In thought, in feeling, she had been a woman years before, and now was mistaken for a woman of twenty-five. She was much courted, mainly by men of position, advanced in life; younger admirers hung upon her movements, never daring to advance. It was predicted that this woman would make a brilliant match, and none other, for never was there a woman seemingly more fitted for a marriage of convenience. Her queenly form, her high manner, her silvery but deliberate accents, claimed as their appropriate sphere the loftiest position in society.

One who knew her well—he was her first cousin and only intimate friend—doubted if she would ever marry at all. He knew that to a woman eminently refined and intellectual the choice of a husband was a problem almost too hard to be solved. Such a woman may not confide in her instincts, for instinct in such women is subjected to the domination of reason; and when a momentous question is transferred for decision from a woman's heart to a woman's mind, the issue is always protracted, and, of necessity, most painful. It is a suit in English Chancery, the decision of which can scarcely ever be satisfactory. Passion, be it of the warmest, as most surely it is when its exhibition is suppressed—passion is frittered away under the slow and calm examination of conflicting claims. And when, at last, the tardy decision is reached—when the suitor is elected—he is elected not

gladly, not with the sweetly-thrilling assent and unfearing, boundless confidence of the heart, but with the dispassionate coolness of the judgment, as a choice of evils. How repugnant it must be for a woman, in whom exists even a trace of natural delicacy, to place her person and destiny coldly in the keeping of a man, simply because he is a man, many, very many women know, alas! too well.

Frances Templeman was as far above the influence of sordid motives as she was above the reach of all merely worldly considerations and opinions petty, because purely egotistical. Naturally self-reliant, she had great need to be more so, now that in her early womanhood she was left without a parent and without a guardian in whom she could in the least confide. Averse to conversation upon the subject of love, her views were nevertheless well known. They were speculative and unexact, more nice than comprehensive, subtle rather than true—as *opinions* of an unknown *feeling* must ever be. The highest tuition of her emotional nature—that nature, which, while it is the most docile pupil of passion, is at the same time the best teacher of the intellect—she had never experienced. She had never loved. It is much to say even of a dull girl, that she has reached the age of eighteen without having ever loved; it is almost impossible to believe when asserted of a girl exquisitely organized in body as in mind. Yet it was literally true of Frances Templeman. Whoever chooses may believe that her pride, her will (or any other quality that made her the exalted woman she was), suppressed the first tender germs of the “sweet disorder;” but he, before whom her inmost soul lay unsheltered as lake before the sun, knows that she had never felt its lightest movement. The natural inference would be that she was insusceptible; and, satisfied with this inference, many will dismiss her, as something more or less than woman. But she was a woman, and precisely such a woman as a pure, moral atmosphere and an advanced civilization tend to produce. Her counterpart may be found, not in many cities, but in almost every village of this republic.

Further removed from the vice of sentimentality than the vast majority even of *men*, she nevertheless possessed the sentiment of love in its most subtle, which is its most concentrated, form. Could a proper object have been found, this sentiment might have known the arterial warmth of life; and he who had been blessed with her love, in true reciprocal appreciation, would have had but little to ask for in the life to come. But as the eye is dead to all forces save only the impalpable ether of light, so her susceptibility was of a fineness not to be moved by gross or ordinary influences, and lay dormant, *but not dead*, within her.

It is questionable whether, taking personal happiness alone into view, such a woman ought ever to marry; certainly it is unfortunate when, as a result of abstract reasoning, she concludes that she should. This Frances Templeman

did, and thus women like to her are prone to do.

Her purpose fixed, she acted with yet more than her wonted prudence and deliberation. Five years passed away before she made her choice. Her reserve, and the common belief that she had decided never to marry, repelled many suitors; but her fresh and peerless beauty retained many more. There was no danger of her being compelled to choose the crooked stick. Suitors of seven years' standing were tied to her chariot wheels when she drove in triumph through the golden gates of matrimony. Was it indeed a triumph? So far as human power could judge it was.

Her decision was no secret to her cousin. It was his pleasure at all times, it was his duty now, to defer to a penetration infinitely superior to his own. He made no opposition. She knew men well. The values of wealth, of intellect, of birth, position, strength of character, and of amiability, she had estimated accurately. All these *desiderata*, in just and rare proportion, seemed combined in the person of her choice.

He was, of course, much older than herself. A widower with several children (most of whom, fortunately, were too nearly grown to require the arduous attentions or to imbibe the natural hatred of a step-mother). Judge Blondel imposed no harder task upon his bride than to do the honors of a house, which, if not the most imposing, was the most beautiful, for situation and architectural finish, of all the residences in a country noted for the loveliness of its scenery and the wealth and culture of its inhabitants. A more befitting mistress could not have been chosen. From the first moment she displayed, in that seat of social elegance, the natural ease and grace of a woman familiar with the command of a large and polished household.

Between herself and her husband there appeared to exist a cordiality of good feeling which has ever been, and ever will be, mistaken for unanimity of sentiment and of will, and which, so long as the mistake remains undiscovered, answers all or nearly all the ends of a perfect congeniality. When a son was born to them, Frances Blondel thought the measure of her happiness was full, and in the abundance of her joy blessed God for that he had bestowed upon her the husband and man of her choice.

It is an error made by every young mother, especially if she be a cultivated woman married to a man of refinement and kind disposition—it is an error common to such mothers to confuse and blend the sources of loves which are distinct in origin, distinct in application, distinct in gratification. But in time the distinction becomes clear. No love can be purer or more intense than a mother's; indeed, in certain moods, it seems almost sacrilegious to compare any other love with that; but every woman knows that in her breast there is another fountain—strong, full, bright, warm—which seeks and finds repose for its ever-welling waters only in the ample ocean of a husband's love. If this

flowing tide find never its true reservoir, there happens in the woman's soul that calamity which any attempt at definition would serve only to obscure, but which many women, alas! how many, understand too well.

Why it was that Frances Blondel could not love her husband it would be impossible to say. In all the relations of life he exhibited precisely those traits which go to make, humanly speaking, a perfect man. If he was not brilliant, he had that excellent balance of the intellectual faculties which is every where reckoned better than brilliance; if he was less wealthy than his office and his hereditary estates might have made him, it was because of a liberality to his children and a silent charity to the poor that did him honor: he lacked not one of the comforts or the elegances of life; and he was withal the best of neighbors, the most uxorious of husbands, and the kindest of masters. Nor was he very deficient in sentiment. Why such a man should not have commanded the heart-whole reverence of Frances Blondel, or of any woman, it is useless to ask. But wherein consists the mystery of that effect we name "love," and what constitutes the rational basis of that adoration which the first women of earth have entertained and cherished, against all scorn and contumely and poverty, for men hideous with faults? We know not. We read of, and easily comprehend, what has been styled a "cold perfection of character." But Judge Blondel was not chargeable with coldness; on the contrary, he was a man innately warm and true, and persistent in his affections; he had, besides, more than enough of the leaven of human infirmity to entitle him to human love. Why did not Frances love him? Go ask her. Her cousin never dared.

This unexplained something, which, like the virtues of medicines, is ascertainable only upon trial—this something that makes or unmakes the happiness of marriages among the cultivated, the gifted—this something (call it spiritual affinity if you will) it is which renders matrimony the lottery it has been proclaimed to be the world over, in all time. It rests with all of us, each to determine for himself whether he will adventure the chances of this lottery. The prizes are magnificent—but the risk is immense!

When that cousin who continued after her marriage to be the intimate friend of Frances Blondel that he had been before—when that cousin ascertained that all was not well with her, it was, he now knows, long after she herself had perfectly understood the cause and the incurable nature of her trouble. So far as words go, that trouble has never been hinted, nor will it ever be. But there are revealing lights of the eye, which, when they are sought and met by kindred beams, leave nothing to be told, and say much that is beyond the power of speech. Frances knew that her secret was a secret no longer, but she also knew that it was safe even to the grave; and, assured of this, her unimparted confidence was a relief to her.

Her cousin for a time believed the ailment a physical one, and Frances herself, although far too wise to be deceived as to its true nature or to be seduced into poisoning herself with drugs, was not unwilling that others should attribute to a feeble constitution a misfortune of the soul which could never be explained. She gladly accepted the alleviation of travel, and saw all that was worthy to be seen in America or in Europe.

How vain to such an invalid are all such tours! One ever-recurring question darkens the bright way, saddens the gay march. "What joy, what infinite rapture might not these scenes afford if my destiny were all it could—all it should be!" For the afflicted soul, ever too blind to the calamities of others, sees but its own woe, deems itself the special object of Divine injustice, and claims as its proper due a happiness accorded never to any of mortal birth. De-frauded of this happiness, it may meekly submit to the will of the Unchangeable One, and find its reward in a substituted peace. But it is and can be only a *substitution*; the original birth-right joy, consciously lost to the soul, must leave a vacuum, sad, vast, never to be filled.

Thirty years have been numbered since Mrs. Blondel returned from Europe, and sought, in the cares of her household and in the education of her children, that nepenthe she could never find amidst the most beautiful scenery and in the gayest capitals of the world. It may be believed that the faithful discharge of the high and holy duties of a mother brings sweet recompense, while it leaves small opportunity for the mind to dwell upon its private griefs. The flight of years, too, naturally lessens the rigor of all grief dependent upon ungratified sentiment, and places the deferred and *different* happiness in the permanency beyond the grave. But neither duty performed nor the deadening influences of Time, can assuage to the point of forgetfulness a malady like that with which Frances Blondel was seized. In those lonely hours which come the oftener the more we seek to avoid them, the agony returns with force proportioned to its delay. No strength of will, and no intensity of prayer, avails to fortify the soul against that return.

The sons and daughters of Frances Blondel grew up to man's and woman's estate, the pride, and justly the pride and joy, of her own and her husband's life. In intelligence, in excellence of manners and of morals, in obedient reverence for their parents, her children had no superiors, and scarcely any equals. Nor was the beauty of their persons at all unworthy their cultivated minds and admirable dispositions. He who could have beheld the Blondel family, assembled, as it often was, in the soft twilight of summer, under the portico, festooned and perfumed with luxuriant vines; he who could have beheld that group, in the perfection of its harmony and the beauty of the contrasted ages of its members, would never have dreamed that the pale mother, who presided with such sweet

dignity over the group, had aught to account for her pallor, save that wearing-out of the physical system from which scarcely any American mother is exempt. But could he have become intimately acquainted with the family, he would have been struck by the fact, apparently unaccountable, that this mother, so happily married to the man of her choice, was strongly, almost bitterly opposed to marriage in the abstract, and particularly to the marriage of any of her own children. And so great was the force of her character, the influence of her training, and the reverential awe in which she was held by her sons and daughters, that the violence of her antipathy to matrimony scarcely equaled the fear of that institution which had mastered their young and plastic minds. Without well knowing why, they regarded marriage as perhaps the very worst of human ills, a calamity to be shunned at all hazards, to be accepted only upon the plea of necessity—a plea, it need scarcely be said, which can never be urged by those who, like themselves, were placed beyond the provocation of “bettering their condition.”

If, when his wife first commenced to instill this antipathy into the minds of his children, a suspicion, as to its origin and nature, arose in the heart of Judge Blondel, that suspicion was never nursed into the hideous form and life of jealousy, but suffered, amidst the whirl of professional duties, to sink into the catalogue of “woman’s whims,” unworthy to be seriously combated or remembered. At length this “whim” assumed to his eye the graver aspect of a hobby, all the more ridiculous the graver it became. He was fond of joking his wife in company about it, and, so adroit was her tact, she encouraged him to joke the more. The Judge, now in his seventieth year, has as little conception of the true meaning of this “hobby” as he has of the atomic condition of the remotest stars. Well for him that it is so; for, advanced as he is, the heart within him is not so callous but it would burst on the instant with utter mortification and terror—terror because never, after the discovery, could he trust any of his senses again. He would seem mad to his own view, and to have lived mad and blind.

Frances Blondel, younger than she looks, at the age of fifty-three, presents a spectacle and a lesson that must bring grief and almost despair to the heart of him who sees and interprets them aright. The wife-life, the wife-love, the wife-woman are dead (so far as the palsy of entire inaction hath power to kill them) within her, and have been dead years, long years ago. Every other joy of earth, save only the great joy of the *wedded soul*, she has known in boundless abundance. Yet they have not sufficed to give elasticity and strength to a frame, naturally strong with the strength of exceeding organic fineness, nor to remove the melancholy from a mind originally possessed of that highest cheerfulness which comes of a serene temperament and a clear perception of truth in the full wide-

ness of its manifold relations. Her vigorous mind, in the vain attempt to escape the contemplation of what appears to it an ill-starred destiny, has sought and obtained knowledge of matters most foreign to an ordinary and contented woman’s thoughts. It is painful to see with what feverish pleasure and unfeminine boldness she will discuss the most recondite questions of politics, of constitutional and of international law. A nice sense of duty to her daughters has advised her to intrust the greater portion of the household cares to them, and it is the leisure afforded by the removal of these cares which must be filled, perforce, by the driest, the most unprofitable studies.

This wasted old woman is a Christian in the best meaning of the term. She repines not; but the dead corpse of a life which should have been lived, of a system of intense emotions which found not their normal activity, can not be worn beside the throbbing heart without producing disastrous and unconcealable effects upon soul and body. Upon the one, doubt, terrible half-faith; upon the other, miserable nervous unsatisfaction. The cause of these effects may be, and happily in her case is, misunderstood; but the effects remain.

The *evil* of Frances Blondel’s unhappy marriage to the man of her choice is confined to the cousin who owns her untold secret. He it is who returns from silent and piteous interviews with her, having in his inmost heart an acute and irrepressible sense of injustice, which wounds him because of its deadly impiety, yet will not away. Worse than this sense of injustice is the vain and painful questioning of his soul concerning the compensation possible for her in the coming life, whose dread approach marches fast upon himself and upon the wretched woman, who *sinned not* in choosing the man of her choice. The soul of Frances can not find a fitting sphere elsewhere than on high; but in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; and in all the bright and endless cycles of eternity there must cleave inseparably to her the sad remembrance of a part, and perhaps the sweetest part, of human life, lost, lost, lost!

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XLI.

RAKE’S PROGRESS.

PEOPLE were still very busy in Henry War-
rington’s time (not that our young gentleman took much heed of the controversy) in determining the relative literary merits of the ancients and the moderns; and the learned, and the world with them, indeed, pretty generally pronounced in favor of the former. The moderns of that day are the ancients of ours, and we speculate upon them in the present year of grace, as our grandchildren, a hundred years hence, will give their judgment about us. As



for your book-learning, O respectable ancestors (though, to be sure, you have the mighty Gibbon with you), I think you will own that you are beaten, and could point to a couple of professors at Cambridge and Glasgow who know more Greek than was to be had in your time in all the universities of Europe, including that of Athens, if such an one existed. As for science, you were scarce more advanced than those heathen to whom in literature you owned yourselves inferior. And in public and private morality? Which is the better, this actual year 1858, or its predecessor a century back? Gentlemen of Mr. Disraeli's House of Commons! has every one of you his price, as in Walpole's or Newcastle's time—or (and that is the delicate question) have you almost all of you had it? Ladies, I do not say that you are a society of Vestals—but the chronicle of a hundred years since contains such an amount of scandal, that you may be thankful you did not live in such dangerous times. No: on my conscience I believe that men and women are both better; not only that the Susannahs are more numerous, but that the Elders are not nearly so wicked. Did you ever hear of such books as "Clarissa," "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random;" paintings by contemporary artists, of the men and women, the life and society, of their day? Suppose we were to describe the doings of such a person as Mr. Lovelace, or my Lady Bellaston, or that wonderful "Lady of Quality" who lent her memoirs to the author of "Peregrine Pickle?" How the pure and outraged Nineteenth Century would blush, scream, run out of the room, call away the young ladies, and order Mr. Mu-

die never to send one of that odious author's books again! You are fifty-eight years old, madam, and it may be that you are too squeamish, that you cry out before you are hurt, and when nobody had any intention of offending your ladyship. Also, it may be that the novelist's art is injured by the restraints put upon him, as many an honest, harmless statue at St. Peter's and the Vatican is spoiled by the tin draperies in which ecclesiastical old women have swaddled the fair limbs of the marble. But in your prudery there is reason. So there is in the state censorship of the Press. The page may contain matter dangerous to *bonos mores*. Out with your scissors, censor, and clip off the prurient paragraph! We have nothing for it but to submit. Society, the despot, has given his imperial decree. We may think the statue had been seen to greater advantage without the tin drapery; we may plead that the moral were better might we recite the whole fable. Away with him—not a word! I never saw the piano-fortes in the United States with the frilled muslin trowsers on their legs; but, depend on it, the muslin covered some

of the notes as well as the mahogany, muffled the music, and stopped the player.

To what does this prelude introduce us? I am thinking of Harry Warrington, Esquire, in his lodgings in Bond Street, London, and of the life which he and many of the young bucks of fashion led in those times, and how I can no more take my fair young reader into them than Lady Squeams can take her daughter to Cremorne Gardens on an ordinary evening. My dear Miss Diana (Pshaw! I know you are eight-and-thirty, although you are so wonderfully shy, and want to make us believe you have just left off school-room dinners and a pinafore), when your grandfather was a young man about town, and a member of one of the Clubs at White's, and dined at Pontac's off the feasts provided by Braund and Lebeck, and rode to Newmarket with March and Rockingham, and toasted the best in England with Gilly Williams and George Selwyn (and *didn't* understand George's jokes, of which, indeed, the flavor has very much evaporated since the bottling)—the old gentleman led a life of which your noble aunt (author of "Legends of the Squeamses; or, Fair Fruits off a Family Tree,") has not given you the slightest idea.

It was before your grandmother adopted those serious views for which she was distinguished during her last long residence at Bath, and after Colonel Tibbalt married Miss Lye, the rich soap-boiler's heiress, that her ladyship's wild oats were sown. When she was young, she was as giddy as the rest of the genteel world. At her house in Hill Street, she had ten card-tables on Wednesdays and Sunday evenings,

except for a short time when Ranelagh was open on Sundays. Every night of her life she gambled for eight, nine, ten hours. Every body else in society did the like. She lost; she won; she cheated; she pawned her jewels; who knows what else she was not ready to pawn, so as to find funds to supply her fury for play? What was that after-supper duel at the Shakspeare's Head in Covent Garden, between your grandfather and Colonel Tibbalt? where they drew swords and engaged only in the presence of Sir John Screwby, who was drunk under the table? They were interrupted by Mr. John Fielding's people, and your grandfather was carried home to Hill Street, wounded, in a chair. I tell you those gentlemen in powder and ruffles, who turned out the toes of their buckled pumps so delicately, were terrible fellows. Swords were perpetually being drawn; bottles after bottles were drunk; oaths roared unceasingly in conversation; tavern-drawers and watchmen were pinked and maimed; chairmen belabored; citizens insulted by reeling pleasure-hunters. You have been to Cremorne with proper "vouchers" of course? Do you remember our great theatres thirty years ago? You were too good to go to a play. Well, you have no idea what the play-houses were, or what the green boxes were, when Garrick and Mrs. Prichard were playing before them! And I, for my children's sake, thank that good Actor in his retirement who was the first to banish that shame from the theatre. No, madam, you are mistaken; I do *not* plume myself on my superior virtue. I do not say you are naturally better than your ancestress in her wild, rouged, gambling, flaring, tearing days; or even than poor Polly Fogle, who is just taken up for shop-lifting, and would have been hung for it a hundred years ago. Only, I am heartily thankful that my temptations are less, having quite enough to do with those of the present century.

So if Harry Warrington rides down to Newmarket to the October meeting, and loses or wins his money there; if he makes one of a party at the Shakspeare or the Bedford Head; if he dines at White's ordinary, and sits down to Macco and lansquenet afterward; if he boxes the watch, and makes his appearance at the Roundhouse; if he turns out for a short space a wild, dissipated, harum-scarum young Harry Warrington; I, knowing the weakness of human nature, am not going to be surprised; and, quite aware of my own shortcomings, don't intend to be very savage at my neighbor's. Mr. Sampson was: in his chapel in Long Acre he whipped Vice tremendously; gave Sin no quarter; out-cursed Blasphemy with superior anathemas; knocked Drunkenness down, and trampled on the prostrate brute wallowing in the gutter; dragged out conjugal Infidelity, and pounded her with endless stones of rhetoric—and, after service, came to dinner at the Star and Garter, made a bowl of punch for Harry and his friends at the Bedford Head, or took a hand at whist at Mr. Warrington's lodgings, or my Lord March's,

or wherever there was a supper and good company for him.

I often think, however, in respect of Mr. Warrington's doings at this period of his coming to London, that I may have taken my usual degrading and uncharitable views of him—for, you see, I have not uttered a single word of virtuous indignation against his conduct, and, if it was *not* reprehensible, have certainly judged him most cruelly. O the Truthful, O the Beautiful, O Modesty, O Benevolence, O Pudor, O Mores, O Blushing Shame, O Namby Pamby—each with your respective capital letters to your honored names! O Niminy, O Piminy! how shall I dare for to go for to say that a young man ever was a young man?

No doubt, dear young lady, I am calumniating Mr. Warrington, according to my heartless custom. As a proof, here is a letter out of the Warrington collection, from Harry to his mother, in which there is not a single word that would lead you to suppose he was leading a wild life. And such a letter from an only son, to a fond and exemplary parent, we know *must* be true!

BOND STREET, LONDON, October 25, 1756.

HONORD MADAM,—I take up my pen to acknowledge your honored favor of 10 July, per Lively Virginia packet, which has duly come to hand, forwarded by our Bristol agent, and rejoice to hear that the prospect of the crops is so good. 'Tis Tully who says that agriculture is the noblest pursuit; how delightful when that pursuit is also prophetable!

Since my last, dated from Tunbridge Wells, one or two *insadence* have occurred of which it is *nessasery** I should advise my honored Mother. Our party there broke up end of August: the partridge shooting commencing. Baroness Bernstein, whose kindness to me has been most invariable, has been to Bath, her usual winter resort, and has made me a welcome present of a fifty pound bill. I rode back with Rev. Mr. Sampson, whose instruction I find *most valluble*, and my cousin Lady Maria, to Castlewood.† I paid a flying visit on the way to my dear kind friends Col. and Mrs. Lambert, Oakhurst House, who send my honored mother their most affectionate remembrances. The youngest Miss Lambert, I grieve to say, was *dellicate*; and her parents in some anxiety.

At Castlewood I lament to state my stay was short, owing to a quarrel with my cousin William. He is a young man of violent passions, and alas! addicted to liquor, when he has no controul over them. In a trifling dispute about a horse, high words arose between us, and he aymed a blow at me or its equivalent—which my Grandfathers my honored mothers child could not brook. I rejoined, and feld him to the ground, whents he was carried almost *sence-*

* This word has been much operated upon with the penknife, but is left *sic*—no doubt to the writer's satisfaction.

† Could Parson Sampson have been dictating the above remarks to Mr. Warrington?



HARRY IS PRESENTED TO A GREAT PERSONAGE.

lis to bed. I sent to enquire after his health in the morning: but having no further news of him, came away to London where I have been ever since with brief intavles of absence.

Knowing you would wish me to see my dear Grandfathers University of Cambridge, I rode thither lately in company with some friends, passing through part of Harts, and lying at the famous bed of Ware. The October meeting was just begun at Cambridge when I went. I saw the students in *their gownds and capps*, and rode over to the famous Newmarket Heath, where there happened to be some races—my friend Lord Marchs horse Marrowbones by Cleaver coming off winner of a large *steak*. It was an

amusing day—the jockeys, horses, etc., very different to our poor races at home—the betting awful—the richest nobleman here mix with the jox, and bett all round. Cambridge pleased me: especially King's College Chapel, of a rich but elegant Gothick.

I have been out into the world, and am made member of the Club at White's, where I meet gentlemen of the first fashion. My lords Rockingham, Carlisle, Orford, Bolingbroke, Coventry are of my friends, introduced to me by my Lord March, of whom I have often wrote before. Lady Coventry is a fine woman, but *thinn*. Every *lady paints* here, old and young; so, if you and Mountain and Fanny wish to be in

fashion, I must send you out some *rooge pots*: every body plays—eight, ten, card-tables at every house on every receiving night. I am sorry to say all do not play fair, and some do not *pay* fair. I have been obliged to sit down, *and do as Rome does*, and have actually seen ladies whom I could name take my counters from before my face!

One day, his regiment the 20th, being paraded in St. James's Park, a friend of mine, Mr. Wolfe, did me the honour to present me to His Royal Highness the Captain General, who was *most gracious*; a fat jolly Prince, if I may speak so without disrespect, reminding me in his manner of that unhappy General Braddock, whom we knew to our sorrow last year. When he heard my name and how dearest George had served and fallen in Braddock's unfortunate campaign, he talked a great deal with me; asked why a young fellow like me did not serve too; why I did not go to the King of Prussia, who was a great General, and see a campaign or two; and whether that would not be better than dawdling about at routs and card-parties in London? I said, I would like to go with all my heart, but was an only son now, on leave from my mother, and belonged to our estate in Virginia. His Royal Highness said, Mr. Braddock had wrote home accounts of Mrs. Esmond's loyalty, and that he would gladly serve me. Mr. Wolfe and I have waited on him since, at His Royal Highness's house in Pall Mall. The latter, who is still quite a young man, made the Scots campaign with His Highness, whom Mr. Dempster *loves* so much at home. To be sure, he was too severe: if any thing can be too severe against rebels in arms.

Mr. Draper has had half the Stock, my late Papa's property, transferred to my name. Until there can be no doubt of that *painful loss* in our family which I would give my right hand to replace, the remaining stock must remain in the trustees' name in behalf of him who inherited it. Ah, dear mother! There is no day, scarce any hour, when I don't think of him. I wish he were by me often. I feel like as if I was better when I am thinking of him, and would like, for the honour of my family, that he was representing of it here instead of

Honored Madam,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son,

HENRY ESMOND WARRINGTON.

P.S.—I am like *your sex*, who always, they say, put their chief news in a *poscrip*. I had something to tell you about a person to whom *my heart is engaged*. I shall write more about it, which there is no hurry. Suffice she is a nobleman's daughter, & her family *as good as our own*.

CLARGIS STREET, LONDON, October 23, 1756.

I think, my good sister, we have been all our lives a little more than kin and less than kind, to use the words of a poet whom your dear fa-

ther loved dearly. When you were born in our Western Principalitie, my mother was not as old as Isaac's; but even then I was much more than old enough to be yours. And though she gave you all she could leave or give, including the little portion of love that ought to have been my share, yet, if we can have good will for one another, we may learn to do without affection: and some little kindness you owe me, for your son's sake as well as your father's, whom I loved and admired more than any man I think ever I knew in this world: he was greater than almost all, though he made no noyse in it. I have seen very many who have, and, believe me, have found but few with such good heads and good harts as Mr. Esmond.

Had we been better acquainted, I might have given you some advice regarding your young gentleman's introduction to Europe, which you would have taken or not, as people do in this world. At least you would have sed afterward, "What she counselled me was right, and had Harry done as Madam Beatrix wisht, it had been better for him." My good sister, it was not for you to know, or for me to whom you never wrote to tell you, but your boy in coming to England and Castlewood found but ill friends there; except one, an old aunt, of whom all kind of evil hath been spoken and sed these fifty years past—and not without cawse too, perhaps.

Now, I must tell Harry's mother what will doubtless scarce astonish her, that almost every body who knows him loves him. He is prudent of his tongue, generous of his money, as bold as a lyon, with an imperious domineering way that sets well upon him; you know whether he is handsome or not: my dear, I like him none the less for not being over witty or wise, and never cared for your *sett-the-Thames*-afire gentlemen, who are so much more clever than their neighbours. Your father's great friend, Mr. Addison, seemed to me but a supercilious prig, and his follower, Sir Dick Steele, was not pleasant in his cupps, nor out of 'em. And (*revenons à luy*) your Master Harry will certainly not burn *the river up* with his wits. Of book learning he is as ignorant as any lord in England, and for this I hold him none the worse. If Heaven have not given him a turn that way, 'tis of no use trying to bend him.

Considering the place he is to hold in his own colony when he returns, and the stock he comes from, let me tell you, that he hath not means enough allowed him to support his station, and is likely to make the more *dépence* from the narrowness of his income—from sheer despair breaking out of all bounds, and becoming extravagant, which is not his turn. But he likes to live as well as the rest of his company, and, between ourselves, has fell into some of the finist and most rakish in England. He thinks 'tis for the honor of the family not to go back, and many a time calls for ortolans and champagne when he would as leaf dine with a stake and a mugg of beer. And in this kind of spirit

I have no doubt from what he hath told me in his talk (which is very *naïf*, as the French say), that his mamma hath encouraged him in his high opinion of himself. We women like our belongings to have it, however little we love to pay the cost. Will you have your ladd make a figar in London? Trebble his allowance at the very least, and his Aunt Bernstein (with his honored mamma's permission) will add a little more on to whatever summ you give him. Otherwise he will be spending the little capital I learn he has in this country, which, when a ladd once begins to *manger*, there is very soon an end to the loaf. Please God, I shall be able to leave Henry Esmond's grandson something at my death; but my savings are small, and the pension with which my gracious Sovereign hath endowed me dies with me. As for *feu* M. de Bernstein, he left only debt at his decease: the officers of his Majesty's Electoral Court of Hannover are but scantily paid.

A lady who is at present very high in his Majesty's confidence hath taken a great phancy to your ladd, and will take an early occasion to bring him to the Sovereign's favorable notice. His Royal Highness the Duke he hath seen. If live in America he must, why should not Mr. Esmond Warrington return as Governor of Virginia, and with a title to his name? That is what I hope for him.

Meanwhile, I must be candid with you, and tell you I fear he hath entangled himself here in a very silly engagement. Even to marry an old woman for money is scarce pardonable—the game *ne valant guères la chandelle*—Mr. Bernstein, when alive, more than once assured me of this fact, and I believe him, poor gentleman! But to engage yourself to an old woman without money, and to marry her merely because you have promised her, this seems to me a follie which only very young lads fall into, and I fear Mr. Warrington is one. How, or for what consideration, I know not, but my niece Maria Esmond hath *escamoté* a promise from Harry. He knows nothing of her *antécédens*, which I do. She hath laid herself out for twenty husbands these twenty years past. I care not how she hath got the promise from him. 'Tis a sinn and a shame that a woman more than forty years old should surprize the honour of a child like that, and hold him to his word. She is not the woman she pretends to be. A horse-jockey (he saith) can not take him in—but a woman!

I write this news to you advisedly, displeasing as it must be. Perhaps 'twill bring you to England: but I would be very cautious, above all, very gentle, for the bitt will instantly make his high spirit *restive*. I fear the property is entailed, so that threats of cutting him off from it will not move Maria. Otherwise I know her to be so mercenary that (though she really hath a great phancy for this handsome ladd) without money she would not hear of him. All I could, and more than I *ought*, I have done to prevent the match. What and more I will not say in

writing; but that I am, for Henry Esmond's sake, his grandson's sincerest friend, and, Madam, your faithful sister and servant,

BEATRIX BARONESS DE BERNSTEIN.

To Mrs. Esmond Warrington, of Castlewood, in Virginia.

On the back of this letter is written, in Madam Esmond's hand, "My sister Bernstein's letter, received with Henry's December 24: on receipt of which it was determined my son should instantly go home."

CHAPTER XLII.

FORTUNATUS NIMIUM.

THOUGH Harry Warrington persisted in his determination to keep that dismal promise which his cousin had extracted from him, we trust no benevolent reader will think so ill of him as to suppose that the engagement was to the young fellow's taste, and that he would not be heartily glad to be rid of it. Very likely the beating administered to poor Will was to this end; and Harry may have thought, "A boxing-match between us is sure to bring on a quarrel with the family; in the quarrel with the family, Maria may take her brother's side. I, of course, will make no retraction or apology. Will, in that case, may call me to account, when I know which is the better man. In the midst of the feud the agreement may come to an end, and I may be a free man once more."

So honest Harry laid his train, and fired it; but, the explosion over, no harm was found to be done, except that William Esmond's nose was swollen, and his eye black for a week. He did not send a challenge to his cousin, Harry Warrington; and, in consequence, neither killed Harry nor was killed by him. Will was knocked down, and he got up again. How many men of sense would do the same, could they get their little account settled in a private place, with nobody to tell how the score was paid! Maria by no means took her family's side in the quarrel, but declared for her cousin, as did my lord, when advised of the disturbance. Will had struck the first blow, Lord Castlewood said, by the Chaplain's showing. It was not the first or the tenth time he had been found quarreling in his cups. Mr. Warrington only showed a proper spirit in resenting the injury, and it was for Will, not for Harry, to ask pardon.

Harry said he would accept no apology as long as his horse was not returned or his bet paid. This chronicler has not been able to find out, from any of the papers which have come under his view, how that affair of the bet was finally arranged; but 'tis certain the cousins presently met in the houses of various friends, and without mauling each other.

Maria's elder brother had been at first quite willing that his sister, who had remained unmarried for so many years, and on the train of whose robe, in her long course over the path of life, so many briars, so much mud, so many



rents and stains had naturally gathered, should marry with any bridegroom who presented himself, and if with a gentleman from Virginia so much the better. She would retire to his wigwam in the forest, and there be disposed of. In the natural course of things, Harry would survive his elderly bride, and might console himself or not, as he preferred, after her departure.

But after an interview with Aunt Bernstein, which his lordship had on his coming to London, he changed his opinion; and even went so far as to try and dissuade Maria from the match; and to profess a pity for the young fellow who was to be made to undergo a life of misery on account of a silly promise given at one-and-twenty!

Misery, indeed! Maria was at a loss to know why he was to be miserable. Pity, forsooth! My lord at Castlewood had thought it was no pity at all. Maria knew what pity meant. Her brother had been with Aunt Bernstein: Aunt Bernstein had offered money to break this match off. *She* understood what my lord meant, but Mr. Warrington was a man of honor, and she could trust him. Away, upon this, walks my lord to White's, or to whatever haunts he frequented. It is probable that his sister had guessed too accurately what the nature of his conversation with Madame Bernstein had been.

"And so," thinks he, "the end of my virtue is likely to be that the Mohock will fall a prey to others, and that there is no earthly use in my sparing him. 'Quem Deus vult,' what was the schoolmaster's adage? If I don't have him, somebody else will, that is clear. My brother has had a slice; my dear sister wants to swallow the whole of him bodily. Here have I been at home respecting his youth and innocence forsooth, declining to play beyond the value of a sixpence, and acting guardian and Mentor to him. Why, I am but a fool to fatten a goose for other people to feed off! Not many a good action have I done in this life, and here is this one, that serves to benefit whom?—other folks.

Talk of remorse! By all the fires and furies, the remorse I have is for things I haven't done and might have done! Why did I spare Lucretia? She hated me ever after, and her husband went the way for which he was predestined. Why have I let this lad off?—that March and the rest, who don't want him, may pluck him! And I have a bad repute; and I am the man people point at, and call the wicked lord, and against whom women warn their sons! Pardi, I am not a penny worse, only a great deal more unlucky than my neighbors, and 'tis only my cursed weakness that has been my greatest enemy!" Here manifestly, in setting down a speech which a gentleman only *thought*, a chronicler overdraws his account with the patient reader, who has a

right not to accept this draft on his credulity. But have not Livy, and Thucydides, and a score more of historians, made speeches for their heroes, which we know the latter never thought of delivering? How much more may we then, knowing my Lord Castlewood's character so intimately as we do, declare what was passing in his mind, and transcribe his thoughts on this paper? What? a whole pack of the wolves are on the hunt after this lamb, and will make a meal of him presently, and one hungry old hunter is to stand by, and not have a single cutlet? Who has not admired that noble speech of my Lord Clive, when reproached, on his return from India, with making rather too free with jaghires, lakhs, gold mohurs, diamonds, pearls, and what not: "Upon my life," said the hero of Plassy, "when I think of my opportunities, I am surprised I took so little!"

To tell disagreeable stories of a gentleman, until one is in a manner forced to impart them, is always painful to a feeling mind. Hence, though I have known, before the very first page of this history was written, what sort of a person my Lord Castlewood was, and in what esteem he was held by his contemporaries, I have kept back much that was unpleasant about him, only allowing the candid reader to perceive that he was a nobleman who ought not to be at all of our liking. It is true that my Lord March, and other gentlemen of whom he complained, would have thought no more of betting with Mr. Warrington for his last shilling, and taking their winnings, than they would scruple to pick the bones of a chicken; that they would take any advantage of the game, or their superior skill in it—of the race, and their private knowledge of the horses engaged. In so far, they followed the practice of all gentlemen; but when they played, they played fair; and when they lost, they paid.

Now Madame Bernstein was loth to tell her Virginian nephew all she knew to his family's discredit; she was even touched by my lord's.

forbearance in regard to Harry on his first arrival in Europe, and pleased with his lordship's compliance with her wishes in this particular. But in the conversation which she had with her nephew Castlewood regarding Maria's designs on Harry, he had spoken his mind out with his usual cynicism, voted himself a fool for having spared a lad whom no sparing would eventually keep from ruin; pointed out Mr. Harry's undeniable extravagances and spendthrift associates, his nights at faro and hazard, and his rides to Newmarket, and asked why he alone should keep his hands from the young fellow? In vain Madame Bernstein pleaded that Harry was poor. Bah! he was heir to a principality which ought to have been his (Castlewood's), and might have set up their ruined family. (Indeed Madame Bernstein thought Mr. Warrington's Virginia property much greater than it was.) Were there not money-lenders in the town who would give him money on post-obits in plenty? Castlewood knew as much to his cost: he had applied to them in his father's lifetime, and the cursed crew had eaten up two-thirds of his miserable income. He spoke with such desperate candor and ill-humor that Madame Bernstein began to be alarmed for her favorite, and determined to caution him at the first opportunity.

That evening she began to pen a billet to Mr. Warrington: but all her life long she was slow with her pen, and disliked using it. "I never knew any good come of writing more than *bon jour* or business," she used to say. "What is the use of writing ill, when there are so many clever people who can do it well? and even then it were best left alone." So she sent one of her men to Mr. Harry's lodging, bidding him come and drink a dish of tea with her next day, when she proposed to warn him.

But the next morning she was indisposed, and could not receive Mr. Harry when he came; and she kept her chamber for a couple of days, and the next day there was a great engagement; and the next day Mr. Harry was off on some expedition of his own. In the whirl of London life, what man sees his neighbor, what brother his sister, what school-fellow his old friend? Ever so many days passed before Mr. Warrington and his aunt had that confidential conversation which the latter desired.

She began by scolding him mildly about his extravagance and mad-cap frolics (though, in truth, she was charmed with him for both). He replied that young men will be young men, and that it was in dutifully waiting in attendance on his aunt he had made the acquaintance with whom he mostly lived at present. She then, with some prelude, began to warn him regarding his cousin, Lord Castlewood; on which he broke into a bitter laugh, and said the good-natured world had told him plenty about Lord Castlewood already. "To say of a man of his lordship's rank, or of any gentleman, 'Don't play with him!' is more than I like to do," continued the lady; "but—"

"Oh, you may say on, aunt!" said Harry, with something like an imprecation on his lips.

"And have you played with your cousin already?" asked the young man's worldly old monitress.

"And lost and won, madame!" answers Harry, gallantly. "It don't become me to say which. If we have a bout with a neighbor in Virginia, a bottle, or a pack of cards, or a quarrel, we don't go home and tell our mothers. I mean no offense, aunt!" And, blushing, the handsome young fellow went up and kissed the old lady. He looked very brave and brilliant, with his rich lace, his fair face and hair, his fine new suit of velvet and gold. On taking leave of his aunt he gave his usual sumptuous benefactions to her servants, who crowded round him. It was a rainy, winter day, and my gentleman, to save his fine silk stockings, must come in a chair. "To White's!" he called out to the chairmen, and away they carried him to the place where he passed a great deal of his time.

Our Virginian's friends might have wished that he had been a less sedulous frequenter of that house of entertainment! but so much may be said in favor of Mr. Warrington that, having engaged in play, he fought his battle like a hero. He was not flustered by good luck, and perfectly calm when the chances went against him. If Fortune is proverbially fickle to men at play, how many men are fickle to Fortune, run away frightened from her advances; and desert her, who perhaps had never thought of leaving them but for their cowardice. "By George, Mr. Warrington," said Mr. Selwyn, waking up in a rare fit of enthusiasm, "you deserve to win! You treat your luck as a gentleman should, and as long as she remains with you, behave to her with the most perfect politeness. *Si celeres quatit pennas*—you know the rest—no? Well, you are not much the worse off—you will call her ladyship's coach, and make her a bow at the step. Look at Lord Castlewood yonder, passing the box. Did you ever hear a fellow curse and swear so at losing five or six pieces? She must be a jade indeed, if she long give her favors to such a niggardly *canaille* as that!"

"We don't consider our family *canaille*, Sir," says Mr. Warrington, "and my Lord Castlewood is one of them."

"I forgot. I forgot, and ask your pardon! And I make you my compliment upon my lord, and Mr. Will Esmond, his brother," says Harry's neighbor at the hazard-table. "The box is with me. Five's the main! Deuce Ace! my usual luck. *Virtute mea me involvo!*" and he sinks back in his chair.

Whether it was upon this occasion of taking the box, that Mr. Harry threw the fifteen mains mentioned in one of those other letters of Mr. Walpole's, which have not come into his present learned editor's hands, I know not; but certain it is, that on his first appearance at White's Harry had five or six evenings of prodigious

good luck, and seemed more than ever the Fortunate Youth. The five hundred pounds withdrawn from his patrimonial inheritance had multiplied into thousands. He bought fine clothes, purchased fine horses, gave grand entertainments, made handsome presents, lived as if he had been as rich as Sir James Lowther, or his Grace of Bedford, and yet the five thousand pounds never seemed to diminish. No wonder that he gave where giving was so easy; no wonder that he was generous with Fortunatus's purse in his pocket. I say no wonder that he gave, for such was his nature. Other Fortunati tie up the endless purse, drink small beer, and go to bed with a tallow candle.

During this vein of his luck, what must Mr. Harry do but find out from Lady Maria what her ladyship's debts were, and pay them off to the last shilling. Her stepmother and half-sister, who did not love her, he treated to all sorts of magnificent presents. "Had you not better get yourself arrested, Will?" my lord sardonically said to his brother. "Although you bit him in that affair of the horse, the Mohock will certainly take you out of pawn." It was then that Mr. William felt a true remorse, though not of that humble kind which sent the repentant Prodigal to his knees. "Confound it," he groaned, "to think that I have let this fellow slip for such a little matter as forty pound! Why, he was good for a thousand at least."

As for Maria, that generous creature accepted the good Fortune sent her with a grateful heart; and was ready to accept as much more as you pleased. Having paid off her debts to her various milliners, tradesmen, and purveyors, she forthwith proceeded to contract new ones. Mrs. Betty, her ladyship's maid, went round informing the tradespeople that her mistress was about to contract a matrimonial alliance with a young gentleman of immense fortune; so that they might give my lady credit to any amount. Having heard the same story twice or thrice before, the tradesfolk might not give it entire credit, but their bills were paid: even to Mrs. Pincott, of Kensington, my lady showed no rancor, and affably ordered fresh supplies from her: and when she drove about from the mercer to the toy-shop, and from the toy-shop to the jeweler, in a coach, with her maid and Mr. Warrington inside, they thought her a fortunate woman indeed to have secured the Fortunate Youth, though they might wonder at the taste of this latter in having selected so elderly a beauty. Mr. Sparks, of Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, took the liberty of waiting upon Mr. Warrington at his lodgings in Bond Street, with the pearl necklace and the gold etwee which he had bought in Lady Maria's company the day before; and asking whether he, Sparks, should leave them at his honor's lodging, or send them to her ladyship with his honor's compliments? Harry added a ring out of the stock which the jeweler happened to bring with him, to the necklace and the etwee; and sumptuously bidding that individual to send him in

the bill, took a majestic leave of Mr. Sparks, who retired, bowing even to Gumbo, as he quitted his honor's presence.

Nor did his bounties end here. Ere many days the pleased young fellow drove up in his phaeton to Mr. Sparks's shop, and took a couple of trinkets for two young ladies, whose parents had been kind to him, and for whom he entertained a sincere regard. "Ah!" thought he, "how I wish I had my poor George's wit, and genius for poetry! I would send these presents with pretty verses to Hetty and Theo. I am sure, if good-will and real regard could make a poet of me, I should have no difficulty in finding rhymes." And so he called in Parson Sampson, and they concocted a billet together.



CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH HARRY FLIES HIGH.

So Mr. Harry Warrington, of Virginia, had his lodgings in Bond Street, London, England, and lived upon the fat of the land, and drank bumpers of the best wine thereof. His title of Fortunate Youth was pretty generally recognized. Being young, wealthy, good-looking, and fortunate, the fashionable world took him by the hand and made him welcome. And don't, my dear brethren, let us cry out too loudly against the selfishness of the world for being kind to the young, handsome, and fortunate, and frowning upon you and me, who may be, for argument's sake, old, ugly, and the miserablest dogs under the sun. If I have a right to choose my acquaintance, and—at the club, let us say—prefer the company of a lively, handsome, well-dressed, gentleman-like young man, who amuses me, to that of a slouching, ill-washed, misanthropic H-murderer, a ceaseless prating coxcomb, or what not; has not society—the aggregate you and I—a right to the same

choice? Harry was liked because he was likeable; because he was rich, handsome, jovial, well-born, well-bred, brave; because, with jolly toppers, he liked a jolly song and a bottle; because, with gentlemen sportsmen, he loved any game that was a-foot or a-horseback; because, with ladies, he had a modest, blushing timidity, which rendered the lad interesting; because, to those humbler than himself in degree he was always magnificently liberal, and anxious to spare annoyance. Our Virginian was very grand, and high and mighty, to be sure; but, in those times, when the distinction of ranks yet obtained, to be high and distant with his inferiors brought no unpopularity to a gentleman. Remember that, in those days, the Secretary of State always knelt when he went to the king with his dispatches of a morning; and the Under-Secretary never dared to sit down in his chief's presence. If I were Secretary of State (and such there have been among men of letters since Addison's days) I should not like to kneel when I went in to my audience with my dispatch-box. If I were Under-Secretary, I should not like to have to stand while the Right Honorable Benjamin or the Right Honorable Sir Edward looked over the papers. But there is a *modus in rebus*: there are certain lines which must be drawn: and I am only half pleased, for my part, when Bob Bowstreet, whose connection with letters is through Policemen X and Y, and Tom Garbage, who is an esteemed contributor to the *Kennel Miscellany*, propose to join fellowship as brother literary men, slap me on the back, and call me old boy, or by my Christian name.

As much pleasure as the town could give in the winter season of 1756-'57, Mr. Warrington had for the asking. There were operas for him, in which he took but moderate delight. (A prodigious deal of satire was brought to bear against these Italian operas, and they were assailed for being foolish, Popish, unmanly, unmeaning; but people went, nevertheless.) There were the theatres, with Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Prichard at one house, and Mrs. Clive at another. There were masquerades and ridottos, frequented by all the fine society; there were their lordships' and ladyships' own private drums and assemblies, which began and ended with cards, and which Mr. Warrington did not like so well as White's, because the play there was neither so high nor so fair as at the club-table.

One day his kinsman, Lord Castlewood, took him to court, and presented Harry to His Majesty, who was now come to town from Kensington. But that gracious sovereign either did not like Harry's introducer, or had other reasons for being sulky. His Majesty only said, "O! heard of you from Lady Yarmouth. The Earl of Castlewood" (turning to his lordship, and speaking in German) "shall tell him that he plays too much?" And so saying, the Defender of the Faith turned his royal back.

Lord Castlewood shrank back quite frightened at this cold reception of his august master.

"What does he say?" asked Harry.

"His Majesty thinks they play too high at White's, and is displeased," whispered the nobleman.

"If he does not want us, we had better not come again, that is all," said Harry, simply. "I never, somehow, considered that German fellow a real king of England."

"Hush! for Heaven's sake, hold your confounded colonial tongue!" cries out my lord. "Don't you see the walls here have ears?"

"And what then?" asks Mr. Warrington. "Why, look at the people! Hang me if it is not quite a curiosity! They were all shaking hands with me, and bowing to me, and flattering me, just now; and at present they avoid me as if I were the plague!"

"Shake hands, nephew," said a broad-faced, broad-shouldered gentleman in a scarlet-laced waistcoat, and a great old-fashioned wig. "I heard what you said. I have ears like the wall, look you. And, now, if other people show you the cold shoulder, I'll give you my hand;" and, so saying, the gentleman put out a great brown hand, with which he grasped Harry's. "Something of my brother about your eyes and face. Though, I suppose, in your island you grow more wiry and thin like. I am thine uncle, child. My name is Sir Miles Warrington. My lord knows me well enough."

My lord looked very frightened and yellow. "Yes, my dear Harry. This is your paternal uncle, Sir Miles Warrington."

"Might as well have come to see us in Norfolk, as dangle about playing the fool at Tunbridge Wells, Mr. Warrington, or Mr. Esmond, which do you call yourself?" said the Baronet. "The old lady calls herself Madam Esmond, don't she?"

"My mother is not ashamed of her father's name, nor am I, uncle," said Mr. Harry, rather proudly.

"Well said, lad! Come home and eat a bit of mutton with Lady Warrington, at three, in Hill Street—that is, if you can do without your White's kickshaws. You need not look frightened, my Lord Castlewood! I shall tell no tales out of school."

"I—I am sure Sir Miles Warrington will act as a gentleman!" says my lord, in much perturbation.

"Belike, he will," growled the Baronet, turning on his heel. "And thou wilt come, young man, at three; and mind, good roast mutton waits for nobody. Thou hast a great look of thy father. Lord bless us, how we used to beat each other! He was smaller than me, and in course younger; but many a time he had the best of it. Take it he was henpecked, when he married, and Madam Esmond took the spirit out of him when she got him in her island. Virginia is an island. Ain't it an island?"

Harry laughed, and said "No!" And the jolly Baronet, going off, said, "Well, island or not, thou must come and tell all about it to my lady. She'll know whether 'tis an island or not."

"My dear Mr. Warrington," said my lord, with an appealing look, "I need not tell you that, in this great city, every man has enemies, and that there is a great, great deal of detraction and scandal. I never spoke to you about Sir Miles Warrington, precisely because I did know him, and because we have had differences together. Should he permit himself remarks to my disparagement, you will receive them *cum grano*, and remember that it is from an enemy they come." And the pair walked out of the King's apartments and into Saint James's Street. Harry found the news of his cold reception at court had already preceded him to White's. The King had turned his back upon him. The King was jealous of Harry's favor with the favorite. Harry was *au mieux* with Lady Yarmouth. A score of gentlemen wished him a compliment upon his conquest. Before night it was a settled matter that this was among the other victories of the Fortunate Youth.

Sir Miles told his wife and Harry as much, when the young man appeared at the appointed hour at the Baronet's dinner-table, and he rallied Harry in his simple rustic fashion. The lady, at first, a grand and stately personage, told Harry, on their further acquaintance, that the reputation which the world had made for him was so bad, that at first she had given him but a frigid welcome. With the young ladies, Sir Miles's daughters, it was, "How d'ye do, cousin?" and "No, thank you, cousin," and a number of prim courtesies to the Virginian, as they greeted him and took leave of him. The little boy, the heir of the house, dined at table under the care of his governor; and, having his glass of port by papa after dinner, gave a loose to his innocent tongue, and asked many questions of his cousin. At last the innocent youth said, after looking hard in Harry's face, "Are you wicked, cousin Harry? You don't look very wicked!"

"My dear Master Miles!" expostulates the tutor, turning very red.

"But you know you said he was wicked!" cried the child.

"We are all miserable sinners, Miley," explains papa. "Haven't you heard the clergyman say so every Sunday?"

"Yes, but not so very wicked as cousin Harry. Is it true that you gamble, cousin, and drink all night with wicked men, and frequent the company of wicked women? You know you said so, Mr. Walker—and mamma said so too, that Lady Yarmouth was a wicked woman."

"And you are a little pitcher," cries papa; "and my wife, nephew Harry, is a stanch Jacobite—you won't like her the worse for that. Take Miles to his sisters, Mr. Walker, and Topsham shall give thee a ride in the park, child, on thy little horse." The idea of the little horse consoled Master Miles; for when his father ordered him away to his sisters, he had begun to cry bitterly, bawling out "that he would far rather stay with his wicked cousin."

"They have made you a sad reputation

among 'em, nephew!" says the jolly Baronet. "My wife, you must know, of late years, and since the death of my poor eldest son, has taken to—to, hum!—to Tottenham Court Road and Mr. Whitfield's preaching: and we have had one Ward about the house, a friend of Mr. Walker's yonder, who has recounted sad stories about you and your brother at home."

"About me, Sir Miles, as much as he pleases," cries Harry, warm with port: "but I'll break any man's bones who dares say a word against my brother! Why, Sir, that fellow was not fit to buckle my dear George's shoe; and if I find him repeating at home what he dared to say in our house in Virginia, I promise him a second caning."

"You seem to stand up for your friends, nephew Harry," says the Baronet. "Fill thy glass, lad. Thou art *not* as bad as thou hast been painted. I always told my lady so. I drink Madam Esmond Warrington's health, of Virginia, and will have a full bumper for that toast."

Harry, as in duty bound, emptied his glass, filled again, and drank Lady Warrington and Master Miles.

"Thou wouldst be heir to four thousand acres in Norfolk, did he die, though," said the Baronet.

"God forbid, Sir, and be praised that I have acres enough in Virginia of my own!" says Mr. Warrington. He went up presently and took a dish of coffee with Lady Warrington: he talked to the young ladies of the house. He was quite easy, pleasant, and natural. There was one of them somewhat like Fanny Mountain, and this young lady became his special favorite. When he went away, they all agreed their wicked cousin was not near so wicked as they had imagined him to be: at any rate, my lady had strong hopes of rescuing him from the pit. She sent him a good book that evening, while Mr. Harry was at White's; with a pretty note, praying that "Law's Call" might be of service to him: and, this dispatched, she and her daughters went off to a rout at the house of a minister's lady. But Harry, before he went to White's, had driven to his friend Mr. Sparks, in Tavistock Street, and purchased more trinkets for his female cousins—"from their aunt in Virginia," he said. You see, he was full of kindness: he kindled and warmed with prosperity. There are men on whom wealth hath no such fortunate influence. It hardens base hearts: it makes those who were mean and servile, mean and proud. If it should please the gods to try me with ten thousand a year, I will, of course, meekly submit myself to their decrees, but I will pray them to give me strength enough to bear the trial. All the girls in Hill Street were delighted at getting the presents from Aunt Warrington in Virginia, and addressed a collective note, which must have astonished that good lady when she received it in spring time, when she and Mountain and Fanny were on a visit to grim, deserted Castlewood,

when the snows had cleared away, and a thousand peach-trees flushed with blossoms. "Poor boy!" the mother thought. "This is some present he gave his cousins in my name, in the time of his prosperity—nay, of his extravagance and folly. How quickly his wealth has passed away! But he ever had a kind heart for the poor, Mountain, and we must not forget him in his need. It behooves us to be more than ever careful of our own expenses, my good people!" And so I dare say they warmed themselves by one log, and ate of one dish, and worked by one candle. And the widow's servants, whom the good soul began to pinch more and more, I fear, lied, stole, and cheated more and more; and what was saved in one way was stole in another.

One afternoon Mr. Harry sate in his Bond Street lodgings, arrayed in his dressing-gown, sipping his chocolate, surrounded by luxury, incased in satin, and yet enveloped in care. A few weeks previously, when the luck was with him, and he was scattering his benefactions to and fro, he had royally told Parson Sampson to get together a list of his debts, which he, Mr. Warrington, would pay. Accordingly, Sampson had gone to work, and had got together a list, not of all his debts—no man ever does set down all—but such a catalogue as he thought sufficient to bring in to Mr. Warrington, at whose breakfast-table the divine had humbly waited until his Honor should choose to attend it.

Harry appeared at length, very pale and languid, in curl-papers, had scarce any appetite for his breakfast; and the Chaplain, fumbling with his schedule in his pocket, humbly asked if his patron had had a bad night? Yes, his Honor had had a very bad night. He had been brought home from White's by two chairmen at five o'clock in the morning; had caught a confounded cold, for one of the windows of the chair would not shut, and the rain and snow came in; finally, was in such a bad humor, that all poor Sampson's quirks and jokes could scarcely extort a smile from him.

At last, to be sure, Mr. Warrington burst into a loud laugh. It was when the poor Chaplain, after a sufficient discussion of muffins, eggs, tea, the news, the theatres, and so forth, pulled a paper out of his pocket, and in a piteous tone said, "Here is that schedule of debts which your Honor asked for—two hundred and forty-three pounds—every shilling I owe in the world, thank Heaven!—that is—ahem!—every shilling of which the payment will in the least inconvenience me—and I need not tell my dearest patron that I shall consider him my saviour and benefactor!"

It was then that Harry, taking the paper and eying the Chaplain with rather a wicked look, burst into a laugh, which was, however, any thing but jovial. Wicked execrations, moreover, accompanied this outbreak of humor, and the luckless Chaplain felt that his petition had come at the wrong moment.

"Confound it, why didn't you bring it on Monday?" Harry asked.

"Confound me, why did I not bring it on Monday?" echoed the Chaplain's timid soul. "It is my luck—my usual luck. Have the cards been against you, Mr. Warrington?"

"Yes: a plague on them. Monday night, and last night, have both gone against me. Don't be frightened, Chaplain, there's money enough in the locker yet. But I must go into the City and get some."

"What, sell out, Sir?" asks his Reverence, with a voice that was reassured, though it intended to be alarmed.

"Sell out, Sir? Yes! I borrowed a hundred of Mackreth in counters last night, and must pay him at dinner time. I will do your business for you nevertheless, and never fear, my good Mr. Sampson. Come to breakfast to-morrow, and we will see and deliver your Reverence from the Philistines." But though he laughed in Sampson's presence, and strove to put a good face upon the matter, Harry's head sank down on his chest when the parson quitted him, and he sate over the fire, beating the coals about with the poker, and giving utterance to many naughty disjointed words, which showed, but did not relieve, the agitation of his spirit.

In this mood the young fellow was interrupted by the appearance of a friend, who on any other day—even on that one when his conscience was so uneasy—was welcome to Mr. Warrington. This was no other than Mr. Lambert, in his military dress, but with a cloak over him, who had come from the country, had been to the Captain-General's levee that morning, and had come thence to visit his young friend in Bond Street.

Harry may have thought Lambert's greeting rather cold; but being occupied with his own affairs, he put away that notion. How were the ladies of Oakhurst, and Miss Hetty, who was ailing when he passed through in the autumn? Purely? Mr. Warrington was very glad. They were come to stay a while in London with their friend Lord Wrotham? Mr. Harry was delighted—though it must be confessed his face did not exhibit any peculiar signs of pleasure when he heard the news.

"And so you live at White's, and with the great folks; and you fare sumptuously every day, and you pay your court at St. James's, and make one at my Lady Yarmouth's routs, and at all the card-parties in the court end of the town?" asks the Colonel.

"My dear Colonel, I do what other folks do," says Harry, with rather a high manner.

"Other folks are richer folks than some folks, my dear lad."

"Sir!" says Mr. Warrington, "I would thank you to believe that I owe nothing for which I can not pay!"

"I should never have spoken about your affairs," said the other, not noticing the young man's haughty tone, "but that you yourself

confided them to me. I hear all sorts of stories about the Fortunate Youth. Only at his Royal Highness's even to-day, they were saying how rich you were already, and I did not undeceive them—"

"Colonel Lambert, I can't help the world gossiping about me!" cries Mr. Warrington, more and more impatient.

"—And what prodigious sums you had won. Eighteen hundred one night—two thousand another—six or eight thousand in all! Oh! there were gentlemen from White's at the levee too, I can assure you, and the army can fling a main as well as you civilians!"

"I wish they would meddle with their own affairs," says Harry, scowling at his old friend.

"And I, too, you look as if you were going to say. Well, my boy, it *is* my affair, and you must let Theo's father, and Hetty's father, and Harry Warrington's father's old friend say *how* it is my affair." Here the Colonel drew a packet out of his pocket, whereof the lappets and the coat-tails and the general pocket accommodations were much more ample than in the scant military garments of present warriors. "Look you, Harry. These trinkets which you sent with the kindest heart in the world to people who love you, and would cut off their little hands to spare you needless pain, could never be bought by a young fellow with two or three hundred a year. Why, a nobleman might buy these things, or a rich City banker, and send them to his—to his daughters, let us say."

"Sir, as you say, I meant only kindness," says Harry, blushing burning-red.

"But you must not give them to my girls, my boy. Hester and Theodosia Lambert must not be dressed up with the winnings off the gaming-table, saving your presence. It goes to my heart to bring back the trinkets. Mrs. Lambert will keep her present, which is of small value, and sends you her love and a God bless you—and so say I, Harry Warrington, with all my heart." Here the good Colonel's voice was much moved, and his face grew very red, and he passed his hand over his eyes ere he held it out.

But the spirit of rebellion was strong in Mr. Warrington. He rose up from his seat, never offering to take the hand which his senior held out to him. "Give me leave to tell Colonel Lambert," he said, "that I have had somewhat too much advice from him. You are forever volunteering it, Sir, and when I don't ask it. You make it your business to inquire about my gains at play, and about the company I keep. What right have you to control my amusements or my companions? I strive to show my sense of your former kindness by little presents to your family, and you fling—you bring them back."

"I can't do otherwise, Mr. Warrington," says the Colonel, with a very sad face.

"Such a slight may mean nothing here, Sir, but in our country it means war, Sir!" cries Mr. Warrington. "God forbid I should talk of drawing a sword against the father of ladies

who have been as mother and sister to me; but you have wounded my heart, Colonel Lambert—you have, I won't say insulted, but humiliated me, and this is a treatment I will bear from no man alive! My servants will attend you to the door, Sir!" Saying which, and rustling in his brocade dressing-gown, Mr. Warrington, with much state, walked off to his bedroom.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CONTAINS WHAT MIGHT, PERHAPS, HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

ON the rejection of his peace-offerings our warlike young American chief chose to be in great wrath, not only against Colonel Lambert, but the whole of that gentleman's family. "He has humiliated me before the girls!" thought the young man. "He and Mr. Wolfe, who were forever preaching morality to me, and giving themselves airs of superiority and protection, have again been holding me up to the family as a scapegrace and prodigal. They are so virtuous that they won't shake me by the hand, forsooth; and when I want to show them a little common gratitude, they fling my presents in my face!"

"Why, Sir, the things must be worth a little fortune!" says Parson Sampson, casting an eye of covetousness on the two morocco boxes, in which, on their white satin cushions, reposed Mr. Sparks's golden gewgaws.

"They cost some money, Sampson," says the young man. "Not that I would grudge ten times the amount to people who have been kind to me."

"No, faith, Sir, not if *I* know your honor!" interjects Sampson, who never lost a chance of praising his young patron to his face.

"The repeater, they told me, was a great bargain, and worth a hundred pounds at Paris. Little Miss Hetty I remember saying that she longed to have a repeating watch."

"Oh, what a love!" cries the Chaplain, "with a little circle of pearls on the back, and a diamond knob for the handle! Why, 'twould win any woman's heart, Sir!"

"There passes an apple-woman with a basket, I have a mind to fling the thing out to her!" cries Mr. Warrington, fiercely.

When Harry went out upon business, which took him to the city and the Temple, his parasite did not follow him very far into the Strand; but turned away, owning that he had a terror of Chancery Lane, its inhabitants, and precincts. Mr. Warrington went then to his broker, and they walked to the Bank together, where they did some little business, at the end of which, and after the signing of a trifling signature or two, Harry departed with a certain number of crisp bank-notes in his pocket. The broker took Mr. Warrington to one of the great dining-houses for which the city was famous then as now; and afterward showed Mr. Warrington the Virginia walk upon 'Change, through which Harry passed rather shamefacedly. What would



a certain lady in Virginia say, he thought, if she knew that he was carrying off in that bottomless gambler's pocket a great portion of his father's patrimony? Those are all Virginia merchants, thinks he, and they are all talking to one another about me, and all saying, "That is young Esmond, of Castlewood, on the Potomac, Madam Esmond's son; and he has been losing his money at play, and he has been selling out so much, and so much, and so much."

His spirits did not rise until he had passed under the traitors' heads of Temple Bar, and was fairly out of the city. From the Strand Mr. Harry walked home, looking in at St. James's Street by the way; but there was nobody there as yet, the company not coming to the chocolate-house till a later hour.

Arrived at home, Mr. Harry pulls out his bundle of bank-notes; puts three of them into a sheet of paper, which he seals carefully, having previously written within the sheet the words, "Much good may they do you, H. E. W.," and this packet he directs to the Reverend Mr. Sampson—leaving it on the chimney glass, with directions to his servants to give it to that divine when he should come in.

And now his honor's phaeton is brought to the door, and he steps in, thinking to drive round the park; but the rain coming on, or the east wind blowing, or some other reason arising, his honor turns his horse's head down St. James's Street, and is back at White's at about three o'clock. Scarce any body has come in yet. It is the hour when folks are at dinner. There, however, is my cousin Castlewood, lounging over the *Public Advertiser*, having just come off from his duty at Court hard by.

Lord Castlewood is yawning over the *Public Advertiser*. What shall they do? Shall they have a little picquet? Harry has no objection

to a little picquet. "Just for an hour," says Lord Castlewood. "I dine at Arlington Street at four." "Just for an hour," says Mr. Warrington; and they call for cards.

"Or shall we have 'em in up stairs?" says my lord. "Out of the noise?" "Certainly out of the noise," says Harry.

At five o'clock half a dozen of gentlemen have come in after their dinner, and are at cards, or coffee, or talk. The folks from the ordinary have not left the table yet. There the gentlemen of White's will often sit till past midnight.

One tooth-pick points over the coffee-house blinds into the street. "Whose phaeton?" asks Tooth-pick 1 of Tooth-pick 2.

"The Fortunate Youth's," says No. 2.

"Not so fortunate the last three nights. Luck confoundedly against him. Lost, last night, thirteen hundred to the table. Mr. Warrington been here to-day, John?"

"Mr. Warrington is in the house now, Sir. In the little tea-room with Lord Castlewood since three o'clock. They are playing at picquet," says John.

"What fun for Castlewood," says No. 1, with a shrug.

The second gentleman growls out an execration. "Curse the fellow!" he says. "He has no right to be in this club at all. He doesn't pay if he loses. Gentlemen ought not to play with him. Sir Miles Warrington told me at court the other day that Castlewood has owed him money on a bet these three years."

"Castlewood," says No. 1, "don't lose if he plays alone. A large company *furries* him, you see—that's why he doesn't come to the table." And the facetious gentleman grins, and shows all his teeth, polished perfectly clean.

"Let's go up and stop 'em," growls No. 2.

"Why?" asks the other. "Much better look out a window. Lamplighter going up the ladder—famous sport. Look at that old putt in the chair; did you ever see such an old quiz?"

"Who is that just gone out of the house? As I live, it's Fortunatus! He seems to have forgotten that his phaeton has been here, waiting all the time. I bet you two to one he has been losing to Castlewood."

"Jack, do you take me to be a fool?" asks the one gentleman of the other. "Pretty pair of horses the youth has got. How he is flogging 'em!" And they see Mr. Warrington galloping up the street, and scared coachmen and chairmen clearing before him; presently my Lord Castlewood is seen to enter a chair, and go his way.

Harry drives up to his own door. It was

but a few yards, and those poor horses have been beating the pavement all this while in the rain. Mr. Gumbo is engaged at the door in conversation with a countryfied-looking lass, who trips off with a courtesy. Mr. Gumbo is always engaged with some pretty maid or other.

"Gumbo, has Mr. Sampson been here?" asks Gumbo's master from his driving-seat.

"No, Sar. Mr. Sampson have not been here!" answers Mr. Warrington's gentleman. Harry bids him to go up stairs and bring down a letter addressed to Mr. Sampson.

"Addressed to Mr. Sampson? O yes, Sir," says Mr. Gumbo, who can't read.

"A sealed letter, stupid! on the mantle-piece, in the glass!" says Harry; and Gumbo leisurely retires to fetch that document. As soon as Harry has it, he turns his horses' heads toward St. James's Street, and the two gentlemen, still yawning out of the window at White's, behold the Fortunate Youth in an instant back again.

As they passed out of the little tea-room where he and Lord Castlewood had had their picquet together, Mr. Warrington had seen that several gentlemen had entered the play-room, and that there was a bank there. Some were already steadily at work, and had their gaming jackets on: they kept such coats at the club, which they put on when they had a mind to sit down to a regular night's play.

Mr. Warrington goes to the clerk's desk, pays his account of the previous night, and, sitting down at the table, calls for fresh counters. This has been decidedly an unlucky week with the Fortunate Youth, and to-night is no more fortunate than previous nights have been. He calls for more counters, and more presently. He is a little pale and silent, though very easy and polite when talked to. But he can not win.

At last he gets up. "Hang it! stay and mend your luck!" says Lord March, who is sitting by his side with a heap of counters before him, green and white. "Take a hundred of mine, and go on!"

"I have had enough for to-night, my lord," says Harry, and rises and goes away, and eats a broiled bone in the coffee-room, and walks back to his lodgings some time about midnight. A man after a great catastrophe commonly sleeps pretty well. It is the waking in the morning which is sometimes queer and unpleasant. Last night you proposed to Miss Brown: you quarreled over your cups with Captain Jones, and valorously pulled his nose: you played at cards with Colonel Robinson, and gave him, O how many I O U's! These thoughts, with a fine headache, assail you in the morning watches. What a dreary, dreary gulf between to-day and yesterday! It seems as if you are years older. Can't you leap back over that chasm again, and is it not possible that Yesterday is but a dream? There you are, in bed. No daylight in at the windows yet. Pull your night-cap over your eyes, the blankets over your nose, and sleep away Yesterday. Pshaw, man, it *was*

but a dream! O no, no! The sleep won't come. The watchman bawls some hour—what hour? Harry minds him that he has got the repeating watch under his pillow which he had bought for Hester. Ting, ting, ting! the repeating watch sings out six times in the darkness, with a little supplementary performance indicating the half hour. Poor dear little Hester!—so bright, so gay, so innocent! he would have liked her to have that watch. What will Maria say? (Oh, that old Maria! what a bore she is beginning to be! he thinks.) What will Madam Esmond at home say when she hears that he has lost every shilling of his ready money—of his patrimony? All his winnings, and five thousand pounds besides, in three nights! Castlewood could not have played him false? No. My Lord knows picquet better than Harry does, but he would not deal unfairly with his own flesh and blood. No, no. Harry is glad his kinsman, who wanted the money, has got it. And for not one more shilling than he possessed would he play. It was when he counted up his losses at the gaming-table, and found they would cover all the remainder of his patrimony, that he passed the box and left the table. But, O cursed bad company! O extravagance and folly! O humiliation and remorse! "Will my mother at home forgive me?" thinks the young prodigal. "O that I were there, and had never left it!"

The dreary London dawn peeps at length through shutters and curtains. The housemaid enters to light his Honor's fire and admit the dun morning into his windows. Her Mr. Gumbo presently follows, who warms his master's dressing-gown and sets out his shaving-plate and linen. Then arrives the hair-dresser to curl and powder his Honor, while he reads his morning's letters; and at breakfast time comes that inevitable Parson Sampson, with eager looks and servile smiles, to wait on his patron. The Parson would have returned yesterday according to mutual agreement, but some jolly fellows kept him to dinner at the St. Alban's, and, faith, they made a night of it.

"O Parson!" groaned Harry, "'twas the worst night you ever made in your life! Look here, Sir!"

"Here is a broken envelope with the words, 'Much good may it do you,' written within," says the Chaplain, glancing at the paper.

"Look on the outside, Sir!" cries Mr. Warrington. "The paper was directed to you." The poor Chaplain's countenance exhibited great alarm. "Has some one broke it open, Sir?" he asks.

"Some one, yes. I broke it open, Sampson. Had you come here as you proposed yesterday afternoon, you would have found that envelope full of bank-notes. As it is, they were all dropped at the infernal Macco table last night."

"What! all?" says Sampson.

"Yes, all, with all the money I brought away from the city, and all the ready money I have



A PAIR OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

left in the world. In the afternoon I played picquet with my cous—with a gentleman at White's—and he eased me of all the money I had about me. Remembering that there was still some money left here, unless you had fetched it, I came home and carried it back, and left it at the Macco table, with every shilling besides that belongs to me—and—great Heaven, Sampson, what's the matter, man?"

"It's my luck—it's my usual luck!" cries out the unfortunate Chaplain, and fairly bursts into tears.

"What! You are not whimpering like a baby at the loss of a loan of a couple of hundred pounds?" cries out Mr. Warrington, very fierce and angry. "Leave the room, Gumbo! Confound you! why are you always poking your woolly head in at that door?"

"Some one below wants to see Master with a little bill," says Mr. Gumbo.

"Tell him to go to Jericho!" roars out Mr. Warrington. "Let me see nobody! I am not at home, Sir, at this hour of the morning!"

A murmur or two, a scuffle is heard on the landing-place, and silence finally ensues. Mr. Warrington's scorn and anger are not diminished by this altercation. He turns round savagely upon unhappy Sampson, who sits with his head buried in his breast.

"Hadn't you better take a bumper of brandy to keep your spirits up, Mr. Sampson?" he asks. "Hang it, man! don't be sniveling like a woman!"

"Oh! it's not me," says Sampson, tossing his head. "I am used to it, Sir."

"Not you! Who then? Are you crying because somebody else is hurt, pray?" asks Mr. Warrington.

"Yes, Sir!" says the Chaplain, with some spirit; "because somebody else is hurt, and through my fault. I have lodged for many years in London with a boot-maker, a very honest man; and, a few days since, having a perfect reliance upon—upon a friend who had promised to accommodate me with a loan, I borrowed sixty pounds from my landlord which he was about to pay to his own. I can't get the money. My poor landlord's goods will be seized for rent; his wife and dear young children will be turned into the street; and this honest family will be ruined through my fault. But, as you say, Mr. Warrington, I ought not to snivel like a woman. I will remember that you helped me once, and will bid you farewell, Sir."

And taking his broad-leafed hat, Mr. Chaplain walked out of the room.

An execration and a savage laugh, I am sorry to say, burst out of Harry's lips at this sudden movement of the Chaplain's. He was in such a passion with himself, with circumstances, with all people round about him, that he scarce knew where to turn, or what he said. Sampson heard the savage laughter, and then the voice of Harry calling from the stairs, "Sampson, Sampson! hang you! come back! It's a mistake! I beg your pardon!" But the Chaplain was cut to the soul, and walked on. Harry heard the door of the street as the parson slammed it. It thumped on his own breast. He entered his room, and sank back on his luxurious chair there. He was Prodigal, among the swine—his foul remorse; they had tripped him up, and were wallowing over him. Gambling, extravagance, debauchery, dissolute life, reckless companions, dangerous women—they were all upon him in a herd, and were trampling upon the prostrate young sinner.

Prodigal was not, however, yet utterly overcome, and had some fight left in him. Dashing the filthy, importunate brutes aside, and, as it were, kicking his ugly remembrances away from him, Mr. Warrington seized a great glass of that fire-water which he had recommended to poor, humiliated Parson Sampson, and, flinging off his fine damask robe, rang for the trembling Gumbo, and ordered his coat. "Not that!" roars he, as Gumbo brings him a fine green coat with plated buttons and a gold cord. "A plain suit—the plainer the better! The black clothes." And Gumbo brings the mourning coat which his master had discarded for some months past.

Mr. Harry then takes: 1, his fine new gold watch; 2, his repeater (that which he had bought for Hetty), which he puts into his other fob; 3, his necklace, which he had purchased for Theo; 4, his rings, of which my gentleman must have half a dozen at least (with the exception of his grandfather's old seal-ring, which he kisses and lays down on the pin-cushion again); 5, his

three gold snuff-boxes; and 6, his purse knitted by his mother, and containing three shillings and sixpence and a pocket-piece brought from Virginia; and, putting on his hat, issues from his door.

At the landing he is met by Mr. Ruff, his landlord, who bows and cringes and puts into his honor's hand a strip of paper a yard long. "Much obliged if Mr. Warrington will settle. Mrs. Ruff has a large account to make up to-day." Mrs. Ruff is a milliner. Mr. Ruff is one of the head-waiters and aides-de-camp of Mr. Mackreth, the proprietor of White's Club. The sight of the landlord does not add to the lodger's good-humor.

"Perhaps his honor will have the kindness to settle the little account?" asks Mr. Ruff.

"Of course I will settle the account," says Harry, glumly looking down over Mr. Ruff's head from the stair above him.

"Perhaps Mr. Warrington will settle it now?"

"No, Sir, I will *not* settle it now!" says Mr. Warrington, bullying forward.

"I'm very—very much in want of money, Sir," pleads the voice under him. "Mrs. Ruff is—"

"Hang you, Sir, get out of the way!" cries Mr. Warrington, ferociously, and driving Mr. Ruff backward to the wall, sending him almost topsy-turvy down his own landing, he tramps down the stair, and walks forth into Bond Street.

The Guards were at exercise at the King's Mews, at Charing Cross, as Harry passed, and he heard their drums and fifes, and looked in at the gate, and saw them at drill. "I can shoulder a musket at any rate," thought he to himself, gloomily, as he strode on. He crossed St. Martin's Lane (where he transacted some business), and so made his way into Long Acre, and to the bootmaker's house where friend Sampson lodged. The woman of the house said Mr. Sampson was not at home, but had promised to be at home at one; and, as she knew Mr. Warrington, showed him up to the parson's apartments, where he sate down, and, for want of occupation, tried to read an unfinished sermon of the Chaplain's. The subject was the Prodigal Son. Mr. Harry did not take very accurate cognizance of the sermon.

Presently he heard the landlady's shrill voice on the stair, pursuing somebody who ascended, and Sampson rushed into the room, followed by the sobbing woman.

At seeing Harry, Sampson started, and the landlady stopped. Absorbed in her own domestic cares, she had doubtless forgot that a visitor was awaiting her lodger. "There's only thirteen pound in the house, and he will be here at one, I tell you!" she was bawling out, as she pursued her victim.

"Hush, hush! my good creature!" cries the gasping Chaplain, pointing to Harry, who rose from the window-seat. "Don't you see Mr. Warrington? I've business with him—most

important business. It will be all right, I tell you!" And he soothed and coaxed Mrs. Landlady out of the room, with the crowd of anxious little ones hanging at her coats.

"Sampson, I have come to ask your pardon again," says Mr. Warrington, rising up. "What I said to-day to you was very cruel and unjust and unlike a gentleman."

"Not a word more, Sir," says the other, coldly and sadly, bowing and scarcely pressing the hand which Harry offered him.

"I see you are still angry with me," Harry continues.

"Nay, Sir, an apology is an apology. A man of my station can ask for no more from one of yours. No doubt you did not mean to give me pain. And what if you did? And you are not the only one of the family who has," he said, as he looked piteously round the room. "I wish I had never known the name of Esmond or Castlewood," he continues, "or that place yonder of which the picture hangs over my fire-place, and where I have buried myself these long, long years. My lord, your cousin, took a fancy to me, said he would make my fortune, has kept me as his dependent till fortune has passed by me, and now refuses me my due."

"How do you mean your due, Mr. Sampson?" asks Harry.

"I mean three years' salary which he owes me as Chaplain of Castlewood. Seeing you could give me no money, I went to his lordship this morning, and asked him. I fell on my knees, and asked him, Sir. But his lordship had none. He gave me civil words, at least (saving your presence, Mr. Warrington), but no money—that is five guineas, which he declared was all he had, and which I took. But what are five guineas among so many? Oh, those poor little children! those poor little children!"

"Lord Castlewood said he had no money?" cries out Harry. "He won eleven hundred pounds, yesterday, of me at piquet—which I paid him out of this pocket-book."

"I dare say, Sir; I dare say, Sir. One can't believe a word his lordship says, Sir," says Mr. Sampson; "but I am thinking of execution in this house and ruin upon these poor folks to-morrow."

"That need not happen," says Mr. Warrington. "Here are eighty guineas, Sampson. As far as they go, God help you! 'Tis all I have to give you. I wish to my heart I could give more as I promised; but you did not come at the right time, and I am a poor devil now until I get my remittances from Virginia."

The Chaplain gave a wild look of surprise, and turned quite white. He flung himself down on his knees and seized Harry's hand.

"Great Powers, Sir!" says he, "are you a guardian angel that Heaven hath sent me? You quarreled with my tears this morning, Mr. Warrington. I can't help them now. They burst, Sir, from a grateful heart. A rock of

stone would pour them forth, Sir, before such goodness as yours! May Heaven eternally bless you, and give you prosperity! May my unworthy prayers be heard in your behalf, my friend, my best benefactor! May —"

"Nay, nay! get up, friend—get up, Sampson!" says Harry, whom the Chaplain's adulation and fine phrases rather annoyed. "I am glad to have been able to do you a service—sincerely glad. There—there! Don't be on your knees to me!"

"To Heaven who sent you to me, Sir!" cries the Chaplain. "Mrs. Weston! Mrs. Weston!"

"What is it, Sir?" says the landlady, instantly, who, indeed, had been at the door the whole time. "We are saved, Mrs. Weston! We are saved!" cries the Chaplain. "Kneel, kneel, woman, and thank our benefactor! Raise your innocent voices, children, and bless him!" A universal whimper arose round Harry, which the Chaplain led off, while the young Virginian stood, simpering and well-pleased, in the midst of this congregation. They *would* worship, do what he might. One of the children not understanding the kneeling order, and standing up, the mother fetched her a slap on the ear, crying, "Drat it, Jane, kneel down, and bless the gentleman, I tell 'ee!" . . . We leave them performing this sweet benedictory service. Mr. Harry walks off from Long Acre, forgetting almost the griefs of the former four or five days, and tingling with the consciousness of having done a good action.

The young woman with whom Gumbo had been conversing on that evening when Harry drove up from White's to his lodging, was Mrs. Molly, from Oakhurst, the attendant of the ladies there. Wherever that fascinating Gumbo went, he left friends and admirers in the servants' hall. I think we said it was on a Wednesday evening, he and Mrs. Molly had fetched a walk together, and they were performing the amiable courtesies incident upon parting, when Gumbo's master came up, and put an end to their twilight whisperings and what not.

For many hours on Wednesday, on Thursday, on Friday, a pale little maiden sate at a window in Lord Wrotham's house, in Hill Street, her mother and sister wistfully watching her. She would not go out. They knew whom she was expecting. He passed the door once, and she might have thought he was coming, but he did not. He went into a neighboring house. Papa had never told the girls of the presents which Harry had sent, and only whispered a word or two to their mother regarding his quarrel with the young Virginian.

On Saturday night there was an Opera of Mr. Handel's, and papa brought home tickets for the gallery. Hetty went this evening. The change would do her good, Theo thought, and—and, perhaps there might be Somebody among the fine company; but Somebody was not there; and Mr. Handel's fine music fell blank upon the poor child. It might have been Signor Bonon-

cini's, and she would have scarce known the difference.

As the children are undressing, and taking off those smart new satin sacks in which they appeared at the Opera, looking so fresh and so pretty among all the tawdry rouged folk, Theo remarks how very sad and woe-begone Mrs. Molly their maid appears. Theo is always anxious when other people seem in trouble; not so Hetty, now, who is suffering, poor thing! from one of the most selfish maladies which ever visits mortals. Have you ever been among insane people, and remarked how they never, never think of any but themselves?

"What is the matter, Molly?" asks kind Theo: and, indeed, Molly has been longing to tell her young ladies. "Oh, Miss Theo! Oh, Miss Hetty!" she says; "how ever can I tell you? Mr. Gumbo have been here, Mr. Warrington's colored gentleman, miss; and he says Mr. Warrington have been took by two bailiffs this evening, as he comes out of Sir Miles Warrington's house, three doors off."

"Silence!" cries Theo, quite sternly. Who is it that gives those three shrieks? It is Mrs. Molly, who chooses to scream, because Miss Hetty has fallen fainting from her chair.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

WITH heavy head bent on her yielding hand,
 And half-flushed cheek, bathed in a fevered light—
 With restless lips, and most unquiet eyes,
 A maiden sits, and looks out on the night.
 The darkness presses close against the pane,
 And silence lieth on the elm-tree old,
 Through whose wide branches steals the white-faced moon
 In fitful gleams, as though 'twere over bold.

She hears the wind upon the pavement fall,
 And lifts her head, as if to listen there;
 Then wearily she taps against the pane,
 Or folds more close the ripples of her hair;
 She sings unto herself an idle strain,
 And through its music all her thoughts are seen;
 For all the burden of the song she sings
 Is, "O my God! it might have been!"

Alas! that words like these should have the power
 To crush the roses of her early youth—
 That on her altar of remembrance sleeps
 Some hope, dismantled of its love and truth—
 That 'mid the shadows of her memory lies
 Some grave, moss-covered, where she loves to lean,
 And sadly sing unto the form therein,
 "It might have been—O God! it might have been!"

We all have in our hearts some hidden place—
 Some secret chamber where a cold corpse lies—
 The drapery of whose couch we dress anew,
 Each day, beneath the pale glare of its eyes;
 We go from its still presence to the sun,
 To seek the pathways where it once was seen,
 And strive to still the throbbing of our hearts
 With this wild cry, "O God! it might have been!"

We mourn in secret o'er some buried love
 In the far Past, whence love does not return,
 And strive to find among its ashes gray
 Some lingering spark that yet may live and burn;
 And when we see the vainness of our task,
 We flee away, far from the hopeless scene,
 And folding close our garments o'er our hearts,
 Cry to the winds, "O God! it might have been!"

Where'er we go, in sunlight or in shade,
 We mourn some jewel which the heart has missed—
 Some brow we touched in days long since gone by—
 Some lips whose freshness and first dew we kissed;
 We shut out from our eyes the happy light
 Of sunbeams dancing on the hill-side green,
 And, like the maiden, ope them on the night,
 And cry, like her, "O God! it might have been!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE month over which our Record extends has been made memorable by the success of the Atlantic Telegraph. On the 17th of July the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon*, bearing the cable, attended by the *Gorgon* and the *Valorous*, steamed quietly out of the harbor of Queenstown, in Ireland. Their departure excited little attention, for the enterprise was considered hopeless. The *Niagara* reached the rendezvous in mid ocean on the 23d. The *Gorgon* and the *Valorous* arrived on the 25th and 27th. The *Agamemnon* was detained until the 28th. At one P.M. on the following day the cable was joined, and the steamers proceeded toward their several destinations. Nothing was heard of the vessels until the 5th of August, when a telegraphic dispatch was received, announcing that the *Niagara* had arrived at Trinity Bay in Newfoundland, that the cable had been laid from shore to shore, and that signals were passing through its whole length. The steamer had experienced favorable weather throughout; the machinery for paying out the cable worked perfectly, without any accident or a moment's interruption, until the *Niagara* anchored in Trinity Bay, at 1.45 on the morning of the 5th of August. Mr. Field immediately landed, and groped his way in the darkness to the Telegraph station, half a mile from the shore, and awoke the men in charge with the news that the vessels had arrived, and that their assistance was demanded in landing the cable. The arrival of the fleet was wholly unexpected, and the telegraphic operator was absent. The nearest station from which a dispatch could be sent was fifteen miles distant, through an almost unbroken forest. Before daylight a message was prepared and sent by a messenger on foot to this station, and before night the intelligence was known throughout the country. Preparations were immediately made for landing the cable. Captain Hudson of the *Niagara* and Commander Dayman of the *Gorgon* took the end;

the officers and crew followed in procession, bearing the cable up the steep hill to the Telegraph house. The wire was brought in connection with the galvanic instrument, when the deflection of the needle showed that the communication between the two continents was complete. The great event was commemorated by a solemn religious service.

The *Agamemnon* had in the mean while encountered difficulties by which the success of the enterprise was repeatedly endangered. Early on the first evening a defect was discovered in the cable, within a mile or two of the part that was paying out. Before this could be cut out and a splice made the intervening portion was almost run out. Nothing remained but to put down the brake, and stop the paying out. For a few moments the ship hung by the cable, the strain upon which was rapidly approaching the limit of its strength, when the junction was effected, the cable was let loose, and this danger was over. The next day a violent gale sprung up, which lasted, with brief interruptions, for four days. Every time the stern of the vessel rose upon the swell it was expected that the cable would part. Men were stationed at the brake to regulate its action as the vessel rose and fell, while every ear was strained in the momentary expectation of hearing the gun which should announce the parting of the cable. Still the slender line upon which hung so many hopes held fast. Other perils than those arising from the storm were encountered. A huge whale approached the larboard bow at full speed, tossing the sea into foam, and apparently making direct for the cable, which must have snapped like a thread had he encountered it. Great was the relief of all when the ponderous living mass passed slowly astern, just grazing the cable where it entered the water. On two occasions vessels came bearing down toward the steamer in such a direction as to threaten a collision with the cable, which was slowly sinking astern. They could hardly be made to under-

stand the signals to heave to or alter their course. Occasionally, also, the signals from the *Niagara* became almost imperceptible and even ceased for a time, giving occasion to the apprehension that the line had parted; but they were renewed, showing that the cable still held fast. As they approached the Irish coast, the gale died away, the sea became calm, and all were elated with hope. As day dawned on the morning of the 5th, the mountains near Valentia rose to view, and before six o'clock the *Agamemnon* was at anchor off the town. At this moment a signal was received announcing that the *Niagara* had reached its destination. The two vessels had performed their task almost within the same hour of absolute time. The distance between the two termini is 1695 geographical miles; of this the *Niagara* had accomplished 862 miles, with an expenditure of 1030 miles of cable; and the *Agamemnon* 813 miles, expending 1020 miles of cable, each vessel having left a surplus of about 80 miles. Signals had been continually interchanged, indicating the distance run and the expenditure of cable by each vessel. The note-book of Mr. Field, recording these signals, was published immediately on his arrival; and so great was the similarity between the messages sent to the *Agamemnon* and those purporting to have been received from her, that a prominent New York journal hazarded the singular opinion that no real communication had been received from the other side, but that "our electricians had been deceived by the return to them along the cable of their own messages after the manner of an echo."

The cable was laid, and signals were transmitted along it. But the telegraphic apparatus not being arranged, for some days no verbal messages could be transmitted. It had been previously determined that the first dispatches sent over the line should be a message from the Queen of England to the President of the United States, and the President's reply. The necessary arrangements were not completed till the 16th of August. On that day these messages were transmitted in the following words:

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

To the President of the United States, Washington:

The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the Electric Cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 16, 1858.

To her Majesty VICTORIA, Queen of Great Britain:

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty, the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the science, skill, and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle.

May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty, and law throughout the world. In this

view will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities.

(Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

The line was then for some time devoted exclusively to experiments on the part of the electricians; no general dispatches being sent over it until the 25th, when a message, dated at Valentia on that day, was published in the New York newspapers of the following day. It is worthy of note that this first regular dispatch borne by the Telegraph communicated the intelligence of the treaty entered into with China. The next day a dispatch appeared in the New York afternoon papers, dated at London on the morning of the same day.

The intelligence of the successful laying of the cable was received with universal enthusiasm. The transmission of the first message was celebrated by public demonstrations in almost every considerable town. In New York a grand display of fire-works took place on the 17th, in front of the City Hall; by some accident fire was communicated to the building, which was considerably damaged. The 1st of September having been fixed upon as the day when the Telegraph would probably be opened for general business, was set apart for a formal celebration in various cities. In New York the display was highly imposing. Business was generally suspended. The streets were decorated with banners and inscriptions. In the morning religious services were held in Trinity Church. In the afternoon a military and civic procession, numbering more than 15,000 persons, marched from the Battery to the Crystal Palace, where an address was made by David Dudley Field, Esq., giving a detailed history of the enterprise. In the evening there was a grand torch-light procession of firemen.—The Telegraph, however, was not thrown open on that day; nor have any general messages passed over it up to the day when our Record closes.

The plan for a telegraph across the Atlantic dates back to March, 1854, when a number of gentlemen, assembled at the residence of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, in New York, formed themselves into a Company for this purpose. Mr. Field took the lead in the enterprise, and to him, more than to any other man, its success is owing. The first step taken was to lay a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Cape Breton Island to Newfoundland, the necessary authority and valuable privileges having been secured from the Colonial Assembly. The first attempt, made in August, 1855, failed, a violent storm rendering it necessary to cut the cable in order to save the vessels engaged in laying it. The cable being, however, recovered, was successfully laid the following year, and a line was carried across the island of Newfoundland, through a region almost uninhabited, from Cape Ray on the western coast to Trinity Bay on the east. Mr. Field, in the mean while, proceeded to England, and succeeded in organizing a Company to construct a cable across the Atlantic, to unite with the Newfoundland line. The original capital of this Company was \$1,750,000, divided into shares of \$5000 each. Of these, eighty-eight shares were taken in America, and the remainder in Great Britain. The capital has since been increased to \$2,500,000. The Governments of the two countries took a deep interest in the enterprise. Each agreed to furnish vessels to aid in laying the cable, and to pay to the Company an annual sum of

\$70,000 for conveying official messages when the line should go into operation. The cable, as originally constructed, measured something more than 2500 miles, and cost about one million and a quarter of dollars. The first attempt to lay this cable was made in August, 1857, when it broke after 380 miles had been payed out. The remainder was taken back to England, where about a thousand additional miles were ordered to make up for this loss, and to provide against any deficiency. The machines for paying out having been found defective were laid aside, and new ones were constructed under the superintendence of Mr. William E. Everett, an American engineer. The attempt to lay the cable was renewed in June of the present year. Our last Record gave an account of its failure, as our present narrates its success.

At present, the dispatches received at Trinity Bay, on the eastern shore of Newfoundland, are transmitted over the island some 300 miles through the wilderness; thence across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape Breton Island, and through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Portland, in Maine. It is proposed to do away with this long land line through Newfoundland. The eastern and western shores of this island are deeply indented by Trinity and Placentia Bays, just opposite each other, with an isthmus between of only a few miles in breadth. Across this it is proposed to build a telegraphic line to connect with a submarine cable from the head of Placentia Bay to the eastern extremity of Cape Breton Island.

The following table gives, in English miles, the length of all the submarine cables now in existence, with the dates of their construction:

Cables.	Miles.	Wires.	Date.
Dover and Calais	25	4	1851
Dover and Ostend	75	6	1852
Holyhead and Howth	65	1	1852
Orfordness and the Hague	115	3	1853
Port Patrick and Donaghadee ..	13	6	1853
Second cable, do., do.,	13	6	1853
Italy and Corsica	65	6	1854
Corsica and Sardinia	10	6	1854
Denmark, across the Great Belt.	15	3	1854
Denmark, across the Little Belt.	5	3	1854
Denmark, across the Sound	12	3	1855
Across the Frith of Forth (Scotland)	4	4	1855
Varna and Balaklava (across the Black Sea)	340	1	1855
Balaklava and Eupatoria	60	1	1855
Across the Danube, at Shumla ..	1	1	1855
Across the Hoogly River	2½	—
Messina to Reggio	5	1	1856
Across the Gulf of St. Lawrence.	74	1	1856
Across the Straits of Northumberland, Prince Edward Island	10½	1	1856
Across the Bosphorus, at Kandili	1	1	1856
Across the Gut of Kanso, Nova Scotia	—	3	1856
Six cables across the mouths of the Danube, at the Isle of Serpents, each one mile long and having one conductor ..	6	6	1857
Across the Mississippi at Paducah	1	1	1851
From Petersburg to Cronstadt ..	10	1	1856
Across the St. Lawrence, at Quebec	—	1	1855
Across the Soland, Isle of Wight (England)	3	4	1855
Across the Atlantic, from Trinity Bay to Valentia Bay	1950	7	1858
Small river crossings	20	—
Total length of submarine cables	2900		

The success of this first experiment upon a large scale has already called forth schemes of a still

more extensive character. The most imposing of these proposes to unite all the British dominions and dependencies in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, by a series of connected telegraphic lines. These, according to the table given, would measure, in all, about 21,000 miles; and no one of the lines to be constructed would equal in length that between Valentia Bay and Newfoundland, and no one of them would touch the territory of any powerful foreign State. They would place England in almost instantaneous communication with more than forty dependencies and colonies in both hemispheres.

In *Kansas*, an election has been held to decide upon the "Proposition" contained in the English Bill for the admission of that Territory into the Union as a State. The vote was, "To accept the Proposition," 1788; "To reject the Proposition," 11,300; majority against the acceptance of the Leecompton Constitution, 9512.—In *Missouri*, the entire Democratic delegation to Congress has been elected. In the St. Louis district the vote was, for Barrett, Democrat, 7057; Blair, Republican, 6631; Breckinridge, American, 5658; Mr. Blair, the present Member, has given notice that he shall contest the election, on the ground of fraudulent votes.—In *North Carolina*, Mr. Ellis, Democrat, has been elected Governor by a majority of nearly 16,000 over his American opponent. For Congress the Democratic candidates were elected in all the districts except one. The Legislature stands, in joint ballot, Democrats, 114, Opposition, 56.—In *Texas* and *Arkansas*, the Democrats have elected their candidates almost without opposition.

The United States brig *Dolphin*, while cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, fell in, on the 21st of July, with a vessel which was suspected to be a slaver. The *Dolphin* displaying English colors, the other vessel ran up the American flag. Having been brought to by a gun, she was boarded, and found to be the *Putnam*, an American brig, manned by a crew of eighteen men, with a cargo of 318 slaves on board. It appears that on the 5th of July she shipped 455 slaves at Kabenda, on the west coast of Africa, not far from the Congo River. Of these 141 died on the passage to the coast of Cuba, and were thrown overboard. Those that remained when the vessel was captured were in a feeble and emaciated condition. The brig was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, under the charge of an officer. Twelve of the negroes died on the passage. Upon their arrival at Charleston the slaves were put in charge of the United States Marshal, and placed in Fort Pinkney. A requisition was made upon the Marshal by the Sheriff of Charleston District, who demanded that they should be given up to him, on the ground that they were free negroes introduced into the State in violation of the law. The Marshal, acting under the advice of the United States District Attorney, refused to surrender the negroes, and removed them to Fort Sumpter, where they are properly cared for. The crew of the slaver will be tried on a charge of piracy. The negroes, by the provisions of the law, must be returned to Africa, for which purpose the steamer *Niagara* will be employed.

The New York Quarantine establishment, situated on Staten Island, was set on fire by the inhabitants of the vicinity on the nights of the 1st and 2d of September, and totally consumed. When the Quarantine was established here, forty years ago, the neighborhood was almost uninhabited.

Since then a dense population has grown up around it, who regard the establishment as a source of constant danger. In view of this state of things, an act passed the Legislature for the removal of the Quarantine. Sandy Hook was, by common consent, regarded as the only appropriate place; but the State of New Jersey, within whose limits it is situated, refused to grant permission for locating it here; and Seguine's Point, on Staten Island, was selected as the site. Some preparations were made, and buildings were erected here. But these having been burned down by incendiaries, the Quarantine remained in its old place. During this season the prevalence of yellow fever in Southern ports caused an unusual number of patients to be detained at Quarantine; and some cases of this disease having occurred beyond the walls of the establishment, much alarm and excitement ensued. The Board of Health of Castleton, the township in which the Quarantine is located, pronounced the establishment a nuisance; and a conspiracy was formed to destroy it. On the evening of the 1st a large party assailed the hospital, forced their way through the walls, removed the patients from the buildings, and set fire in succession to the various buildings, occupied as hospitals and residences of the physicians and other employés. Some resistance was made, and one man was mortally wounded. A number of the patients also died, in consequence of the exposure occasioned by their removal. No efficient measures were taken to prevent a second attack, which it was understood would be made on the following night, for the purpose of destroying the remaining buildings. This was accordingly made with perfect impunity, and the work of destruction was completed. Thirty-two buildings in all, great and small, were burned, and the amount of property destroyed is estimated at \$300,000. Some of the patients removed from the hospitals were conveyed to Ward's Island, while many who were afflicted with yellow fever and small-pox remained exposed to the weather until huts and other temporary shelter could be provided. Threats having been made that the vessels detained in Quarantine would be burned, a United States vessel of war was sent for their protection. This attack upon the Quarantine was openly set on foot and encouraged by the leading inhabitants of the island, a number of whom have been arrested and held to bail to answer for the offense.

The corner-stone of a new Catholic cathedral, dedicated to St. Patrick, was laid in New York on the 15th of August, by Archbishop Hughes. It is proposed to make this the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the country. It is estimated that it will cost nearly a million of dollars, and that its erection will occupy eight or ten years. To defray the expenses of the first year, the Archbishop issued a circular, asking one hundred persons to contribute each a thousand dollars. This was responded to by 103 persons, two of whom were Protestants, each of whom furnished the desired one thousand dollars. When this is expended, the Archbishop proposes to issue a call for another hundred thousand dollars, to be contributed in smaller sums; and so on, year by year, until the cathedral is completed.

In *California* the excitement growing out of the discoveries of gold upon Frazer's River has abated. At the last dates the number of persons returning exceeded those going to the new diggings. Gold

certainly exists there, but in how large quantities it is as yet impossible to say; and it is uncertain whether the state of the rivers will permit digging for any considerable portion of the year. Unless some new route should be discovered, as is reported to be the case, the difficulty in reaching the gold region, and of transporting provisions and other necessities will continue to be great. As yet the amount of gold sent down is very small. Governor Douglas delivered a speech at Victoria, to the American immigrants who had asked his advice. He said that if his opinion had been asked before they left California, he should have advised them not to have left their homes until something definite was known about the country. But now that they had come, he would not advise them to leave. "You wish me to say," he added, "that there is lots of gold in Frazer River. I will not say this, because I am not certain of the fact myself. But I will say, as my settled opinion, that I think the country is full of gold; and that east, west, north, and south of Frazer River is a gold-field of incalculable value and extent. Go and prospect, and in a few weeks you will be able to tell me what Frazer River is." He then gives advice as to the equipment to be provided, and the route to be chosen. The Indians, he says, are friendly, but thievish. The miners who obey the laws and pay the Queen's dues, are assured of protection; and "as soon as trusty men can be found, measures will be taken for the conveyance and escort of gold from the mines to Victoria. Every miner will give in his own sack and his own weight, have it addressed and sealed in his own presence, and get a receipt for a sack said to contain so much gold dust. It will be deposited in the public treasury, and will be delivered to the owner on the production of the deposit receipt. There will be a charge made for the expense of conveyance; but it will be small, in comparison with the security afforded." The Indians in Washington Territory are reported to have banded together for the purpose of preventing the passage of gold-diggers overland from California to Frazer River. Active preparations are making for a campaign against the Oregon Indians, whose recent acts of hostility have been decided.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we have intelligence of general anarchy, the increasing difficulties of the present government, and the gradual advance of different bodies of the "Constitutionalists" upon the capital, where they expect to meet with little or no opposition.

Hon. Beverley L. Clark, the United States Minister to *Guatemala* and *Honduras*, was received on the 13th of July by the President of the former State.—In *Costa Rica* public attention is occupied by plans for a Federal Government for the Central American States. A meeting of the Presidents is to be held at San Salvador to arrange the details. It is also proposed to establish a Federal navy, of twelve small steamers—six for each coast—to defend the country against the apprehended invasion of filibusters.

In *Venezuela* General Castro has been elected Provisional President, receiving 97 votes out of 107 in the Council. The Constitution of 1830 has been recognized as in force until a new one can be formed. The Government has become involved in difficulties with France and England. Upon the overthrow of the late Government, President Monagas, and a number of his associates, took ref-

uge with the English and French Ministers. They were seized by the new Government and thrown into prison. The Ministers demanded that the prisoners should be returned to their protection. The Government refused to surrender them; whereupon the British and French squadron blockaded the ports of Laguayra and Porto Cabello, taking possession of the shipping, and threatening to bombard the towns in case of resistance.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The long-pending question respecting the admission of Jews to sit in Parliament is at last settled. On the 26th of July Baron Rothschild presented himself at the table of the House of Commons, and demanded to be sworn. A copy of the oath being presented, he said that he had conscientious objections to taking it in that form, and was requested to withdraw. Lord John Russell then moved resolutions, in conformity with the Act, to the effect that the Baron, professing the Jewish religion, was prevented from sitting and voting in the House by reason of his conscientious objection to take the oath in the form required by law; and "that any person professing the Jewish religion may henceforth, on taking the oath prescribed in the Act of the present session of Parliament, to entitle him to sit and vote in this House, omit the words 'And I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian.'" This resolution was passed by 69 to 37; whereupon the Baron reappeared at the table, was sworn upon the Old Testament, and took his seat.—In the course of a discussion upon Indian affairs, Lord Stanley said it was impossible to form an estimate of the present strength of the mutineers. The total number of the Queen's forces in India and on their way out, was 78,416; but 7456 were reported sick. The Company's European troops numbered 18,858. Instructions had been sent out not to interfere with the religion of the natives.—"British Columbia" has been substituted for New Caledonia, as the name of the colony just established in the Frazer River country.—Parliament was prorogued on the 2d of August. The Queen's speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, congratulates Parliament upon the favorable state of the relations with foreign countries; trusts that the Paris Conference will settle all the questions before it; hopes that the Indian mutiny will be speedily repressed; says that Her Majesty has given her willing assent to the Act for transferring to her direct authority the government of her Indian dominions, which she hopes to govern in such a way as to secure the advantages of a just and impartial administration of law to her subjects of every race and creed; says that the establishment of the colony of British Columbia was urgently required, in consequence of the recent discovery of gold in that district; and trusts that this new colony on the Pacific may be but one step in the career of steady progress by which Her Majesty's dominions in North America may ultimately be peopled, in an unbroken chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by a loyal and industrious population of subjects of the British Crown.

FRANCE.

The Cherbourg *fêtes* have filled a large space in the public regard. Our foreign correspondent, in the "Easy Chair," gives us a description of the place, and explains the reasons which have led successive French Governments to expend so much labor and treasure to construct a fortified port here. The Emperor and Empress arrived at Cherbourg

on the 4th of August. The next day the Queen of England and Prince Albert were entertained on board the French man-of-war *Bretagne*. The Emperor, in proposing the health of the Queen, said that the fact of Her Majesty's visit "showed that the hostile passions which were excited by some unfortunate incidents have never been able to alter the friendship which exists between the two countries, or the desire of the people to remain at peace." Prince Albert said that "Her Majesty was doubly happy in having an opportunity by her presence to join the Emperor in endeavoring to draw together as closely as possible the ties of friendship between the two nations." Having gone ashore, and inspected the fortifications, the Queen departed on the 5th, under a triple salute. The *fêtes*, which continued till the 8th, were closed by the inauguration of the statue of Napoleon I. The Emperor delivered a speech on the occasion, in which he said that it appeared to be his destiny to accomplish by peace the great designs conceived during war. His Government, he said, would wage war only in defense of the national honor and the great interests of the people.

THE EAST.

From *India* the latest accounts are, upon the whole, favorable for the English. The loss of the mutineers in the recapture of Gwalior was considerable. On the 13th of July Sir Hope Grant gained a brilliant victory near Lucknow. The celebrated Moulvie, for whose capture a reward of five thousand pounds was offered, was killed. The Governor-General, upon receiving Lord Ellenborough's famous dispatch, issued a proclamation offering amnesty to all except actual murderers.

From *China* we have telegraphic tidings that a treaty of peace has been made. After the capture of the forts at the mouth of the Pei-ho River, the French and English vessels, followed by the Americans and Russians, proceeded up the stream to Tien-sin, a city of 300,000 inhabitants, where they were met by a high mandarin with powers to negotiate. A treaty was entered upon, the precise terms of which have not reached us. The dispatch—the first, containing general news, sent by the Atlantic Telegraph—says: "A treaty of peace has been concluded with China, by which England and France obtain all their demands, including the establishment of embassies at Peking and indemnification for the expenses of the war. Under the terms of the treaty the Chinese Empire is open to the trade of all foreign powers, the Christian religion is allowed in all parts of the country, and foreign diplomatic agents are admitted."

We have also brief telegraphic accounts of the bombardment of Jeddah by the English steamer *Cyclops*, which was sent to demand the punishment of those engaged in the recent murders of the Christians at that place. The Pacha was allowed thirty-six hours in which to punish the malefactors. As no answer was returned within the specified period, the bombardment began and continued for three days. The Pacha then came on board of the steamship, and assured the captain that the culprits were condemned, and that he only awaited orders from Constantinople to execute them. This answer was not deemed to be satisfactory, and the bombardment began again. Ultimately, Ismail Pacha arrived from Constantinople, and eleven of the insurgents were immediately hanged in the presence of all the shipping. The remainder of the culprits were sent to the capital for trial.

Literary Notices.

Doctor Thorne—A Novel, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The vein of caustic satire which has given a certain bad eminence to the name which this author inherits has become mollified in his case into a subacid, piquant humor, which he brings to bear effectually on the weak and ludicrous points of English society. The novel before us is somewhat softened down from the audacious sarcasm of "Barham Towers," but it is by no means wanting in vigor and vivacity, nor in occasional touches of the accustomed sharpness. If the author does not indulge in the use of vitriol, he does not place milk and water in its stead. Doctor Thorne, the hero of this story, so far as it has a hero, is a bluff, sturdy humorist of the English stamp, with a tender, loving heart beneath a rough exterior, and, in spite of his careless, off-hand manner, contriving to make himself essential to the happiness of all parties with whom he is concerned, and never failing to be on hand at the moment when some scrape of his friends demands his intervention. The plot is carried on without the usual traits of decided villainy; but prominent in the foreground are two beastly bipeds in the shape of a wealthy *parvenu* and the heir of his fortune, who are skillfully used as foils to the more attractive personages of the story. After all, the whole impression of the novel is far from disagreeable. Mr. Trollope well knows how to help his characters out of ugly situations at the right time. With all his love of depicting the foibles and absurdities of weak and absurd people, he is not without a sense of the brighter sides of life, and his keen observation of character lends a life-like interest to his descriptions, which often have the air of personal sketches rather than of fictitious creations. In the present comparative dearth of amusing reading, Doctor Thorne is a timely windfall, and will be eagerly seized by the lovers of good novels.

Memoirs of Rachel, by MADAME DE B—. (Harper and Brothers.) A lively, gossiping narrative of the fortunes of the great French tragedian and her family is here given by a fluent writer. The work is mainly anecdotal, though not spiced with the details of personal scandal, which might be anticipated from the character of the subject. It presents in strong colors the vocation of Rachel for histrionic art, and her assiduous cultivation of the conditions of success. At the same time her petulant caprices, her bickerings with her relatives, her passion for money, and her numerous eccentricities are portrayed, apparently, to the life, and probably there was but slight risk of overcharging the picture. The volume makes no extraordinary pretensions; but it may justly claim a prominent place among the light, amusing books of the season.

The States of Central America, by E. G. SQUIER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Squier is certainly the highest living authority on the geography, statistics, and political condition of Central America. To the advantages of wide and varied personal observation, and a deep interest in the country, he adds a profound knowledge of the researches and writings of previous travelers; so that he has become as familiar with those mysterious regions as are foreign statesmen with the map of Europe. Nor is Mr. Squier a mere superficial observer of external facts and passing events. He has a sincere love of scientific investigation, and

his attainments in various branches of science place him much above the level of ordinary tourists. In this volume we have a condensation of his various researches, bringing the subject down to a recent date, and leaving little to be desired by the reader, either for entertainment or information.

Mensuration and Practical Geometry, by CHARLES H. HASWELL. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This volume is intended as a manual for the use of engineers, mechanics, and students, presenting with brevity, and in as popular a form as the nature of the subject admits, a variety of rules and formulas for the determination of lines, surfaces, areas, solidities, and centres of gravity of various regular and irregular figures. The novel features of the book are to be found in the extent of the figures submitted, both as respects number and variety of section, and the rules for determining their centres of gravity.

The Story of the Telegraph, by CHARLES F. BRIGGS and AUGUSTUS MAVERICK. (Published by Rudd and Carlton.) A succinct narrative of the great enterprise which has set aside the distance between the old world and new, is contained in this seasonable compilation. It can not fail to be read with interest during the present effervescence of the public mind on the subject, while it embodies numerous facts and statistics which make it worth preserving for future reference.

Memoir of Joseph Curtis, by Miss C. M. SEDGWICK. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In preparing this biography of a good man, Miss Sedgwick has been engaged in a congenial task. He was an honest Connecticut boy by birth, and, from humble beginnings, gradually rose to a conspicuous position in connection with the educational institutions of New York. The little volume has been written mainly for the purpose of holding up his bright example to the attention of young readers; but it abounds with those natural sketches of character, and fine moral and practical suggestions, which render it an admirable piece of biography for all classes.

A Harmony of the Gospels, in the Greek of the Received Text, by JAMES STRONG, D.D. (Harper and Brothers.) The plan of this work is similar to that of the English Harmony of the Gospels by the author, presenting a parallel and combined arrangement of the Greek text, founded on the selection of a leading passage in each section from that Gospel which contains the most complete account, and interweaving with this, in a different type, all the additional circumstances from the other Gospels. The portion in the leading type, accordingly, gives a full and connected narrative, without distracting the attention of the reader from one column to another, while, at the same time, he has great facility of reference to the parallel accounts in the interwoven passages. The text adopted is that of the received text, or the Elzevir edition of 1633, which served as the foundation for the common English version. The various readings adopted by Griesbach, Knapp, Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf are noted at the foot of the page, to which are added brief grammatical annotations, for the most part of remarkable pertinence and utility. The volume throughout attests the learning and good judgment of the author, and will be found to be a valuable contribution to the resources of biblical study.

Editor's Table.

PROVIDENCE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.—Human society is a wonderful testimony to the omnipotence and the omnipresence of God. It is a standing miracle, demonstrating a wisdom above all comprehension, a watchfulness infinite in tenderness of spirit and variety of action. Each individual man presents some features that, however marred and defaced by sin, remind us of the glorious Creator. Amidst all the defilement of depravity we recognize God's image, and of what a magnificent estate is it the impressive remnant! In how many strange and startling forms does it authenticate itself! Now it is a light shining through a man's memory and falling upon the past innocence of childhood; then a light penetrating the future and opening a luminous vista to the throne of judgment; to-day in a tone, to-morrow in a look; here in the clasp of a hand, and there in the glance of an adoring eye; this image vindicates for every one a holier birth-place than earth, and a nobler destiny than time. But when we turn from man to society the wonder increases. To see such discordant elements harmonized—the lion and the lamb even now lying down together—the demon and the angel reposing in the same pavilion or walking abroad in company—opposite tastes, habits, natures fraternizing in peaceful companionship—how the mystery repeats itself anew every day, and wraps itself in thicker folds the more that our proud intellects seek to understand it! If the individual man has his counterpart in the planet on which he dwells, society affects us like the universe. The spectacle of millions of people, all cared for and sustained by the beneficent Hand, impresses a thoughtful mind in a manner similar to the scenery of the starry heavens.

A nation is a splendid object for a reflecting intellect to contemplate. Here are thousands of human beings, with their diversified forms of life; here are all kinds of industry; here are want and plenty, starvation and luxury, ignorance and learning, crime and virtue; here are heaven and hell in spirit and practice; and all dwelling side by side, all cemented into marvelous unity, and holding together as if one common soul had transformed them into one common mass. It is folly to attribute this to institutions of government. The institutions are only the outward symbol of the inward union. All the statesmanship of the world, unaided by other and mightier forces, could never organize the relations of two persons, or establish a foundation on which they could stand together. It is by God's act—partly in the original laws of our nature, and partly by the constant agency of His Providence—that this amazing complexity of character, interest, life is upheld. In our vanity we talk of the security of life and property, the stability of our institutions; but there are always thousands of volcanoes ready to burst forth and deluge the land with their streams of fire. A daily revolution would be no wonder. The wonder is that it does not happen. Happen it would if we had no higher protection than the mere jurisprudence and police of nations. How true it is that, "*except the Lord keep the city, the watchmen waketh but in vain!*" Yes, "*in vain*"—kingly rule or popular sovereignty—the tyranny of bayonets or the force of public opinion—despotism or liberty—all is "*in vain*" unless the shield of Jehovah be spread over our heads; for Heaven will give man no guar-

antee of peace and happiness that excludes its own personal and positive agency. Only in part will it allow men and institutions to do its work. Only in limited measures will it delegate its authority to the best and wisest of means. In all arrangements a broad arena must be left for its presence. Second causes must not shut out the First Cause. No machinery can be sufficiently perfect to dispense with the power of God. Sunshine and rain may produce the harvest; but, according to the Jewish economy, the "*first-fruits*" were not to be offered to them—they were presented to God.

Happily for the American mind the sentiment of an overruling Providence is reverently cherished. It has confidence in the resources of its own intellect and activity, reliance on its political institutions, faith in means and men. But it trusts them no farther than simple human instrumentalities, nor does it make them the end of its hope. If it depended exclusively on them, or if it leaned upon them in such a way as to banish the thought of God except as a refuge in the hour of darkness and danger, then it would idolize itself and its machinery, forget its homage to Providence, and war against the order of the universe. We believe that the deepest feeling of the American heart springs from a conviction that Providence has presided over the colonization and progress of this country. Looking to the future, it can not foresee how this magnificent drama will be unfolded. It can not tell what personages will move in stateliness on this great stage, nor what events, flowing from causes now unseen, will carry forward the vast movement; but it clings to the belief that Providence has its purpose in our national growth and will fulfill its far-reaching scheme. A few men ordinarily determine public opinion; but the few never create a deep, genuine, wide-spread, public feeling. Such a feeling is not the product of art. Eloquence, literature, intercourse, can not awaken it. Down in the depths of the heart, where God works, it is silently formed. It is the birth of the spirit, and the spirit keeps it alive. And this is the characteristic of the sentiment which we are now considering. Our traditions, ancestry, circumstances, have, doubtless, intensified its strength, but in its origin it sprung from God.

Such a sentiment is a tremendous power. Although its outward manifestation is not ordinarily as striking and impressive as some other sentiments, yet it has a vigor, a profundity, a self-sustainingness, that nothing else can equal. Indeed, it is not so much a distinct principle as a diffused, ethereal element, in which the stronger forces of our nature live, move, and have their being. It is always a source of lofty thought, vigorous will, heroic effort. Deny a man every other resource, and if he have this well-spring in his soul the stream of his life will be fed by fresh waters that can never fail. Give it to a people, and there will be a hardihood in their enterprise, an endurance in suffering, a heroism in achievement, a religion at the heart of all they think and do, that the philosophy of the world, too short-sighted to see beneath the senses, and too weak to soar to heaven, can not comprehend. Man was originally created to dwell in God, to draw from Him the inspiration of his daily life, to be perfect in His strength, and to be glorious with His beauty. Hence, as he enters into union with God's spirit and providence, he

recovers the primal law of his nature, and with it whatever belongs to his sphere in the universe.

The capacity for progress that this sentiment awakens puts man in possession of all the means necessary to establish his sovereignty over matter and to build up the fabric of civilization. It has given us our best institutions, and, above all, created a spirit in our country that has signalized itself in education, philanthropy, and patriotism. The nature of this principle is such that it does not exhibit itself in formal modes of thought, nor fulfill its designs through preconceived plans. It is no adept in language; and not seldom when strongest in feeling it is weakest in logic. To trace its agency it is not necessary to consider it as deliberately entering on measures that forethought has suggested to be essential to the attainment of its end. For it is instinctive rather than argumentative, and by a higher form of mind than legislative ability ascertains what is proper and expedient for the accomplishment of its object. Often when least known it is most felt; and not until men, looking back to its results as incorporated into the structure of society, study its bearings are they prepared to read the seal of a divine hand on it. Indeed, it is impossible for us to see how this great sentiment could operate in man otherwise than through his unconsciousness. If his eyes were not holden how easily they might be dazzled! Man glories in the intellect that designs, in the hand that constructs, and, absorbed in his selfish aims, robs God of the praise of wisdom and power. The wonder-working spirit is, therefore, hidden from him; and although it is present in his sense of duty, in lofty and impassioned impulse, in the glow of inspiration, yet he obeys it by force of sympathy and not on the ground of knowledge—follows its mysterious guidance and sees not whither it is going, so that when the decree is fulfilled he is more astonished than his contemporaries at the manner in which it has been done.

Let us not, then, be understood as arguing that the thoughtful mind of our country has identified the sense of Providence with specific measures of national debate, or that this has been a distinctly determinative element, when the popular verdict has been called for on questions of vast moment. Such a view would imply that men could penetrate beforehand the counsels of the Infinite, and infallibly settle the Divine course of action. We simply mean, that American mind has been deeply impregnated with the sentiment of Providence in the whole history of our colonization and civilization. It has not explained the past on the theory of lucky accidents and fortunate circumstances. Nor has it attempted to solve the problems of our existence and progress by a glorification of human sagacity and skill in statesmanship. There has been a power beneath the circumstances. There has been a wisdom behind our wisdom. There has been a sovereign purpose, fixed and immutable, beyond our purposes; and in this faith it has found nothing to answer its want save the Christian doctrine of Providence as God's method of administering the affairs of the world. One accustomed to study the laws of human nature can find no difficulty in believing that the secret of our strength has lain in this fact. Abstract theories of rights, checks, and balances, institutional provisions to express popular sovereignty and restrain official authority, the division of responsibility and a system of jurisprudence, are intimately connected with the agency

of government. But there is something superior in the elements of civil society to these things. Our social nature, no less than our individual nature, witnesses to God and leans on Him for intelligence and support. Nations, like men, must feel that their work, in some way, terminates in God, else there is no high aim, no magnificent results. Government exists for ends ulterior to its personal and social benefits to us. If in relation to our interests it is an institution of God, it is equally His institution in relation to interests far beyond the compass of our sphere. It is His instrument; and if this doctrine is once fixed in the mind, with what force is the imagination sent forth along those channels, remote and distant, through which its influence is to be carried to the homes and hearts of unknown millions! Nothing, perhaps, in connection with this sentiment in the American mind, is more striking than the intense conviction that we are performing a work for the world. We say, intense conviction. No other language expresses the fact. The feeling of the popular heart—that trustworthy instinct so much more reliable than the popular judgment—always associates the institutions of our country with the progress of humanity in foreign lands. How the heaven is to work, how the influence is to be communicated, the intellect of the masses does not perceive. Nor can our statesmen see the mode in which it is to be done. But the impression is all the stronger for the obscurity in which it is involved. The very mystery that hangs about it is an intimation of its divine origin. If it had been the effect of observation, if it had been deduced from facts by a process of argument, we should be competent to form an opinion as to the means and methods calculated to accomplish the end. As it is, we are just left to execute our task—to show the utility and excellence of republican institutions—and to abide quietly in the faith that consequences will be shaped by Providence to suit its benevolent will.

It is interesting to note the historic progress of this sentiment of Providence as it passes under review from the early settlement of the country down to the present era. Robinson, in his parting address to the Pilgrims, as they were about to embark for America, assures them of his faith "that God hath more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word." In his calm, profound judgment there is a vast work to be done. Calvinists and Lutherans have stopped short of God's purpose. They will not advance beyond their leaders, the "instruments of their reformation;" and, in this spirit, a watcher for the light of a new morning, he dismisses his flock to a new world that their eyes may catch the earliest glimpses of the coming glory. The pioneers in this great movement do not appear to have looked beyond the "Reformation of the Church;" but this was a germ of sufficient vitality to reconstruct the entire fabric of society. The idea of a State, as we now have it embodied, was not in their minds. Step by step, a distinctive order of thought, peculiar to the new world, began to exhibit itself. The aristocratical sentiment was invaded by the democratic sentiment; the limitations of suffrage in Massachusetts were set aside in the Hartford Colony; Church and State prepared for separation; loyalty to England began to yield to another loyalty, clothing itself with authority at home, and asserting a simple majesty that rested on the force of right and truth; until the colonists were themselves surprised to

find a future of their own—a future, not of England, and not of man's seeking—open before them. Hitherto the idea of Providence over the Church had ruled their thoughts and feelings; but now a broader field, illuminated by a Divine light, is unfolded. The conception of a magnificent empire—a republic of free mind, free speech, free action—dawns upon them; and, trusting in God, they prepare to enter on its possession. With what subdued thoughtfulness did those men proceed on their appointed course! Not rash, like such as lean upon an arm of flesh; not romantic, as those whose imagination paints liberty as a goddess to be worshiped; not frenzied by reckless passions, that sport with war and bloodshed as a desperate game for the supremacy of the world; but calmly, in hope of a higher strength, with a courage not without apprehension, they dedicated their all to the contest. The event justified their confidence. Help hastened from unexpected sources. Relief was found where human calculation would never have sought it. Victory came, because victory was sent from Heaven.

A century and a half have passed. The two commanding figures that stand forth, like towering headlands fronting each other across a scene of intervening waters, are Robinson and Washington. They are both great and good men. Kindred in goodness, they are not unlike in those attributes of intellect that constitute the clear, comprehensive thinker. Robinson was the pastor of a persecuted church; Washington the hero of a triumphant nation. The one, looking to the development of society through the Church, was chiefly anxious to perfect the "*Reformation*" begun by Luther. In its central idea of Justification by Faith he saw the germ of all freedom of mind, of personal independence, of the inherent superiority of the soul to hierarchical dictation and tyrannical authority. Exiled from his native land, burdened with cares and sorrows, it was the charm of his saddened hours to picture the growth of that germ, working from a force hidden within, and, like the mustard-seed of the Gospel, lifting its firm trunk and spreading its broad branches before the nations. In the midst of a dark age it was his privilege to see the true principle of human progress, and—a nobler privilege still—it was his high fortune to announce it with a distinctness, a vigor, a scope, that the science of our day admires and honors. "*The perfection of knowledge*," he declared, could not "*break forth at once*;" and therefore he urged his flock to receive the revelations of God, no matter by what "*other instrument*" they came. Sure is he that the work of the past is not complete; and his manly mind, eager to vindicate the vast possibilities of the future, raises its prophetic voice in behalf of the awaiting splendors of a more glorious era. How bravely he asserted the spirit of the unconquerable will—the great deed already done in the great purpose—when he said, "It is not with us as with other men, whom small things discourage and small discontents cause to wish themselves home again;" and how much of that man's soul became the living history of after-times—a history of wonder and of joy! And now, turn to the other and far more illustrious personage, who has led the armies of his country through a successful war; and, in a sublimer leadership than military grandeur, has directed the thought and hope of his countrymen to the permanent objects of a wise and hallowed ambition. No

man ever had a juster conception of the practical skill, the industrious thrift, the economical habits, that build up the material prosperity of a people. But his common sense had breadth as well as clearness; his eye saw what was within no less than what was around; and, above all, his noble moral nature dictated the statesmanship that had such an important agency in establishing the foundations of national security and happiness. And what to him was the law of all laws—the heart of national strength and hope? Physical resources were not his reliance. The prowess of arms was not his trust. Looking deeper, he beheld the creative forces of national prosperity in the spiritual elements of our nature, and in the proportion that these were brought out he realized the beauty and perfection of civil government. Few men have had a stronger sense of the presence of God in the affairs of nations, and few have been as ready to acknowledge it. Feeling his personal dependence on Providence, he sought to impress, both by word and example, the same sentiment on his countrymen. The faith of his private life was the faith of his statesmanship. If in war he was a Christian hero, he was in peace a Christian ruler—bearing alike the sword and the sceptre in the reverence and fear of God; seeking His favor as the only source of well-being and well-doing, and in all things committing the destinies of the land, so fervently loved and so honorably served, to His sovereign guidance and support.

The positions of these two men were widely different. In circumstances, training, discipline, they had scarcely any thing in common. The one was a thinker; the other was an actor. Christian philosophy guided the former; Christian statesmanship the latter. Robinson was anticipative and prophetic; Washington, meditative and reflecting. The one contemplated the authority of God in the Church; the other studied His sovereignty over the State. But both alike cherished a profound sense of Providence as connected with the New World, and both felt that its presence would be singularly manifested here in the evolving of a new order of society.

We have selected these remarkable men, not to present their personal traits of character, nor yet to dwell on their distinctive qualities of mind. Standing as they did in an initiatory relation to two different and unlike eras of thought, each in its aspects extraordinary and both combining in the intellectual and moral sequences of our national history, we have sketched a brief analysis of their views, that we may see what elements have entered into the development of American sentiment on the providential connections of our career. The intelligent reader can have no difficulty in observing how the early mind of the country was gradually withdrawn from the false ideas that prevailed in England as to the political position of the Church, and how a process of substitution went on, by which a simple faith in Christianity, a hearty reliance on its self-sustaining power, a perfect assurance that it was fully competent to win its own way in the world, took the place of a pernicious dependence on fictitious means for its support. The age of Washington was more hopeful, more disposed to trust the unaided force of Christianity, more just in its opinions as to the relations of the Church to the State, than the age of Robinson. Let it be remembered that the change was not in the religious sentiment itself. Our Pilgrim Fa-

thers, in this respect, were examples of reverence, courage, patience, and enduring fortitude for the men of all time to venerate and admire. But a great change had occurred in the organic form of that sentiment and in its modes of expression. It had a most important effect in the religious education of our people. Considered in a national point of view, it has certainly resulted in vast good to the mind of the country. The separation of Church and State has cultivated a sense of responsibility in the people, as a people, instead of in the people as a nation. It has led us as individuals, rather than as an organic whole, to feel a deep and abiding solicitude for the influence of Christianity over the national conscience and heart. We think, moreover, that our peculiar attitude on this subject has contributed, in an eminent degree, to develop that phase of the religious sentiment which contemplates the relations of Providence to the growth and destiny of our country. It has simplified our ideas of Christianity, brought us into more direct contact with its sublime truths, relieved us of factitious supports, and given us a national feeling, in distinction from a hierarchical feeling, of interest in Christianity. A national Church is one thing, a national Religion is quite another thing; and in nothing are they more unlike than in their capacity to awaken the sense of Providence in the breast of a people. Christianity, not the Church, is the divine power to call out and intensify human instincts. Christianity, not the Church, reaches to the deepest sources of our nature, and seizes, with the grasp of omnipotence, all that allies us to the infinite and the eternal. The Church is a divine institution. It is a beautiful brotherhood of hope and love, a spiritual household of faith and affection, a heavenly instrument for heavenly ends. Nor can we reverence it too highly, nor can we serve it too zealously—reared on the foundation of Christ's propitiatory sacrifice for sin, and witnessing, by its holy sacraments, by its divinely-appointed ministry, by its consecrated Sabbath, by the self-denial, purity, and benevolence of its membership, to the wisdom, grace, and sovereignty of God. But let us not forget that Christianity was born in the bosom of God, and comes to man invested with the attributes, clothed in the perfections, radiant in the glory of its infinite parentage. We repeat, therefore, the superiority of Christianity to all types, symbols, forms, institutions. And hence, the nearer it can approach the public mind, the less external machinery between it and the world, the better for its authority and success. In this simple but sublime attitude, wearing its own crown and wielding its own sceptre, it has already done a great work for us—greater in nothing than in the living sense of Providence breathed into the soul of this nation—by which, in the midst of all ill deserts, our trembling steps have been stayed, and hopes, sometimes ready to perish, have suddenly risen with a returning plenitude of strength—and, thus advancing, have found new occasions to admire the forbearance that has been slow to punish, and the mercy quick to bestow a fuller measure of blessedness.

If, however, the sense of Providence in national affairs is primarily due to the moral spirit which Christianity awakens in the heart, it is important to remember that this spirit, acting through the intellect, reads the manifestations of God in the outward world, and discerns His going forth in the events of the age. It is a sense above the bodily

senses, and higher than the understanding. Yet it disdains not to use these its humbler instruments, and by so using renders them the fitter for even their earthly offices. Providence is, indeed, a mystery, but it is also a fact. It is necessarily infinite, but it makes its appeal to a finite comprehension. In it there is always something to be known—a truth to be distinctly apprehended, an order to be observed and scrutinized, a movement to be traced out with satisfying clearness. Providence educates the intellect as well as the conscience, the reason no less than faith. A theory of Providence that rejected the natural would be as defective as one ignoring the supernatural; for each idea has its place, each throws light on the other, each is necessary to a perfect system. It is this that saves us, on the one hand, from superstition and enthusiasm, while guarding us, on the other hand, from measuring the ways of God by the dim and narrow perceptions of unaided judgment. The workings of Providence, therefore, if our minds are not blinded, will disclose themselves to us; for it is the essence of Providence to distinguish itself from ordinary phenomena, to separate itself from the common course of events, or to clothe these events in such aspects as to render them more significant than otherwise they would appear. Holding fast to this principle as our guide, we hope to be able, in the further discussion of this topic, to point out certain peculiarities in our national career that illustrate the doctrine of God's providence.

Allusion has been already made to the religious motive that actuated a prominent portion of the early colonizers of this country. Let us take three of the great social elements that entered into the original constitution of American society, viz., Puritans, Huguenots, and Scotch-Irish. Each of them had smarted under the scorpion-lash of persecution. Each of them had its memories of bitter suffering. Each of them had intense desires to enjoy freedom of conscience, and to live in a repose that would not be disturbed by religious strife. They were singularly distributed in different locations over the face of the country, as if each had been destined to have a full opportunity to demonstrate its own peculiarities. Puritans in New England; Scotch-Irish through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina; Huguenots in the South; each had ample physical scope and suitable outward circumstances to give vent to their impulses and to organize their distinctive sentiments. In this way they became nuclei, around which were gathered other and less-marked elements of social character. Each of them acted as a great educative centre, leavening the circumjacent mass with its own individual spirit. Not only were they local communities, dwelling under their own vine and fig-tree, but they were so isolated as to prevent for many years any great degree of sympathy and union. Owing to their geographical positions, no less than to the occupancy of their minds with the immediate interests around them, there was but little room for rapid and energetic interaction. Time did, indeed, bring this mutual influence about, yet not until seclusion and solitude had done their work. They lived apart, each intent on its own affairs, and striving, as far as might be, to attain its own ideal of human society. Far to the north the Puritans were settled from the banks of the Kennebec in Maine, to the regions neighboring on the Hudson in New York; while in Eastern New

Jersey, and thence southwardly to Fayetteville, North Carolina, the Scotch-Irish were colonized. South Carolina received the Huguenots. The exiles of Languedoc, fugitives from Rochelle, Bordeaux, Poitiers; "men," says Bancroft, "who had the virtues of the English Puritans without their bigotry," inhabited the banks of the Cooper and the Santee. Opportunity was thus afforded to lay the foundations of those local diversities of character, tastes, institutions, which have been such potent elements in our national existence. The religious sentiment was common to all; but assuming different external forms, it was at liberty to follow its own idea and impulse, and by these means incorporate its particular class of results into the social fabric. Is there not in this fact a striking illustration of an overruling Providence? The intense force of the religious principle in promoting the early colonization of America is admitted by all who have written on this subject. It is a great and controlling motive in the movement, contrasting most impressively in its aims, in its vigor, in its success, with that love of gold, of military adventure, of imaginative excitement, which prompted other efforts to occupy the Western Continent. But let us not overlook another emphatic point, viz., the providential provision by which the Puritan, Scotch-Irish, and Huguenot were brought hither, and their inter-relationships in the final development of a national character and spirit. There is more in this co-ordinate agency of religious views and tastes—differing so widely in minor details, and yet impelled by the same spirit—than we have been accustomed to mark. It is difficult for us to see how the various constituents of a social-religious nature could have been more wisely drawn together. They were admirably adapted to check each other, and they were equally adapted to coalesce. If the scientific man finds in the collocations of matter so convincing an argument in behalf of creative intelligence and power, are we not entitled to the conclusions of a similar argument in respect to the order and arrangement of society?

Let us now turn to another branch of our subject. We have seen that the religious principle was intensely active in the early colonization of the country. Furthermore, we have seen that this spirit was marked by individual characteristics of taste and temperament, and was moulded by peculiar circumstances into forms of striking diversity. And it has been made apparent, we hope, that this great sentiment, cultivating in all the same high aims and hallowed inspirations, did, at the same time, through its different modes of action, lay a foundation for religious unity that has been of invaluable service to the character and career of the American people. We shall now endeavor to show that a similar process occurred in the history of American politics.

The political mind of the country, previous to the adoption of our present Constitution, had been mainly developed through the instrumentality of local institutions and State governments. A confederacy had been organized, but it had failed. All the sovereign States, except Rhode Island, had agreed that it had proved itself unequal to the exigencies of its position. The first effort at union having resulted in general disappointment, a new trial had now to be made to bind the thirteen States together. A mere external tie was not sufficient. There must be a real, a radical union—such a form of union as should constitute us one people, and yet

preserve the sovereignty of the States. To effect this object the greatest practical wisdom was necessary. Statesmanship never had a harder task to perform. For it must be obvious that no mere theory of government could have suited the circumstances of the country. The conditions of the problem were not to be met by abstract principles of human rights and ideal conceptions of human society. Had the work of statesmanship been to organize the original elements of a civil polity, it would have been comparatively easy to take the plastic materials, and, in obedience to the simple dictates of a republican sentiment, embody them in institutional shapes to meet the wants of the age. But this was not the question to be discussed. A government had to be constructed out of governments already existing; and to attain this end, established usages had to be modified, old prejudices had to be surrendered, ancestral traditions had to be abandoned, and stern feelings had to yield to a spirit of fraternal compromise. It was not a state of things, therefore, to which the ordinary laws of political economy could be applied. Our statesmen had to exercise an originating power of mind that had never before been demanded.

A new form of political science, then, had to be created. How this was finally accomplished; how the larger and the smaller States were reconciled; how the representation of States was secured in the Senate, and of the people in the House of Representatives of the United States; how the sovereignty of the Federal Government and the sovereignty of State governments, each perfect in its own sphere, and each giving beauty, strength, and dignity to the other, were adjusted, need not now be noticed. There is but one light in which we wish to consider this subject, and that is the indications presented, in the formation and adoption of the American Constitution, of a higher wisdom, a profounder foresight, a remoter purpose, than ordinarily characterize the best works of men.

First of all, then, let it be observed, that when the Convention of 1787 assembled, there was but a vague and indistinct idea of the form its action should assume. The authority of the respective States under which it was organized was not specific and definite as to the ends contemplated. One thing is clear, viz., "the idea of abolishing the confederation, and of erecting in its place a government of a totally different character, was not entertained by the States; or, if entertained at all, was not expressed in the public acts of the States, by which the Convention was called." (See Curtis's "History of the Constitution," vol. ii., p. 17.) Some of the members of the Convention believed in the necessity for a thorough change in the foundation of the government. Others thought that a revision and expansion of the existing system would be sufficient. But in the progress of a few months it became evident that the Convention had developed within itself a new system of political principles. Despite of difficulties such as never before embarrassed a convention the work proceeded, the range of discussion widened, contact of mind with mind, the antagonisms of prejudice, the genialities of sympathy, opened new fields of thought. And, at last, when the Constitution was ready to be submitted to the people of the States, it was found that a scheme of government theoretically and practically new was proposed for their consideration.

The memorable battle in due time was renewed.

Step by step it was fought over again. The debates in the State Conventions were earnest and exciting. Local jealousies were hard to reconcile. Sectional prerogatives struggled to maintain their strength. State sovereignty was tenacious of its rights and privileges. But the same spirit of concession and compromise that had controlled the National Convention finally prevailed, and the Constitution was ratified as the supreme law of the land.

The point that we now wish to urge on the reader's attention is, that the American Constitution, considered as the means by which a new form of political society was established, can not be viewed, except in a limited degree, as the natural outgrowth of our previous experience. The principle of republicanism organized in the Constitution had been derived from the past. But the particular shape that republicanism assumed, as seen in the degree of its expansion, the scope of its action, and the means by which it was to operate, were altogether new. Had the Constitution been the product of the age, it would have represented the political opinions of the age. So far from this being the fact, it was in advance of the political doctrines of the time. It had much more of the spirit of the future than of the spirit of its day. It was wiser and better than our fathers knew. For in the division of sentiment that prevailed one party was apprehensive of popular power, the other was apprehensive of Federal power. One distrusted the capacity of the people for self-government, the other believed that all security and safety lay in the State Governments. One feared the masses, and the other feared a massive Federal authority. The mind of the country had been educated in these creeds; and its republicanism, although honestly and earnestly held, was subject to their limiting and modifying influence. Now it must be apparent that the Constitution of the United States embodied the political philosophy of neither of these parties. It trusted more to the people and to the Federal Government than would have been trusted if their views had prevailed. Looking, then, to these facts, is it unreasonable for us to believe that Providence guided our fathers in the formation of the American Government? Certain it is that they advanced beyond the opinions of their day; and equally certain is it that they advanced beyond themselves. They were lifted above their individual tastes, sectional theories, party prejudices in political science; and hence the work performed showed more of a faith in mankind—more of that genial sympathy with the redeemed nature of humanity which is the offspring of Christian sentiment than the political philosophy of the age, or even their own peculiar views of the capacity of man for self-government, warranted. If the agents of Providence—the men of might who leave their impress ineffaceably stamped on the thought of the world, and who revolutionize mind rather than the external order of society—if these chosen champions are distinguished from others of their time and race, it is by a simple, trustful, unconscious greatness that never fails to transcend its own knowledge—that surpasses its own logic and science—penetrates into realms beyond its mere intellectual ken—seizes truth more by instinct than by deduction—and labors prophetically, rather than reflectively, in the vast sphere of human progress. In this light we contemplate the fathers of the American Constitution; in this light we consider them the servants of a higher will than their

own; men who unconsciously did a work far more magnificent than they understood. And, moreover, in this light the American Constitution has a moral meaning, a sacredness, over and above what political science and civil compacts can ever give to the organic law of a commonwealth. It takes its place among the instrumentalities of Providence; associates with itself sublimer interests than mere earthly government; looks to an end beyond its immediate purpose, and thus speaks to the heart and challenges reverence.

Every thing connected with our position, history, progress, points out the United States of America as the land of the future. The physical features of our continent, presenting such marked contrasts to the Eastern Hemisphere, indicate a form of civilization that could not exist elsewhere on the globe. It is strikingly adapted not only to greatness of empire, but to that peculiar form of greatness which seems to be reserved for our inheritance. Compared with the Old World, it shows in its different configuration, in its simplicity and unity of plan, in the range of its mountains and the scope of its plains, that it is singularly fitted to sustain the diversified interests of a vast nation; to give those interests unity while it allows and stimulates the largest variety; to call out local resources and awaken local power, but, at the same time and with extraordinary facility, establishing means of rapid and extensive intercourse, binding the parts together, and blending all in a great and magnificent society. Not less favorable is its oceanic position to foreign commerce. Taken in whole, it is a wonderful provision for the intelligence, sagacity, energy, restlessness, and indomitable will of such a race as the Anglo-Saxon—a race that masters physical nature without being mastered by it—a race in which the intensest home-feelings combine with a love of enterprise, adventure, and colonization—a race that fears nothing, claims every thing within reach, enjoys the future more than the present, and believes in a destiny of incomparable and immeasurable grandeur. Without the least extravagance it may be said that there never was such a character—such elements of activity, foresight, sovereignty—acting on a theatre so broad, so ample, so wonderful. It is the only country that holds out any general prospect to humanity—that offers ideas, sentiments, hopes for general diffusion—that has an educative power for the world in its principles and institutions. Where else is there a nationality more distinct, more self-defining and self-projecting, yet, withal, so open, free, and cordial in the strength and breadth of its receptiveness—so absorbing, but retaining all its vigorous and unyielding individuality? Where else are there such forces of conservatism and progress always acting and interacting? Where else is to-day a new birth out of yesterday and to-morrow, a picture for the imagination to paint from fresh materials? This, then, is the grand idea of the country, viz.: THE FUTURE. According to that idea, every thing, hitherto, has been shaped. Where men have come in conflict with it and resisted its sway they have been set aside. Where measures have interfered with its mighty potency they have been swept away. It is the central and commanding truth in all our institutions, in all our diplomacy and legislation, in all our career, whether as seen in domestic policy or in foreign negotiation. Beginning with the great idea of Robinson, "That

God hath more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word"—watching the slow evolvings of the sentiment of a vast forward movement as Christianity is set free, North and South, from hierarchical shackles, and left to assert its own majestic sway, tracing a parallel action in politics, by which the American Constitution gave us a government that preserved the value and dignity of local institutions, and yet harmonized them with Federal authority—and, above all, following out the growth of those educational and moral agencies that have mainly contributed to form a public opinion, this day and evermore, our security and our glory—seeing this with an eye that looks to the heart of things, and reads the soul beneath the symbol, it were indeed a deadness surpassing belief that could fail to mark the insignia of Providence in these far-spreading and high-reaching wonders. True now as true of old in Horeb: "*Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.*"

Editor's Easy Chair.

BY the time these words are in print the great work will be an old story. Wonder is not an enduring emotion. The mind of the world can not be kept stretched to ecstasy, and experience will be already correcting imagination in the results of the ocean telegraph.

How we have talked and written about it! How, like cockneys, we have half distrusted our own enthusiasm and theorized against our hopes! Between the news of the laying and of the first transmitted message, how the orators who had rounded all their periods must have shuddered lest they had fired their salutes too soon! What was to become of Mr. Field's glory if the thing would not work? There was certainly a space of very disagreeable suspense, happily dispelled by the message, like the fog of a dog-day morning by the sun.

Such an occasion is the holiday of rhetoric. It is permitted to run wild. It can not leap, or frisk, or flash, too much, too high, or too far. Its most grotesque gyration is merely the frantic effort of words to describe the indescribable—to foretell the future—to express confident prophecy in terms grand enough for the idea of prophecy.

Sometimes it fails—sometimes it succeeds—not in expressing the inexpressible, but in touching and kindling a sympathetic emotion—in making us seem to see—in evoking unexpected analogies and relations—in painting striking pictures—in filling the world for a moment with an eloquent noise of festivity.

But it is a pity that people should be too wise. Dr. Lardner is an eternal (not to speak irreverently) scarecrow in the field of scientific demonstration and prophecy. The Doctor, as is plainly shown in the charming life of George Stephenson, the engineer, seemed to have a personal objection to steam. That this hot vapor must be put down, was clearly the worthy savant's conviction; and so he demonstrated and proved, and as fast as he showed conclusively how certain things couldn't be done, steam did them; until, it is only just to state, the Doctor fairly succumbed to steam and progress: his skepticism was changed into superstition, and he flew to the other extreme, declaring that he did not now see why men should not be shot from point to point like beans through a tin tube.

Dr. Dionysius Lardner, A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.,

etc., etc., etc., ought to be a perpetual scarecrow in that field. But the unwary did not heed him, and we had learned articles proving that the Atlantic cable could never succeed under the existing conditions—and a great deal of inference was added—so that the leveling of the Rocky Mountains could hardly have been news more unexpected than that of the triumph of the telegraph when at last it came. But after the rhetorical pyrotechnics that blazed and flew all over the land upon the first announcement there came an uneasy delay. No message had passed, and what were signals? Dr. Lardner brought out his philosophy again, and having suggested a hundred ingenious hypotheses why after all the cable was not really laid, he would have doubtless proceeded to the proof, when, unhappily, the message of her Majesty flashed through the Atlantic ocean, and the hearts of England and America beat together.

Shall we say that on the 4th of July, 1776, we parted, and that on the 4th of August, 1858, we were reunited? that the mother and child, after long estrangement and then friendly correspondence, at length took each other to their hearts and breathed a mutual blessing? Shall we not all cry Amen with ringing bells, and roaring cannon, and beating hearts, and moistened eyes, to the reply of the President to the Queen, "May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty, and law throughout the world. In this view will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities?"

Yet the latter wish can not be fulfilled until civilization, liberty, and law prevail, and in that happy day wars shall be no more. How truly is this last great result of scientific progress a harp strung world wide, upon which the sweet anthem of the angels at the Nativity is forever chanted! Science works with virtue. It is the handmaid of Morality. When the heart wills peace and good-will, science hastens to make it prevail. The Atlantic telegraph will serve the cause of human progress just so far as men are true to their noblest instincts. In the hands of good men it will be a palm branch of peace waved round the world. In the hands of bad men it will be an electric match lighting the fires and blowing off the batteries of discord.

But in all great triumphs of mind over matter there is something so inspiring that the best sentiments of the heart seem for a little while to be common-sense. So let the sweetest peals ring out; let the music of eloquent lips and kindling hearts flow free; let the mountain tops glitter with the fires that shall flash far down the valleys humming with life, the glad tidings, that Time and Space, the old foes of man, are made at last his slaves, and that as Solomon of old bound the genii in a box, and threw them into the bottom of the sea, so science has seized Space and Time, and made them run the messages of the world along the floor of the ocean.

"DEAR EASY CHAIR.—In looking over a recent Number of *Le Monde Illustré* (a Paris publication), I was struck with the pertinency of one of its contributions to

the subject of a communication, signed X, in a recent Number, with your accompanying remarks. I have made a rough translation of it, which I transmit herewith. If you think it worth insertion, use—if not, burn—but at any rate read it; there is matter for thought in it, and men like yourself (you are not altogether an abstraction) need only think to realize the justice of fighting against a prejudice, rather than pleading its existence, to justify the use of slang terms of contempt. *Harper* and its circulation may be considered one of the indications of a tolerably advanced civilization; if it can not do any thing to diminish, at least let it not add to that enormous fabric of prejudice against a people who ask for nothing but fair play.

Yours very respectfully,
"SCROUGE."

Scrouge entirely misapprehends the intention of the Easy Chair's reply to his correspondent, X. It did not plead the existence of a prejudice to justify terms of contempt, but it simply stated the philosophy of a fact, with the general inference that a universal and unanimous judgment in relation to any subject could not be easily dismissed as a prejudice. But the Easy Chair was careful to remark, in July, "These things surely explain the traditional treatment of the Jewish race. Of course they do not justify it." It farther said: "No thoughtful, honorable man is seriously and permanently prejudiced against another for the reason (the Easy Chair should have said "by reason") of his race." Does Scrouge call this "pleading the existence of a prejudice to justify slang terms of contempt?"

How about charity?

At the close of its reply the Easy Chair expressed its belief that the Jewish disabilities would soon be removed by the English Parliament. Since July the step has been taken; and the British Parliament has practically decided that a Jew may be as honest, intelligent, and able a man and legislator as a Christian. Of course, the fact was plain enough before, and was matter of daily experience. But the solemn sanction of Parliament indicates a radical change in the mind of the people. A Parliamentary decision is the final record of a popular conviction in England, and the admission of Jews to Parliament in the same month with the laying of the ocean telegraph is a fact full of memorable significance.

The next step suggested by the Easy Chair, the admission of Jews, not to Parliament only, but to an equal place in the charity of Christendom, will depend mainly upon themselves.

Let Scrouge consider. The existence of the prejudice and its injury to the race he will not deny, however he or the Easy Chair may differ about its proper explanation. How, then, is the public mind to be disabused of it? If a company of men are reported to be liars, how can they correct the report? They must always tell the truth. They must remember, that while other people can tell falsehoods and suffer comparatively little, a single falsehood told by one of them will restore all the blackness to the cloud of prejudice that overhangs them, and undo the good effect of the uniform veracity of years. So in every aspect of honesty. The Jews are popularly considered avaricious. Mademoiselle Maxime said to some one who had stated that she was of the same faith with Rachel, "No, I am a Jewess—she is a Jew." Now how can they abolish this impression?

Is there more than one way? Can they do it except by being uniformly fair and generous?—eminently and notoriously so?

Scrouge will eagerly reply that it is not right to

demand an extraordinary virtue of any one class of society; that men mixing together in affairs must be judged by common standards.

We do not deny it. We simply ask Scrouge, as a man mixing with other men in affairs, whether—granting the prejudice to exist—the avarice of a Jew will not injure the general reputation of his race more than the equal avarice of a Christian? It is undoubtedly wrong that it should be so. Good men will fight against it. But if any Jew be seriously troubled by this kind of reputation, and resolved to correct it, he will accept the hard terms, and urge his fellows to the same course. Will not Scrouge allow that if a man has been sent to jail half a dozen times for stealing—although it may have been unjustly each time—when he is working with a man who has never been caught in any offense, and a pocket-book is missing, it will be much harder for the first man to avoid suspicion than the last, who may be the real culprit?

That is a homely way of putting the case of the Jews—even granting that their reputation has no shadow of reason in their historical career.

There is no question of the immense injustice that has been done the Hebrew race, and a fervent Christian might well ask himself, "Ought I not to honor that race forever in the person of one of which God incarnated himself?" The same race crucified Him, doubtless. But the race was essentially the same, notwithstanding. And if it is to be cursed as having slain Christ, is it not more to be blessed as the one which His incarnation distinguished?

These are grave questions, but they are inseparable from the subject. They are especially to be pondered by those Christians who so flippantly speak of "the cursed race." Did the Master make the Jews an exception to His golden rule? Nay, in the very hour of His agony did He not cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?" Will any disciple propose to be more just than his Teacher? Will any Christian calmly venture to curse those whom Christ would not denounce?

The little story which Scrouge sends the Easy Chair follows. It is a good illustration of the general estimate of the rights of Jewish men among Christian men.

TIME was when the Jew was compelled to wear a horn on his head; when he was prohibited from bathing in the Seine; when, it being considered necessary to hang him (a not unfrequent occurrence), he was hung between two dogs. Thank Heaven, that period is far enough back. At present the Jews may well consider France their Promised Land.

Some fifteen years ago a book was published entitled "The Jews Kings of the Epoch." Kings of Finance they most assuredly are. It is unnecessary to cite the evidences. Cremieux at the bar—Halevy, Rachel in the dominion of art—these are doubtless royal names. It may almost be said that there are no longer Jews in France—more especially in the heart of France—the true centre of modern civilization.

The question has been asked, What is the true test or measure of a nation's civilization?

For certain travelers, the most advanced people is that one requiring the greatest quantity of gloves; for others, the presence of the most numerous police; for others yet, the abundance of writing-masters. According to my notion, that

country is the most civilized where the Jew is placed, legally and socially, on the best footing.

Look, for example, at what occurred a few weeks since at Tunis. An Algerine merchant, condemned to prison by the French Consul, had been committed to the custody of the authorities of Tunis. The Dey or Douletti, the next person in authority to the Bey, learning that the prisoner was a Jew, takes a fancy that the ordinary prison discipline is a trifle too insipid, and adds a *ragoût* of one hundred lashes applied to the bare back.

On reading this item, I have arrived at the conclusion that the people of Tunis are somewhat below the zero of European civilization. I have since learned, however, that, by the earnest interference of our Consul, the Bey has compelled the Douletti to make the *amende*, and to place at the disposal of the lacerated victim a sum of money by way of indemnity.

From this second circumstance I deduce the inference that the civilization of Tunis is yet one degree above that of Morocco, which certainly, under similar circumstances, would have required much more urgent pressure. And thus, in ascending the scale as I apply my theory to other European nations, I find that Germany, which withholds from the Jews social equality—England, which closes upon them the doors of Parliament—are behind us in point of civilization; not but that among ourselves even there are gradations of opinion on this question. In certain provinces of France—Alsace and Lorraine, for instance—prejudice seems to prevail over right, and from time to time the passions of another age break forth.

Thus I am much deceived if, in a little lawsuit which has just taken place in Colmar, there was not a something more than a simple question of violation of contract or mere civil interest. You may judge.

On the 28th day of June, 1854, a Catholic named Willig sold to an Israelite by the name of Hirsch, for the sum of five thousand francs, a house situated in Hanstatt.

This house had formerly been the vicarage of the commune. The front had been ornamented with a statue of the Virgin, before which the faithful had been wont to prostrate themselves. The contract, duly executed before a notary, contained a clause in which the purchaser bound himself to respect the image of the Holy Virgin upon the front of the conveyed premises—to retain it in its place, without the right to remove it.

Strange to relate, from that moment the devotion of the faithful seemed to augment in a fearful degree. Every day there appeared a long file of pilgrims, who came to prostrate themselves in front of Hirsch's premises—formidable processions lacking nothing of pomp or solemnity.

By a singular chance, the Sabbath day appeared to be that on which the largest number of visitors paid their respects to Mr. Hirsch.

Was it that the sight of the Holy Image, in the hands of the enemy of Christ, had in reality rekindled the zeal of the Catholics of the commune? or was it rather that the late proprietor amused himself by getting up this sort of demonstration to bore the new occupant? At any rate, it is quite sure the spectacle was any thing but refreshing to an Israelite; and he, accordingly, set himself about putting a stop to it. He hit upon this remedy.

Some sixty years previous the commune had

adopted a plan for the regulation of a new street line. Now among the buildings from which this plan cut off a portion was the one in question. What did Hirsch do?

He petitioned to have his front made in conformity with the law, and, fortified with the municipal authorization, he set himself to work to demolish it. Before doing so, with characteristic caution, anxious to leave no point of attack, he carefully removed the statue from its niche: with every imaginable precaution, he caused it to be deposited in the charge of a zealous Catholic of the commune.

Things could not remain in this shape.

The seller complained against Hirsch for violation of contract, and caused him to be notified that the statue must be replaced upon the front of his new wall. Hirsch refused. He offered this alternative—to present the statue to the curate of Hanstatt, either to place in his own church or upon the archway of a gate along the road, where, said he, it will answer every purpose, and where the faithful might repair to worship it at their own pleasure.

These propositions were rejected and a lawsuit ensued.

Willig was triumphant—the Court authorized him to replace the statue at the expense of Hirsch either in its former situation, or in any other conspicuous spot in the wall, and in case Hirsch refused to surrender the statue, to cause another to be made at the expense of said Hirsch.

Was I not right in saying that through the whole of this affair the old bitterness of the Middle Age was apparent. At the same time the province which entertains and cherishes this feeling—if statistics are reliable—is one of those, according to the report on the Progress of Education, occupying the first rank. From which, in my opinion, it follows, that though in itself primary instruction may be a capital thing, it is unreasonable to look upon it as a perfect instrument of civilization.

A YOUNG gentleman who signs his note "Jeems Van Wartenburger, Esquire," entreats some good advice of the Easy Chair in regard to his household, as he's just upon the point of leading the blushing "Miss Phoebe Fitz Fleaury" to the hymeneal altar. The young man states that his father left him plenty of money, and that, as soon as the watering season is fairly over, he shall lose no time, but summon the celebrated sexton of Grace Church—the Magnus Apollo of metropolitan society—and, with his assistance (perhaps also with that of the rector, although Mr. Van W. does not mention him), "launch upon the sea of matrimony."

Mr. Van W. farther remarks that in these troubled times he wishes to observe wise economy, and consequently can not consent, while his family consists only of himself and his wife, to spend more than ten thousand dollars a year. With the same regard to thrift he proposes to have no other domestics than one lady's-maid and waiting-woman, who must be young, blonde, and handsome (not to say beautiful). The spread of her skirt must be less than that of her mistress—she must not absent herself from the house, nor fall asleep while her mistress is away.

Secondly, A chambermaid is wanted, who shall be cheerful, patient, capable of appearing genteel when well dressed, "not given to airs," and furnished with satisfactory recommendations. Nei-

ther of these ladies are expected to wear their mistress's dresses until after she shall herself have worn them three times.

Thirdly, "One cultured boy," of a delicate Havana hue, of genteel and graceful bearing suggestive of gentlemanly ancestry, and who must not use tobacco in any form.

Fourthly, A coachman, of round form and unexceptionable legs; of ruby face and proboscis, who must show a medal from Father Mathew.

Fifthly, A footman of "established principles and aristocratic physique."

Sixthly, A cook, bland and not too fat. She must be prompt and perfect, especially upon Sundays, when the master of the family entertains his select friends. Mr. and Mrs. Van W. will be unable to tolerate any failures.

Seventhly, A housekeeper of Holland descent, who might be a maiden lady; but a widow would be preferred, without children, nieces, or cousins.

These retainers must all be native born. Miss Phœbe has yielded her preference of a *Grisette* for lady's-maid, and a cook of the same nation. She waives the English birth of her coachman, and the Scotch family of her house-keeper; and Mr. Van W. finds in her reasonable relinquishment of such preferences the most glowing auguries for his future happiness.

How to find them is now the problem. He has inquired at all the Intelligence offices, and all the Intelligence offices are crowded with just such candidates—except that they are not always native born. How shall the happy pair find what they want?

The Easy Chair would respectfully advise calling in the detective police as the only probably successful resource under the circumstances. Or a large check handed to each of the Intelligence office agents might secure their particular attention to the subject, and induce them to mention any satisfactory candidates that fell under their notice.

When this is comfortably accomplished—when they are all installed in the princely mansion to which Mr. Van W. proposes to conduct Miss Phœbe—it really seems that, with strict economy, and the ten thousand dollars, and the seven accomplished servants, the matter might be managed by the youthful pair, so long as they are but two. Of course Mr. Van W. would have to deny himself a yacht and a large country seat; but these deprivations might be compensated by cheerfulness and rooms at Saratoga and Newport. The happy pair must console themselves by comparisons. They must reflect that, if they can not have a pleasure-vessel and a villa, there are people who positively can not have more than five domestics, and not all of those native born! They must remember that some people have not even a carriage! Thus, by force of philosophy and natural buoyancy, these rougher parts of life can be smoothed over, and the journey be made at least tolerable—although with only seven servants and ten thousand a year.

Will Mr. Van W. now answer the Easy Chair one question?

When these appliances are perfected, and Mr. Brown has imparted his blessing to the happy and blushing pair—when the little bridal tour is ended and the honeymoon is in its middle quarter—when the happy pair have returned, and the business of life has commenced with the seven servants—and

every day Mr. Van W. goes down town to attend to business—the Easy Chair can see clearly what all the household is to do—but what is the mistress to do?

MICROS is a young lady who thanks the Easy Chair for returning a MS. without slamming the door in her face, and who adds, extravagantly and despondingly:

"I suppose I may as well make up my mind at once that I am not a genius, whose fate it is to live and die unknown. Well, as I always *rather* doubted it, it will not be very difficult to arrive at such a conclusion; so I will smile and live on—a young lady with nothing to do, and lacking the power even to do that. For you see, Sir, I've grown tired of living, though not quite twenty yet, and nothing has any thing in it to satisfy. Please don't call me sentimental; I have writhed under *that* imputation more than once before, when I sought counsel of older persons than myself, and it only drove me back upon my unsatisfactory self again. My brother and sisters are all too old for me to attempt doing them any good—in fact, I'm an odd sheep—and now I think it is a great deal harder to live than to die. I did not mean to say all this, for I see your eyes wandering restlessly toward those papers. So I'll say good-by!"

The Easy Chair has known a great many young people of the name and family of Micros. There are times in youth when a singular sense of weariness discolors every thing present and future; distempers every relation; and, while seeming most unreasonable, is yet as real as any mood can be. What else is Hamlet than the stately presentment of this state of mind? Ostensibly it is his father's murder and his mother's shame that drive him through his melancholy career, but those are only the occasions, not the cause of his morbid restlessness.

Let Micros at once make up her mind that she is not "a genius," and be thankful she is no such monster. The very doubt and question are only symptoms of her condition. It is a diseased self-consciousness. What "a genius" may or may not do, is hard to say; but people of genuine power in any way are not very likely to trouble themselves with wondering whether they have it, and whether, if they have it, the world will acknowledge it. "A genius," let us hope, does his work, and bids the world go hang.

Let Micros look at the case a moment.

She sends the Easy Chair a MS., which is read and returned. She does the same thing again, with the same result. That is to say, A writes something which B thinks is hardly suitable for printing. Thereupon A resolves that he is no genius—that there is nothing farther to be hoped or tried in this life—and that the sooner he dies the better for all concerned!

This might be called a steeple-chase to conclusions. Why should A make B stand for the whole world? Suppose B were Shakspeare himself, it by no means follows that his judgment of literature would be valuable. The functions of critic and creator are very different. Then, again, does not the immediate surrender to B's judgment show that A himself secretly doubts whether he can do what he has attempted? But if he have no faith in himself, how can he work? Still farther, allowing it to be true that A can not successfully do what he has tried to do, does it therefore follow that the gates of Possibility are closed, and that, if he can't survey a field, he can not therefore measure molasses?

If Micros sits down to write a poem, and fails, what follows? That Micros is not a good, clever, hearty, honest, talented, industrious fellow, fit and worthy to do twenty desirable and honorable things? Not at all; but simply that Micros is not a poet.

In the present case, however, it is with nothing very logical that we have to deal. It is a vague discontent that rises and clouds the natural hilarity of youth as inexplicably as a fog blows over the brightest day. It is not a frame of mind to be sneered at and despised, but rather pitied and tenderly entreated. Sentimentality is a convenient name for all regret and sorrow that do not spring from toothache; but there is a longing of the soul which can not be explained, but which begets an infinite sadness.

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow;
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

Certain music is its most perfect and exquisite expression. Now and then it is hinted in poetry:

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain;
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

But it passes, often, like vapors of the morning. How many a day in the beautiful August of this summer, that began heavily muffled in hot mist, and so deadly still as to seem stagnant and oppressive with terrible foreboding, gradually lighted up as the hours wore on—slowly cleared in the sky and over the earth—until, when noon was past, a clear, cool, calm beneficence of splendor smote the happy soul with the sense of perfect summer! So, very often, is it in human experience. The

"Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,"

gradually disappear.

Let Micros satisfy herself that she is not sentimental, and not be troubled if she is called so. Let her understand that she was not sent causelessly into the world—that the Father creates no child for whom he has not place and portion. If she finds she has mistaken it, the fact of mistake is an indication that there is something mistaken. Let her read, and as she reads, ponder, the greatest poem, perhaps, of modern times, Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*. Who lives in vain?

"How many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear!
How many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

Are the gems and flowers therefore useless? Would it not be use enough that they can point so exquisite a moral? Consider the lilies, Micros, and remember that God has made *you* in His image.

As the time of Thanksgiving approaches, it is natural that mammas should ask themselves, as one, "By-the-Burn," asks the Easy Chair, whether children may not be so trained that "no night may find them stuffed like Christmas turkeys," and yet not find them weak, puny, and spoony, sewing samplers and conning a moral Mother Goose?

The question is suggested by the little sketch called "The Quiet Home," in the August Number of the Magazine. The four children, who were so

very well-behaved and silent with their crochet work and their other sedate employments, and who so excited the admiring envy of the mother of a noisy household, sickened and died early, because the confinement and employment which produced the "quiet" also weakened the constitutions of the children.

Now an old Easy Chair who loves children, and always has his arms full of gingerbread for them—who delights in nothing more than in their climbing and frolicking about him—who feels himself, in fact, a kind of universal uncle to all darlings in short frocks and trowsers—will hardly be accepted as an authority, probably, by well-regulated mammas. But he has his theory, notwithstanding, and he puts his four feet down in defense of certain points.

The first is that, considering the natural restlessness of children, to require of them the same gravity and silence that you would observe in venerable Easy Chairs, for instance, is simply absurd. You might as reasonably expect a mountain stream to flow as smoothly and quietly as the Hudson, or a young puppy to lie as sedately upon the porch all day as old Watch, the Newfoundland house-dog. Children are naturally gay and tumultuous. Their health requires that constant activity. They must run, and jump, and hop, and play, and shout to keep themselves in tune.

But, for all that, they are not to be allowed to indulge all their whims any more than their seniors. It is just as necessary that a boy should be obedient, as that he should take exercise; and the only rule seems to be that he should be reasonably, and not unreasonably repressed. To insist that he shall never make any noise in the house is foolish; but to allow him to be just as noisy as he chooses is equally foolish.

No, dear madame, no absolute rule can be laid down; but you may fairly say that every case is to be determined for itself. English children, who are the heartiest and healthiest, are often the "best-behaved" of any in the world. American children are usually disagreeable (especially in cars and steamboats), because they are suffered to tyrannize over their parents. In fact, no man can travel much without perceiving that generally both the traveling parents and children ought to be soundly whipped together.

However, madame, do you think a silly old Chair, that can never see a child crying but he is very apt to fall to sniveling himself, is a proper philosopher upon these points? The whole matter lies in your own good sense.

THE Easy Chair, like his *Weekly* friend, the Lounger, will have to set up a Letter-Box, if his friends continue to send him such kind tokens of their regard.

Here, for instance, is "Zillah," in Salem, who wishes to know the names of the authors of the various articles which please her. The Easy Chair is sorry to say that she speaks of the brilliant geniuses who prepare the monthly intellectual banquet of this *Magazine*, as the "literary M. Soyers who concoct it!" So long as they are regarded as cooks—as individuals in white caps and aprons, and red faces, carrying sauce-pans and turning stews—the self-respect and *esprit du corps* of the Easy Chair forbid an answer.

FROM WISSACASSET "Justia" sends a friendly

greeting. She says: "My home is an old stone house that overlooks the wildest part of the river," and she has only the hills and rocks and river for society, as the nearest house is far away. "Justitia" adds: "Alas! I am plain, but I trust I am good—I believe that generally follows." Does she remember what Audrey says in "As you like it?" Up in the old stone house she reads good books, and presses in them the flowers she gathers in her rambles. The Easy Chair values her letter none the less because he can only acknowledge and not print it.

FROM Hardin, Illinois, writes C. E. N. It is curious that, in a happy home upon the banks of the river, a young friend of the Easy Chair's should be so sadly sentimental. Let her take care that it does not annoy the husband with whom she is so happy in those "romantic scenes." For,

"Lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live."

"E. GRHAEME" tells of a young person who said:

"What a fool I have been,
That I am no authoress is easily seen,
'Tis a gift to the favored, of which I'm not one;
I think for the future I'll let it alone."

Good manners prevent the Easy Chair from denying the justice of the conclusion or deprecating the resolution.

A POET in Nashville, Tennessee, tells the Easy Chair what it really was that Katy did. But it must still be a secret to the world. Only poets know it, and all these long, cool, sweet autumn evenings the air is loud with the charge. O Catherine, how could you!

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AWAY in a little northern district of France, where the land reaches out in granite and slaty bluffs toward mid-channel, lies the town and the harbor of Cherbourg. You might go through France a hundred times and never see it; you might sail up and down all her coast and never touch there; only yacht men from Cowes, which is over opposite, occasionally dropped in to buy their clarets and Champagne.

And yet, latterly, this same little north town of Cherbourg has come to be talked of every where; not alone by reason of the Queen's visit (though that be something), nor by reason of the Imperial visit wholly, but for its show of gigantic masonry; a Cyclopean wall against the sea, and Cyclopean towers and bastions to defend it.

You have seen the history of this matter already in your papers. Let us keep our record good, by summing up what relates to a great fact of the hour. Cherbourg was a city of the great Cæsar; at least the medieval chronicles call it *Cæsaris Burgus*, from which, Chereburgum and Chereburtum. Tradition says an old Danish King, by name Aigrold, held his court there in the year 945; William the Conqueror founded a hospital there of which traces exist; and the King Henry II., with his pretty Queen Eleanor, had bowers upon the hills overlooking the harbor. Stories of sieges and captures; of English and French rule succeeding, belong to it. But always it was little dapper Cherbourg, whose great harbor, all open to the north (though it had water which might float four hun-

dred war-ships), was no refuge against storms. The magnificent Louis XIV. first conceived the idea of making it safe, and sent his great marshal, Vauban, to measure it and study it, and contrive how it might become the northern arsenal of France. The marshal, true to his duties, went there, and the result of his studies is still hanging in a chart which is treasured in the Hôtel de Ville.

But the project proved too grand for the day and was abandoned; but new wars quickened the sense of need, and Louis XVI. revived the plan. The engineers of his day (1784) suggested that truncated cones of timber, or huge broad-bottomed tubs, should be floated across the entrance of the harbor, and then filled with stones and sunk—the dyke being completed by throwing in masses of rock upon either side. Arthur Young, who visited France at this time, discourses in this style about it:

"The French possess no port for ships of war from Dunkirk to Brest, and the former is capable of receiving only frigates. This deficiency has been fatal to them more than once in their wars with England, whose more favorable coast affords not only the Thames, but the noble harbor of Portsmouth. To remedy the want, they planned a mole across the open bay of Cherbourg. The effect of the eight cones already erected, and the bank of stone formed between them, has been to give perfect security to a considerable proportion of the intended harbor. Two 40-gun ships have lain at anchor within them these eighteen months past by way of an experiment, and though violent storms have happened in that time, these ships have not received the smallest agitation; hence it is a harbor for a small fleet without doing more. For wars with England, the importance of having a secure harbor, so critically situated, they consider as equal to almost any expense; at least this importance has its full weight in the eyes of the people of Cherbourg. I remarked, in rowing across the harbor, that, while the sea without the artificial bar was so rough that it would have been unpleasant for a boat, within it was quite smooth. I mounted two of the cones, one of which has this inscription—*Louis XVI., sur ce premier cone, échoué le 6 Juin, 1784, à vu l'immersion de celui de l'est le 23 Juin, 1786.* On the whole, the undertaking is a prodigious one, and does no trifling credit to the spirit and enterprise of the present age in France."

But it needed only a few storms, such as come once in half a decade of years, to overset the cones, and to strew their wreck throughout the bed of the harbor. Then came the thwacking Revolutionary times, in which little Cherbourg was forgotten in the talk about the guillotine and Robespierre. Yet the Revolution had its strategy and its engineers, and its need for them. There was a new national outcry for a great harbor of refuge on the north coast of France, and Cherbourg was talked into notoriety once more.

A new scheme was devised; the timber cones were abandoned, and immense granite walls were sunk, filled in with fragments of rock. For years this progressed successfully, and Napoleon found it risen above the level of the water. At once he saw its need and its capacity for military defense. He ordered a fort constructed upon the centre of the mole, and straightway the fortification lifted its embrasures above the level of the harbor. Barracks, too, were built, and the works extended year after year.

In 1808 an extraordinary storm burst upon the harbor: the waves, carried to an unusual height, submerged all the buildings raised upon the dyke, and by the force and suddenness of their shocks, swept them all away, save only the cabin of the commandant of the prison; and making a wide breach in the masonry, poured over and through it with tremendous violence. There were at the time upon the dyke two hundred and sixty-three soldiers and workmen, of whom one hundred and ninety-four were drowned; sixty-nine were saved by finding shelter in hollows among the stones; and thirty-eight found their way off in a boat, which they managed with infinite difficulty to reach during a temporary lull in the tempest.

By this storm the work of sixteen years, in sinking great blocks of granite, was almost annihilated, and the whole mass reduced to the state of a mere rubble-bed.

Could the work ever be made effective? Losses had been immense: the plans of the greatest engineers had been proven worthless. Even the foundations of the dyke, it was found by survey in 1828, had been shifted a considerable distance.

Still the glory and honor of France demanded the triumph, and the work went on.

Louis Philippe brought the vigor of a fresh administration and a comparatively popular government into strong contrast with the indolent hands of the reinstated Bourbons.

New engineers contrived new material. No weight of stones, it was found, would prove sufficient to withstand the prodigious force of the tide when lashed by the north winds. A concrete was now formed of one part of small stones and pounded brick, and two of lime, and deposited upon the loose foundation sloping in either direction; and upon this a vertical wall raised by well jointed and solid masonry. This, however, yielded to the storms of 1836: the concrete was broken—blocks of stone weighing three tons or more were raised twenty-two feet in the air, and carried over the wall to the inner side of the dyke. The masonry was broken, and breaches made through which the sea burst impetuously.

Enough remained, however, to warrant continuous prosecution of the work. Year after year since that day, under Guizot, under Thiers, under the Provisional Government, under the Presidency, and under the Empire, the laborers upon the dyke and fortifications of Cherbourg have counted by thousands. More than six hundred and fifty millions of francs have been expended there. Humboldt pronounced it—so long ago as he saw it—the grandest work which man had yet accomplished.

Why not honor its completion with a festival? Four light-houses show the way there by night. A sea-wall more than two miles in length, and five hundred feet in breadth, has been constructed in water varying from forty to sixty feet in depth. A vast number of guns protect it, and hundreds of war-ships may lie within in perfect safety.

Of course a festival; of course Cherbourg will be visited now; of course there has been a visitation of monarchs, and tremendous explosions of gunpowder. It is the traditional way of pronouncing upon traditional glories.

Yet at the same time—to a day almost—a few British and American ships were consummating a work whose issues will be more important for war or for peace, and for the glory and the honor which

crown civilization, than all the granite walls and the excavated docks of Cherbourg.

Through trials, and failures, and dangers, and discouragements, this other work of the telegraph cable had leaned toward final accomplishment; and while in the old port that had borne Cæsar's name two great crowned heads were firing cannon in jubilant exultation over the conquest of one little harbor from the sea, American boys were kindling bonfires of rejoicing because men had learned to talk and send messages of peace through two thousand miles of ocean.

And what if it should happen that the thought and the talk which passes so swiftly through the little copper wires of the ocean cable should prove stronger for conquest and stronger for defense than the dyke and all the towers of Cherbourg?

There was great pomp (all Paris heeding and listening for the echoes) when the English Queen and French Emperor joined hands within the Cherbourg dyke. There was very little pomp about the first exchange of messages between Buchanan and Victoria under ocean; but does any body doubt what places these events will hold in the history of our world? Does any body doubt if the messages, tame as you may count them, will not out-sound, in the rattle of the nineteenth century march, all the guns of little Cherbourg? None of the metal of the French port can carry death or fire more than a league; we will grant them ten years hence a cast of two leagues.

But the wire! Ten years! who shall reckon the reach?

SINCE we have run away from Paris for this festal look upon Cherbourg (though we leave all the details of the *fête* to your newspapers), why not drop down for an hour in this late September weather for a look upon Bordeaux and its vineyards?

First of all, what idea have you of vineyards? Purple arches of vines embowering your head? Gay trellises, where small-footed maidens climb? Clusters of grapes, large as those the spies carried away, borne on poles from shoulder to shoulder, as in the old illustrated primers of Scripture story?

We shall see. There is no going from Cherbourg direct to Bordeaux—at least not by sea; and this leads us to remark that the French never travel by sea when it is possible to travel by land. The Seine is a passable river, large enough for such boats as ply under the London bridges; but they run to St. Cloud and Versailles without great profits even upon days of *fête*.

There are very few coasting steamers in France. You may find one at Nantes bound to Bordeaux or Rochelle, but it is not a well appointed craft; you will suffer bad company and bad attendance if you embark upon it. The better way is the French way—to come back to the centre, Paris, and go direct.

You will pass through Tours, a pretty half-English town (by reason of the English who love to stay there), with an old rampart that is now a delightful walk, and a fair cathedral, and green and wooded outskirts. You will pass Poitiers, the capital of ancient Poitou, where Kings of England were Dukes down to the time of the engrossing Charles V.; but you will only pass it, for it stands on a hill, around which the narrow streets sweep in all kinds of concentricity, embracing queer old churches; and you will remember how the black

Prince of England fought bravely hereabout, taking captive King John, and with this memory delighting you, will hurry on to Angoulême, memorable by reason of the old Duchy, of which it was the seat (and the pears *Duchess d'Angoulême*), and so, through vineyards and smiling country, you will come at length to the Gironde, the great river of the south, as tawny and (below) as wide as the Mississippi, on whose banks lies the city of Bordeaux. It has a British stir and bustle that will surprise you, and in the suburbs you will find the same pretty and neatly-kept suburban residences which belong to English provincial cities. Dogs and dahlias, and graveled walks, and rhododendrons; sleek footmen, too, and little phaetons, and ponies brought thither from Liverpool. The merchants have the solid look of British merchants—all which springs naturally from their constant and familiar intercourse with British ports.

It can hardly be counted an agreeable or attractive city, except you go as trader or wine-fancier. A great square with its quota of shade, and its walks giving views of the river and the shipping, relieves the dustiness of the town, and a huge theatre links the Bordelais population to the gay world of Paris.

The choicest claret region lies northward of the city along the low peninsula of Medoc, which is skirted on the west by the beginning of the flat *landes*, and on the east by the tawny and widening Gironde. An easy day of coaching will carry you through a score of sunny villages to the Chateau Lafitte, lying just beyond the little township of Pauillac. It is a whitewashed, old-fashioned, Frenchy chateau, with extinguiser turrets, curiously carved marble mantels, ancient ormolu clocks, with stiff garden coxcombery of the times of Vauban, sweeping round the outer walls; and beyond this easy vineyard slopes. Trellises of scarce two feet high carry the vines, and neither foliage nor the clusters can conceal the harsh, pebbly soil, which you would declare, if you were bred in a grain-growing county, to be utterly worthless. And the clusters are neither large nor abundant; small, knotted, irregular bunches of grapes, which are almost black, and which do not tempt the appetite like the golden clusters of Fontainebleau. The gold of the vineyards of Lafitte lies in the four hundred hogsheads (about the annual product in old good years) of Sir Samuel Scott's wine.

In the immediate neighborhood lie the vineyards of Latour, Mouton, and Leoville. You may pass them all, and look at them all, in an easy morning's drive, arriving at the village of Margaux, half-way back to Bordeaux, in capital season for a bountiful *dejeuner*.

Chateau Margaux is a pretentious Italian villa, wearing a deserted look, and possessing none of the quaintness or picturesqueness of Lafitte. There is, however, a picturesque cellar of the Margaux wines, in which the cobwebs upon old bottles make charming hangings. If we bear away a *litre* to wet our *dejeuner*, where is the harm?

St. Emilius, and the Grave and Sauterne wines are to be tasted in other directions; and to visit the vineyards, we must retrace our steps to Bordeaux.

For the fact-lovers, let us jot down a few naked memoranda about this Medoc peninsula. It is but a gravel bank raised some sixty to eighty feet above the level of the river in its highest portions, and nowhere more than a mile or two in breadth.

The *landes*, which stretch from it to the Biscayan shores on the south and west, produce only furze and low shrubs. There are vineyards upon this gravel bank of Medoc which have the look only of a waste of white silicious pebbles; others again seem to be of slaty débris; and nowhere could you thrust your staff in the earth more than an inch or two.

Yet upon this gravelly mass the sun lies warmly and kindly. For hours after sunset those pebbles which have been basking all day in the light retain their heat, and through all the night give it to the little rootlets of the vine. Scarce any dressing is given; only from time to time a little vegetable mould is drawn about them and washed down by the rains. Four times in a season the plow, drawn by perfectly trained oxen, passes between the trellises, alternately covering and laying bare the roots.

Nothing is so fatal to a crop as standing water, either upon the surface or within reach of the lower rootlets.

The total produce of Medoc, in average years (before the oidium), was some two hundred thousand barrels; of which, however, only four to five thousand were of the first growths, as Margaux, Lafitte, Latour, and Mouton.

Of the vintage season and its festivities in Medoc, we excerpt this description from the guide-books of the region: "The proprietors at this time repair hither with their friends and families to superintend the proceedings and make merry; grape gatherers pour in from the left bank of the Gironde to assist in the vintage. Busy crowds of men, women, and children sweep the vineyards from end to end, clearing all before them like bands of locusts, while the air resounds with their songs and laughter. The utmost care is employed by the pickers to remove from the bundles all defective, dried, mouldy, or unripe grapes. Every road is thronged with carts filled with high-heaped tubs, which the laboring oxen are dragging slowly to the pressing trough. This is placed usually in a lofty out-house, resembling a barn, whence issue sounds of still louder merriment, and a scene presents itself sufficiently singular to the stranger. Upon a square wooden trough stand three or four men with bare legs all stained with purple juice, dancing and treading down the grapes as fast as they are thrown in, to the tunes of a violin. The labor of constantly stamping down the fruit is desperately fatiguing, and without music would get on very slowly; a fiddler, therefore, forms part of every wine-grower's establishment; and as long as the instrument pours forth its merry notes the treaders continue their dance in the gore of the grape."

If we should go from Bordeaux to visit the country of the Grave wines (only a few hours' ride away), we should find the proprietors full of hospitality; the same British air of comfort which we before remarked—the flowers, the court dog, the generous stables, the green rhododendrons; and within, if we chanced to enter, always a *gout* of their best vintage—white and red (it is a common error to count all Grave wine white)—a dish of mouldy cheese, and a plateful of nuts. The Haut Brion was a once famous wine of the Graves order, which has latterly lost character from the neglect of various proprietors. We remember that, in the straitened times of 1848, all the contents of the Haut Brion cellars were offered at auction, and com-

manded only a price which in these days, at only ten years' remove, would be counted fabulously small.

But, after all, the true vintage festivities of France lie in Burgundy, and not in Medoc. The gravelly soil, the tawny Gironde, the bustling Bordeaux, the level reach of *landes*, will not compare with those sunny slopes of the golden hills by Macon and Dijon which look toward the Rhine and Switzerland. There is no intermingling of the British element of civilization; nothing recalls Bootle, or Holborn, or Richmond Hill. The peasants are gay, dancing, chatting Burgundian peasants; the hills all land-bound; the distance hemmed with Juras if not Alps; the wines unctuous and fragrant; the wine-gatherers living, and loving, and dancing by traditionary formula—which formula have bases in the Burgundian nature. If there be such thing as a charming *insouciance*, you will find it among the Burgundian grape-gatherers in the time of the Burgundian vintage. You seem to feel as you look on them (and they to feel on whom you look) that the church belfry and cross are to save us all—the kindly sky to feed us all—the clustering cottages to shelter us all—and the laughing girls to love us all.

We know no spot of country where an American, fagged with the din and the hot blast of what we call Progress, can so easily and thoroughly forget steam, and telegraphing, and woman's rights, and the big type of extras, and the blaze of illuminations, as on some quiet hill-side of the *Côte d'Or* in Burgundy, where the grapes are purpling upon the same gnarled stocks which ripened them a century ago; where the girls wear beechen *sabots* on their feet, and on their faces abounding health and joy; where fête-days gather them, with the Burgundian boys, to dance in meadows far into the middle of the night; where railways are known only by the shrill whistle that comes a league through the stillness of noon or by the feathery trail of vapor which may be seen gushing and wasting along the valley of the Saone.

Talk to these people of Mr. Field and the Telegraph! Talk to these people of Frazer River and Spurgeon!

And yet are these Burgundians to be entirely commiserated? Would they give thanks for a fast man's pity? Would they change fortunes—save at a loss—with any holder of water-lots in the great city of Cairo? or a man whose wealth lies in bonds of the Ohio and Mississippi, and who reads at Chicago, this first of September, the prices of consols on the London Exchange of yesterday?

Will any ripeness of civilization do away with these great contrasts? Can steam come between the sun and the grapes? Will there not be always the patient waiting on the seasons, and those whose duty and whose joy it shall be to wait?

Editor's Drawer.

OCTOBER, russet gray and sober, with her nuts and apples, grapes and corn, promise of winter evenings and good cheer, the social pleasures, domestic comforts, glad and grateful hearts—October, the crown of the harvest and the year, has come!

These autumn evenings, the apple parings, the spinning bees, the quiltings, the huskings, not to speak of the parties and frolics that are to come—these are the seasons in which the Drawer most delights in the intervals of toil, and here he dispenses

his good things with a liberal hand. He comes well loaded now, and with his usual wishes that his readers may be liberal that he may have the means to be more so in return, he opens his store.

On the top of the Drawer we find two anecdotes of clergymen: the first old, but good.

The celebrated divine, Robert Hall, and the Rev. Matthew Wilkes were, on one occasion, guests in the same house; and after the services, held during a convention of the denomination of Baptists, were seated in the parlor, surrounded, of course, by numerous friends.

Mr. Hall, full of wit and pleasantry, and as cheerful as the painful disease from which he suffered permitted him to be, entertained the ladies and was the life of the party. Presently, up spake old Wilkes—"I am surprised, Mr. Hall, after the very serious discourse you gave us this afternoon, to see you display so much levity as you do this evening."

"My dear Sir," said Robert Hall, "there is just this difference between you and me: you have your nonsense in the pulpit, and I have mine in the parlor." Matthew was quiet the rest of the evening.

THE Rev. Dr. —, of Georgia, has a rather slow delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the Lunatic Asylum.

At his last appointment he was preaching upon the absolute necessity of trusting in Christ. He was illustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hung, and reprieved under the gallows. He went on to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence for the *dénouement*, the Doctor became a little prolix. One of the lunatics could hold in no longer; he arose in the congregation, and shouted, "*Hurry, Doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the man before you get there!*"

A FAIR correspondent in the Green Mountain State, who is a little ahead of the good people in her vicinity, sends us an account of the graphic picture drawn by her venerable minister in a recent sermon, when he was making an illustration from a well-remembered but somewhat doubtful story of the late war in India. The good man had read the incident of Jessie Brown, of Lucknow, crying, "I hear the *pibroch*! they are coming!" But he did not exactly understand what the *pibroch* is, and he had read of the *slogan*, as a war-cry of the Highlands, and with a dim idea of the story, he proceeded:

"I have been reading an account of a very interesting incident that happened in the war in the Crimea, or in India, I don't now exactly remember which it was, but no matter; the people in one of the cities, it was Delhi or Lucknow, or some other city in the East, were surrounded by the enemy, and were reduced to the last extremity by famine. A young woman, by the name of, let me see—it was—yes, I think it was Betsey Brown, cried out, 'The *sheebroch* is coming! the *sheebroch* is coming!'"

That will do. Let us pass on to something else;

but not until we have duly chronicled the following conjectural emendation of this same much-quoted story, for which we are indebted to a lady in Connecticut. Zoology, we presume, was the worthy minister's *forte*:

"A good old Presbyterian of St. Louis, while recently addressing a crowded religious assembly, said that Christ was at the door ready to deliver sinners from bondage and death. To illustrate that this deliverance was at hand, he related the account of the Scotch lassie, who, during the recent rebellion in Hindostan, fancied she heard one of the national airs of her country—putting her ear to the ground, she heard distinctly the air, 'The Campbells are coming!' The idea was scouted by her listeners, but the result proved she was correct. The old gentleman said, 'that as *camels* were not used in that country, she probably meant to say, *elephants*!' Seeing his audience smile (approval he supposed) at his explanation, he unfortunately went on to expatiate still more on the subject."

Not many years ago, in the village of Eatonton, Georgia, a man made his appearance and stopped at the tavern. He was possessed of a most remarkable *nose*, one which almost monopolized his entire face—red, Roman, enormous: it was such a nose as is only seen in a lifetime. So great a show was it that it attracted universal attention. The glances cast at it, and the remarks made about it, had rendered its owner somewhat sensitive upon the subject. A half-grown negro boy was summoned by the proprietor to carry his baggage to his room. Cuffee was much taken with the nose. As he came out of the room, unable to contain himself longer, he exclaimed, "Golly! *what a nose!*" Our traveler overheard him, and went to his master with a demand for his punishment.

Cuffee was called up, and, at the suggestion of some by-standers, was *let off* on condition that he would apologize to the offended gentleman. This he readily agreed to do. Walking to the room where our traveler was, and touching his hat and humbly bowing, he said, "*Massa, you ain't got no nose at all!*"

A CINCINNATI gentleman, signing himself Porkopolis, has another version of the origin of that slander in the West that Jersey men are worse than Yankees. He says:

"Fifty-four years since I passed through the Quaker State of Pennsylvania, on my way to these backwoods, and this village of twelve hundred inhabitants, and in which I found one brick house, and where a lot of 20 feet by 100 was, three years since, sold at the small price of fifty-five hundred dollars per front foot, that, fifty years ago, could have been bought for less than one dollar per front foot. In passing through Pennsylvania I saw a field with a crop I had never seen in New Jersey. I rode up and inquired of the farmer what the crop was that was growing in his field. He replied,

"A large number of Yankees moved here last fall, and I expect the crop will be in great demand."

"I then saw the crop was hemp.

"Oh," said I, raising my hand, 'I am not a Yankee. I am a *Jerseyman*. I came from the State of New Jersey.'

"He stepped back in great alarm, and cried out,

"From New Jersey! A *Jerseyman*! *The very kind of Yankee we intend it for!*"

"I cleared out speedily. My companion and

myself had to call at a toll-gate, which was a scarce article in those days. A female kept the gate; and to quiz her, we inquired if she could tell us how far it was from her gate to hither and yonder?

"Oh," said she, 'I can. Three times the length of two fools; and if you do not believe me, you may lie down and measure.'"

HERE is an Indiana contribution to the Drawer: "While rummaging over some old letters which I found stored in a warehouse, not long ago, among others I picked up this fragment of one written in verse, by a soldier in the ever-memorable battle of New Orleans. I am sorry that I could not find the whole manuscript; but if you think it worth a perusal, here is a part of it, commencing with the sixth stanza:

VI.

"The first *attempt* was made to fight
Was on December, the twenty-third night;
The *volenteers* from Tennessee
Was *kild* and captured, sixty-three.

VII.

The next attempt the British made
Was on December the twenty-eight;
Then marched the invader toward our line,
Till wee frustreated their dezine.

VIII.

But sum of our own men did yeald
And faul a victim on the field;
Those that ley kild in their own goare
Was *Kernel* Henderson and six more.

IX.

On New-Year's morning, as the sun did rise,
A heavy fog darken'd the skies;
A British *kennon* did us alarm,
Which made us all fly to our *arm*.

X.

The battle lasted that hole day—
Artillery on both sides did play;
The fierey darts that at us flew
Was *kennon* bauls, and rockets two.

* * * * *

XVI.

Wee are *melitia* from Tennessee,
Turnd out to fight for *Libertee*:
Come, let us join with one acord,
And hold our freedom by the Swoard.

XVII.

Now wee have gaine'd the victoree,
And caus'd our enemy for to flee;
We wait to hear our Ginerall say
Heel march us back to Tennessee.

XVIII.

Then wee will bid Orleans *adew*,
And on our journey *weel* pushue,
And for sweet Tennessee weel steare,
To meet our wives and sweet-harts dear.

From ANDREW K. LAWSON to CYRUS MILLER.

"I have always read with great pleasure that best part of your Magazine, the Drawer, and could not refrain from adding my mite. NEMO."

"BEN MOORE was my chum at Middlebury College. He abominated, and, as far as possible, ignored the practice of holding recitations at five A.M. One morning, after having been absent for a week, he made his appearance in the Astronomy class, and fell asleep on the bench. Presently the Professor aroused him with the question, 'Moore, what is time?'

"BEN. 'Time, Sir? don't know, Sir.'

"PROF. 'What is sidereal time?'"

"BEN. 'Sidereal time? don't know, Sir.'"

"PROF. 'What is solar time?'"

"BEN. 'Solar time? don't know, Sir.'"

"PROF. (*severely*.) 'What is mean time?'"

"BEN. (*indignantly*.) 'Five o'clock in the morning, Sir!'"

A COUNSELOR, when he first "domiciled" in Detroit, was troubled with "niver a cint," and he "oncet upon a time" described his poverty as follows.

"When I first came to Detroit, I was in perfect rags; the smallest hole in my shirt was the one I stuck my head through, and I had to have that, my only shirt, washed by the dozen, for it was in twelve pieces."

THE REV. DR. — is notorious for incorporating whole pages from the discourses of the old English divines into his sermons, without ever alluding to the sources to which he is mainly indebted for much of his inspiration and reputation. One of his admiring parishioners lately said to Mr. Fields, the well-known Boston publisher, "Our clergyman is a great preacher; don't you think, Mr. Fields, his style is magnificent, quite like one of the eloquent old divines of the 16th century?"

"Yes," said Mr. Fields, knowingly winking to a by-stander, "his style is evidently that of the *judicious Hooker*."

TOM CORWIN, of Ohio, is much in the habit of cracking jokes at the expense of his complexion, which is none of the lightest. Every one recollects the way in which he rid himself of the imputation of favoring negro suffrage during the agitation of that question in his State. While speaking in the southern part of the State, where the pro-negro feeling is none of the strongest, he was charged with having favored negro suffrage in his speeches on the Reserve.

"Certainly, gentlemen," says he, passing his hand over his face, "certainly I favored it. You would not expect me to deprive *myself* of a vote!"

One evening, in his own parlor in Washington, while Secretary of the Treasury, his complexion was made the subject of a jest equally good. Mr. Hubbard, the Postmaster-General, was discussing with a young lady the gradual assimilation of husband and wife to one another in personal appearance; and they, unable to agree, came to Mr. Corwin, who was conversing with a gentleman and lady at the opposite side of the room, for a decision.

"Well," said he, hesitating a moment, and raising his hands to his face, "I don't know how it may be with others; but as for me, I married a white woman about thirty years ago, and I don't see that it has altered my complexion any as yet!"

MASSACHUSETTS has always been celebrated for the infinite variety of characters annually assembled in her General Court, as she calls her Legislature. It was here that the well-known speech was made by a Berkshire orator on the bill to abolish imprisonment for debt: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general." At this point he was interrupted by a Boston brother, who pulled his coat, and whispered, "You had better stop; you are coming out at the same hole you went in at."

But we were going to tell a new one. Volney Denton was dragging his slow length along through a speech that had exhausted every thing but the member's own wind, when one more impatient than the rest, Colonel Jones, moved that the House do adjourn.

"I hope the House will not adjourn," said Denton, "till I get through."

"Well," replied Colonel Jones, "at the rate you are *boring*, I suppose you must be nearly *through*." Mr. Denton was through.

THE progress of education in the rural districts we frequently illustrate in the Drawer by original correspondence, sent to us in autograph. Our Pennsylvania friend furnishes a curious specimen, with the preliminary explanation that "the letter is from a master collier at one of our charcoal furnaces in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, to his employers. Old Jacob, of whom he complains for not hauling enough leaves to each of the coal-pits, is the teamster; and Old Pool's Dog is the sign at a tavern which stands near the roadside, between the furnace and the coal-pits:"

HUNTINGDON COUNTY PA

Mr S P W—— & Co

please send the small bed out on tuesday next for to hall leaves I am the last one to hollow ouch without being hurt but this comes to tite for the last two weeks our leaves has been a good eal of bother to us I cant nor wont stand it any longer we had for to commodate old Jacob for the last four pits we had to cary one third of the leaves from one pit to the other nor could we pravail with him to leave any more at them I think if one of you would sea him past old pools dog he would get along better nothing more at presant try correct this bad composeing

G L C——

there was two pokes sent in for that coffee, with care we found the coffee one third to tobacco and the other part straw And the other part coffee a pretty mix

Send out two mew baskets for to pay my dets

As a further illustration of the progress of literature in our enlightened land, take the following "Notice," the original of which we find in the Drawer, sent by a friend in the State of Georgia. He says that he found it posted conspicuously on a store-house in the Okefenoke region:

NOTICE TO DR

Wheras I design Going to Savanah Soon & The year ar near closing I want Some money for acct that ar open & alls the cash is better to me than Notes Due Look round & help your umble Servent out & keep allthings strate I cant wate mutch langer as Deversety is no poore mans Friend

P WELLTON

December 16th 1857

GENEVA, the lovely village on Seneca Lake, furnishes the following specimen of parliamentary ruling:

"In this fairest village of Western New York, the 'culled pussons,' in emulation of their white brethren, formed a Debating Society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the Society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed his duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was, 'Wich am de mudder ob de chicken—de hen wot lays de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?'"

"The question was warmly debated, and many reasons *pro* and *con* were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and

the President made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect: 'S'pose,' said he, 'dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, wich am de mudder—de duck or de hen?' This was a poser, was well put, and rather nonplused the other side, and even staggered the President, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair, in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: 'Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out!' and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

AN Irish bull was lately caught in Pittsburg. A correspondent of ours, writing from what he is pleased to call the "smoky city," says:

"The animal called an 'Irish Bull' has often crossed my field, but never but once have I witnessed the quadruped as he escaped from his verdant, native fields. For this pleasure I was indebted to *auld John Kelly*. John was a hale, broad-shouldered, broad-footed Patlander, the rich depth of whose brogue was only equaled by the breadth of his brogans. John's affections were limited to three things; viz., the Mither Kirk, the cratur, and the childer. Of the latter he had bestowed upon his adopted counthry thirteen Young Americans. These, when ranged along the cabin wall for counting, their scalps all closely shorn, except a fringe left for ornamentation about the forehead, from the youngest to the oldest, their heads made an ascending grade of just three degrees. The oldest sickened, and John, fearing the ailment would descend over the whole grade to the little foot of the pyramid, called for a little 'dochter stuff.' He got his prescription, and left in haste, but reappeared again after several hours, with a very obstetrical countenance, and his linsey in dishabille. John delivered himself somewhat in this wise:

"I know, yes, I was in a great hurry, but I just stopped to take a *drap* with a *frind*, *d'ye mind*. Patrick and Biddy was at loggerheads, *d'ye mind*, and I just like *interfared* for *pace*, and got *baten* by them both for my trouble, *d'ye mind*; then I got tired like, *d'ye mind*, and lay down by the fence to rest, and while I was slaping some spawn of a cobbler sow'd corn all around and ferment me, *d'ye mind*; and the hogs come—the divil always was in the swine, any how, *d'ye mind*—and the grady bastes hunted under me, and toss'd me about till they broke the *vial*, *d'ye mind*, and now the poor childer must suffer, *d'ye mind*.' Here John blubbered, but thinking tears ill became his manhood, he arrested them, exclaiming, 'But I am no chile, dochter! No, I am no chile; and, what is more, *I was never bornd a chile!*'

"John was doubtless born a child, but the 'best man' on all the waters of Breakneck, and Brush Creek to boot, was never much addicted to the melting mood."

A CINCINNATI correspondent, jealous of the fame of the Queen City, tells us how to make a pork-merchant:

"Cincinnati has become famous for her pork and her painters. Sometimes these two principal de-

velopments of the local characteristics have interfered with each other, and the aspiring youth, who might have made a respectable butcher or packer, finds it difficult to get enough pork to eat, in his more ambitious pursuit; while, on the other hand, the arts have been occasionally robbed of a genius which has been turned into the more lucrative and lubricative channel.

"One of our wealthy merchants affords an instance of this. When a boy he exhibited artistic inclinations which were the delight of his mother and sisters, who saw a budding Benjamin West in his incipient sketches. His father, viewing things in a more practical light, was inclined to deprecate the pursuit of art, but sensibly offered no opposition to the design, feeling that to be the most certain way of making the career inevitable. How he, at length, homeopathically cured him is told in this way:

"The boy was permitted to paint, and even, full of enthusiasm, to desert the paternal counting-house and hire a garret, where he labored most industriously. One day a friend of his father called upon him there—his first visitor, by-the-way—and, to his inexpressible joy, gave him a commission for a picture; an epoch that was sufficiently dilated upon by him at the dinner-table. He was congratulated by his parent, who, adroitly pretending to see in it prospects of future wealth, succeeded in giving a pecuniary character to the boy's as yet purely ambitious dreams—dreams of wealth that encouraged him to labor in the three or four weeks that he wrought upon the picture. When it was finished he sought with delight his patron, whose criticisms were of the kindest possible character, and who received it with apparent pleasure. Weeks rolled on, however, without a word being said of the remuneration he was to receive; and as no more 'orders' presented themselves, and his pocket-money, more lavishly spent since he had felt sure of his art *paying*, was insufficient to purchase new materials, he finally presented himself to his patron, and modestly suggested the payment for his picture.

"His friend, appearing greatly astonished, as if he had misunderstood him, cried,

"Pay?"

"Yes, Sir, if you can spare it *now*."

"Pay! Why, I never heard of such impudence. What! pay for a picture! Ridiculous! And he laughed as if the idea was a good joke. 'Oh no, my young friend,' he continued, with a serious manner, 'I never thought you wished remuneration for such trifling amusement. John! go after Master F——'s picture, and give it back to him.'

"The mortified boy took the canvas and returned, despairingly, home. As if by accident, that day his father asked him, at dinner, what he had bought with the money he had made. Unable to reply, and disgusted with a profession so poorly appreciated, young F—— went back to the counting-house the next day; and now laughingly attributes to the picture hanging in the library the cause of his present prosperity; while it is said—and the number of other paintings on his walls confirms the report—that other artists have reason to congratulate themselves that the painter became a pork merchant."

"A FEW months ago," says a correspondent, "I observed in the Drawer an anecdote or two of that

great and good man, the late Dr. Strong, of Hartford. Permit me to offer you another:

"Rev. Dr. Strong and Rev. Dr. Mason, of New York, sometimes visited each other. On one of these occasions, while Dr. M. was visiting in Hartford, the two Doctors one day took a walk together. Now the stoop of Dr. Strong's residence was of freestone, and constructed after the old Yankee pattern; that is, two stone slabs, of sufficient thickness each to form a step, laid upon each other, the upper being smaller than the lower. It so happened that a corner of the lower stone had been broken and laid up loosely; so when the two clergymen returned from their walk, and were ascending the steps, Dr. Mason stepped upon the broken corner, which turned over with him, and caused him to stumble.

"'Brother Strong,' he exclaimed, 'why don't you mend your ways?'

"'I would,' said Dr. S., 'if I were a Mason.'"

SHADOWS.

As the summer eve declines,
And the fading glory shines
Through the shadow of the pines;

And the western wind doth break
From his noontide rest, and wake
Music on the silent lake;

As low the dreaming echoes brood,
Through the faint odors of the wood,
There comes a stirring of the blood,

Thrilling to my heart with pain,
As though hidden voices came
From the buried Past again;

And I feel thy presence near,
With thy calm brow and waving hair,
Shining through the twilight air;

Light is in thine earnest eyes,
Like the gleam of starry skies
Ere the summer dawn arise.

And a haunting voice I know
Speaketh to me soft and low,
As in days of long ago.

Ah! those days, when we forsook
Wisdom's dusty tomes, and took
Knowledge from life's passion-book;

Reading in each other's eyes,
And our trembling low replies,
All its burning mysteries!

Still I seem to clasp thy hand,
While the shadows o'er the land
Deepen swiftly as we stand

In communion low and sweet,
While my bounding pulses beat
Music to the moments fleet!

* * * *

Darker now the shadows fall,
And the boding owlets call
From the ruined homestead wall.

Ah! I clasped a form of air!
Gone from the Night thy presence fair,
Leaving me to my despair!

WESTERN simplicity—not greenness, but genuine candor and character—are seen in the following incidents, sent to the Drawer by a distant correspondent:

"In a wild Western neighborhood, where the sound of the church-going bell had never been heard, notice was given that the Rev. Mr. A—,

a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

"The natives, who consisted mainly of those hardy pioneers who have preceded civilization, came in crowds to hear him. They had an indistinct idea that *preachin'* was something to be heard, and all intended to hear it.

"After the service had begun a raw-boned hunter, with rifle in hand and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only vacant seat—a nail-keg without either head. The current of the preacher's thought led him into a description of heaven and its inhabitants. With great power he had drawn a picture of the habitation of the blessed, and was assigning each of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles his appropriate place. His Calvinistic tendencies led him to reserve the Apostle Paul for his climacteric. With his eye fixed on the highest point, and with an upward gesture that seemed to be directed to the loftiest altitude of the heavenly places, he said,

"'And where, my brethren, shall we seat the great Apostle of the Gentiles?—where, I say, shall we place the Apostle Paul?'

"Then pausing, to give the imagination time to reach the elevation designed for the Apostle, he fixed his eye on our hero of the rifle. He, thinking the address personal, rose instantly, and replied,

"'If he can't do no better he can take my seat.'

"It is needless to say that *that* climax was never reached."

"THERE was, some years ago, in the eastern part of our State, a very pompous gentleman of the legal profession, who somewhat resembled necessity (in knowing no law), but whose huge body and conceited manners made him the butt of his professional brethren. At the same bar practiced a keen, active, energetic, little lawyer, almost a dwarf in stature, but, intellectually, very much the superior of his ponderous friend. It happened, during one of the sessions of the court, that a very heavy rain fell, and one morning the wide street which separated the court-house and tavern was ankle-deep with water.

"'B—, my dear little fellow,' said the gigantic W—, 'you never can get across the street in this flood; you will certainly drown. I shall have to take you across on my back!'

"'You would have more law on your back than you ever had in your head,' was the ready retort."

A PHILADELPHIAN writes: "What a great success is your charming Magazine! When the first number came out I was in New York, and, dining with a party of literary gentlemen, the new Magazine was handled without gloves. It was agreed on all hands that it could not live. But now, what work so welcome in every family, with something for the young, and something for the old, and the Drawer for every body?"

"You have probably never heard," writes a Western correspondent, "of a rabbit being shot dead without powder, lead, or gun. Your Drawer is a great institution, but it never had such a story as the veritable one I am about to relate. A few weeks ago three young men of our town were returning home, about sunset, when one of them (who was an active hunter) espied a rabbit about twenty-five yards ahead of them, enjoying the cool of the evening. As soon as the young sportsman saw

the rabbit he whispered to his companions to halt. Deliberately lifting his walking-cane up to his shoulder, he held it to his sight as if it were a fowl-pie, took good aim, and imitated, as near as possible, with his voice the report of a gun—bang! The poor little rabbit jumped, fell heels over head, gave two or three cries, and lay on his back, with his legs standing up in the air, shivering in the agonies of death. When the party got up to it, it was dead. Judge of the surprise of the young men when they saw the effect of their companion's imitation gun-shot report! They thought at first that the little thing died of fright; but on turning it over they saw their mistake, its head being saturated with blood! The sportsman himself was quite startled. They began to suspect that the days of witchcraft had returned. But they pretty soon discovered that they were mistaken in that. It appears that the rabbit, when he was disturbed by the *bang*, jumped, and struck against the stump of a bush, and knocked himself lifeless!"

MR. NEWMAN is a famous New England singing-master: *i. e.*, a teacher of vocal music in the rural districts. Stopping overnight at the house of a simple-minded old lady, whose grandson and pet, Enoch, was a pupil of Mr. Newman, he was asked by the lady how Enoch was getting on. He gave a rather poor account of the boy, and asked his grandmother if she really thought Enoch had any ear for music.

"Wa'al," said the old woman, "I raaly don't know; won't you just take the candle and look and see!"

HERE is as genuine an Irishman as we have recently had in the Drawer.

"In the days of packets, when every body went to Albany from Western New York *via* the 'ragging canal,' a company of six or eight gentlemen assembled one evening at a Hotel in Lyons, to wait for the two o'clock A.M. boat. They spent the fore part of the night playing cards and cracking jokes and Champagne. When they retired, they left particular orders with the porter to call them at half past one. Soundly they slept till the clock struck 'three,' when in came the porter, yelling at the top of his voice, 'Gentlemen, get up quick, the boat has *been gone more than an hour!*'"

A COUNTRY seat, located in the Muskingum valley, has its bar frequently enlivened by the wit and other eccentricities of a learned Irish member known as the Doctor. He came to our country when a boy, went through and graduated at one of our Eastern universities, was, for years, a professor of Natural Science and Phe-lase-pher (as he yet calls it) in one of our Western colleges, has studied and practiced medicine, is familiar with all the dead languages, and for years a successful member of the bar, but he still retains, in all their natural and pristine glory, the wit and brogue of his native isle, his greatest fault being a desire to do all the talking, and never knowing when he is done.

On the trial of a certain cause, in which he was attorney for one of the parties, the opposing counsel found it necessary to make a witness of the learned Doctor. To this the latter objected, but finally, under the ruling of the Court, he had to take the stand. After a long and tedious examination, and after the counsel who called the Doctor

to the stand had repeatedly informed him that he was through, and finally appealed to the Court to put an end to the interminable harangue that was following the last question put, the Doctor, with the utmost simplicity, and sincerely indignant at the interruption, demanded,

"May it please the Court, an' hiv I not a right to cross-examine meself?"

WHEN the territory now comprising the State of Ohio was first organized into a government, and Congressmen about being elected, there were two candidates, both men of standing and ability, brought out in that fertile region watered by the beautiful Muskingum.

Mr. Morgan, the one, was a reluctant aspirant for the honor, but his friends insisted on his running, and also on his paying his respects to the people by calling meetings at various points and addressing them. In one part of the district there was a large and very intelligent German settlement, and it was generally conceded that their vote, usually given one way, would be decisive of the contest. To secure this important interest, Mr. Morgan, in the course of the campaign, paid this part of the district a visit, and, by his condescension and polite manners, made a most favorable impression on the entire population—the electors, in fact, all pledging themselves to cast their vote for him.

Colonel Jackson, the opposing candidate, and ambitious for the office, hearing of this successful move on the part of his opponent, determined to counteract it if possible. To this end he started for the all-important settlement. On introducing himself, and after several fruitless attempts to dissipate the favorable effect of Mr. Morgan's visit, he was finally informed by one of the leading men of the precinct that

"It ish no goode yan coming hare, Colonel Shackson, ve have all bromisht to vote for our friendt, Miester Morgans."

"Ah ha!" says the Colonel; "but did you hear what Mr. Morgan did when he returned home from visiting you?"

"No, vat vas it?"

"Why he ordered his chamber-maid to bring him some soap and warm water, that he might wash the smell of the *sour-kroust* off his hands."

The Colonel left, and in a few days the election coming off, each candidate made his appearance at the critical German polls. The votes were then given *viva voce*, and you may judge of Mr. Morgan's astonishment as each lusty Dutchman announced the name of Colonel *Schackson*, holding up his hand toward the outwitted candidate, and indignantly asking,

"Ah ha, Miester Morgans, you zee ony *sour-kroust* dare?"

It is needless to say that Colonel *Schackson* took a seat in the next Congress.

ONE of our countrymen abroad remembers the Drawer, and communicates half a dozen entertaining stories.

"Colonel L— was, and still is, for aught I know to the contrary, one of the most distinguished practitioners in the Criminal Courts of the city of Philadelphia. On one occasion, when he was for the prosecution, his witnesses had been subjected to a terrible cross-examination from Mr. Ingraham, who appeared for the defense. After the testimony

for the State had closed, Colonel L—— said to his opponent,

“‘Now, Mr. Ingraham, I intend to handle your witnesses without gloves.’”

“‘*That is more than I would like to do with yours,*’ responded Mr. Ingraham.”

“JUDGE B—— was not only one of the best judges, but also one of the best and most successful criminal lawyers in Philadelphia some years ago. When the Court of which he was the presiding judge was legislated out of existence, he betook himself again to the practice of the law, and was retained in nearly all the important criminal cases of that period. A new Court had been formed by act of the Legislature, and three new judges appointed, all of whom were very hostile to B——, not only on account of his superior knowledge of law, but because he never let an occasion slip to show them that he was their superior.

“On one occasion he was defining his opinion on a point of law before the Court in *banc* on a motion for a new trial in arrest of judgment. He was suddenly stopped by one of the judges with,

“‘Now, Judge B——, that is not the law, and you know it; and if you don’t know it you ought to, for you were a judge once yourself.’”

“‘As for the matter of that, your Honor,’ rejoined Judge B——, ‘there has been more than one booby upon the bench.’”

“That settled the hash with one of the judges, but the other two were determined to have a set-to with him, and the multiplicity of his practice soon gave them the desired opportunity.

“A few days after the ‘booby’ received his quietus, Judge B—— had a case before them, which, for particular reasons, he wished to have continued for a day or two. B—— was for the defense. The Attorney-General was willing to continue it, but the judge was determined it should go on. B—— was nettled at this discourtesy, but he ‘nursed his wrath to keep it warm.’ The case was called up, the jury impaneled, and the defense was called upon to plead to the indictment.

“Judge B—— hastily indorsed the plea of Not Guilty on the back of the indictment, without being noticed by the judge, and throwing himself back in his chair, folded his arms, and looked very unconcernedly out of the window. The judge called to him in a loud tone,

“‘Judge B——, have you *plead*?’”

“‘No! your Honor, I have not.’”

“Hand me the bill of indictment, Mr. Attorney-General,” said the judge. He glanced at it, and noticing the entering of the plea became very angry.

“‘What does this mean, Judge B——?’ thundered the judge. ‘You have just told me you had not plead to the indictment, and here is your plea in your own handwriting. Do you mean to insult the Court, Sir?’”

“‘On the contrary,’ said Judge B——, slowly raising himself to his full height, ‘I wish to instruct the Court. Your Honor asked me if I had *plead* to the indictment. I answered, I had not, and I repeat it. Now for the instruction of the Court, *I have pleaded*. I hope the Court is satisfied that I intended no insult.’”

“No. 2 let him alone thereafter.

“But Judge No. 3, the youngest of the three, essayed his powers upon Judge B—— only a few weeks later.

“Judge B—— was defending a notorious rascal

who was indicted on the charge of Larceny. The evidence for the prosecution was overwhelming, which Judge B—— not only made no attempt to refute, but offered no testimony in favor of his client. The Judge on the bench suggested that, as the case was a clear one, it had better be submitted without argument. But Judge B—— thought differently, and stated that he should address the jury. The Attorney-General opened the case, and Judge B—— followed in a speech that partook of a Fourth of July oration, a lecture upon Shakspeare, and a history of the French Revolution. In his flight of eloquence he forgot both his client and the flight of time. He was brought to a sudden check in one of his most beautiful bursts by the voice of the Judge, who had been on nettles for the last half hour.

“‘Judge B——,’ said he, pulling out his watch, ‘are you aware of the time of day? It is half past one o’clock, Sir.’”

“‘Well, what of that?’ quietly returned the orator.

“‘You know very well, Sir,’ answered the Judge, who was a sallow, meagre-looking, and extremely irritable man, ‘that the Court is in the habit of adjourning every day at one o’clock for dinner. The Court has waited half an hour expecting you to finish your speech.’”

“This was too much for Judge B——, and turning full upon the Judge, with his long finger extended, exclaimed,

“‘I know your Honor is a great lover of Shakspeare—I know your Honor is a great admirer of the poetry of the immortal bard; but there is one great truth in Shakspeare that must have escaped the attention of your Honor. I allude to that scene in King Lear where the poet, with great truth, says, “*The lean, lank, and hungry judge would hang the guiltless rather than eat his mutton cold!*” With your Honor’s permission I will here close my speech.’”

“Mr. INGRAHAM, who has appeared before in the Drawer, was sitting one day in the Law library, looking up some authorities, when Mr. M——, a young lawyer of some promise, but possessed, unfortunately, of an exceedingly unpleasant breath, suddenly made his appearance in great haste in search of a book that he needed immediately in the Court below, and puffed out in broken sentences,

“‘Oh—dear—Mr. Ingraham—I am—entirely—out of breath.’”

“‘That is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you,’ said Ingraham, and pursued his reading.”

“I MUST tell you a good story I heard some years ago in Northern Germany,” writes a friend, “when on a visit to one of its busiest commercial towns:

“A party of steady old merchants were in the habit of meeting every evening at a club-room to enjoy a sociable game of whist with their pipes and beer. One of the party, not then in business, had a habit of going to the club-house immediately after dinner, and to while away the time until the arrival of his companions drank a bottle of port wine. By the time his companions got fairly seated for play, old Port-wine became very sleepy, frequently falling into a doze, and annoying the other players exceedingly. They resolved upon curing him. On a certain evening they made an arrangement with the proprietor, and all the other parties in the room, that when old Port fell into his accustomed

nap the lights were to be extinguished, but the parties were to continue talking and calling out their play as if actually engaged in it. This went on for a few minutes, when old Port, waking up, found himself in utter darkness.

"I lead the ace of trumps," said one of the conspirators. "It is your play, Mr. —," addressing the awakened sleeper.

"But I can't play," said he. "I can't see—every thing is dark. What is the meaning of this?" now thoroughly aroused, and rubbing his eyes.

"Meaning? Nothing! Come, come, play! don't keep the game waiting. You are asleep."

"No no, gentlemen; I am not asleep; *I have gone blind!*"

"The old gentleman never filled up the time by filling himself with port wine after dinner from that time on. He was cured."

JOHN WESLEY was a wise man as well as good. He displayed his wisdom in the framework of the mighty ecclesiastical system that bears his name, and has already become one of the powers in the world. In the fragments of his writings that are now floating on the pages of the current literature we find this brief passage—worthy of Wesley, worthy of any body, worthy of an angel! We put it into the Drawer, and therefore indorse it, for which Mr. Wesley would doubtless be very much obliged to the Drawer:

"Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach in any kind of degree to the spirit of persecution. If you can not reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all."

A SOUTHERN correspondent describes a marriage ceremony performed by an Episcopal clergyman the other day, the parties being of the colored part of the population. Jack was very anxious to do his part in the performance creditably, and repeated the words after the minister in a full, clear tone of voice; but his memory was short, and the service was long. He set the company into a titter by taking Sarah "for worse" instead of "for better or worse;" but when it came a little farther on, all gravity was overthrown by his attempting to follow the minister, who said, "And thereto I plight my troth," which Jack rendered, in his own fashion, "I takes her upon trust." One or two trials, however, enabled him to go through, and he was duly joined to his Sarah.

"UT SUPRA," the Latin for "as above," was sadly blundered by one of the intelligence offices—not intelligent—a few days ago. Mr. Peterson, residing in New Jersey, having occasion to send for certain information, wrote a letter in the usual manner, placing the name of the place in which he resides at the head of his letter. At the close he added, "My address, ut supra, C. L. Peterson." Not receiving any answer, he wrote again, complaining of the neglect of the office, and by return of mail came a letter stating that his first was duly answered, and directed, as he desired, to "Ut Supra," and if that post-office was in his vicinity, he would find the letter there. This time the intelligence men had directed to the place from which

he dated his letter. Bright fellows! But speaking of Latin brings us to another, which the collegians will relish as being true to the life and the letter:

One of the earliest presidents of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, was the venerable Dr. M'Millan—a man of great gravity and dignity of manners.

In those early times it was the custom for the students, when meeting the President, to remove the hat from the head, place it under the left arm, make a profound bow, and pass the compliments of the day.

Among the students was Tom Devoe, an eccentric fellow. His father was a rich planter of Mississippi; and as Tom was always "flush of money," the height of his ambition was to sport a gold-headed cane and gallant the old Greek Professor's daughters.

The term *student*, which he bore in common with the other members of the college, was a sad misnomer. Tom's mind was more deeply engrossed with backgammon, checkers, and "old sledge" than with his mathematics, and he was more deeply read in the lore of Chesterfield than in that of Homer and Virgil. In fact, he was a shallow-brained, lily-handed fop, and, as may be supposed, a great favorite with a certain class of ladies, who mistake impertinence for wit, and fine clothes and affected manners for refinement and solid accomplishments.

But to our tale. Tom was one day walking down street arm in arm with his friend John Smith, who had a spice of the wag about him. Seeing the President a few paces before them, Tom hastily inquired, "Smith, what is 'Good-morning, Sir,' in Latin?"

"*Ego sum stultus*," was the reply, without a moment's hesitation.

Meeting the President, Tom, after the most approved style of donkeyism, at the same time making a profound salam, greeted him with "*Ego sum stultus!*"

"I am aware of it," responded the President, making a slight bow.

This proving rather unsatisfactory, Tom posted off to the room of his friend Byles, whom he saluted with, "Deacon, what is the translation of this sentence: '*Ego sum stultus?*'"

"*I am a fool!*" responded the unsophisticated "Deacon."

This told the whole story. As novel writers say, Tom's *phelinæ* may be more easily imagined than described.

Whether the students *bored* him about it or not, and whether the Professor's daughters ever heard of it or not, "deponent sayeth not;" but history recordeth that the next flat-bottomed boat that went down the Ohio bore Tom as a passenger.

LEST there should be one of the million readers of this page who has not met with the incident below, the Drawer holds it up to view—"a good deed in a naughty world"—to be read with silent admiration, and wonder, too, that such good deeds are indeed so rare. They would not be less beautiful if they were more frequent; for the more we see such beauty the lovelier it appears.

In old times, when debtors were liable to imprisonment, a gentleman, now well known in Philadelphia, failed, and was forced by some of his relentless creditors to become the inmate of a prison. But among his creditors there was one glorious

spirit, who, by great exertion, and by involving himself, fully accomplished the liberation of his friend. He was a commission merchant and partner in a house that ranked with the first in our city for nearly fifty years, without the slightest taint or blemish. In the evening of his days, however, misfortune reached him, and he found his house tottering amidst the financial storm of last autumn; and while his distress was greatest, and his fortunes looked darkest, the bread he had cast upon the waters six-and-twenty years before came floating back to his door. *It was his former debtor's check-book, showing a balance in one of our city banks of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with checks signed in blank to his order, and a request that he would use the whole or any part if it would be of service to him!*

A CORRESPONDENT in the interior of our own State, from whom we are always glad to hear, sends a brace of anecdotes:

"Our statute relative to highways forbids the laying out of a road through 'any fixtures or erections for the purposes of manufactures.' The officials of a neighboring town had laid out a highway which, for a part of its course, embraced within its bounds a ditch leading to a saw-mill, and the question before the Court was whether that ditch was an 'erection.' Upon the one side it was claimed that it was; but says Giles H——, the humorous counsel on the other side, 'A sunken ditch is not an "erection." To be such the thing must be raised up *above* the ground, not dug *down below* it. Indeed, your Honors,' says he, 'a ditch can never be an "erection" *till it is turned bottom upward!*' This conclusive argument brought down the Court, and bar, and all, and, what was better, the counsel gained his cause."

"This idea of a ditch 'bottom upward' brings another incident to my mind. I was once 'near one of our country's bastions,' pointing out to a young lady friend of mine the guns upon its walls. For a long time she did not see them; but finally, willing to see for the purpose of pleasing me, she cried out: 'Oh, yes! I see them—that is, I see the *holes* in the cannon, though for the life of me I can't see the brass that is around them!'"

UPPER SANDUSKY contributes a legal opinion to the Drawer on a vexed question. The case is thus stated and decided, to wit:

"During the recent sitting of our Court of Common Pleas, one of our attorneys clipped the following paragraph from a newspaper: 'If distance lends enchantment to the view, and the view refuses to return it, can distance obtain any legal redress?' and, attaching it to a slip of paper, wrote as follows: 'The case is submitted to the Court upon the foregoing agreed statements. ———, Attorney for View,' and handed it to the subscriber, who passed it to the Court on the Bench, who immediately returned it with the following written decision or opinion: 'As the view *undressed* would be more enchanting, it should not be *redressed*. ———, Judge;' which I consider the *best* impromptu answer that could have been given."

"PROFESSOR COX" from time immemorial has been the "dust and ashes" man in Williams College, adding to his duties of sweeping and making fires the other labor of making up the beds of the students. The Professor is wise in his generation,

and very much so in his own conceit; and is always ready with a reason and an opinion whenever a chance occurs for him to put in his word. The beds were at one time terribly infested with bugs, and one of the students said to him as he was pursuing his work:

"Professor, nothing was made in vain; what were bed-bugs made for?"

Quickly, quietly, and aptly, the old fellow answered,

"To show us that we have here no *resting* place!"

The President could not have answered better.

HEAR the story of the child who went forth into the mountain ravine. While the child wandered there he cried aloud to break its loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who insulted him, but could find none. He then called out to him in anger, and, withal, abusive epithets—all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother, and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words. But the mother took her child by the hand, and said: "My child, these words were but the echo of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hill-side. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words would have returned to thee. Let this be thy lesson through life. The world will be the echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and that alone. Always," said the mother, "is that child in the mountain-passes, and every man and every woman is that child."

A LOUISIANA clergyman sends to the Drawer the following letter, which was received by a gentleman in his parish from an indignant correspondent in Virginia:

HORN TOWN, VA., Oct. 28, 1857.

TO THE HON. JAMES B. WAGONER: SIR,—You have behaved like an impetiginous acrolyi—like those iniquate orasscrolest who evious of my moral celsitude carry their mugacity to the height of creating symposically the fecund words which my polymathic genius uses with uberty to abiligate the tongues of the weightless. Sir, you have orassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tangrams. I will not conceroate reproaches. I would obduce a veil over the atramental ingratitude which has chamiered even my undisceptible heart. I am silent on the foscillation which my coädful fancy must have given you when I offered to become your fanton and adminele. I will not speak of the liptitude, the ablespy you have shown in exacerbatng me; one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalcation. So I tell you, Sir, syncopically and without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me. I warn you that I will vellicate your nose if I thought your moral diathesis could be thereby performed. If I thought that I should not impigorate my reputation by such a degradation. Go tagygraphic; your oness iniquate draws oblectation from the greatest poet since Milton, and draws upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it.

"Knowledge is power," and power is mercy; so I wish you no révose that it may prove an external hypnotic.

Mr. Elephant at Mrs. Potiphar's Grand Soiree.



He pays his respects to the Hostess.



Plays the Agreeable to the Ladies.



Meets his Lady-Love's Maiden Aunt.



Joins in a Quadrille.



Promenades with his Lady-Love.



Enjoys a quiet Tête-à-Tête with her.



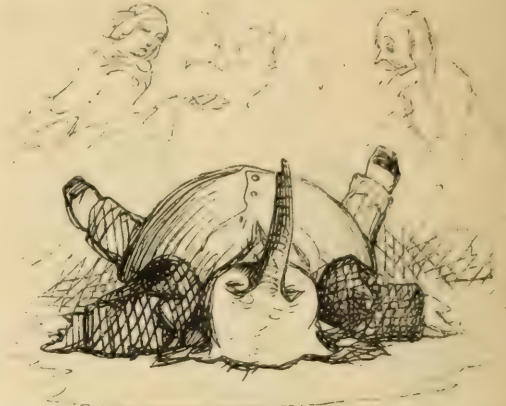
Seeing his Pival approach, he assumes an Attitude à la General Scott.



Tries his leaning Attitude; but mistakes a Screen for a solid Wall.



Meets with an Accident in attempting to recover himself.



Takes a little time to reflect upon his unpleasant position.



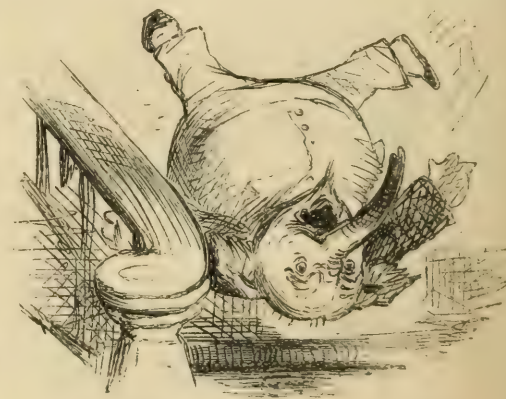
Effect of the Concussion in the Ball-Room.



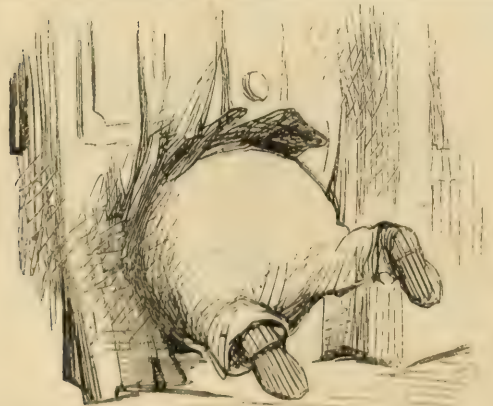
And in the Supper-Room below.



Gains his Feet, and retires.



But trips at the head of the Stairs.



And makes a forcible Exit through the Front Door.



Reaches home at last, convinced that Fat Men can't be graceful.

Fashions for October.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—PROMENADE AND DINNER COSTUMES.

THE novelty of the DINNER COSTUME, given on the preceding page, will of itself be to many a strong recommendation, apart from the fact that it is suitable for any occasion short of those which require full dress, and may be made of any material. Here it is represented of mode-colored and Napoleon-blue silk, the dress itself being of the former. The corsage is *à la Raphael*, waist cut round. The *plastron* is of blue taffeta, gathered transversely, bordered and divided by a band of the material of the dress, one inch in width, edged with a piping or cording of the blue silk, and ornamented with buttons to match. The skirt is double; the upper one, as well as the sleeves, ornamented *en tablier*, similar to the corsage; these puffings being arranged in pyramids. There are *jockeys* to match. The sleeves are large and full, with large puffed under-sleeves. An inside chemisette and a coif of black lace complete this unique and tasteful toilet. Although we have indicated the colors as well as the materials of the garment from which our illustration is drawn, it can be produced effectively in any colors which harmonize agreeably. For evening costume the under-sleeves, which we have represented closed, as more suitable for a dinner toilet, should be made open. With this slight modification, this costume is equally appropriate for the carriage, for dinner, and for an evening dress.

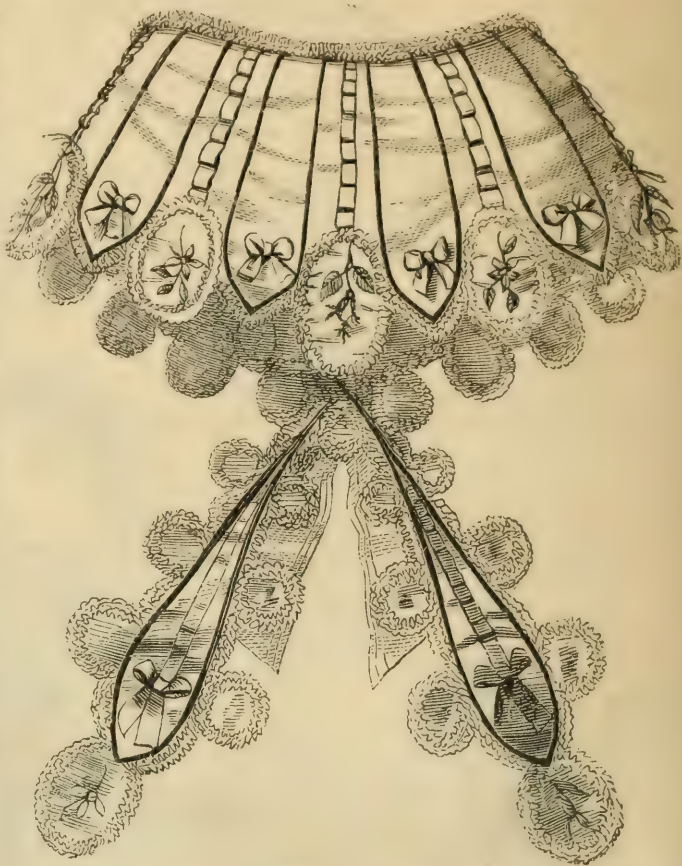


FIGURE 3.—FICHU.



FIGURE 4.—CAP.

In the PROMENADE COSTUME the cloak is composed of alternate stripes of moire antique and plain taffeta. The front two are plain, having an opening between them and the adjoining moire for arm-holes. These sections are arranged in hollow flutes, and have an edging of fringe. There is a pelerine trimming, made of fifteen fluted folds with a two-inch fringe. The Bonnet presents no very special deviation from the styles previously worn.

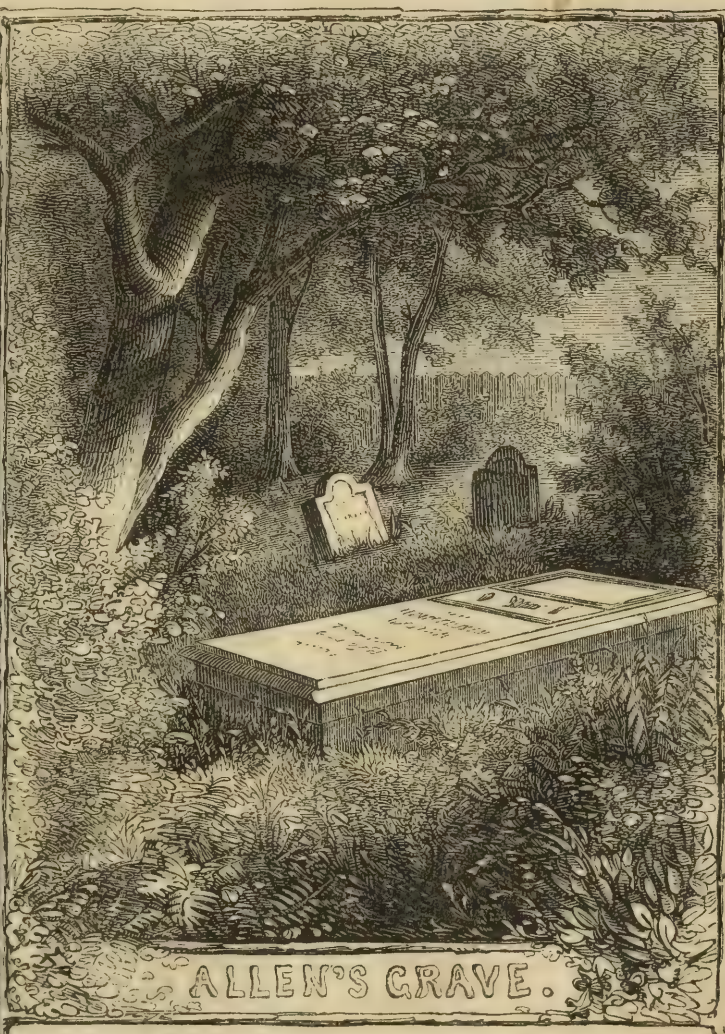
The FICHU, CAP, and UNDER-SLEEVES are of similar construction. All of them are made of *ruches* of illusion tulle, forming medallions, and trimmed with narrow sky-blue velvet, and bows of blue taffeta arranged in a series of loops. The Fichu in front, and the Under-Sleeves and Cap behind, are adorned with floats of wide taffeta ribbon. A spray of orange flowers and a white moss-rose bud are placed alternately in the medallions of the Fichu and Cap. In the Under-Sleeve these are occupied with bows.



FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CII.—NOVEMBER, 1858.—Vol. XVII.



ETHAN ALLEN.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

A FEW years ago I was sojourning for a day or two in the beautiful village of Burlington, Vermont, which spreads out so pleasantly over a gentle slope upon the eastern margin of Lake Champlain. I had just come from Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and was on my way toward St. John's, Chamblée, Montreal, and Quebec. It was in sultry August. At early dawn I mounted a horse, and in company with a young lady upon another, rode to a little embowered cemetery within sound of the cascades of the charming Winooski. There sleep several of the patriarchs and some of the heroes of that northern border; and among them reposes the mortality of ETHAN ALLEN, the colossus of the group. We clambered over the style, and waded through the deep grass, which was sparkling with dew, until we reached the tomb of the hero, encanopied by maples and a drooping willow. It is a tomb appropriate for such a sturdy republican. Upon a granite base rests a plain white marble slab, bearing the following unostentatious inscription:

THE
CORPOREAL PART
OF
GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN

RESTS BENEATH THIS STONE,
THE 12TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1789,
AGED 50 YEARS.

HIS SPIRIT TRIED THE MERCIES OF HIS GOD,
IN WHOM ALONE HE BELIEVED AND STRONGLY TRUSTED.

Near this humble monument are the graves of several of his relatives, and that of his brother Ira, the earliest historian of Vermont as a State of our confederation. Their earth-beds were inclosed by a chain, supported by small granite obelisks, and curtained with shrubs of seringo, lilac, and rose. In the branches of the maples the birds, lately so silent, were chanting matin hymns, and the fragrance of flowers went up from the opening petals like sweet incense to the God of the birds and blossoms. There was a charm within that consecrated acre.

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground *God's Acre*! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own."

LONGFELLOW.

There was a peculiar charm there in that early morning light, in the midst of the birds and blossoms, and the unceasing chorus of the Winooski. History opened wide her wonderful volume, romance delineated its glowing pictures, while patriotism and poetry, uniting loftiest sentiment and sweetest melody, filled the heart with exquisite emotions. Who can stand at the grave of a man whose deeds sparkle like diamonds upon the pages of his country's history and not feel a spirit akin to worship stirring within him? Such a man was the leader of the *Green Mountain Boys* through many trying scenes.

Ethan Allen was not a native of the State in whose historic drama he acted a conspicuous part. He was born in Connecticut in 1739, in the town of Litchfield, it is believed, before his parents left there for a residence in Cornwall. He was not much favored in early life with the schoolmaster's instructions by book and birch. "The critic," he observes, in the introduction to his *Narrative of his Captivity*, "will be pleased to excuse any inaccuracies in the performance itself, as the author has unfortunately missed of a liberal education." That "miss" did not affect his future usefulness. The vigor of his intellect and his physical energy supplied all wants of college learning in fitting him for the peculiar sphere in which he was called to act. He was not the coarse, ignorant, unsocial, and arrogant man whom popular belief is disposed to contemplate in the character of Ethan Allen. He was not polished by the attrition of refinement, nor was he expert in the delicate arts of social communion; for his home was among pioneers in a rude wilderness, whose

chief reliance, in the battle of life, was upon physical strength rather than upon conventional proprieties. He was truly a Boanerges—a son of thunder—among his associates; honest in his intentions, fearless in the performance of his duties, frank in the expression of his opinions, generous toward his enemies and opponents, eminently judicious in council, and a civil and military leader who never disappointed the expectations of his followers. Such was the man—the chief instrument in laying the foundations of one of the sovereign States of our confederacy—whose career we are about to consider. It is to be lamented that a man so conspicuous should have passed from among us without a memento traced by the pencil of art. The true lineaments of his face and person are lost forever.*

Ethan was the eldest of six brothers, four of whom, with himself, emigrated to the fertile territory west of the Green Mountains, which stretches along almost the entire length of Lake Champlain, on its eastern border. Thither they went, among the earlier settlers, disputed the mastery with the beasts of the forest, and opened, with the axe and plow, the generous bosom of mother earth to the blessed sunlight and the fattening rain. The French and Indian war had just ended, and no question of political jurisdiction over that wilderness had yet been raised when the Allens built their first rude cabins there. That question, however, was soon presented to the settlers for a practical decision; and we must briefly survey its history in order to comprehend the dawning of the public life of our hero.

It must be remembered that the western boundaries of provinces in America for which charters were originally obtained from the British monarchs were wholly indefinite, some of them being, by the words of the instrument, on "the South Sea," or Pacific Ocean. The interior of the vast continent and the distance from ocean to ocean were unknown; and the forecast of statesmen did not perceive the probability of the establishment of a series of empires, extending inward, and having, by necessity, fixed boundaries and defined sovereign privileges. Herein was concealed the kernel of many difficulties, especially in connection with the New England colonies.

When Charles the Second of England gave the province of New Netherland (which he did not possess) to his brother, the Duke of York, the eastern boundary was defined by the patent as being on the Connecticut River, while the western boundaries of Massachusetts and Connecticut were, by their charters, upon the "South Sea," or Pacific Ocean. Here was di-

* The portrait of General Ethan Allen was never painted. The picture at the head of this article contains a drawing of an heroic statue of the hero made by the skillful hand of Mr. B. H. Kinney, of Burlington, Vermont, kindly furnished to the writer by the artist. It is an ideal of the celebrated leader. The drawing of the tomb of the patriot was made by the writer at the time of his visit above alluded to.

rect and palpable conflict, which nothing but mutual concessions and compromises could settle. It was an open question when the Duke obtained his new possessions by conquest, and the name of the province was changed to that of New York, one of the proprietor's titles. Commissioners settled it, by agreeing that the boundary line between the New England provinces and New York should be at twenty miles eastward of the Hudson, and running parallel with that river. This line was first established between New York and Connecticut, and, by precedent, some time afterward, between New York and Massachusetts. New Hampshire finally appeared, and, pleading those precedents, asked to have the line of its sister colonies extended northward as its own definite western boundary. New York had already controverted the right of Massachusetts to the northern extension of the Connecticut line; now that province emphatically protested against the new claim. As the country had never been surveyed or settled, the claim and the protest were of little immediate consequence, but of great prospective importance. Thus the matter stood when Benning Wentworth became governor of New Hampshire in 1741.

Wentworth, on receiving his commission, was authorized by the King to issue patents for unimproved lands within the limits of his province. Settlers were then penetrating the wilderness westward of the Connecticut River, and some had gone over the Green Mountains and built their pioneer fires even upon the wooded borders of Lake Champlain. Numerous applications for grants were made, and in 1749, Governor Wentworth gave a patent for a township of land, six miles square, near the northwestern angle of Massachusetts, having for its western limit a line parallel with that of the two adjoining provinces, or twenty miles eastward of the Hudson River. In honor of the Governor of New Hampshire the township was called Bennington. That grant first brought the territorial question between New York and New Hampshire to a direct issue.

New York claimed the whole territory north of Massachusetts, as far eastward as the Connecticut River, and, of course, protested against the grants of Governor Wentworth, declaring them illegal and null. The latter disregarded all remonstrances, because he asserted the claims of his province to be just, and at the commencement of the French and Indian war in 1754 he had issued patents for fourteen townships westward of the Connecticut River. That war periled the frontier settlements, for Indian invasions were frequent, and for five years very few men were bold enough to seek a new home in that northern wilderness. But when, in 1759 and 1760, Canada passed from under the French dominion to that of the English, and this border territory became a place of comparative safety, a great number of adventurers sought possessions there. There was a sudden gush of enterprise, and the consideration of applica-

tions for patents composed much of Governor Wentworth's daily business. Within four years he issued grants for one hundred and thirty-eight townships of the size of Bennington; and that territory, comprising a greater portion of the present State of Vermont, was known as the "New Hampshire Grants" from that time until the kindling of the war for Independence.

The original proprietors of the Grants had received their domain from Governor Wentworth on easy terms. The territorial disputes had awakened some doubts in their minds respecting the validity of their titles, and many of them sold their lands in parcels to practical farmers at a large advance. Among these farmers were the Allens and several of their friends from Connecticut, who settled in the township of Bennington at about the year 1763. Emigration flowed in that direction with a continually augmenting stream. All the townships became its receptacles, and were rapidly filling with a hardy, independent resident population, when the authorities of New York perceived the necessity of immediate and efficient interference, before it should be forever too late. Lieutenant-Governor Colden (then acting Governor), accordingly, wrote an energetic letter to Governor Wentworth, protesting against his grants. He also sent a proclamation among the people, declaring the Connecticut River to be the boundary between New York and New Hampshire. Protests and proclamations were alike unheeded by Wentworth and the people, until 1764, when the matter was laid before the King in council for adjudication. It was decided in favor of New York. Bowing to royal authority, Wentworth ceased issuing patents for lands westward of the Connecticut River, and a source of immense wealth for himself was thus suddenly checked. The settlers, regarding the question as one of territorial jurisdiction only, felt very little interest in the decision, for they believed their civil rights and property would be as much respected by the authorities of one colony as another. They were contented. But their pleasant dream of confidence was soon dispelled.

New York acted unwisely if not unjustly. Not content with the award of territorial jurisdiction over the Grants, it was claimed, on the authority of able legal decisions, that that jurisdiction included the right of property in the soil as well as of government. The authorities of New York declared all the patents for lands westward of the Connecticut River, issued by Wentworth, to be void, and proceeded to order the survey and sale of farms in the possession of actual settlers who had bought and paid for them, and in many instances had made great progress in improvements. This oppression was a fatal mistake. It was like sowing dragon's teeth to see them produce a crop of full-armed men. The settlers had been disposed to be quiet, loyal friends of New York; now they were converted into determined, rebellious, and defiant foes. A new and power-

ful element of opposition to the claims of New York was thus evoked. It was no longer the shadowy, unsubstantial *government* of New Hampshire, panoplied in proclamations, that opposed the arrogant pretensions of New York; it was the sinews and muskets of the *people* of the Grants, backed by all New Hampshire—ay, by all New England—who now stood in battle-array against her. She gave them the degrading alternative of leaving their possessions to others, or of repurchasing them—an alternative to which, as freemen conscious of being right, they could not submit. They did not submit, but declared their readiness to defend their soil, hand to hand, against any force the oppressor might send. Foremost among those who counseled resistance, and resolved to fight for vested rights, was Ethan Allen, then in the prime of young manhood.

At length the Governor and Council of New York summoned all the claimants under the New Hampshire Grants to appear before them at Albany, with their deeds and other evidences of claim, within three months, failing in which, the claims of all the delinquents should be rejected. The settlers, governed by the advice of Allen and other leading men, paid no attention to the summons, and their lands were considered forfeited. In the mean time New York speculators had been busy in purchasing large tracts of these menaced estates, and the people of the Grants, foreseeing much trouble from this new element of mischief, sent one of their number to England to lay their case before the King and Council. He obtained an order for the Governor of New York to abstain from issuing any more patents or lands eastward of Lake Champlain. That order was issued in July, 1767. As it was not *ex post facto* in its operation, the New York patentees proceeded to take possession of their grants by writs of ejectment. These were served on the actual occupants of land for which they had paid. Some forcibly resisted the officers sent to serve the writs, but a majority seemed disposed to meet their opponents in the courts. A resident of Shaftesbury was taken to Albany for trial, in a suit of ejectment. A decision in his case would affect all others, and Ethan Allen was employed as general agent of the people of the Grants to attend the trial and defend their claims. He first procured a copy of Wentworth's commission, then employed Mr. Ingersoll, an eminent Connecticut lawyer, as counsel, and in June, 1770, they appeared in court at Albany. The whole proceedings proved to be a solemn farce; many of the judges and lawyers in that province were connected with the speculators, and the case in hand was predetermined before the trial commenced. The verdict was in favor of the New York complainant. Allen was exceedingly indignant, and it was with great difficulty that he could treat Attorney-General Kemp courteously when that officer called upon him the next morning. Kemp tried to flatter the sturdy pioneer, and then ad-

vised him to go home and persuade his Green Mountain friends to make the best terms they could with their new landlords, at the same time reminding him that their case was a desperate one, for "might often prevails over right." The suggestion thoroughly aroused the sleeping lion of Allen's nature, and he vehemently exclaimed, "The gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills!" The startled Attorney-General asked him to explain his meaning. "Come to Bennington," said Allen, with a frown, "and you shall understand it!"

When Allen reported to his constituents the result of his mission, they perceived the alternative to be slavery or resistance. They did not long hesitate in their choice of evils. The news spread from hill to hill, from valley to valley, and from hamlet to cottage, and the indignant people, as with one voice, expressed their determination to defend their rights at all hazards. They saw the door of justice violently closed against them, and they resolved not to listen longer to fair words from their oppressors. The time for talking about charters, and grants, and jurisdiction, had passed, and the bold mountaineers prepared to fight rather than yield. Suits for ejectment continued to be brought before the courts at Albany, to which the settlers paid no attention. Then sheriffs and civil magistrates were ordered to go into the Grants and execute the mandates of the law.

Now came the crisis. The parties had hitherto waged their contests by words, at a distance; now officers of the law and the people met face to face. Men from New York, already on the Grants under titles from the civil authorities there, beheld the gathering storm and fled for shelter beyond the disputed boundary. The Green Mountain Boys met in council at Bennington, and, by unanimous vote, "Resolved to support their rights and property, which they possessed under the New Hampshire Grants, against the usurpations and unjust claims of the Governor and Council of New York, BY FORCE, AS LAW AND JUSTICE were denied them." This was the gauntlet of defiance which sheriffs and civil magistrates had the temerity to take up.

The sheriffs came with attendants; their opponents always outnumbered them and drove them away. The opponents were indicted as rioters, but the sheriffs found it as hard to catch the bodies of any of the settlers as it was to seize their property. Dunmore, then Governor of New York, a haughty hireling of the Crown, became very indignant. He issued a thundering proclamation, and ordered the sheriffs to call out the *posse comitatus*—the power of the country—to aid them. Sheriff Ten Eyck, of Albany, with seven hundred and fifty New York militia at his back, marched to arrest James Brackenridge. He found eighteen armed men in the house, who defied him. He threatened to break in the door. "Attempt it, and you are a dead man!" exclaimed a burly voice from within. He was on the point of executing the



THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS IN COUNCIL.

threat, when he perceived three hundred armed settlers who had been concealed in ambush around him. A quick but bloodless retreat was effected, and Sheriff Ten Eyck went back to Albany and reported the New Hampshire Grants in a state of rebellion.

Dunmore loved his ease, and of course loved peace. He attempted to gain by strategy what he could not hope to effect by force. Bribes were offered; settlements of new lands in the Grants were promoted, so as to secure for New Yorkers a squatter sovereignty; and measures were taken to sow divisions among the mountaineers. The people had more to dread from these silent measures than from the strong arm of the law. The leaders perceived it, and long before Samuel Adams or Dabney Carr invented that powerful engine of the Revolution, the Committee of Correspondence, the Green Mountain Boys had set the machine in motion. In every township they formed Committees of Safety and Correspondence, and all over the Grants the most subtle vigilance was exercised.

The people also assembled in general convention, and resolved that no man should be taken from the Grants by a New York officer without the permission of some Committee of Safety. They did more. They formed a general military association to assist in maintaining the spirit of that resolve of the Convention. And Ethan Allen was chosen Colonel Commandant by unanimous consent. Seth Warner, Remember Baker, and others of less note in history, were made captains, and under these the people were disciplined in the art of war. The bold hunters also enrolled themselves, and devoted their sure rifles to the service of the people. Civil authority, in relation to intruders, was executed by martial force, and every stray offender from New York caught

upon the disputed domain, was summarily tried by a Committee of Safety, and punished as summarily, not in a way to imperil life or limb, but, as the sentence significantly declared, "chastised with the twigs of the wilderness." Many a poor wight departed the Grants with a receipt in full, thus legibly written upon his back, attesting the payment of the penalty of transgression.

Colonel Allen now became a marked man. The winter and spring of 1772 was a memorable one in his life. He then first wore a sword in defense of right. William Tryon, who had lately come from North Carolina, where he had severely handled the Regulators—the opponents of oppression in that province, was now Governor of New York, and he regarded Allen as a traitor. The people regarded him as a patriot. His relative position to Governor and people made him both, and with energy he performed the acts of both traitor and patriot. With the rigor of martial law he enforced the expressed will of the people, opposing sheriffs here, and driving off New York settlers there. Tryon offered twenty pounds sterling for the apprehension of Allen, and the same for each of his chief associates. They were not apprehended. Then he offered one hundred and fifty pounds for Allen, and fifty for each of his six chief associates. They were not apprehended. They were not even intimidated. They were emboldened, and, with ludicrous pomp, Allen offered a reward of five pounds to any person who would deliver the Attorney-General of New York to any officer of the military association of Green Mountain Boys. These were certainly bold measures, and Colonel Allen frankly confessed that the conduct of himself and associates, interpreted by the laws of New York or of well-ordered society, was certainly riotous.

But he excused it with the plea that the oppressions of the strong, denying undoubted rights to the weak, had forced them to take the only method left them to defend those rights. They stood upon the soil they had purchased with money and improved by labor. They went not upon the domain of that strong oppressor, but stood only on the defensive; and he thought it cruel and unjust for them to be branded as outlaws, and have a price set upon their liberty.

One mild evening toward the close of April, 1772, the people of Bennington were alarmed by intelligence that Governor Tryon was moving up the Hudson River with an army to invade the Grants, chastise offenders, and enforce submission. The news spread rapidly, and soon the leading civilians and military men were assembled in convention. They took grave counsel together; resolved that "it was their duty to oppose Governor Tryon and his troops to the utmost of their power;" dragged two cannons and a mortar from Hoosic fort to Bennington; called out the militia, and made every preparation to give the expected invader a warm reception. But Tryon had no such belligerent intentions. He had heard of the fruitless expedition of sheriff Ten Eyck, and had conceived the idea that the Regulators of the New Hampshire Grants were more formidable than the Regulators of the Haw and Eno. Instead of marching with power into their country, he sent them a mild proclamation, and sweetly proposed a tilt in diplomacy. He promised protection to any deputation they might send to negotiate excepting Ethan Allen and his associate outlaws. The proposition was agreed to. Two delegates went to New York, bearing a letter from the people of the Grants to the Governor and Council, and also a firm but respectful protest, both drawn up by Ethan Allen. These contained a summary of the wrongs which they had suffered, and abounded with much logic respecting the position they had assumed. They contained a noble defense of the Green Mountain Boys, and were highly honorable to the head and heart of our hero. The negotiations were friendly, and the brothers Fay went back to Bennington, at about the middle of July, messengers of precious promises for good. The people gathered there from hill and valley, heard the good news, and shouted lustily. They felt that they had achieved a triumph, and now would come long days of peace. The old Hoosic cannon, and one belonging to Bennington, were brought out and made to thunder applause, and Seth Warner's company of Green Mountain Boys made a grand display, and concluded with a *feu de joie* in the midst of loud huzzas from the excited multitude. That night was one of pleasant dreams all over the Bennington region.

Almost as early as the next day-dawn clouds of difficulty appeared. Even while the Commissioners were in pleasant treaty, or while the Fays were hastening homeward with the good

news, Colonel Allen and his armed Green Mountain Boys were executing the laws of the Convention against an unlucky surveyor and some New York settlers. The former was caught in the wilderness exercising his profession in behalf of over-the-line speculators. They broke his instruments, passed sentence of perpetual banishment against him, and promised him the delights of suffocation by a halter, if they should ever catch him within the domains of the Grants again. Settlers upon Otter Creek were as summarily dealt with at the same time. On the spot where Vergennes now stands, at the Falls of the Otter, a New Hampshire settler, who owned a saw-mill there, had been driven off by tenants of Colonel Reed, a New York speculator. Colonel Allen proceeded to regulate matters there. He gave the invading tenants notice to quit as soon as they could pack up their personal property. He then burned their tenements, destroyed the stones of a grist-mill they had erected by pitching them over the Falls, and restored the saw-mill to its original owner.

The *feu de joie* at Bennington fell sweetly upon the ears of Tryon, but the harmony was soon disturbed by the discordant notes from Otter Creek. His anger was fiercely kindled, and he wrote a sharp letter of rebuke to the inhabitants of the Grants, and peremptorily ordered them to reinstate the New York settlers at the Falls. The people immediately assembled in convention at Manchester, and chose Colonel Allen for their secretary. In their behalf he wrote a firm but respectful answer to Tryon's letter, in which he justified the measures at the Falls, truly represented that the act took place before the return of the Commissioners to Bennington, and then told the Governor plainly that the New York settlers should not be reinstated. He also assured the Governor that if surveyors and settlers were still to be sent to the Grants, then the people of that domain must consider the negotiations of the Commissioners a nullity. Here, then, the old difficulties were fully renewed, and the people further resolved to expel, or otherwise punish, any person within the disputed district who should presume to accept an office, civil or military, under the authority of New York.

Several persons were soon punished under the new regulation. One for accepting office from Tryon, and endeavoring to perform its functions, was "chastised" by a very large hickory "twig of the wilderness," to the amount of two hundred stripes; while a boasting, injudicious physician of Arlington, escaped with a whole skin, but with no less mortification. He had openly ridiculed the Convention and the military force, declared himself a partisan of New York, defied the power of the authorities of the Grants, and armed himself in defense of his defiant position. He was caught at some unguarded hour and conveyed to the Green Mountain Tavern, in Bennington, for trial. In front of the tavern was a sign-post twenty-



ALLEN DISPOSSESSING THE NEW YORK SETTLERS.

five feet in height, on the top of which had been placed the stuffed skin of a huge catamount with its head toward New York. It had glaring glass eyes, and the animal's own teeth grinned terribly toward those who might approach from that direction. The doctor being considered a better subject for jest than for anger, the court sentenced him to be tied in a chair, and hoisted up to the side of the catamount, there to remain for two hours the sport of the merry multitude. No doubt the author of "M'Fingal" remembered this case when he conceived the record of the punishment of the Tory constable:

"Then from the pole's sublimest top
The active crew let down the rope,
At once its other end in haste bind
And make it fast upon his waistband;
Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
He hung, self-balanced, on his centre.
Then upward, all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him, like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle in height,
He vaulted like balloon or kite."

The authorities of New York were greatly perplexed. They properly regarded Ethan Allen as the chief in both civil and military affairs in the Grants, for his pre-eminent abilities were acknowledged, and he exerted an unbounded influence over the people. To secure his person was a desirable object, and several attempts were made by New Yorkers to win the Governor's offered reward by capturing him. On one occasion two sergeants and ten men came very near effecting that object, while Allen and a single companion were in the neighborhood of the present Burlington. His own sagacious vigilance and the fidelity of a young girl saved him. On another occasion, some people of Dutchess County formed a plan to seize him while he was on a visit to his friends in Salisbury, in Connecticut. They intended to abduct him and carry him to the Poughkeepsie jail. The plot was timely discovered, and the hero was saved for greater deeds at hand.

In the mean time the spirit of hostility in-

creased in intensity, and commotions, riots, and bloodshed became quite common near the border. The Green Mountain Boys, under the judicious guidance of Allen, carefully acted on the defensive, and never pursued aggressors beyond the claimed limits of the Grants. At length, in the spring of 1774, the New York Legislature passed a most despotic law, entitled an Act for preventing tumultuous and riotous assemblies, and for punishing rioters. It empowered the governor and council to order "indicted rioters," as Ethan Allen and other leaders were called, to surrender themselves for trial within seventy days after the date of the order, or to be considered as convicted and sentenced to suffer death—the Supreme Court having power given by the Act to order the execution, whenever the offender should be arrested, the same as if there had been an actual trial and a judicial sentence! This law, instead of intimidating the people of the Grants, united them in closer affiliation; and in a general convention, assembled at Bennington, they resolved to hold themselves in readiness, at a minute's warning, to "defend those who, for their merit in the great and general cause, had been falsely denominated rioters." The proscribed persons also issued a manifesto, drawn up by Ethan Allen and signed by him and his associate "outlaws," which contained a logical defense of themselves, and severe remarks on the course pursued by their oppressors. "Printed sentences of death will not kill us," they said; "and if the executioners approach us, they will be as likely to fall victims to death as we;" for they had fully resolved, that, if any person should attempt to apprehend any of them or their friends, they would kill them on the spot. The people of the Grants then closed the door upon further parley or controversy, and armed themselves to fight for their leaders, their homes, and their vested rights. The quarrel was about to culminate in a bloody crisis.

While on that northern border a little storm of war was rising, the whole political atmosphere of the colonies was becoming black with a gathering tempest. All local troubles soon ceased to have paramount interest, for all eyes were turned anxiously toward the brooding darkness. The low, rumbling thunder, in colonial assemblies and in popular gatherings, became more and more distinct. The lightning first leaped from the clouds at Lexington, and the thunder-peal awoke a continent to arms. It is not our province to detail the opening events of that Revolution, which resulted in the freedom of thirteen Anglo-American colonies and gave birth to a new empire. Our hero was a prominent actor in an important episode in the opening of that great drama, and to that we will turn without preface.

The British Government, perceiving the great importance of preserving Canada as a loyal colony when the inevitable contest should commence, had used the most energetic and extraordinary efforts to accomplish that object. The

great concessions made to the Roman Catholic population, called the *Quebec Act*, and which deeply offended Protestant England, was the first of those efforts. Remarkable vigilance was every where exercised in that province by royal officers; and in order to keep open a free communication between Canada and the interior of the province of New York, the old fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point—the scenes of many struggles between the French and English twenty years earlier—were strengthened and garrisoned. Those far-sighted patriots of Boston, Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren, also appreciated the importance of winning Canada to the Republican cause, or, in the event of a failure to do so, to acquire possession of those strongholds upon Lake Champlain. Accordingly, almost a month before the skirmish at Lexington, they, as members of the Boston Committee of Correspondence, sent a secret agent into Canada to ascertain and report the political feelings of the people. He soon became convinced that fear alone kept the Canadians, and especially those of British extraction, from joining the other colonies in their opposition; and from Montreal he sent urgent advice to his employers to take immediate measures to capture Ticonderoga. On his way north he had consulted with the Allens and other leaders of the people of the Grants, and they had agreed to undertake the enterprise themselves when the proper time should arrive. The whole matter was kept a profound secret, except among a few leading men; and yet, eight days after the affair at Lexington, a circumstance occurred which seemed to indicate a concert of action between the patriots of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and the New Hampshire Grants.

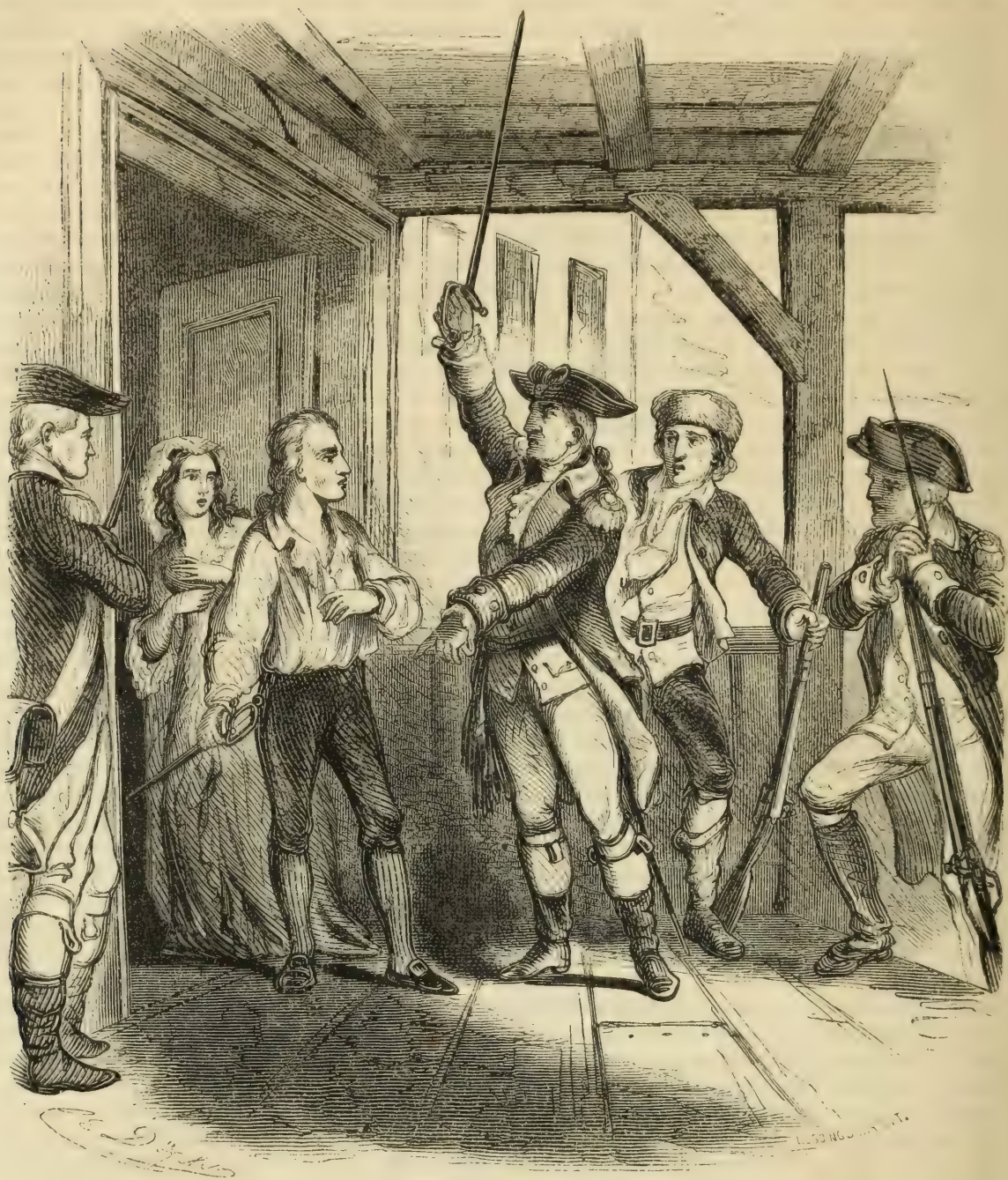
At that time the minute-men of New England, armed and unarmed, were rushing toward Boston to confine the British troops to that peninsula. The Colonial Assembly of Connecticut was in session, and some leading members of that body conceived and concocted a plan for seizing Ticonderoga, and appropriating its cannons and other munitions of war to the use of the gathering army. They acted only as private citizens, but procured a loan of eighteen hundred dollars from the Assembly. They appointed Edward Mott and Noah Phelps a committee to proceed to the frontier towns, ascertain the condition of the fort and the strength of the garrison, and, if possible, induce Colonel Ethan Allen to join the expedition with his Green Mountain Boys. On their way they laid their plans before Colonel Easton and Mr. John Brown, at Pittsfield, in Massachusetts, and these men, afterward leaders of troops, accompanied the committee to Bennington. Easton enlisted about forty volunteers from his regiment of militia on the way, and these reached Bennington the following day. Colonel Allen promptly responded affirmatively, immediately assembled his Green Mountain Boys, and sent detachments to watch the roads northward to prevent intel-

ligence being conveyed to the doomed fortresses. At dusk on the 7th of May quite a little army gathered at Castleton, fourteen miles east of Skenesborough (now Whitehall), when Allen was chosen commander-in-chief, with Colonel Easton and Seth Warner for his lieutenants. At the same time a party was sent to Skenesborough to capture Major Skene (a son of the Governor), secure boats, and hasten to join the invaders at Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga. Another party was sent down the lake, beyond Crown Point, to secure boats and bateaux in that direction.

In the mean time another scheme had been formed elsewhere for the same object. When intelligence of the bloodshed at Lexington reached New Haven, Benedict Arnold, captain of an independent company there, marched with them immediately to Cambridge. No doubt he had received some hint of the enterprise against Ticonderoga, for, on his arrival at Cambridge, he went before the Massachusetts Committee of Safety and proposed a similar expedition in the same direction. His representations coinciding with the advice of the secret agent in Canada made the Committee accept his proposition with eagerness. They granted him a colonel's commission, and authorized him to raise a corps of troops not exceeding four hundred in number. Furnished with money and munitions of war, he went into the western counties of Massachusetts to raise his men. At Stockbridge he heard of the expedition under Allen, already on its march. He engaged others to enlist men, while he hastened forward with a single servant, joined the party at Castleton, and with a singular want of courtesy in his manner (for his ambition was really more powerful than his patriotism), he claimed the chief command by virtue of what he called his superior commission. This was objected to, for he came single-handed, without officers or troops; and the soldiers declared they would club their muskets and march homeward rather than serve under any but their chosen leader. Making a virtue of necessity, the ambitious Arnold joined the party as a volunteer, and on the evening of the 9th, after stealthy marches, two hundred and seventy resolute men (of whom two hundred and thirty were Green Mountain Boys) were encamped on the shore of Lake Champlain, opposite Ticonderoga, while the garrison were totally unsuspecting of the presence of an enemy. On the previous day Phelps had gone forward, gained admission into the fort as an awkward inhabitant of the neighborhood who wished to be shaved, and, asking many simple questions, obtained a great amount of necessary information, and then returned to the camp.

The night—clear, starry, and a little frosty—wore away, and yet the boats expected from Skenesborough or below did not arrive. With the few in possession, Allen, with the officers and eighty-three men, crossed the lake and landed beneath the steep shore under the Gren-

adiers' Battery. Nathan Beman, then a shrewd lad, and afterward a famous wolf-hunter in the northern wilderness, consented to be their guide, for he was familiar with every part of the fort, where he played daily with the boys of the garrison. The day had almost dawned, yet the boats had not returned with more troops. Delay would be dangerous, and Allen was about to proceed with the fourscore men, when Arnold declared, with an oath, that he alone would lead the men into the fort. Allen as stoutly swore that he should not. Fortunately the prudence of others put an end to the dispute by a compromise, which allowed Arnold to march by the side of Allen, the latter, however, to be considered the chief commander. Again Arnold was compelled to yield, and just as the east was brightening with the unfolding day, the little band were drawn up, in three ranks, upon the shore, a few rods from the fort. Stealthily but quickly they ascended the eminence to the sally-port. The sentinel snapped his fusee, but it missed fire, and he retreated into the fort along the covered way, followed closely by the Americans, who were thus guided directly to the parade within the area of the barracks. Another sentinel was felled by Allen's sword, and as the invading troops rushed into the parade they gave a tremendous shout. The alarmed soldiers of the garrison leaped from their pallets, seized their arms, and rushed to the parade, but only to be made prisoners by the intrepid New Englanders. At the same moment Colonel Allen, with young Beman at his side, ascended the steps to the door of the quarters of Delaplace, the commandant of the fort, and giving three loud raps with the hilt of his sword, he, with a voice of peculiar power, ordered the captain to appear immediately or the whole garrison should be sacrificed. The commander and his wife both rushed to the door, when, to their astonishment, they saw the face of an old acquaintance, for Allen and Delaplace had long been friends. With a frown, the commander instantly demanded his disturber's errand. Pointing to his armed men, before whom the whole garrison were quailing, Allen sternly replied—"I order you instantly to surrender." "By what authority do you demand it?" said Delaplace. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" thundered Allen, and, raising his sword over the head of the captain, who was about to speak, ordered him to be silent, and to surrender immediately. There was no alternative. Delaplace had about as much respect for the *Continental Congress* as Allen had for *Jehovah*, and they respectively relied upon and feared powder and ball more than either. In fact, the Continental Congress was then but a shadow; for it had no existence until six hours afterward, when it assembled in Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, and its "authority" was hardly acknowledged in prospect, even by the armed patriots in the field. But the order was obeyed, the garrison of forty-eight men were



ALLEN AT TICONDEROGA.

made prisoners of war and sent to Hartford, and more than a hundred iron cannon, with mortars, and swivels, and ammunition, were the spoils of victory. These were afterward taken to Cambridge, and used by the troops under Washington in driving the British from Boston the following spring.

Warner arrived, with the rear division, soon after the surrender of the fort; and forty-eight hours afterward he was in possession of Crown Point. Arnold, ambitious for fame, was like a chafed tiger. He saw the laurels resting solely on the Green Mountain Boys, and for a moment his covetousness rose superior to his generosity. He asserted his right to the chief command of the garrison at Ticonderoga, but the troops disregarded his orders. His anger flashed out in oaths and loud threats when the

Connecticut Committee, clothed in semi-official authority, formally installed Allen in command, and ordered him to keep it until he should receive orders from higher authority. Arnold sent a written protest to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, but that body confirmed the action of the Connecticut Committee. Arnold yielded, and, like a good patriot and sensible man, he joined Allen in planning other enterprises.

The upper part of Lake Champlain was now in complete possession of the New Englanders. Major Skene and his people at Skenesborough had been captured by the party sent thither from Castleton, and with a schooner and several bateaux they were brought to Ticonderoga. These vessels formed the nucleus of a fleet on the lake, and with these Allen and Arnold pro-

ceeded to capture a British armed schooner and some boats at St. John's on the Sorel. Arnold having been a seaman in his youth, was installed as a sort of commodore on the lake, and departed in the schooner. Allen followed in the bateaux. All were armed and provisioned from the spoils taken at Ticonderoga. The schooner outsailed the rest, and at six o'clock on the morning of the 18th of May the little garrison at St. John's and the British armed schooner there were surrendered to Arnold. Informed that large reinforcements were approaching, Arnold departed with his booty, and in the course of a few hours met the descending bateaux. Allen had with him one hundred Green Mountain Boys, and with these he resolved to proceed to St. John's, garrison the fort, and hold it, if possible, as the key to Canada; for doubtless the idea of an invasion of that province had already assumed a tangible form in his mind. He took possession of the fort, and sent out a detachment to ambuscade the approaching reinforcements, but soon learning the fact that their numbers were great, he prudently crossed to the east side of the river. There he was attacked by a large party the next morning, and being compelled to fly to his bateaux, he hoisted sail and returned to Ticonderoga. Arnold assumed command at Crown Point, and there he fitted out other naval expeditions on the lake during the summer.

These proceedings placed the authorities of Massachusetts and Connecticut in an awkward position. They had connived at these ostensibly private enterprises which had resulted so gloriously; yet, doubtful how the Continental Congress might view the matter, each felt willing to let the other take the responsibility of further aggressive movements. Governor Trumbull of Connecticut was willing to assume that responsibility, and he immediately enlisted four hundred men to garrison Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In the mean time he sent messengers to Philadelphia and New York, to ascertain the feelings of the Continental Congress and of the New York Provincial Convention. The captured fort was within that province, and common courtesy demanded an interchange of sentiments. Congress heartily approved of all that had been done, and requested Governor Trumbull to send troops, and the New York Convention to provision them. All this was done with alacrity, and soon Colonel Hinman was on his march for Ticonderoga with a requisite number of Connecticut soldiers.

Inspired by his successes, and prompted by noble motives, Colonel Allen now gave expression to a scheme for invading Canada, in a letter marked by great ability, written a fortnight before the battle of Bunker Hill, and addressed to the New York Provincial Convention. The current of his own feelings caused him to assume that the feuds that existed between the authorities of New York and the Green Mountain Boys would be forgotten and disappear in the efforts for the general good, and he wrote

to them as brothers and compatriots. After alluding to what had been accomplished, and excusing himself for not sooner conferring with them, on the plea that "common fame reported" that there were "a number of overgrown Tories in the province," whose treachery might have ruined the enterprise, he said—"The key is ours yet, and, provided the colonies would suddenly push an army of two or three thousand men into Canada, they might make a conquest of all that would oppose them in the extensive province of Quebec, unless reinforcements from England should prevent it. Such a division would weaken General Gage or insure us Canada. I would lay my life on it, that with fifteen hundred men I could take Montreal. Provided I could be thus furnished, and an army could take the field, it would be no insuperable difficulty to take Quebec. This object should be pursued, though it should take ten thousand men, for England can not spare but a certain number of her troops; nay, she has but a small number that are disciplined, and it is as long as it is broad, the more that are sent to Quebec the less they can send to Boston, or any part of the continent. And there will be this unspeakable advantage in directing the war into Canada, that, instead of turning the Canadians and Indians against us, as is wrongly suggested by many, it would unavoidably attach and connect them to our interest. Our friends in Canada can never help us until we first help them, except in a passive or inactive manner. There are now about seven hundred regular troops in Canada." Allen then laid before them a plan for such invasion, and concluded with a proposition to raise, himself, a regiment of Rangers, provided the Provincial Convention would agree to commission the officers and put the troops under pay. "Probably," he said, "you may think this an impertinent proposal. It is truly the first favor I ever asked of the Government, and, if granted, I shall be zealously ambitious to conduct for the best good of my country and the honor of the Government."

This was the first public proposition to invade Canada. The Continental Congress chose rather to conciliate than to alarm or irritate the Canadians, and only the day before Allen wrote his letter, that body, by resolution, expressed a decided opinion that no scheme for the invasion of Canada ought to be countenanced. And it did seem "impertinent" for Allen to address such a letter to the authorities of New York. They were the successors of other authorities, which, only the year before, had pronounced him an outlaw, and placed him under legal sentence of death. By the Congress and the Convention his letter was considered a bold and injudicious production of an ambitious and reckless man. But in less than ninety days afterward the Continental Congress authorized an invasion of Canada, and the whole people, from Maine to Georgia, who longed for freedom, approved of the measure. Colonel Allen had the honor of being a pioneer in that important move-

ment, which, if it had been commenced when first proposed by him, before the British Government had concentrated its strength to repel invasion, might have resulted in an easy conquest of Canada, instead of such a disastrous failure as marked the campaign in the winter of 1775-'76.

On the arrival of Colonel Hinman at Ticonderoga, Colonel Allen's command ceased, and most of his men went home. With Seth Warner he immediately went to Philadelphia to ask the Continental Congress to pay the Green Mountain Boys for their military services, and to authorize him to raise a new regiment in the New Hampshire Grants. Their appearance in Philadelphia created a great sensation. Their heroism was known, and their exploits had been duly magnified. Crowds gazed at them as they walked along the streets, and the passage to Carpenter's Hall, where Congress was sitting, was filled with people anxious to get a glimpse of the Goliath of the Green Mountains who had defied the armies of Tryon. They were introduced upon the floor of Congress, and allowed to state their desires verbally. And their wishes were gratified. The soldiers who assisted in capturing the Champlain fortresses were allowed the same pay as those in the Continental army just organized; and Congress asked the Provincial Convention of New York to first consult General Schuyler, and with his approval to authorize the raising of a regiment of Green Mountain Boys, "under such officers as the said Green Mountain Boys should choose." This accomplished, Allen and Warner hastened to New York, and boldly presented themselves at the door of the Convention. The resolve of Congress had already been received, and was then under discussion. The Convention represented the same people who elected the Assembly of the previous year, by whom Allen and Warner were outlawed, and sentenced to be hanged when caught. Could they receive such men? To some it was a perplexing question. Some bowed to the authority of law as supreme, notwithstanding they had repudiated those lawgivers as "enemies of their country." Others could not quiet the suggestions of their consciences that these men were outcasts; but others, forgetting the past, and looking only upon the recent brave and patriotic deeds of these men in the cause of liberty, vehemently asserted the injustice and impolicy of allowing ancient local feuds to divide brothers in a common and holy cause. The debate was suddenly cut short by Isaac Sears—the brave King Sears—the leader of the Sons of Liberty from the Stamp Act times, who moved that Ethan Allen should be admitted to the floor of the House. An overwhelming vote was given in the affirmative, and the same privilege was granted to Seth Warner. They entered, and both addressed the House; and when they had retired, the Convention proceeded to authorize the raising of a regiment. General Schuyler approved of the measure, and Ethan Allen carried the proclamation of that noble patriot to

the Grants, announcing the pleasing fact that five hundred Green Mountain Boys were wanted for the war, and that they might choose their own officers below a colonel.

The regiment was soon raised, and Seth Warner was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel, it being understood, probably, that Allen would receive the appointment of Colonel. A few days after his return he joined General Schuyler as a volunteer, at Ticonderoga, and from thence sent a letter of thanks to the New York Provincial Convention, in which he feelingly alluded to "the friendship and union that had lately taken place" between those who had been unhappily controverting for years. In conclusion he spoke of the fidelity and courage of the Green Mountain Boys, and said, "I will be responsible, that they will reciprocate this favor by boldly hazarding their lives, if need be, in the common cause of America."

General Schuyler's quick perception made him regard Colonel Allen as an exceedingly useful man, if he could be kept in subordination. He accepted him as a volunteer with some reluctance, and he was chiefly employed as a pioneer among the Canadians, with whom he was well acquainted. On arriving with his forces at *Isle Aux Noix*, near the foot of the lake, General Schuyler wrote an address to the people of Canada, especially intended for the French inhabitants, and commissioned Allen to bear it to them, and to use his influence in winning them to the support of the Americans. It told them that the invading army was not directed against them, their religion, or their property, but only against the British; and earnestly exhorted them to make common cause with the Americans in efforts to secure freedom. Allen first went to Chamblée, twelve miles below St. John's, and, mingling with the most intelligent and influential inhabitants there, soon received assurances of their sympathy and aid, if success could be made to appear probable. To show their sincerity, they furnished him with an armed escort through the forests, from place to place, and he every where found the people friendly. He also secured expressions of friendship from the Caughnawaga Indians near Montreal; and after traversing the country between the Sorel and the St. Lawrence for eight days, he returned to the camp and reported to General Schuyler his belief that, should the American army invest St. John's and advance into Canada with a respectable force, the inhabitants would immediately join them. For his prudence, sagacity, industry, and perseverance in this dangerous mission Colonel Allen was highly commended by General Schuyler.

At *Isle Aux Noix* General Schuyler sickened, and was compelled to leave the command of the army with General Montgomery and return to his home at Saratoga. Montgomery was then besieging St. John's, and he immediately sent Colonel Allen into Canada again to unite as many inhabitants as he could in favor of the

Americans, and lead them to the Republican camp. Allen was highly successful. He "preached politics," he said, and succeeded well as "an itinerant." Within a week he had enrolled and armed two hundred and fifty Canadians; and "as I march," he said, "they gather fast." He assured Montgomery that he could raise "one or two thousand in a week;" but that he preferred to assist in the siege, and would be with him "with five hundred or more Canadian volunteers" within three days. With this object he was pressing forward with his recruits along the eastern shore of the St. Lawrence when he met Major Brown, who was out on the same errand, at the head of about two hundred Americans and Canadians. They held a secret conference and formed new plans, the result of which was great disaster. Brown urged Allen to join him in an attempt to take Montreal by surprise, by which they would not only make the conquest of the remainder of the province easy, but would doubtless secure the person of Guy Carleton, the Governor, then in that city, and controlling the movements of the Canadians and Indians in the British interest. The prize was tempting, its acquisition seemed easy, and Allen consented. He was to cross the St. Lawrence from Longueuil, a little below Montreal, and Brown was to cross from La Prairie, a little above the city, and at dawn the following morning they were to attack the town and garrison simultaneously at opposite points.

It was a murky night, the 24th of September, when the enterprise was undertaken. Allen procured some small canoes, and crossed with eighty Canadians and about thirty Americans. The passage was perilous, for the wind was high, the waters were rough, and the vessels were frail. Three times each way these canoes had to pass before all were landed, and then the day dawned. Brown was to give three huzzas as a signal of his landing. The sun came up among the clouds, and yet no huzzas were heard. As yet Allen was undiscovered, except by persons passing to or from the city, and these were detained. To retreat was impossible without discovery, and then only a part could go. At length a man who had escaped alarmed the town and garrison, and soon armed men were seen gathering on the outskirts. Allen determined to fight, and prepared for the conflict. Forty British regulars and two hundred Canadians fell upon the little band of invaders, yet they maintained the conflict almost two hours, fighting and retreating more than a mile. "I expected, in a short time, to try the world of spirits," says Allen; "for I was apprehensive that no quarter would be given to me, and, therefore, had determined to sell my life as dear as I could." Hard pressed by overwhelming numbers, deserted by nearly every Canadian volunteer, and some of his brave Americans being killed and several wounded, he agreed to surrender on honorable terms, which were



THE PRISONERS IN THE "GASPÉ."

granted. Only thirty-eight of his companions remained, and these became his fellow-prisoners. They were well treated by the British officers on the field; but when Allen was brought before that petty tyrant, General Prescott, who possessed no generous impulses, and that officer learned that his chief prisoner was the victor at Ticonderoga, he exhibited extreme passion, brandished his cane over Allen's head, and threatened to beat him. At the same time he used coarse and unfeeling language, denouncing Allen as a rebel, and promising him death on the gallows at Tyburn. "I told him," says Allen, "he would do well not to cane me, for I was not accustomed to it, and shook my fist at him, telling him that was the beetle of mortality for him, if he offered to strike." Prescott was greatly enraged, yet he feared his unarmed captive; so, in violation of all honor and the common rules of war, he ordered his prisoner to be bound hand and foot in irons, and thrust into a confined portion of the *Gaspè* schooner of war. His irons were heavy shackles on wrists and ankles, fastened to a bar eight feet in length. A generous seaman lent him his chest to sit upon, and that was his only seat by day and bed by night, and thus, for five long weeks, was this brave man fettered, and guarded by men with bayonets, while almost hourly he was subjected to coarse jokes or deliberate insults. His companions were fettered in pairs, and suffered in the same way.

In the mean time, though feeble-handed in men and munitions of war, Montgomery pushed forward the siege of St. John's. He also sent a party to attack the garrison at Chamblée, twelve miles below. They were successful. One hundred men became their prisoners, and the spoils of victory were more than a hundred barrels of powder, with military stores and provisions. They also took the standard of the regiment to which the garrison belonged, and this, the first trophy of the kind, was sent to the Continental Congress, and placed conspicuously over the chair of the president of that body. At the same time Carleton was endeavoring to send relief to St. John's. He embarked quite a large number of troops at Montreal, with a view of landing them at Longueuil, and marching to the Sorel. In this he was foiled by Colonel Seth Warner and three hundred Green Mountain Boys, who signally repulsed him. On learning this event, some British troops at the mouth of the Sorel immediately fled to Quebec, and the commander at St. John's, despairing of relief from Carleton, surrendered to Montgomery. Prescott and Carleton now became alarmed for the safety of Montreal, and fearing an attempt to rescue Allen and his fellow-prisoners, they sent them all down to Quebec. There the Colonel was transferred to another vessel, and soon to a third, where he experienced humane treatment and the courtesy due to his rank from Captain Littlejohn. He removed the galling irons from his prisoner, invited him to his own table, and in many ways proved the sincerity

of his declaration that no brave man like Colonel Allen should be ill-used on board of his ship.

The relief was temporary. A few days afterward Colonel Arnold, who had made a perilous journey across the country, by way of the Kennebec and Chaudière, with a body of New England troops, suddenly appeared at Point Levi, opposite Quebec. His apparition shocked the people of that old French city as if a thunder-bolt had fallen from a clear sky. They had already heard of the fall of St. John's and the surrender of Montreal to Montgomery, and many regarded Quebec as in imminent danger. The ship *Adamant* was on the point of sailing for England with dispatches to the Ministry, and Carleton resolved to send his prisoners thither by the same vessel. They were placed in the charge of the notorious spy, Brooke Watson, then a merchant of Montreal and afterward Lord Mayor of London. They were also accompanied by Guy Johnson, Daniel Claus, and about thirty other Loyalists who had been driven from the Mohawk Valley. Under such a man, and in such company, the unhappy prisoners could expect no mercy. They were closely confined in irons in a small, unventilated apartment, where they suffered from sickness and other privations, and were daily annoyed by palpable insults. Yet they were allowed sufficient food, and each a gill of rum a day. Forty days they thus suffered, when the *Adamant* sailed into the harbor of Portsmouth, and there, for the first time, the prisoners were allowed to enjoy the fresh air and the blessed sunlight upon the deck. When intelligence of their arrival spread through the town great multitudes flocked to see them; and as the guard escorted them to Pendennis Castle the streets, windows, and the tops of houses were crowded with people anxious to get a glimpse of the famous leader of the Green Mountain Boys, whose exploits on the shores of Lake Champlain had become known throughout the realm. Allen was, indeed, a rough and curious specimen of a New Englander; for he was dressed in the suit of Canadian clothes in which he was captured, which consisted of a short double-breasted fawn-skin jacket, vest of the same material, breeches of coarse sagathay, worsted stockings, a decent pair of shoes, two plain shirts, and a red worsted cap. His beard and hair had grown long, shaggy, and matted; and he appeared more like a savage Esquimaux than a civilized man of Saxon blood.

Governor Hamilton, of Pendennis Castle, treated the prisoners kindly, and Colonel Allen with distinction. He dared not disobey orders by removing his irons, but he sent a breakfast and dinner every day from his own table, and occasionally a bottle of wine; while another gentleman sent him bountiful suppers. His stomach had never before been served so well; and people of every class, prompted by curiosity, came to see him, for they regarded the captor of the renowned Ticonderoga as no ordinary man. All, however, agreed that he would prob-



THE PRISONERS IN THE STREETS OF PORTSMOUTH.

ably be hanged, and this gave Allen some uneasiness. Yet he maintained his self-possession, and charmed every person who came to see him by his bold and independent carriage, his fluency of language, and his display of strong native talent. He never lowered his high patriotic tone of sentiment when speaking of his country; and, with hands and feet manacled, and high walls and glittering bayonets around him, he boldly proclaimed the determination of his brethren never to cease resistance to oppression until the hand of the oppressor was withdrawn.

Having reason to fear death on the gallows, Colonel Allen concluded to employ stratagem for effect on the policy of the Ministry. He obtained permission to write to Congress. As the letters must be seen by his jailers, it was concluded that he would speak of the hopelessness of the cause, the necessity of submission, flatter the Government by loyal words and acknowledgments of clemency, and that he would advise them to cease rebellion and accept pardon.

They were disappointed. He gave a truthful narrative of his cruel treatment; told how he was kept in irons in England like a felon, instead of being respected as an unfortunate prisoner of war; and requested Congress to refrain from the terrible retaliation in their power to exercise until they should be advised of the final action of the Government toward himself and fellow-prisoners. The letter was addressed in his bold handwriting, to "The Illustrious Continental Congress."

"Do you think we are fools in England," said the officer to whom Allen handed the communication, "and would send your letter to Congress with instructions to retaliate on our own people? I have sent your letter to Lord North." That was precisely what the cunning prisoner desired. "This," says Allen, "gave me inward satisfaction, though I carefully concealed it with a pretended resentment; for I found I had come Yankee over him, and that the letter had gone to the identical person I had designed it for." No doubt that letter had the intended

effect; for it gave the Ministry knowledge of the situation of the prisoners, and the important fact that their countrymen possessed full power to retaliate any acts of violence which might be used against these unfortunate men.

The unjust treatment of these prisoners gave the Opposition in Parliament a powerful weapon, which they used against the Ministry with effect. They argued that they were either rebels and felons or else unfortunate prisoners of war; and added that it was too late, and altogether idle, to talk of rebellion, and propose to quell an insurrection by hanging a few insurgents, when a continent of such rebels was in arms. A rumor also went abroad that a writ of *habeas corpus* was about to be issued to set the prisoners free or to bring them to trial before a proper magistrate. The Ministry became alarmed by the rising clamors of the popular voice, and, yielding to the logic of events, changed their policy. They consented to consider Allen and his companions prisoners of war, and, as such, they were placed on board the *Solebay* frigate, of Sir Peter Parker's fleet, to be conveyed to Halifax. That fleet was then preparing for the expedition against the Carolinas which resulted so disastrously to the British, in the summer of 1776.

Allen was soon made to feel that neither clemency nor civil treatment were to be expected from Symonds, the commander of the *Solebay*. The first salutation which that official gave to the captive Colonel was, "Go below, to the cable-tier, and never again appear on deck, the place where only *gentlemen* may walk!" The indignant Colonel obeyed; but, two days afterward, having shaved and arranged his toilet as well as he could, he boldly appeared on deck. The commander was greatly enraged by this effrontery; nor was his anger abated when the prisoner told him coolly that he was Colonel Allen, and a "gentleman," and had a perfect right to walk the deck. As usual, the cowardice of the petty tyrant compromised the matter, and, with an oath, he ordered the Colonel to be careful not to walk on the same side of the deck with himself and other officers. As an example of obedience to the crew Allen obeyed, and always kept on the leeward side, but paced the planks with as much haughty dignity of demeanor as Symonds himself could possibly assume.

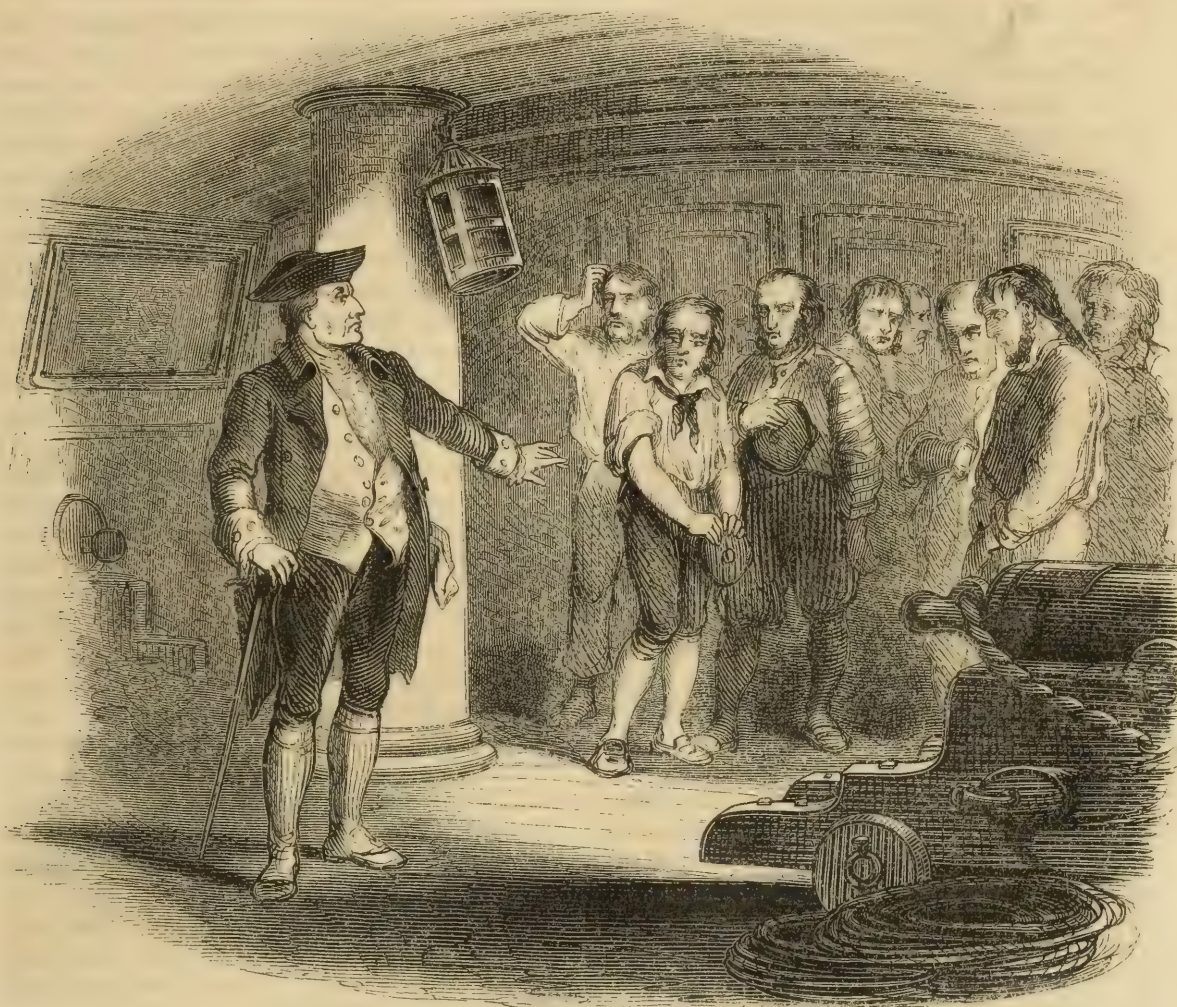
Parker's fleet rendezvoused in the harbor of Cork, from whence it sailed for America toward the middle of February, 1776. While there, the prisoners experienced the proverbial generosity of the Irish people. As soon as it became known that Allen and his fellow-captives were on board the *Solebay*, several gentlemen of Cork combined in presenting each of the common prisoners with a good suit of clothes, an overcoat, and two shirts; and to Allen they gave a sufficient quantity of broadcloth for two suits, also eight shirts and stocks (ready made), several pairs of silk and worsted hose, shoes, and two beaver hats, one of which was richly

trimmed with lace. They also furnished him bountifully with sea-stores, and offered him fifty guineas in gold. He would accept only seven guineas, because, he said, "it might have the appearance of avarice." To the other prisoners they also gave a good supply of tea and sugar. All of these things were taken on board by the second lieutenant during the absence of the commander. Symonds was exceedingly angry when informed of it. He swore that "the American rebels should not be feasted at that rate by the rebels of Ireland;" and then took from Allen all his liquors, and distributed the tea and sugar of the common prisoners among his own crew.

A terrible storm compelled the fleet to return to Cork, where the prisoners were separated, and placed in different vessels. Allen remained in the *Solebay*, and was fortunate enough to be permitted to employ the ship's tailor in making him a fine suit of clothes of his broadcloth. Arrayed in these, with his silk stockings and fine laced hat, his really noble and dignified appearance seemed to inspire Symonds with a sentiment of respect, and he treated his captive with more civility. The voyage was a long one, and they did not reach the American coast, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, in North Carolina, until early in May. There the prisoners were reunited (except one who had died, and another who had escaped by swimming ashore), and were placed on board the *Mercury*, to be conveyed to Halifax. Montague, the commander, was an ignorant, prejudiced brute, and denied the unfortunate men every comfort. He even forbade the surgeon to attend them in sickness. Allen remonstrated with him, but received in reply the assurance that their treatment was a matter of no moment, as they would all be hanged as soon as they arrived at Halifax, and that General Washington and the Continental Congress would soon share the same fate. "If you wait for that event," said Allen, with a voice and countenance full of severe rebuke, "you'll die of old age."

On the voyage the vessel touched at Sandy Hook, below the outward harbor of New York (Raritan Bay), in which a British fleet, under Admiral Howe, was moored. Washington then had possession of the city of New York, and Governor Tryon and other royal officials were fugitives on board the flag-ship of Lord Howe. Tryon, and the old Attorney-General Kemp, whom Allen had met at Albany during the bitter controversies between New York and the New Hampshire Grants, came on board the *Mercury*. They saw and knew Allen, but did not speak to him. "Tryon," he says, "viewed me with a stern countenance, as I was walking on the leeward side the deck with the midshipmen;" and adds, "What passed between the officers of the ship and these visitors I know not; but this I know, that my treatment from the officers was more severe afterward."

The prisoners arrived at Halifax at about the middle of June; and for six weeks they were



ALLEN REBUKING THE MUTINEERS.

confined on board a sloop, in that harbor, under the immediate command of the brutal Montague. There they were treated with the greatest cruelty. They were half-starved; denied the services of a physician, though many were sick with the scurvy; and, finally, the commander, to whom Allen had addressed several respectful letters, petitioning for some relief, forbade any more letters being brought to him from "the rebel." At length the Colonel found means to communicate with Governor Arbutnot. The prisoners were immediately placed in Halifax jail, sufficient food given them, and the attendance of a physician allowed. Still they suffered much. At first there were thirty of them crowded in a small room, some sick with the scurvy. Soon some were sent to the hospital, others were sent to labor on the public works, and by the close of August only thirteen of the captives taken with him at Montreal remained with Colonel Allen.

Among the prisoners whom Allen found in Halifax jail was James Lovell, of Boston, who had been carried thither when the British evacuated that city in the preceding spring, because he was an influential patriot. He afterward became a member of the Continental Congress, and active as one of the committee on foreign affairs. Although entitled to a parole, it had been withheld, and, with others who claimed

the same privilege, he was kept in close confinement. When Allen's friends heard of his arrival at Halifax they joined with those of Lovell in Massachusetts, and of others from Connecticut, in efforts to procure their exchange. While these negotiations were going on, and partial arrangements were effected between General Washington and General Howe respecting the exchange of prisoners, Howe ordered those at Halifax to be sent to New York. This order produced a happy change in the condition of the captives, for they were placed on board the *Lark* frigate, which was commanded by a gentleman and humane man, Captain Smith. "When I came on deck," says Allen, "he met me with his hand, welcomed me to his ship, invited me to dine with him that day, and assured me that I should be treated as a gentleman" by himself and his ship's crew. This unexpected kindness made the big tears roll down the hardy hero's cheek, and the emotions of gratitude made him speechless for a moment. As soon as he could command his voice, Colonel Allen assured the Captain that his kindness should be reciprocated, if an opportunity should allow the service. "This is a mutable world," said Captain Smith, "and one gentleman never knows but it may be in his power to help another."

The opportunity was not long delayed, and

the sentiment of the humane commander was signally verified.

There were about thirty American prisoners, besides Allen and Lovell, on board the *Lark*, and among them was one who had recently been commander of an American armed schooner. A few days after leaving Halifax he had succeeded in forming a conspiracy, with part of the prisoners, to kill Captain Smith, seize the vessel, and divide among themselves almost two hundred thousand dollars of hard money, known to be on board. They had also enlisted some of the crew in their scheme. The chief conspirator revealed his designs to Allen and Lovell, and solicited their co-operation in bringing over the remainder of the prisoners. Allen did not allow a thought of the justification of the rules of war for such an infamous act to intrude itself, but immediately and most decidedly condemned the scheme as a base and wicked return for kind treatment. He assured the ringleader that he would peril his own life in defense of that of Captain Smith, and advised him to desist. The conspirators then solicited Allen to remain neutral, and let them proceed in their own way. This concession he peremptorily refused, and promised them pardon and secrecy only on condition that they should solemnly pledge themselves to abandon the design instantly. They cowered beneath the rebuking glance of his stern eye, gladly accepted his terms, and Colonel Allen had the pleasure of thus paying his debt of gratitude to the excellent Captain Smith.

Toward the end of October the *Lark* arrived in the harbor of New York, and the prisoners were placed on board the *Glasgow* transport. Mr. Lovell was soon afterward exchanged and set at liberty, but Colonel Allen was only admitted to parole within the limits of the city. He landed at about the first of December, and a day or two afterward a scene occurred between him and Rivington, the "King's printer," the memory of which undoubted tradition has pre-

served. Allen had been made acquainted with the course pursued by Rivington toward the Whigs, and the harsh manner in which, on several occasions, he had spoken of himself during his long captivity. Being free to act within the limits of his parole, he resolved to chastise the offending printer, and made no secret of his resolution. Rivington was informed of it, and was prepared for the reception of the wrathful Colonel. He saw him one day, just after dinner, come up the street and stop at his door. "I was certain the hour of reckoning had come," says Rivington, in his humorous account of the interview. "There was no retreat. He entered the store and asked of the clerk, 'Does James Rivington live here?' He answered, 'Yes, Sir.' 'Is he at home?' He said he would see, and went up to my room to inquire what should be done. I had made up my mind. I looked at the bottle of Madeira—possibly took a glass. There was a fearful moment of suspense. I heard him on the stairs. In he stalked. 'Is your name James Rivington?' 'It is, Sir, and no man could be more happy than I am to see Colonel Ethan Allen.' 'Sir, I have come—' 'Not another word, my dear Colonel, until you have taken a seat and a glass of old Madeira.' 'But, Sir, I don't think it proper—' 'Not another word, Colonel. Taste this wine; I have had it in glass for ten years. Old wine, you know, unless it is originally sound, never improves by age.' He took the glass, swallowed the wine, smacked his lips, and shook his head approvingly. 'Sir, I come—' 'Not another word until you have taken another glass; and then, my dear Colonel, we will talk of old affairs; and I have some droll events to detail.' In short," says Rivington, "we finished two bottles of Madeira, and parted as good friends as if we never had cause to be otherwise."

The tender heart of Colonel Allen was sorely afflicted by the scenes of suffering which he beheld among the American prisoners in New York. The sugar-houses, the jail, and old



ALLEN AND RIVINGTON.

hulks in the harbor were used as prisons for the captives taken in the recent battles near Brooklyn and Fort Washington. Privation, sickness, and death held high carnival there; and the picture of their sufferings, drawn by the unpolished pen of Colonel Allen, chills the blood and makes the involuntary curse upon the inflictors rise to the lips and plead for utterance. These things are on the records of history; and we will here pass them by with the remark that all that Colonel Allen could do, in his own destitute condition, by his official influence, for the relief of the sufferers, was done by him in full measure during his parole. He also suffered much, for he became destitute of money, and was not allowed communication with his friends in Vermont. Yet his stout heart was not moved by personal troubles, nor his zeal for liberty in the least subdued; and when a British officer of high rank came to him and spoke of his great fidelity, though in a wrong cause, and the desire of General Howe to show him great favors, by appointing him commander of a regiment of Loyalists, and then tried to dazzle him with brilliant prospects of official promotion, and the possession of large sums of money and broad acres of land by the thousand in whichever of the subdued colonies he might choose them, the inflexible patriot indignantly spurned the tempter, saying, in his own recorded language, "That if by faithfulness I had recommended myself to General Howe, I should be loth, by unfaithfulness, to lose the General's good opinion; besides that, I viewed the offer of land to be similar to that which the devil offered to Jesus Christ, to give him all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him, when, at the same time, the damned soul had not one foot of land upon earth. This," says Allen, "closed the conversation, and the gentleman turned from me with an air of dislike, saying I was a bigot." Colonel Allen, with a bigot's tenacity, adhered to that bigotry, which was, properly defined, true patriotism.

The bold and powerful stroke given to British power on the frozen banks of the Delaware, and which put many prisoners into the hands of the Americans, caused a slight lifting of the heel of oppression from the poor captives in New York. Allen was allowed to go to Long Island early in January, 1777, where his condition was quite tolerable, by comparison. There, within prescribed limits, he remained until the following August, when, under the false pretense that he had infringed his parole, he was conducted by a strong guard to New York, and immured in the provost jail. There he lay for three days, without a morsel of food, and exposed to the insults of Keef, the sergeant of the guard, who stood at his door and administered prison law under the brutal provost marshal, Cunningham. At sunset on the third day the sergeant gave him some boiled pork and a biscuit, and a week afterward he was transferred to a more comfortable apartment. There he remained in close confinement until the following May, sometimes

treated to a day in the dungeon below because of his freedom of speech in the presence of Keef. Soon after the capture of Burgoyne the fact became known to one of his fellow-prisoners in a room above. He communicated the news to Colonel Allen by thrusting a little billet through the open floor into his room. The overjoyed patriot could not suppress his emotions, and he shouted from his grated window to some British soldiers in the street, "Burgoyne has marched to Boston to the tune of Yankee Doodle!" For this he spent a night in the damp dungeon, and was menaced with more severe punishment; but the fact which he had proclaimed was so significant of danger to scores of British officers in the power of the Americans that good treatment of Colonel Allen appeared to be wise policy.

Allen's captivity ended on the 3d of May, 1778, when he was taken to Staten Island; and there, two days afterward, he was exchanged for Colonel Archibald Campbell, of the British army, who was brought there by Elias Boudinot, Commissary of Prisoners. Campbell "saluted me," says Allen, "in a very handsome manner, saying that he never was more glad to see any gentleman in his life; and I gave him to understand that I was equally glad to see him, and was apprehensive that it was from the same motive." They all parted with friendly expressions; and Colonel Sheldon, of the Light Horse, immediately escorted Colonel Allen to the head-quarters of the army at Valley Forge. Washington received him most cordially; and Allen poured out the gratitude of his full heart for the interest the Commander-in-Chief had taken in his behalf during his long and cruel captivity of thirty-one months. He obtained permission of Washington to return to his home to recruit his health and strength. He then set off for the North in company with General Gates, who was proceeding to Fishkill, to take command of the army on the Hudson River. Already the Continental Congress, sitting at York, had honored Allen with a brevet commission of colonel in the regular army, and awarded him back pay as lieutenant-colonel during his captivity.

Bearing these testimonials of his country's gratitude, the gallant soldier hastened homeward, every where receiving the most marked attention of people of all classes. Early in the evening of the last day of May he arrived at Bennington. His appearance there was unexpected, for his friends supposed he had gone to Valley Forge to join the army for actual service. The news of his arrival spread from house to house. The people of the neighborhood gathered around him with every expression of joy; and the Green Mountain Boys gave audibility to these expressions among the distant hills by firing canons, and shouting long and loud huzzas. At sunrise the next morning the whole country around was in motion; and Colonel Herrick, who had nobly seconded Stark in the battle near Bennington the previous year,



ALLEN IN THE PROVOST PRISON.

ordered fourteen discharges of cannon—"thirteen for the United States, and one for Young Vermont."

"One for Young Vermont!" In that there was deep significance. During Allen's long captivity the people of the New Hampshire Grants had been making rapid political progress. They had, in convention at Westminster, in January, 1777, declared themselves free and independent of New Hampshire, New York, and all other sovereignties; adopted a State Constitution, and organized a new government, under the title of VERMONT, in allusion to its chief physical feature—the Green Mountains. This movement had awakened the old feud between the inhabitants of that territory and New York. Governor Clinton, and other active men in the latter State, had from the beginning opposed the claims of Vermont to independence; and the new government of New York, established a few months later, reasserted the supremacy of that State over the territory east of Lake Champlain to the Connecticut River. The bloody enactments, and the claims to lands occupied by settlers, promulgated by the Colonial

Assembly, were not revived; and the matter assumed the features of a political question only. In that shape it was sufficiently important to array the Green Mountain Boys against New York; and hence the significance of that "one gun for Vermont."

Colonel Allen soon comprehended the state of affairs. He regarded Vermont as in the right position, and immediately panoplied himself in her defense. The old colonial battleground again felt his tread, and his voice was more potent than ever among his former companions and associates. He counseled great caution, for he saw fatal danger covered by the fair professions of New York; and he resolved to reject every proposal, from whatever quarter, which did not imply the absolute independence of Vermont. He embodied this sentiment and a recapitulation of past grievances in an address which he sent forth to the inhabitants of Vermont. Sagacity, logic, forecast, and patriotism marked that document, and it met a hearty response. It was respectful, but defiant; and closed with the peroration, "What enemy of the State of Vermont, or what New York land-

monopolizer, shall be able to stand before you in the day of your fierce anger!" We can not, in the space allotted to this article, detail the progress of that controversy, and the important part which Colonel Allen performed in the drama until its close. It became exceedingly complicated, especially when British interference formed an essential element. We may only touch briefly such more luminous points as serve to exhibit the character of our hero in a proper light.

New Hampshire, from which Vermont had separated, became a party in the quarrel, because several of its western townships had been, at their own request, annexed to the latter State. The Continental Congress had been appealed to, in the summer of 1778, for its adjudication; and the Legislature of Vermont appointed Colonel Allen its agent to go before the Supreme National Council at Philadelphia for the special purpose of ascertaining the views of that body respecting the independency of the new commonwealth. He soon found his mission to be more difficult than he expected. Faction and sectional jealousies were rife in that old Congress. The New England delegates favored Vermont; those of New York, of course, opposed it; those of the Middle and Southern States were indifferent; and some denied the power of Congress to act in the matter at all—affirming, in the excess of their zeal for State Rights, that Vermont, by its own act, was irrevocably independent. Colonel Allen went home a wiser man, yet not with a satisfied spirit. While he felt certain that Congress would not deny the independence of Vermont, he felt quite as certain that the new State, as long as that independence was claimed, would be left exposed to invasions from Canada, without material aid or general sympathy. He immediately advised a settlement of all difficulties with New Hampshire, by giving back her truant townships; and he earnestly urged the inhabitants of the new State to adhere to their Declaration of Independence at all hazards. He also wrote and published, in 1779, a treatise entitled "*A Vindication of the Opposition of the Inhabitants of Vermont to the Government of New York, and of their Right to Form an Independent State.*" Its falcion blows aroused the ire of the people of New York; and John Jay wrote, "There is quaintness, impudence, and art in it." "He might have added," says Sparks, "argument, and the evidences of a good cause."

Colonel Allen was now the great civil and military leader in Vermont. He was appointed general-in-chief of the militia, and was continually engaged in public affairs. The people felt some irritation at the course of Congress; and their leaders, perceiving a disposition on the part of the other colonies to remain apathetic, at least, resolved to take measures for establishing an isolated and wholly independent sovereignty. This disposition was observed by the British authorities in Canada, and it was made a basis for reporting to the British Minis-

try that Vermont, without doubt, might be drawn over to the side of the Crown. Machinery working for that important end was immediately put in motion. The leaders were to be approached cautiously, and by some one remote from high authority. The duty devolved upon Colonel Beverly Robinson, then commander of a corps of loyalists, and who figured somewhat conspicuously, some months later, in the treason of Arnold. He wrote from New York to Ethan Allen in March, 1780. He alluded to the fact that they were both American; that he lamented the distresses of his native country; that he had been informed that Allen, and other leading men in Vermont, were opposed to the wild scheme of separation from Great Britain promulgated by the Continental Congress; that the people of that commonwealth might enjoy protection and happiness under Great Britain, as a separate province; and asked Allen to communicate freely with him, as all matters between them should be shrouded in the most profound secrecy. The letter was sent by a British soldier, disguised as a farmer, who handed it to Allen in the streets of Arlington. Allen dismissed him with much courtesy, and then laid the document before Governor Chittenden and other friends. Their sagacity perceived in this advance from the enemy a capital opportunity to serve the political interests of Vermont; and they resolved to pass the letter over in silence, but to keep up a show of disaffection by coquetting with the British authorities in Canada. A friendly letter was accordingly dispatched by Governor Chittenden to General Haldimand, in Canada, proposing a cartel for an exchange of prisoners—some scouts from Vermont having been made captive. This proceeding was to cause a delay in any contemplated invasion of the defenseless frontier of Vermont, from the St. Lawrence or the lake. No reply was made; but soon a formidable British force appeared on Lake Champlain. The people were thoroughly alarmed, and seized their arms to repel the invaders. To their surprise no hostilities were attempted. The British commander sent a flag to General Allen, with a letter to Governor Chittenden, assenting to the proposed cartel, and offering a truce with Vermont until the matter should be arranged.

General Allen was appointed to negotiate the preliminaries of the cartel. Wishing to make friends of the New York borderers, he insisted upon extending the truce into that province as far as the shores of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. The privilege was granted, and the enmity of the people of that region was so completely disarmed that a general desire to have their territory annexed to Vermont was expressed. The negotiations resulted satisfactorily to both parties; and, to the utter surprise of the people, the enemy's fleet moved down the lake, and the Vermont military force was disbanded and sent home at the moment when all expected invasion, and conquest appeared so easy. At that time the British force in Canada was about ten

thousand strong, while the Vermont militia did not exceed seven thousand. The whole secret was known only at that time to General Allen, his brother Ira (then a colonel of militia), and six other judicious friends who controlled the public affairs of the State. The winter soon afterward set in, and nothing more was done until spring. Vermont was saved from invasion, and the enemy rejoiced in the supposed advantage of having detached a discontented province from the others engaged in the revolt.

These movements were carefully reported to the British Ministry, and also gave uneasiness to Congress. Lord George Germain, Colonial Secretary, indulged in many pleasing dreams of the submission of the colonists, while sitting in his easy chair in London; and he wrote a congratulatory letter to Sir Henry Clinton, in New York, on "the happy return of the people of Vermont to their allegiance," at the very time when events were hastily tending toward the discomfiture of Cornwallis and the overthrow of British power within the domain of the revolted colonies. The British officers in New York were also well acquainted with the movements of the Vermont leaders; and Colonel Robinson wondered why his letter had never been answered by General Allen. He finally wrote another in the same strain to that officer; and at about the same time Allen received notice of the appointment of commissioners in Canada to arrange the cartel. Now was an opportunity to work upon the fears of Congress for the benefit of Vermont, and General Allen used it adroitly. He sent to that body the two letters from Robinson, and the notice of Haldimand respecting the commission, together with a letter from himself, in which he explained the mode by which the communications came into his hands, and other matters in relation to the proposed cartel. Then, in the most forcible language, he uttered an eloquent defense of the conduct of the inhabitants of Vermont, reiterated her claims to independent sovereignty, and referred indignantly to the attempt of neighbors to not only abridge her rights, but to destroy her existence. "I am confident," he remarked, "that Congress will not dispute my sincere attachment to the cause of my country, though I do not hesitate to say I am fully grounded in opinion that Vermont has an indubitable right to agree on terms of a cessation of hostilities with Great Britain, provided the United States persist in rejecting her application for a union with them." He concluded his letter with these significant words: "I am as resolutely determined to defend the independence of Vermont as Congress are that of the United States; and, rather than fail, I will retire, with hardy Green Mountain Boys, into the desolate caverns of the mountains, and wage war with human nature at large."

The coquetry with the British authorities in Canada continued during the remainder of the war. A correspondence, carried on chiefly by Ethan and Ira Allen, was kept up, and mes-

sengers from beyond the St. Lawrence came to them secretly, were detained until answers could be prepared, and then as secretly were sent back. Colonel Ira Allen also made friendly visits to General Haldimand. Thus they amused the enemy, kept back invasion, made Congress uneasy, sustained their claims to independence, but were compelled to suffer the effects of suspicion concerning their patriotism. But these were all removed from their fair fame when peace came, and concealment became no longer a necessity, and the escutcheons of Ethan and Ira Allen are as free from the tarnish of wavering patriotism or inconsistency as those of any of the men of the Revolution whom we delight to honor.

Although appointed colonel in the Continental Army, Ethan Allen never entered upon the duties of his office. His time was fully employed with the civil and military affairs of Vermont. Soon after his return from his captivity, in 1778, he was elected to a seat in the State Legislature. How long he occupied that station, or how late in life he retained his military command, we have now no means of ascertaining; for the record, if ever made, has been lost. When rising peace blessed the land with its beams, in 1782, he returned to the pleasant pursuits of the farmer—not, however, among his old friends at Bennington, but in a newer region of his beloved Vermont. For a short time he resided at Arlington, and afterward at Sunderland. At length he settled in the vicinity of Onion River, near the scene of some of his earlier exploits against New York intruders, where, with his brothers, he had purchased large tracts of land. There he remained, in the enjoyment of the quiet of agricultural life, until his death, which occurred very suddenly at Burlington, from the effects of apoplexy, in February, 1789. His funeral was largely attended; and, as we have said at the commencement of this sketch, he was buried within sound of the cascades of the Winooski.

Ethan Allen possessed a vigorous but partially cultivated intellect, and his natural independence of thought often led his mind far away from the beaten tracks of human investigation. In religion he became a free-thinker; and, in 1782, he gave expression to his opinions in a little book, entitled "Reason the only Oracle of Man; or, a Compendious System of Natural Religion." It was published at Bennington two years later, and attracted much attention, especially among the orthodox divines of New England, who severely condemned it. While it possesses many striking and original thoughts, it exhibits remarkable crudity in their development; and the whole work may be regarded as a melancholy picture of the gropings of a benighted yet gifted spirit in the dark valley of human reason, unaided by the light of Divine revelation, and following the will-o'-the-wisp of errant fancy. That his religious opinions were not grounded in absolute conviction, the scene at the death-bed of his beloved

daughter by his first wife, as related by tradition, fully attests. She was a lovely, pious young woman, whose mother, then long in the spirit-land, had instructed her in the truths of the Bible. When she was about to die, she called her father to her bedside, and, turning upon him her pale face, lighted by lustrous blue eyes, she said, with a sweet voice, "Dear father, I am about to cross the cold, dark river. Shall I trust to your opinions, or to the teachings of dear mother?" These words, like a keen arrow, pierced the recesses of his most truthful emotions. "Trust to your mother!" said the champion of infidelity; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child. Thus it is ever. There is a cell in the human soul in which lodges the germs of perennial faith in God and his revelations. When touched by the electric spark of conviction it springs forth into bloom and fruitfulness, defiant alike of the frosts of cold, unbelieving reason, and the scorching heat of human philosophy.

In his private as in his public life Ethan Allen was always consistent, honorable, and inflexibly honest. On one occasion he owed a citizen of Boston about one hundred and fifty dollars, for which he had given his note. It was inconvenient for him to pay it at maturity. It was put in suit, and he employed a lawyer to attend the court and have the matter postponed until he could raise the money. As the readiest way to postpone the matter the lawyer de-

termined to deny the genuineness of the signature, which would compel the holder to send to Boston for a witness. Allen happened to be in a remote part of the court-room when the case was called. He was utterly astonished when he heard the lawyer gravely deny the signature. With long and fierce strides he rushed through the crowd, and, confronting the amazed "limb of the law," he rebuked him in a voice full of wrath. "Mr. —," he exclaimed, "I didn't hire you to come here and lie! That's a true note; I signed it, I'll swear to it, and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling—I want time. What I employed you for was to get this business put over to the next court—not to come here and lie and juggle about it!" The result was that the postponement was effected without farther opposition.

Although prevented by a series of apparently unfortunate circumstances from taking a very active part in the general operations of the war for Independence, yet few men engaged in that struggle will be remembered with more affection and admiration as a patriot and hero than Ethan Allen. In private life he was consistent, kind, placable, but unyielding in his integrity and justice. Under his rough exterior of speech and manner lay the pure diamond of a noble nature. His life and services form a strange and romantic chapter in the annals of his country; and the memory of his deeds will always lend vitality to the patriotism of his people.



ALLEN AT THE DEATH-BED OF HIS DAUGHTER.



PAUL'S SHIP ON THE FIFTEENTH DAY.

THE VOYAGE OF PAUL.

THE morning dawned, cold and gray, like the mornings of American northern latitudes. The air was very still, and the sea was as quiet as a mountain lake.

The last watch had been mine. I was on deck from about two o'clock. The breeze, which had been fresh from the westward, died away when the first light stole over the eastern sky, and we were rolling heavily in a flat calm when the sun came up over Mount Carmel. We had made fair time in one night, for we had left Jaffa at sunset of the evening previous, with a dashing breeze, and the *Lotus* had made a glorious run of it.

We had been more than a month among the Greek Islands, and then, with the same party who joined us at Athens, we had run down to the Syrian coast, and, landing at Jaffa, had passed a fortnight in Jerusalem. Here the ladies left us, and we became again a bachelor party, and now proposed, for want of a plan, and in order to use up a spare month or six weeks, to follow with our boat, as near as might be, the track of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in his



voyage from the court of Festus to the court of Cæsar.

Jaffa lies on the Syrian coast, a little to the southward of Cæsarea. Its chief inhabitants seem to be dirty women, followed by dirtier children. We ran by the latter port in the night. I should not call it a port, for it is but a wild shore, where no relics remain of the days of Roman power. No coast in all the world is more desolate than that of Syria. There is not on the whole shore of Palestine a solitary port in which a ship may ride at anchor. The Mediterranean rolls and roars over the fallen columns of Askelon. Jaffa is a bold promontory. Tyre and Sidon are the terror instead of the haven of sailors. The identical words of the prophecy of Ezekiel have thus their fulfillment. Acre and Haifa, at the outlet of the plain of Esdraelon, are open sea beaches, where the surf beats heavily under the walls of the cities.

"Where are we, skipper?" demanded S——, as his head emerged from the hatchway, and his sleepy eyes gazed shoreward. "Where is the craft about now? Is that Lebanon?"

"No; but beyond it you see the blue hills of the cedars. That, oh most worthy traveler! is the mountain of Elijah, even Mount Carmel."

"How she pitches! Where's the wind? Can't something be done to keep the ship right side up?"

"No wind this morning, Sir, I think," chimed in the sailing-master; "but I shouldn't be surprised if we have enough of it by night. It looks ugly and dirty on shore; but this is a

queer climate anyhow. A man can't tell ten minutes ahead how the weather's agoing to be."

We were within four miles of the shore, and obviously it was a good idea to land and visit our old friends the monks of Mount Carmel. A light breath of air for half an hour set us in toward the rocks, and at eight o'clock we were in the small boat pulling toward the foot of the hill.

Ascending by a path much shorter than is usually followed, we arrived at the convent at about the time the monks were making ready their very simple noonday meal, which they invited us to share with them. The bread was none of the best, but we washed it down with a queer-tasting liquor that they called wine, and which was indeed not unpalatable. The country about the plain of Esdraelon produces excellent grapes, and I have heretofore tasted very good wine on the eastern slopes of Lebanon.

From the summit of Mount Carmel the view was sublime and impressive. The great sea rolled to the base of the hill, thundering on the rocky barriers at our feet. To the north the shore stretched off to Tyre and Sidon, and the lofty peaks of Lebanon shone in the noon light with surpassing splendor. Between us and those hills was a broad plain, through which a river, silvery and slow in its flood, found its way to the sea. The plain was Esdraelon, the river was "that mighty river the River Kishon." Turning to the northeast, my eyes sought the familiar spots in which I have heretofore lingered with a holy delight that no words will suffice to convey to others. A solitary white

spot on a hill-top I knew to be the Moslem tomb which stands high up above Nazareth, and I could see in imagination the group of women around the fountain of the Virgin at its foot, and hear their shrill voices, even at twenty miles' distance. Beyond, Tabor rose green and glorious from the plain. How I longed to stand one moment on that hill, and look down into the Sea of Galilee!

The view contained all the spots most familiar to the youth of Christ. I doubted not that there were times when the young son of Joseph wandered across the plain and stood where I was now standing, or sat on the rocks before me and listened to the solemn voice of the sea. The blue sky that afterward received Him out of the sight of His disciples, even then bent over Him with the weight of angels' feet pressing toward Him in all His wanderings. How blue it seemed to me! Was ever sky so glorious, so pure, so deep, yet so translucent, as that sky over the hills of Holy Land?

These are but outlines of the emotions we felt and endeavored to express to each other as we stood on the top of Mount Carmel and looked to the plain and the hills beyond.

I have not described the convent, nor shall I attempt it. The good monks were polite, kind, and accepted our gratuity with becoming humility. That is sufficient to be said at present.

The sky began to look very dirty to the westward, and a breeze was springing up from the north and west. The *Lotus* stood in to the shore, and we left the hill with some reluctance, descended abruptly to the coast, where our boat took us off, and we then pulled lustily



FOUNTAIN NEAR NAZARETH.

for the yacht, which picked us up just before a squall struck her.

The sailing-master had all ready for it, and, when the wind came, the gallant little ship put her head into and shook off the foam from her face as if she loved it. The sun was nearly down. The night promised to be dark, and the tempest increased. We worked into the wind as long as we were able, but now it became prudent to run across the line of the gale and make an offing to the southwest. So we wore ship, and under a double-reefed mainsail and just the head of the jib, we dashed away in the scud that flew over us.

In an hour we had run down the coast till we knew that we must be about abreast of Mount Carmel, but it was too dark to see any line of shore. We could hear no breakers, and we judged that we were ten miles off from the land, when, crack! the throat halliards had parted in the block, and down came the mainsail, held only by the peak.

There seems to be a change of wind, or a heavy gust, or something of the sort always on hand for a ship suddenly in trouble. The gale hauled short to the westward as she paid off in spite of her helm, and away she went right for the shore.

"Let go the jib!" shouted the skipper.

There wasn't much of it to let go, but down came what there was, and we rolled heavily shoreward. The idea of climbing that mast to repair damages in such a night and such a sea seemed to be out of the question to a landsman, but one of the men was half-way up the shrouds before the peak was down. Long before he was at the top he had disappeared from our eyes in the intense blackness which now overhung the sea. The mast was swinging back and forth thirty, forty, fifty feet, or even more, and he was up there swinging with it. Two, three, five minutes, and no word. Was he overboard in the darkness? Had he been flung off to leeward, and our eyes failed to see him? No, for there was a steady pull on the halliard which he had fastened round his waist as he went up, and at length down he came by the run, and in a moment more the duck went up again.

But now, clear, loud as thunder, close aboard of us, we heard the breakers. Instead of being ten miles at sea we were on the very edge of breakers, the vessel plunging toward them.

Hard down went the tiller, and as she swept into the wind—"Let go the starboard anchor!" and the sullen plunge in the seething waves was audible, as it went down to find some hold-ground on the bottom of the Mediterranean.

The scene was now not only exciting; it had become perilous. The chances of the anchor bringing her up were very few. The chances of our own safety as few. I do not think we were a particularly fool-hardy or cold-blooded party. But long-continued Eastern travel, and the constant habit of familiarity with danger, had certainly made us less timid

and more cool than a party of ordinary yacht voyagers would be likely to be.

"Skipper John, what insurance did you write home for on this craft?" demanded Hall, the Englishman, as he very quietly took off his coat, loosened his cravat, and made ready for what might come.

"It appears to me, Mr. Hall, that the offices that have risks on your life and mine, if they only knew our present predicament, would be willing to compromise at ninety-nine cents. What's to be done, Peter?"

"Hold on, John! I don't see any thing else. Fire a gun or two to call out the Arabs, so that there may be a chance at least for a decent burial when they find us, and then watch the cable."

"That gun idea is good. We'll throw a rocket too, and burn a blue light. How she plunges! Give her a fathom or two more of that cable."

"All out, Sir."

"All out? all out, eh? 'Out, out, brief candle!'—isn't that Shakspeare?" and the good fellow dove into the cabin, reappeared with a musket and his fire-works, which he touched one by one with a cigar that he had lighted below, and which he smoked very quietly as he now resumed his place with the rest of us about the mainmast.

The gun was a waste of powder. No monk on Carmel would have heard it in the thunder of the tempest that was sweeping over the hill. But some devout worshiper on the convent roof caught sight of the blue light or the rocket, and we now saw lanterns moving down the cliff. Nearer and nearer, fearfully near!

"Holy Mary!" exclaimed Laroche, "are the rocks so close astern of us!"

A pistol-shot from the taffrail—no more—stood some one holding a lantern aloft. Our danger seemed hideous, and now we became calm and serious, as befitted men on the verge of a terrible death. So we stood together for three mortal hours, and then the gale was spent.

As it became manifest that this was the case, one and another drew a long and heavy inspiration.

"It is God who has saved us!" said Laroche; and we were ashamed that the gay Frenchman should be the first to thank Him, as we did then and there together, humbly and heartfully.

Day dawned. In the first cold light we saw a group of Arabs on the rocks watching us with anxious eyes.

"Ah, you vagabonds," shouted John, "you are out of your reckoning this time! I've half a mind to fire a gun into that crowd of robber rascals. Doesn't it remind you of hyenas near a grave-yard, Peter?"

"Be still, John! They may mean you a service. Wait till I hail them. I think one of them is that convent servant that we saw yesterday; and if so, we must be under the very side of Carmel."

For up to this time we were not ourselves aware where we were.

"Ya, Ibrahim?"

"Ya, Howajji, Pietro."

So far well. It was certainly Ibrahim, the old convent servant.

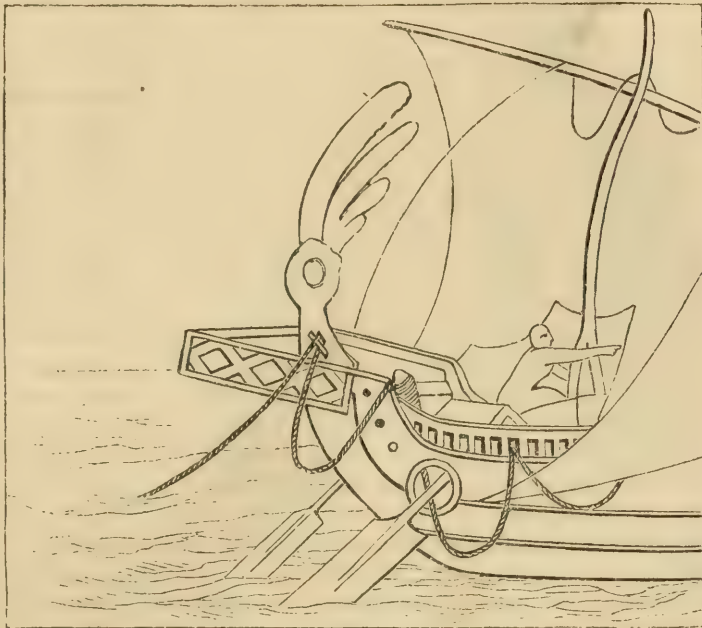
"Where are we, oh Abou Ibrahim?" And he shouted back the information that we lay under the bluff of Carmel—a point that seamen may well dread, wild, fierce, and inhospitable as any rock-bound coast on any sea.

The sun came up and with it a change of wind, drawing gently off the shore. We got up one of the anchors, but the other lies yet among those rocks. It was the loss of that anchor that saved us, for it jammed somewhere among the crevices in the rocky bottom, and held us bravely through the storm.

So we got up the canvas and bade adieu to the mountain of Elijah, which, nevertheless, looked down on us steadfastly for a long forenoon, as we stole away slowly by Haifa and Acre, and along the coasts of Tyre.

We passed Tyre that evening, and Sidon was on the starboard bow when we came on deck the next day. We went ashore here, in pursuance of the plan of our voyage, to touch as far as possible at every point made memorable by Paul's voyages, and especially his last voyage to Rome.

I am very certain that few readers of the Bible have studied the incidents of that last voyage with as much attention as we gave to it during the six weeks which we devoted to going over the same waters. Not a little aid was derived from a recent English book on *The Voyage and Shipwreck of the Apostle*, by James Smith, Esq., who has studied the matter very thoroughly, although he is so enthusiastic on the subject that he is led to many conclusions not justified by the facts known to us. To his book, however, I am indebted for much information, and the illustration of the situ-



ANCIENT SHIP, FROM HERCULANEUM.

ation of Paul's ship on the fifteenth morning is a curious specimen of his laborious investigation. The ship is designed from an outline of the ship of Theseus, found at Herculaneum, a ship on a tomb at Pompeii, and another from a coin of Commodus. The shrouds he copies from an old coin, and the girding around the ship from a naval officer's description, who once saw it done; so that, on the whole, it may be thought a fair representation of the ship in which Paul sailed. In such a vessel as this, and in such a sea as the Mediterranean, his voyage was somewhat different from ours. This was the ship of Alexandria which he took at Myra, not that in which he embarked at Cæsarea, and touched next day at Sidon. It must have been something of a run for such a vessel. If I mistake not, it is more than seventy miles from Cæsarea to Sidon, and in the Mediterranean seventy miles a day would be a good sail, even in our days, for an Oriental vessel. Here, following the example of Paul, we went ashore to refresh ourselves.

On my word Saidia is a poor place to accomplish that same thing. But there is an American mission here, and Dr. Thomson, one of the noblest of Eastern missionaries, here labors and waits. That he will see the result of his work even in his own day I doubt not.

Sidon is now a poor Oriental city, without port or commerce. The miserable bazars are far removed from the ancient glory of the Sidonians, and prophecy has had her perfect accomplishment. An Arab lounging along on a donkey he could better carry, or a woman enveloped in her bundle of silks seated high up on the saddle, or a group of soldiers eating their rations on the shore, these



ANCIENT SHIP, FROM POMPEII.



are the successors of the merchant princes of Sidon.

Laroche, as usual, destroyed the sentiment of our brief visit by one of his absurd blunders. Laroche doesn't yet understand Arabic. He would not understand it if he lived ten years with Arabs; but he might at least know their signs by this time. Now, an Arab, when he would bid you keep your distance, turns the palm of his hand down, and moves it in a beckoning way, as if he was drawing straws toward him with his fingers.

Seeing a portly native in a door-way the Frenchman approached, and was greeted with the usual sign, which was meant to inform him that he should not come that way. Laroche bowed politely and advanced. The Arab backed into the house, continuing the motion more furiously. Laroche followed, heedless of a guttural *usbour* (stop) which the son of Ishmael grunted. We were watching the scene, which was, in fact, not a little amusing, when Pierre entered the door, but the next instant he sprang back astounded at a sweeping blow with a certain steel weapon which the uncivil dog aimed at his head.

Nor was this all. It appeared that there were women in the house, and the unceremonious entrance of the Frenchman had found them unvailed. The offense was heinous, and the Arab proceeded to punish it. Hence a row in the street, the exhibition of two or three revolvers, and an interference of the government in the person of some soldiers. Such was the only incident of this my third visit to Sidon. We retreated ingloriously to the beach, and were soon on shipboard standing away for Cyprus.

Vilest of all seas is this Mediterranean. Since I have learned to know it, I have admired more than ever before the faith and patience of Paul who made so many voyages on it. Some mornings it appears like a mirror—calm, placid, and blue as the sky over it. In an hour it will be an angry, furious sea lashed into foam, churning, plunging, rushing hither and yon—unreasonable, unreasoning, and unmanageable. Laroche was sea-sick two-thirds of the time,

and I was half sick daily during the run from Sidon to Cyprus.

The voyage was mostly along the coast, until we were well up in the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean. One day we had the blue hills of Lebanon on our right, and the next we were within sight of the range that forms the northern barrier of Syria, among which lies Antioch.

Four days from Sidon we dropped the anchor in front of the little town of Mersina, which is the port of Tarsus, now known as Tarsoos. For it was fitting, in a voyage over the route of Paul, that, since it was in our way, we should visit the birth-place of Saul.

Tarsus is an inland town. "The ships of Tarshish" are of the ancient days. None have hailed from there within a thousand years. But in the days of Paul the River Cydnus was navigable for some miles from its mouth, and to a point within at the most three miles of the city. Doubtless its commerce was great. The vast interior tribes, the inhabitants of the rich plains now possessed by the Turcomans, were then rich in all the ordinary possessions of nomadic people, and this was the point at which they sought commerce with the world. Hence the grandeur of Tarsus, which, even at this time, is no inconsiderable place. It is, in fact, the chief city in this part of Asia Minor.

We landed at Mersina in a heavy surf. There is no port, no breakwater, no dock; but there is a stone-pier well fitted to destroy any small boat that approaches it when the sea is running. By a judicious timing of our sweeps we succeeded in doing the thing as it is sometimes done on the south side of Long Island, and the boat was out of the reach of the wave that followed us before it broke.

I bargained for horses while Laroche and Strong got out the saddles from the boat; for we carried our own saddles every where. The appearance of the party when mounted was by no means prepossessing. John S—— was the tallest man of the crowd. He had the smallest horse, and such a horse! We had a little gallop along the sand by way of diversion and exhibiting our skill in equitation (isn't that the word?), and the first result was the stumbling of John's horse and his violent and ungraceful plunge over the animal's head. Then Laroche changed with him, and we got away.

It was a wild and beautiful ride. Mount Taurus, bold and magnificent, guiding us toward the old city at its foot, wherein the Apostle was born whose name the world honors and God has written on His very throne.

Now from some lofty hill we looked back at the waves of a stormy sea, and now along the coast that once gleamed with palaces and cities. Anon in some deep glen we wondered whether the boy, who must sometimes have wandered over this path, had any dim idea of the glorious career that awaited him; whether the trees, the stream, the wind, the cloud, the everlasting hills ever whispered to him the secret power that lay in his heart, subject to the call of his

God, who could make him, from a Tarsus tent-maker, a king and a priest!

So thinking and so talking we rode on till we reached the city, in its valley under the majestic side of Mount Taurus.

"Peter, what did we come back here for?"

"Because these other boys have never seen it, John."

"Pierre Laroche, what did you come here for?"

"Because you said come—so I come."

"Stephen Strong, what brought you to Tarsus?"

"I'll tell you, John. Up in Connecticut, if she isn't up in heaven before this—which God forbid!—there's an old woman well-nigh eighty years gone on the road to the city of Paul and Peter and all the saints and apostles. Well, Sir, the old lady, if she be alive when I go home, will say, 'Stephen were you any where near Tarshish?' And if I say 'Yes,' she will say next, 'And did you see the ships of Tarshish? and did you go there? and did it look like a grand old town? and—' By my faith, John, if I went home without seeing Tarsus, when I was within a hundred miles of it, the old woman couldn't die in peace. Not an inch of the ground I travel over but she will know all about, and talk over and over and over. Do you know that half the pleasure of this Eastern travel is to be in telling her, and such as she, of all that I see and do?"

"I honor your motives, Stephen, but I must say that it don't quite pay. I have been here before, and I can tell you that, for fleas and vermin, it has no equal this side of Jerusalem. What shall it be to-night? A khan or a house-top?"

"A house-top, by all means, if we can effect it."

So, as evening was approaching, we entered the city, and near its outskirts finding a promising-looking house, we threw ourselves on the hospitality of the owner, who proved to be a Turkish gentleman, and gave us the choice of rooms in his residence.

We chose that terrace roof which is invariably found in Oriental houses, and from which the upper apartments generally open. But in this case there were only two rooms opening from the roof, one of which was unoccupied, while the doors of the other remained closed. This arranged, we strolled into the city. I am not disposed to describe it. One Oriental city is like all others. The dark, narrow streets, the roofed bazars, the little shops with patient tradesmen sitting on their benches, the curling smoke ascending from Moslem lips, the clatter in the streets, the camels swinging lazily and groaning as they swing along, the donkeys in sad patience laboring under incredible loads of Arab flesh; these, and the reeking filth and abominations that fill the streets—every street a gutter—are the characteristics of one and of all the cities under the rule of the Prophet's successor.

As the sun lit with indescribable glory the summit of Taurus we sat together on the house-top of our worthy host and talked of the great man of Tarsus. Verily this dust—the dust of his sandals—is sacred. How few great men were born in any low country! Perhaps it is safer to say, how many great men were born and educated among mountains! Who can doubt that this sublime scenery had somewhat to do in moulding the character of Paul? Who can hesitate to think that his firmness, his faith, his grandeur of purpose and action had their origin in these majestic hills that overhung the scenes of his younger years?

But I may not pause to moralize. We slept gloriously that night on the house-top. Once only I woke, and saw a white star right over head looking down on me, as if to know who I was that slept where the star had seen the great Apostle sleeping. But I fell away again into the dreamy sleep that the Eastern traveler delights in, and the stars and the night went on as of old.

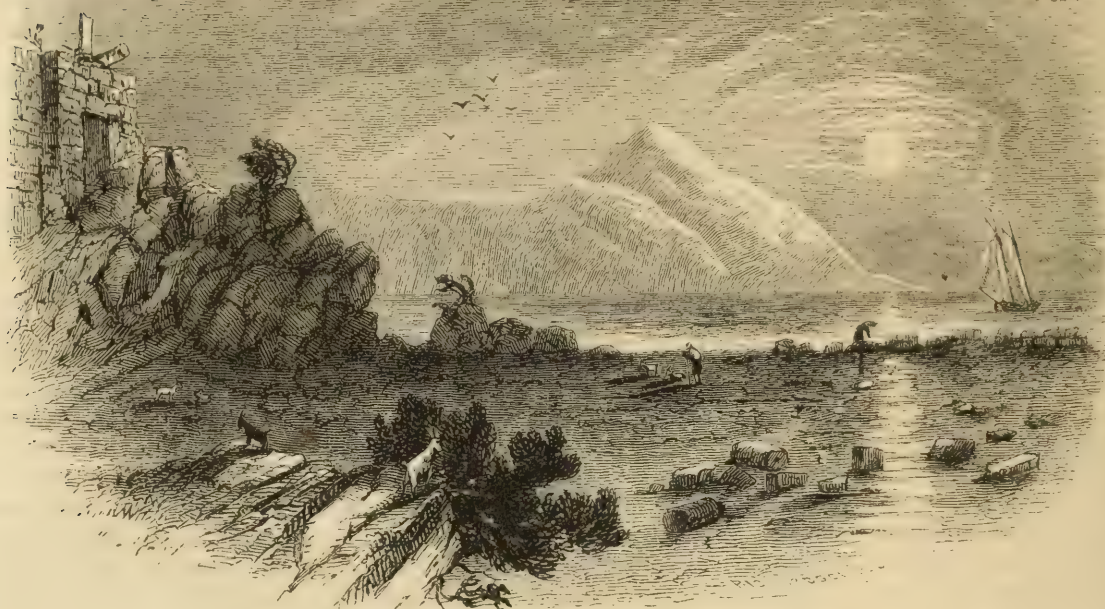
The next day but one, with a fresh and glorious breeze, we dashed across the Gulf of Alexandretta, and ran into the port of Seleucia, near the mouth of the Orontes on the Syrian coast.

The reader of the life of Paul, or of Luke's account of his journeyings, will remember that this port is the spot from which the great Apostle commenced his foreign travels and preaching. All these waters must have been more or less familiar to him, especially from his last voyage to Rome over their tempestuous waves.

By-the-way, I remark, in passing, that whether Paul sailed to the north or south of Cyprus on that voyage is a matter of no little dispute among the gentlemen who have studied the subject. The phrase in Luke's account is, "We sailed *under* Cyprus, because the winds were contrary." Whether "under" means "south of" let those judge who can.

Our plan was to visit Seleucia, then go over to Cyprus and sail to the northward and along the shores of Cilicia and Pamphylia, for the sake of visiting scenes that were probably familiar to him in his boyhood (for, if he was a tent-maker he was a sail-maker, and if a sail-maker he very probably went to sea once in a while on a short cruise in neighboring waters to see how his own sails worked), and scenes that were certainly familiar to him in later years, when, as we read in the 13th chapter of the Acts, he left Antioch and "departed unto Seleucia, and from thence they sailed to Cyprus," and again left Cyprus and came to Perga and Pamphylia.

A glance at the map may be of some use to the reader who wishes to follow our course. Cyprus lies parallel to the coast of Asia Minor, and about eighty miles from it at the nearest point. The intermediate sea should, perhaps, be properly called the Sea of Cilicia—that of Pamphylia lying west of this, as Pamphylia is west of Cilicia on the main land. Following the coast from Seleucia, which is near Antioch



PORT OF SELEUCIA.

on the east coast, up to the Pass of Issus, which is at the extreme northeast corner of the Mediterranean, near to Alexandretta or Iskanderoon, and going westward, we first come to Tarsus, next Soli, or Pompeiopolis, the splendor of whose ruins is visible from the sea as we sail along. Then we reach Kalendria, and now sailing northward, as the Bay of Pamphylia sweeps inland, we came to Alaya, Perga (wholly lost in ruin), and then leaving the bay we round the Island of Castelorizo, which lies a little to the westward of what was once Myra. If the reader bear this in mind, and a glance at the map will fix it there, he will understand the course we now intended pursuing. With a fair-breeze, Paul could easily have run over in a day from Seleucia, at the mouth of the Orontes in Syria, to the coast of Cyprus, and another day would take him along its shores to Paphos.

When he stood on this spot ready to embark on his first foreign missionary work, the palaces of Seleucia must have been magnificent indeed. The city was some three or four miles from the coast. But the port was evidently wealthy, and its buildings were imposing. The fragments of piers which remain show many stones of gigantic size, twenty feet or more in length, while the declivities of the hills were evidently covered with magnificent towers, and castles, and palaces. Mount Casius looks down in solemn grandeur on the bay as of old. The sea murmurs among the ruins the same old story that it told the palaces when it laved their foundations. I can not well describe the emotion that I felt in setting foot on that shore, desolate and mournful as it is, and looking up, as I could imagine the great Apostle looked up,

at the glorious summit of Casius, on whose white brow the blue pavement of heaven rested.

His prophetic eye looked beyond the summit, beyond the blue. He saw the white hosts that should gather in heaven, when the end of his apostleship should be accomplished and the Gentiles should be saved. In prayers, and fastings, and tears they had sent him away from Antioch to the work "whereunto the Holy Ghost had called him." A little while ago and he might have come to Seleucia as he had gone to Damascus, at the head of a troop of soldiery, to be received with shouts and pomp. Not so now. He came with his companion, Barnabas, two despised preachers of a new and hated creed. No one followed them when they took ship. No crowds attended their embarkation. Alone, humble, with bowed heads but earnest hearts, they walked down the marble pier to the boat that lay tossing on the restless sea.

It seems to me that the echo of that tread shakes the whole earth to-day. It seems to me that no conqueror's foot ever fell on invaded soil with such a ring of triumph. It was the first foreign mission of the Gospel of the Lord. It was the first crossing of the sea of the apostles to the Gentiles.

Ten centuries after that the seas of Pamphylia and Cilicia saw another sight when the nations of the West came pouring along the coasts in resistless floods, and covering the seas with their fleets as they came to battle for the Cross and Tomb. That was the echo of the footstep of Paul on the shore of Seleucia! That footfall sounded in Asia, across the sea to Greece, and further on to Rome, to Gaul, to England.

to the vast hordes that swarmed in the north country of Europe; so that, in less than three centuries, there was no civilized nation on the earth that did not date its hopes of heaven from that same hour when Paul stood on the coast at Seleucia and lifted up his eyes to the mountains that looked down on Tarsus, his birth-place and his earthly home, and saw beyond the mountains the throne of his Master, and the host that no man could number, who should gather around it when his work should be done.

I think I am justified in saying that Seleucia is one of the most interesting spots on the earth's surface.

The old city is somewhat difficult of access. The country is densely overgrown with thickets; and the precipitous ravines which cross it here and there make traveling not a little dangerous.

We went on foot, climbing hill-sides and breaking our shins here and there; but with tolerable success in the end, for we found some fine ruins, and a hill-side perforated with splendid sepulchres, empty all. One of these sepulchres might have been that of a monarch, so elaborate and expensive was its work in the solid rock. But it is nameless; and the bones of him who occupied it have been long ago broken to dust and scattered on land and sea. Perhaps it was he who ruled when "Ptolemy gave the dominion of the cities by the sea unto Seleucia upon the coast," as related in the 13th chapter of 1st Maccabees; or perhaps it was one who heard the voice of Paul.

But it is vain to speculate on the occupant of an ancient tomb. The probabilities are that it had a succession of occupants, and one displaced another as race and dynasty succeeded race and dynasty.

We left Seleucia in the evening, and next morning sailed along the coast of Cyprus, and before evening we were at anchor in the harbor of Larnaka, one of the finest ports now on the island.



MODERN SHIP OF ALEXANDRIA.

As we entered the harbor we observed one of those curious vessels that abound in the Mediterranean, and are never seen elsewhere, standing in ahead of us. Large, open craft, carrying huge lateen sails, and swinging to the breeze, before which they certainly fly swiftly; they are, nevertheless, just such boats as one would not care to trust himself in on a windy day in a sea way. The managers of this vessel were cautious. They began to take in sail long before they reached the anchorage; and by the time they were ready to let the iron go down they were running along under the vast foresail only, and we were close aboard of them.

"Stephen, my boy, that ship's load seems to be women. What do you make them out?"

Strong was looking at them through a whaling glass, and pronounced them a group of very



LARNAKA.

pretty women—not Turkish, because they showed their faces in the presence of the men.

"Doubtless Greek, for the island is inhabited mostly by Greeks."

"I think so; there's a very pretty girl on the starboard side; laughing too. Jove! the vessel is going over!"—and he dashed his glass to the deck and plunged overboard like a madman.

He was right, however. A flaw struck the large sail and laid the craft on her side as suddenly as if the thing had been planned, and the Cypriote girls rent the air with their shrieks as they went into the sea. They were not a hundred yards from us. The *Lotus* had lost her headway entirely. The only chance of helping them was to follow Strong's example, and John and myself went in with a will.

We struck out boldly; but long before we reached the spot those who had not caught floating benches or oars were out of sight, for the vessel had filled and gone down instantly. I dove where I had seen two or three go down together, and caught the loose dress of one of the Greek girls. John found another. These two alone were saved. Three others we could not find.

The scene was over in five minutes, and we were again on the deck of the *Lotus*, our prizes lying motionless, but not dead, and the boat at work picking up the crew and passengers, who were clinging to the spars that drifted shoreward.

It was a somewhat delicate position for a boat-load of bachelor Americans. What was to be done with the women? Should we for once be medical men, and throw all questions of delicacy overboard, while we saved their lives; or should we let them die, for the sake of observing the ordinary rules of conduct?

"Throw cold water over them!" said Hall, in a flurry of excitement.

"You be hanged, Benjamin Hall! Look at their drapery just now, and see what that bright idea is worth."

"Try it warm, Peter."

"None of your joking, John. The girls will do well enough if you'll rub their hands and cheeks a little. They're not drowned, but only scared, and I don't think we need disturb their dresses—"

Any farther discussion of the course to be pursued was made unnecessary by one of them suddenly starting to her feet with a loud cry of surprise, and then, as if the whole story of the scene came over her in an instant, she fell back to the deck and buried her face in her hands. But she remained in this position only a moment. Rising again as suddenly as before, she commenced tearing the clothes from the form of her companion—a process to which I put a stop by lifting the insensible girl and carrying her to the stern of the ship, when we retired to the forward part and watched the process of rescuing the crew. By dint of proper restoratives, which we took care that she found at

hand, she had revived her friend before the boat returned, and before the shore boats, which had put off on seeing the accident, had reached our sides. We had not yet ascertained their names or station, and we now resigned them to the care of the survivors, who seemed to know all about them, and who took them into shore boats and departed, without so much as a "Thank you!" in Greek, Arabic, or English.

"Cool that, isn't it?" said Strong, as the last of them went over the side, perfectly oblivious of our presence or existence.

"Icy. These Cyprian people are of their own sort. But she was a pretty girl, Strong. You were right."

"Wasn't she? I'll know more about her to-morrow, if there's any dog of a dragoman in the town, and I don't die of starvation before to-morrow. Jackson, where's the dinner?"

"Is it the dinner, Mr. Strong? Faith, Sir, those poor fellows with the wet shirts that came down below ate it up; and I thought you sent them down, and I gave them the claret too, Sir, and they drank it."

"Cool that, wasn't it, Stephen?"

"Icelandic!"

And so we rescued the fair Grecians and a dozen Greeks, and lost our dinner. Thus ended the day.

When I came on deck the next morning a boat was lying alongside, and in it sat a fat and respectable-looking gentleman in Frank costume, who, on seeing me appear, sprang on deck, and, in very fair Italian, proceeded to pour out his thanks for the rescue of his daughters. It was, in fact, the father of the two young ladies that we had saved, and the gratitude had been reserved for this day. We had no occasion to think of the ice again. He opened his heart to us; rejoiced above all things to hear that we were American; said that next to the joy he had in receiving his daughters safe and well was the receiving them at American hands; reminded us of all that Americans had done for Greeks and Greece, and especially reminded us of the late brave and gallant defense of Greeks in Egypt by De Leon, the American consul, who protected the Greek merchants against the banishment which Said Pasha had decreed. In fact, he told us that to be a Greek was to love an American, and then he took us on shore, and we had a glorious day of it; and Stephen Strong thought he should live in Cyprus hereafter, and never want to see his venerable aunt, who reads her Bible and will ask him about Tarsus.

I wish this pen of mine were better able to describe the beauty of those Greek girls. The traveler from America wanders over the world, and finds nowhere any female faces that recall the splendor of our own sisters and friends until he reaches the Greek islands. Not even in Athens itself are the women beautiful; but in the Archipelago, at Syra, and Rhodes, and Mitylene, and indeed at Smyrna, where Greek families abound, the faces of the young and middle-



EASTERN LADIES.

aged ladies are of rare and superb mould and expression.

Strong might well desire to live forever in Larnaka, if the face of the Lady Nonai would never change, her form never be less round, and full, and ravishing in its grace. She was not tall, nor yet small, but of that happy mean that is more earthly and embraceable than the Venus of the Tribune. Her face was full of expression, her eye absolutely dazzling. When we saw the two sisters at their home, blushing, full of heartfelt gratitude, which they expressed in every look and accent, it may well be imagined that we thought Cyprus an island of the blessed.

Alas for Cyprus! Once the garden of those seas, it is now comparatively depopulated. Its million and a half of inhabitants have dwindled down to little more than a hundred and fifty thousand, four-fifths of whom are Greeks under the rule of the other fifth, who are Turks, and instead of a Paradise it is a Pandemonium.

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“Why do you live here, Signor Iskander? Why not leave the island and seek some more comfortable and happy residence, where these ladies will be safe from the dangers you apprehend?”

“It is my father’s home.”

There is something in that, by my faith! And when a Greek says it, on soil where his fathers once ruled, but where he is now worse than a slave, you may depend upon it it means something, that love of fatherland!

We left Larnaka with regret, as may be supposed. A light breeze from the south carried us to the eastward. Rounding the northeastern point of Cyprus, we stood away for the coast of Asia Minor, beating all the next day against light west winds, which baffled us so that it was not till the morning of the second day that we ran into the Bay of Kalendria. This spot is the point at which the ordinary connection is kept up between Cyprus and the main land. It

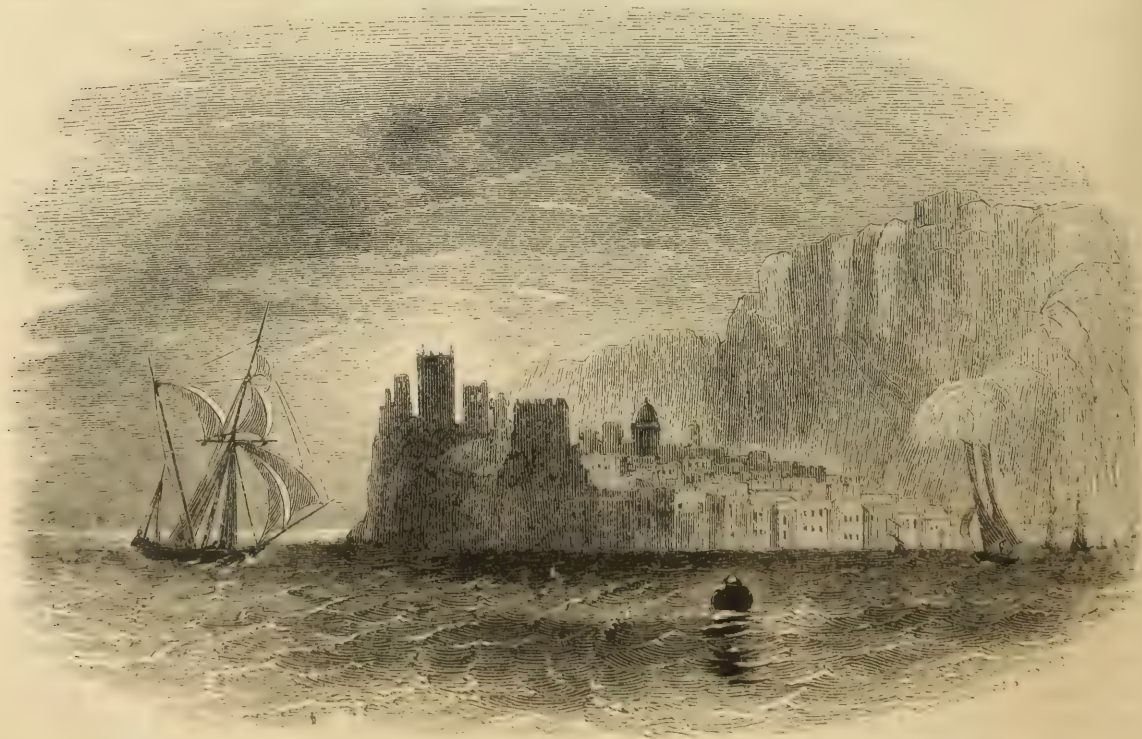


KALENDRIA.

is a poor little village, yet was once exceedingly powerful, and possesses some interest as the place where Piso withstood Sentius. The castle which the brave Roman occupied is still here, in ruins, or the ruins of a successor mark the spot. Hence to Iconium the road is wild and pleasant. I once traveled it, coming down to the coast from the country, and crossed to Paphos in Cyprus. We had no idea of visiting Paphos, and remained at Kalendria only

long enough to take in a supply of catables, which the little port furnished us.

That night we went dashing over the sea, close on the wind, with dark clouds overhead and an angry roar from the coast. I was on deck at midnight. The look-out forward was wide awake. The man at the tiller had his eyes open as well. I smoked a pipe as, wrapped close in my cloak, I lay under the weather-rail and dreamed, when there was a quick cry for-



CASTELORIZO.

ward—"Down, down! hard down! Let go the jib sheets! Be quick, men!" And as she went off on the other tack the huge form of a steamer rolled by within a hundred yards of the stern.

"A close shave that, Sir! The cussed Frenchman don't carry any lights. I believe they think these seas is made for them!" said the old Englishman at the tiller.

The next afternoon, just as the sun was going down, we came up to Castelorizo, the strangest island-city in the world, if one may judge by its appearance from the sea, for we did not go on shore, as the wind was fair and we had nothing to detain us. The rich sunset lit the cliffs and towers with an almost supernatural glow, and we lay-to for half an hour to enjoy the scene.

Myra, the port at which Paul changed ships, is now a heap of ruins, some little distance from Castelorizo. We felt no interest in visiting it, and contented ourselves with reading accounts of its amphitheatre and crumbling palaces. The coast is by no means inviting hereabouts. The bluffs are lofty and precipitous. The sea dashes high up on black, fierce-looking rocks. Ports are neither safe nor plenty. Hence, to go to Myra was a greater risk than we cared to encounter, and we ran on to Rhodes, where we intended remaining a week. But as we approached the island the wind changed, a furious northwester came down on us and swept us away to sea, with but little chance of making the Island of the Knights in two or three days again. Accordingly we bore away as well as we could for Crete; and after three days, in a heavy plunging sea, we gladly ran under the lee of Crete, as we had some six weeks before, when driven down there from among the Greek islands.

We longed for a haven as much as did those with Paul. But I confess to some doubts

whether we found the same harbor which he entered, although it is so called by the Greeks, and believed to be such by many intelligent writers on the subject. I have, however, failed to find any convincing proof that the Fair Havens of the modern Greek Church is the Fair Havens of Paul. It is a poor harbor, as we know by experience, for the *Lotus* grounded as we ran in, and lay tight and firm for three days, while we smoked and waited for a wind that should raise the water and float us off.

Meantime we examined the coast, fished a little, shot a few quail, and amused ourselves as we best might; and at length the wind came, and the sea rose six or eight inches, and she floated, and we hauled out of the harbor and left for a safer haven. Such was our experience in the port of Fair Havens, and I believe I have said all that can be said concerning it. It is a very uninteresting bay, nearly landlocked; the shore is uninhabited; the whole appearance of the island desolate and lonesome. If in Paul's day it looked as now, it must have been a dreary stay that they made here.

Already I am aware that my narrative is exceeding the length which the Magazine limits will permit, and we have but followed the great Apostle to the commencement of the most perilous, and perhaps the most interesting, part of his voyage to Rome.

We did not follow the track of his storm-driven ship. Weathering Clauda, the island that lies where it lay in his day, we ran along the coast, and called in a few days afterward at Kanea, where you will remember we made a visit in our cruise among the Greek islands. Thence we went up to Syra, to post letters and to gather up what might be there awaiting our arrival.

And there Stephen Strong heard that his old aunt would not be in the house in Connecticut



FAIR HAVENS.—ISLAND OF CRETE.

to ask him about Paul and Tarsus, for she had gone to the company of all the faithful, old and young, of all ages, who believed in the Saviour of the man of Tarsus, and whose faith was the faith he left Seleucia to preach. And I heard, too, that my old friend was dead—my fellow-traveler in many lands, with whom I climbed the Alps, and afterward tried the snowy sides of Ararat, whose voice I had often heard cheerily across the desert, in our wanderings of old to Sinai and Akabah and along the Tigris; with whom I had lain in starry nights on the Mount of Olives, and heard the song of the morning stars, still clear and glorious as in the morning of creation—as they will verily continue to sing it forever and forever above that hill, and in the heavens when the hill is gone, and Jerusalem shall be but a memory of God's exceeding goodness and glory.

We were coming out from Syra. The wind was light and we had all the canvas on her—top-sails and studding-sails all set—and were forging slowly by the point of the reef, when we saw the French steamer coming in from Constantinople. She was overdue three days, and we had no expectation of seeing her at all; but as it was possible she might bring more letters, we went back, and let go an anchor just abreast of a little tavern which rejoices in the classical name of the *Ξενοδοχείον ὁλῶν τῶν Εθνῶν*, and the steamer swung to her anchor close aboard of us—so close, indeed, that the commander thought proper to abuse us a little over his quarter for anchoring where he intended to, and therefor he received a sound drubbing in words from the skipper, even my friend S—, who intimated very decidedly that he would sink the steamer for the merest trifle. At this the Gaul was astounded. He wondered who commanded the spiteful little craft; but he was prudently silent when he caught sight of the American ensign lying on the companion-way.

Meantime, while S— and the Frenchman were exchanging salutes, the rest of us were eying a group of ladies on the deck of the steamer, who, leaning over the rail, were discussing the merits of the *Lotus*. They had been so looking for some minutes, when one of them shouted,

“Peter! Mother—Mary—it's Peter!”

And Peter looked up under the sun-bonnet and ugly that shaded the prettiest face he had seen in a month, and recognized one of the best of little girls from that village that he calls home. And forthwith, disregarding the yellow flag at the fore which announced that the steamer had not yet received pratique, Peter hoisted himself into the chains and incontinently made his way to the deck and into the arms of the same sweet girl; for if a man may kiss a fair face ever, assuredly it is when he meets one such from a far home suddenly and joyously in a strange land. Kissing her, I considered myself kissing all the old folks and the young folks of that dear village. It was a representative kiss. I kissed her, first, as respectfully as

I would kiss my grandmother's elder sister; and, second, as lovingly as I would kiss my own sister; and, thirdly and fourthly and fifthly and—but never mind the others. It was a glad meeting to all of us. We who had been the inhabitants of a quiet little American village, where there is a saw-mill and an academy with a tinned cupola, and a little old church and grave-yard, and a pond in which the ducks and geese do swim daily, and all that sort of thing, we met on the waters of the *Ægean* Sea, with the waves of a thousand classic and heroic memories rolling around us. They were going to Athens.

“Would they let us take them there?”

“Most gladly.”

So we got them down the side and into the cabin of the *Lotus*, and their baggage came over after them, and the breeze which had been waiting for them now rose to drive us westward, and when the sun went down that evening we saw his last rays on the white summit of the Acropolis.

“See, Lucy Gray, that spot yonder, red as crimson, is the Parthenon!”

“Oh, Peter, Philip W— told me so much of the Parthenon the last days that he lived!”

“Philip?—Philip? Is he dead?”

“Yes—did you not know it?”

“Philip—my friend—my brother, dead?”

Ἐκτορ, ἐμοὶ δὲ μάλιστα λελεῖψεται ἄλγεια λυγρά.
Οὐ γάρ μοι θνήσκων λελών ἐκ χειρὸς ἔρεξας
Οὐδὲ τί μοι εἶπες πικινὸν ἔπος, ὅν τέ κεν αἰεὶ
Μεμνήμην νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμέματα δακρυχέουσα.

I think I may be pardoned that quotation, even though the brown eyes before me looked wonderingly into mine as I recited the melancholy words of the white-armed Andromache. For once, in former years, when we had intelligence of the death of a beloved friend, I had heard him recite them, on the shore of the same sea—a distant shore indeed, and now as I heard of his death, they came to my lips with a force and fervor I could not resist; for I loved him well, as some who will read this know, and his grave is to me most holy. Such are the saddest incidents of foreign and far travel.

Will you believe it—we did not intend to go ashore to see the Parthenon, nor once set foot within the lines of the walls of ancient Athens? Landing our passengers and seeing them safely in a carriage, we returned to the ship and slept that night. When we woke in the morning, Jackson had finished his marketing, and we had supplies in coops and pens for a two weeks' voyage. The wind was fair, and we proposed to sail in the early forenoon; but on reflecting that Athens was not to be revisited every year in one's life, we changed our minds, and rode up the fine avenue from the Piræus, and found our friends at Demetri's. That evening we had a moonlight walk to the Acropolis, and, by dint of silver, we got into the inclosure, and the wooden legged and headed guardian let us sit down an hour in the white ruins of the Parthenon, and after that we saw the ladies safe in their hotel,



STROMBOLI.

and the gentlemen too, though, if I recollect aright, I have not before mentioned them, and then, with pistols loaded and capped, we filled a carriage and drove down to the Piræus and boarded the *Lotus*. The wind blew toward Ægina, and we were away.

And now, as we go driving or drifting down the sea to Malta, will you read your Bible a little and recall the incidents of Paul's shipwreck, that you may save me the necessity of recounting them? There is an incident in the voyage that is specially interesting. I allude to the undergirding of the ship. This is not unknown in modern times. The author I have before referred to gives some instances, but a remarkable one is found in a recent newspaper account of the burning of the *Sarah Sands* steamer on a voyage to India, which is worthy of being preserved in connection with this subject. She sailed from Portsmouth, England, 16th August, 1857, with nearly four hundred passengers on board, chiefly troops, and some women and children. On the 11th November, in the afternoon, she took fire, and burned all night. The scene was sufficiently terrible, but forms no part of my present narrative. I extract the latter portion of the description from an English paper:

"The flames were gradually beaten back, and by daylight was accomplished their entire annihilation. It was not till then that the fearful havoc made by the fire was clearly ascertained. The after-part of the ship was burned out, merely its shell remaining; and now another fate threatened her. The gale still pre-

vailed, and the ship was rolling and pitching in a heavy sea, constantly shipping considerable water at the port quarter, which had been blown out by the explosion. She had fifteen feet of water in her hold, and active steps had to be taken to prevent her foundering. All the men were set to the pumps and bailing water out of the hold. Captain Castle, fearing the stern would fall out, got two hawsers under her bottom and made them taut; the next difficulty was to stop the water which was pouring in through the quarter. Spare sails and blankets were placed over the opening, and the leak was partially stopped. There was no abatement in the gale during the morning, and in every heave of the ship the water tanks in the hold, which had got loose, were dashed from one side to the other. The state of the ship, and the continued severity of the weather, rendered the constant working of the pumps and the bailing imperative. It was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that the boat containing the women and children could be got alongside. They were got on board, and the other boats which had been ordered off during the raging of the fire returned, with the exception of the gig, which had been swamped during the night. The officer in charge of her, however, Mr. Wood, and the hands, were picked up by another boat. During the remainder of the day, the following night, and the succeeding day, the whole of the hands and troops were engaged in working the pumps and clearing the ship of the water. By the evening of the 13th the crew succeeded in securing the stern and getting steerage-way on

the ship. She had then drifted as far as long. 13° 12' S. Captain Castle then set all sail and bore up in the hope of making the Mauritius, and, to the joy of all on board, made that port in eight days, where her arrival and marvelous escape excited considerable sensation."

This account, I think, has peculiar interest in reading the history of the voyage of Paul to Rome. We devoted the most of our time for five days to reading books which gave us some insight into the character of the Apostle. On the sixth we saw *Ætna* in the northern horizon, and reached Malta that night.

It was after midnight, and the moon was shining quietly down in the streets of Valetta as we landed at the foot of the *Nix Mangiari* stairs, and passing through the gateways which opened to our polite requisition, climbed the beggar's ladder to the main street of the city.

We were comfortably housed at the Dunsford in the Strada Reale, and made ourselves at home for a fortnight. The drive out to St. Paul's Bay, of course, occupied a day or two, or three; that is, we drove out several times, and looked over the coast and the spot where the tradition locates the shipwreck. It may be,

or it may not be, the exact point. It answers well enough the account of Luke; and perhaps it is just as well to believe it. But the spot possesses no attractions in itself.

The idea that this Malta was the Malta of St. Paul's shipwreck will always be a subject of some doubt, though certainly the weight of evidence is in its favor. The principal argument against it is contained in the statement that they reached Malta in the fourteenth night, "as we were driven up and down in Adria." It is certainly not in the Adriatic Sea; yet it is equally true that some ancient authors did consider the Adriatic as extending nearly over to the African coast. But I shall not pause here to discuss the question.

"Pierre Laroche wants to go home. Shall we ship him by steamer, or take him in the *Lotus*?"

"Let us take him, by all means. We can run across to Naples, and coast along by Civita Vecchia and Leghorn; call on the Venus of the Uffizi, and hear lots of news, and see lots of people; run into Genoa, and, if Pierre don't want to hurry, we'll all go up to the Isola Bella together, and cross the Simplon."

So it was decided; and the next day the *Lotus* was dancing gayly along by the southeast mountains of Sicily, and *Ætna* stood up majestically in the sky before us. As the strait narrowed, and we approached Charybdis, we went into the long, landlocked harbor of Messina, and let go an anchor while we went on shore to see the cathedral and the wonders.

It was a wild storm which burst on us as we sailed through the straits of Sylla that afternoon; not the narrow passage that poetry has made it, but a good broad arm of the sea—a mile, perhaps three miles, in width. But the storm was only a passing thunder-cloud. The *Lotus* flew before it like a frightened bird, touching the white foam caps with her snowy breast, and dashing them up in still whiter spray. As the sun went down the last rays shone with a splendor no words can describe on a mass of clouds that gathered



STREET IN VALETTA, MALTA.



ST PAUL'S BAY.—ISLAND OF MALTA.

in the northwestern horizon; and two hours afterward the clouds went up into the sky, and revealed to our wondering eyes the majestic summit of Stromboli.

The next night after that we dined in sumptuous style at the Victoria in Naples; but—what will you think of us?—though we had

been now more than a month engaged in following the voyages of the Apostle Paul, we had been twice to Pozzuoli before we remembered any one but Virgil! So do ancient legends, stories, and songs overcome in our affections and memories the sublime history of the faith of Paul!



MODEEN NAPLES.



THE DEVISA.

STRAIN'S GALLOP ACROSS THE PAMPAS.

MENDOZA—City of the Plain—is so completely hedged in with poplars that it can hardly be seen till one is actually in the streets. Having passed this barrier the traveler finds the suburbs pleasing. Instead of the poor and dilapidated tenements that usually surround a city, pleasant cottages, shaded with trees and encircled by gardens filled with fruit or planted with clover, greet the eye on every side.

Next morning after his arrival, Strain was informed by Frederico and his father-in-law that it would be necessary to visit the police-office, to have his passport viséed; and, as a preliminary step, he must mount the *devisa* of the Rosas party, which consisted of a red ribbon in the button-hole and on the hat. To this he stoutly objected; but, on being told that without these badges he could not get access to the government-house, he reluctantly consented. Passing through some brigand-looking soldiers called the guard, he reached the Chief of Police, himself a fit person to be their leader, and pre-

sented his passport. He then pointed to his badges, and asked if he was expected to wear them. Being answered in the affirmative he remonstrated, saying that he was an American officer, and to wear the badges of one party made him a partisan, which was contrary to the instructions of his Government. He quoted international law, and tried in every way to induce him to change his determination. Finding that argument and expostulation were alike lost on him, he quietly took the ribbons from his hat and coat and flung them on the floor, saying, at the same time, that he would be obliged to him if he would make out his passport to Valparaiso, whither he would return, and represent, through our *chargé des affaires* there, to Rosas, that an American naval officer was forbidden by him from traveling peacefully through the Argentine provinces. This determination changed the position of affairs, and the Chief of Police said he would not *insist* upon it, but advised him to wear the *devisa* for his own personal safety, as the common people might attack him. Strain replied that he had

no apprehension on that score; and he was allowed to traverse the city, not only without the badges, but with a long beard, which had been proscribed because of its supposed resemblance to the letter U, which stood for the Unitarians, their enemies.

His victory, however, cost him some inconvenience, for without the *devisa* he could not enter a government office, and hence had to resort to a friend to get his letters from the post-office.

He staid a week in Mendoza, waiting for the arrival of a gentleman with whom he had agreed to cross the pampas to Buenos Ayres. He thus had leisure to study the habits of this isolated people. One could hardly be in a civilized city and yet more completely out of the world than in Mendoza. On one side stretches a plain nearly eleven hundred miles in extent, over which roam herds of half-wild cattle or wilder Indians, living on pillage; and blocked on the other by the Andes range, that can be traversed only on the backs of mules, through dangerous passes.

With a mountain and desert on either hand, both equally difficult and dangerous to pass, its inhabitants can engage in but little commerce, and live a listless, lazy life.

Sir Francis Head, in describing them, says: "Provisions are cheap, and the persons who bring them quiet and civil; the climate is exhausting, and the whole population indolent. *Mais que voulez vous?* How can the people of Mendoza be otherwise? Their situation dooms them to inactivity. They are bounded by the Andes and by the pampas, and, with such formidable and relentless barriers around them, what have they to do with the history, or improvements, or the notions of the rest of the world? Their wants are few, and nature readily supplies them. The day is long, and therefore, as soon as they have had their breakfasts, and have made a few arrangements for their supper, it is so very hot that they go to sleep; and what could they do better?"

After dinner the stores and shops are closed, the streets are deserted, no one is moving, and the whole city, men and animals, are asleep, and the place appears like a city of the dead. The habits of the people are filthy, and often disgusting. Into the room in which Strain dined a bedchamber opened, with the bed unmade at meal-time, while dirty children rolled about on the floor among mangy dogs. His bed was not made nor the rooms swept during the whole week he remained there, except by himself. Disgusted with his quarters, he one day went to the Posada and ordered a meal, to see if he could not make a change for the better, but he found it still more repulsive. The room was dirty, while the young guacho who waited on him was loaded with filth. The ragged urchin had, however, on his bare feet, a huge pair of jingling spurs, to show his gentility among the herdsmen of the pampas, and that he was only temporarily there, his proper place

being upon the back of a horse scouring the plains.

The city contains about 12,000 inhabitants, but offers nothing of interest except its Alameda, or public promenade, a mile long, and shaded by several rows of magnificent poplars, and cooled by a murmuring brook that flows along its margin. Formerly it must have been exceedingly beautiful, but it is now much neglected, and left untrimmed. Of a summer evening it is crowded with people, and presents a lively and singular appearance. Benches made of mud are scattered round, on which men and women are sitting, smoking cigars or eating ices. Others are strolling up and down, under the shadow of the poplars, lulled by the murmur of the rivulet and cooled by its freshness, while at intervals a band of music strikes up some favorite air. But the most extraordinary part of this spectacle is presented by the number of women bathing along the margin of this promenade. Women of all ages, stripped naked, tumble about in the water, which is only about knee-deep, with all the freedom and apparently unconsciousness they would in the most secluded retreat. The bent and shriveled figure of an old woman, the full, faultless form of a girl of eighteen, and the plump, chubby child, meet the eye at every step. Shakspeare says that

"The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauties to the moon."

But Shakspeare was not acquainted with the ladies of Mendoza, nor their amount of prodigality. In broad daylight, morning and evening, men and women, naked, bathe with the coolest indifference together along the public promenade. To a stranger the scene is a most extraordinary one; but the people of Mendoza regard it with the same indifference they would the bathing of so many children. It is their system to enjoy life, and the coolness of this mountain stream offers a strong temptation to them, weary and heated by the summer sun; but one would think they might find other methods of getting its benefits.

Strain's journal of one day will answer for a description of every day he passed in Mendoza. About eight o'clock in the morning, while still in bed, a female servant brought him his tea in a small silver-mounted gourd, which he was expected to drink through a silver tube. He then rose, or took another nap till breakfast at ten. Between that and dinner he passed the time with an Englishman whom he found there, and a Scotch physician. After dinner, of course, the invariable siesta. Having no books to read, and the air without being intensely hot, there was nothing to do but take a nap also.

He says: "After the siesta, and when the declining sun and the afternoon breeze have made the temperature somewhat more bearable, I frequently rode in the suburbs, which are highly cultivated, and, being shaded by trees covered with vegetation, and abounding with vineyards whose vines bent beneath their

luscious loads, were really delightful. In these rides I sometimes called at a country house, where the richer denizens of the city had retired for the summer, and enjoyed the liberal hospitality of the owners, drinking a glass of *caña* with the father, smoking a cigarito with the ancient matrons, whom I astonished by the '*length of my beard and the extent of my travels*,' and listening to the wild, though pleasing and plaintive songs of the *señoritas*, who, accompanying themselves on the guitar, sung without being pressed, and without the array of maudlin excuses so common in some other countries boasting a higher degree of social refinement, and rightly considering that they were conferring upon me a favor for which I ought not to be expected to importune them. Returning from my ride I visited some families with whom I had become acquainted, and was almost invariably entertained with music, tea, and cigars. No excuse, apology, or invitation is considered necessary should the guest during his visit wish to smoke. He simply takes out his cigarito, and either striking a light with the flint and steel, with which every one is provided, or receiving one at the hands of one of the family, puffs away as if it were a matter of course. The older ladies will frequently join him, or, perhaps, take the initiative; but the younger ones seldom smoke, at least in company with strangers, being aware that it is not considered '*comme il faut*' in all parts of the world. Among the more refined in the city it is necessary to ask for a national song to have it sung, as Italian operas have banished them almost entirely from the drawing-rooms, and I have been surprised to hear *cavatinas* and *arias* from even the most recent operas in this remote city, where so few other elements of European refinement have found their way. French and Italian dances and songs are as familiar as household words, where the substantial improvements of the Anglo-Saxon race are considered almost in the light of pleasing pictures. While in the country, the same ladies who would accompany the music of Bellini, Rossini, or Donizetti, on the piano, will take up a guitar and sing their Spanish songs without a special request; thus showing an appropriateness to time and place which does not always distinguish musical amateurs. The Spanish voice I can not consider harsh in its tones—whether due to the character of the indigenous music, or some peculiar construction of the larynx, I am not able to pronounce, though, on account of its universality, I am inclined to the latter opinion. Among the ladies with whom I became acquainted in Mendoza were some fair specimens of the *mezzo-soprano* voice; and one, particularly, sung the beautiful barcarole from *Marino Faliero* with a taste and execution I have seldom heard surpassed. My evenings were generally passed at the house of the ex-Governor, Don Tomas Godoy Cruz, who gives *tertulias* every evening, to which his acquaintances, male or female, come

or not at their discretion, invitations once given being considered as extending '*ad infinitum*'—an arrangement which possesses its peculiar advantages for the few strangers who may find themselves in Mendoza. On Sunday evening the rooms are generally full; while any evening there is enough to get up a quadrille or polka in the drawing-room; while Don Tomas entertains his male guests in his sanctum adjoining with *caña*, cigaritos, and cake."

At length, on the evening of the 12th of March, Strain learned that Señor M——, who was to be his companion across the pampas, had arrived the night before. He immediately called upon him, and, to his surprise, found him entirely changed in his demeanor. He made no apology for not notifying him of his arrival; could not tell when he should be ready to leave; in short, treated the whole matter cavalierly. The same evening Strain met him again at the house of Don Tomas, where he set himself up for an oracle; talked loud and in an overbearing manner, to which the Mendozans present submitted meekly. This puzzled him, and made him not a little anxious to know more of his history before trusting himself in his company in the long journey across the pampas. No one knew where he was born, though he hailed from Buenos Ayres. He was evidently an adventurer, but held in awe by the people of Mendoza, because they suspected him of being a secret agent of Rosas. Having learned thus much, Strain called on him again to ascertain when he proposed to start. The Señor quietly informed him that he had concluded to postpone *their* departure for some days; kindly promising, however, to give him timely notice. He added, by-the-way, in the most indifferent manner, that he had changed his plan of traveling, and that *they* would cross the plains in a carriage instead of on horseback; and, without asking him to be seated, remarked that he was then busy, but would be happy to see him at dinner, and dismissed him with a graceful bow.

Strain was so completely taken aback by the coolness and assurance of the whole proceeding that he departed without uttering a word. Arriving at the house of a friend, he asked for pen and paper, and politely informed the Señor that the mode of travel he had selected was different from his own, and that he should have to deprive himself of the pleasure of his society during the transit across the plains in the carriage, as he should start with the Government courier on horseback in the morning.

To carry out this hasty determination required activity. He first saw the courier, who agreed to take him through for forty-five dollars, and pay all charges for horses and food. This was reasonable; for he would have to pay about twenty dollars for post-horses, leaving him only twenty-five to meet the expenses of Strain's food and reimburse himself. Having arranged this satisfactorily, he got new reins for his bridle, a pair of holster-pistols, and a pair of *chifres*, or bullock-horns, in which to carry

water or spirits, as circumstances required. Having completed his preparations, he went to take leave of Don Frederico. He found him quite ill in bed, but not so sick as to be unable to look after his own interests. The fellow made not the slightest allusion to the money he had borrowed, but uttered a casual remark respecting the mules, which he said were several leagues in the country. "Oh yes," replied Strain; "those mules, you will please send them to my friend the doctor." He was caught at last. Having charged Strain fifty dollars for them, when they were worth but thirty, he had sent them into the country out of the way, so that at his departure they would revert to him by default. There was not much affection wasted in this leave-taking. With his pretty little wife, however, Strain parted far more cordially. He esteemed her for her unvarying amiability and gentleness, while he felt a deep sympathy for her in being tied for life to such a selfish, unscrupulous scoundrel as Don Frederico. As he turned away he thought to himself, "Alas! poor girl, you, too, have been dealing in animals; but when you eventually discover the fraud, you will find it more difficult to dispose of your bargain than I do in getting rid of my mules!" It was now between nine and ten o'clock, and he returned to the Doctor's house to take his long-delayed dinner. Before sitting down, however, he gave him a written order for the mules, which the latter had the shrewdness to send round immediately for Don Frederico's acceptance. After dinner the hours passed swiftly in conversation, until, at length, Strain remarked that he must get some rest for the next day's journey. To this the Doctor would not listen; he could not let go of the only link which connected him with his home; and bringing a new supply of cigars, proposed to finish the night. Not many weeks after this the kind Doctor was found murdered in his bed.

At daylight Strain repaired to the place appointed to meet the courier, and found him and the postillion, with the horses saddled and bridled, waiting for him. With an affectionate adieu to his friends he turned away, and, striking into a gallop, soon left the ancient city of Mendoza behind him. The wind blew fresh and free from the plains; and with his blood quickened by the thought that he had entered upon a new existence, he dashed on at a rapid pace.

About nine miles from Mendoza they stopped to obtain regular post-horses. The party consisted of three. The Government courier was a man about fifty, tall and well-made, though heavier than one would expect in a person who for eighteen years had every month rode, at a furious gallop, eleven hundred miles. His dress was a jacket and trowsers, varied occasionally by the *chiripe*—a square piece of red flannel tied around the loins, and worn over white cotton drawers, fringed with lace at the bottom. He wore a Panama hat, while a cartridge belt,

fastened by Mexican dollars for buttons, and ornamented with sixteen more, encircled his waist. A poncho, holster-pistols and a silver-sheathed knife completed his equipment. The dress of the postillion was similar in style, though far inferior in quality. The duty of the latter was to return at each station with the horses, and to carry the mail portmanteau, which in this case contained a handful of letters and all of Strain's spare clothing. The courier had stowed the latter away in the bag for convenience, which made such an extraordinary bulky mail that each postillion in turn expressed his astonishment, and wondered what the Mendoza Government was communicating to Buenos Ayres, which made it the heaviest mail that had traversed the country since the last Unitarian pronunciamiento had carried consternation through the provinces. Strain wore a slouched felt hat, light woolen frock coat, gray lancer trowsers, and carried a poncho and pair of pistols.

After a few hours' ride he and the courier became sworn friends, which desirable state of things was doubtless much facilitated by the gift of a poncho to the latter on starting, with two thick blankets in perspective at the end of the journey. During the morning, having evidently given the important subject due reflection, the courier drew rein for a moment, and, dropping alongside of Strain, gravely defined their respective positions. He said, being a Government officer, he could not call him patron, master, or employer, but would call him *companero* (companion). Strain was, however, always to have the second best horse, the first cut of the roast, the first drink at the *chifre*, and not be at the trouble of saddling and bridling his animal, which the courier himself would see to. In conclusion, he told him that in case he, Strain, was sick, the mail could not be detained; but gave him to understand that they both, undoubtedly, would be sick or fatigued at the same time. Having arranged these preliminaries to the satisfaction of all parties he gave his horse the spur, and away they went at a tearing gallop. Thus far, the plains were well watered and tilled. A little after noon they arrived at the house of a friend of Don Antonio, the courier, who humanely suggested that, it being the first day, they had better take a *siesta*, and finish the day's journey in the cool of the evening. Not having slept any the previous night, Strain was very glad to get a little rest, and, throwing himself on a bed, was soon fast asleep—not before, however, he heard Don Antonio say to his friend that he was afraid his *companero* would not stand the fatigue of the journey. He afterward learned that, while he was asleep, the two friends held a sort of coroner's inquest over his body, and it was decided that it would be impossible to carry him much farther, at the rapid rate Don Antonio was compelled to travel. When they had again mounted, no traveler, with a long and severe journey before him, ever examined more care-

fully the withers and wind of his horse than did Antonio the expression of Strain's countenance, the state of his eyes, and the bend of his back. He seemed surprised at the state of things; and, brightening up at the result, shouted out, "*Pega fuego al campo!*" ("Set fire to the plain!") and, dashing his spurs into his horse, led off on a furious gallop. Past pleasant cottages—past the cultivated fields—over streams and plains gallop, gallop, without drawing rein they kept on, till, at sunset, they dashed into the little village of Retama, where Don Antonio proposed to wait till the moon should rise.

The postmaster was a magistrate, and having some legal case to decide, his court-yard was filled with guachos, who, with their ponchos, long spurs, and dogs, presented a motley and wild appearance. The postmistress, to whom Don Antonio had given a glowing description of Strain's rank and importance, took the latter into a garden and regaled him with fruit and flowers. After he had returned to the house, in passing through one of the rooms to get a light for his cigar, he saw two pretty señoritas, and learned from them that there was to be a fandango in the evening. He resolved to be present; and, by way of preparation, wrapped himself in his serape, and lay down on the piazza for a short nap. He was awakened to consciousness, not by the voices of the fair señoritas, but by the rough call of Don Antonio, who informed him that it was after midnight—that the moon was up, and the horses saddled and ready to start. Strain, whom this first fierce day's ride on the top of a sleepless night had shaken up badly, and who would have given a year of life for every hour of sleep he could have had between that and morning, roused himself with difficulty, and looked out upon the still moonlight, half repenting that he had undertaken such a fatiguing journey. He had lost both his supper and his fandango, neither the music nor the dancing being able to disturb his profound slumber.

Mounting fresh horses, and striking into a gallop, they soon left the sleeping village behind them, and swept on through the open country, the steady stroke of their horses' hoofs being the only sound that broke the stillness of the night. By daylight they had made nearly forty miles. Stopping at Santa Rosa, the next station, they took a cup of mate and a cigar, while the peons were bringing round fresh horses. The one selected for Strain was a noble animal, and in fine condition. Prancing up to the door, he stood stamping and neighing, as if impatient of the bridle and spur, to which he evidently had not been long accustomed. It took two men to hold him while Strain mounted; and when, at Don Antonio's shout, "Fire the plain!" they gave him the rein, he dashed off like a bolt from the string. He was unused to the spur, and so keenly sensitive to the indignity of the whip, that if Strain but lifted his hand to tighten his hat upon his head, he would give a sudden bound that nearly unhorsed his rider.

Generous, full of courage, and with the endurance of an Arab steed of the desert, he flew over the plain, carrying his rider at a bounding gallop forty miles without being touched with whip or spur, without a moment's halt, and full of spirit as at the start. It seems almost incredible that a horse could possess such endurance, but some of these pampa horses have the bottom of a full-blooded Arabian. Strain, who had never seen a horse with such speed, endurance, and withal easiness of gait, felt a warm attachment for him, and would have brought him home had it been possible, if for no other purpose than to save him from the ignoble life to which he was destined. It seemed cruel to permit so generous and noble a spirit to be broken down with overtaking and with the whip and spur. Four dollars would have purchased him, but the attempt to bring him off would have been preposterous.

Arriving at Dormida, they intended to take fresh horses and push on without breakfasting, but were prevented by the arrival of another party from the opposite direction. It was composed of two men, one a German and the other a Yankee. To the latter, Strain, without informing him of his own nationality, addressed a series of questions, which he bore with good grace, replying as well as he could in his broken Spanish. His surprise was unbounded when Strain told him that he was an American and an officer in the navy. Of course they fraternized at once, and having determined to breakfast together, sat down to a cigar and entered into a lively conversation. Strain, who supposed his countryman must of course be some devoted man of science, exploring this almost terra incognita, or an enterprising traveler in search of adventure, was astonished beyond measure when the latter told him that he was a *traveling agent for Brandreth's pills*. He felt for a moment as if he had taken a dose himself, and internally consigned both Brandreth and his pills to a very uncomfortable locality. Once in 1843 and 1844, in Brazil, he had, with immense labor and fatigue, in imminent peril of his life, penetrated the wilderness of Saint Paul far beyond all former travelers and all civilization, and returned to the settlements with the complacency of a man who had performed a great achievement, but learned to his mortification that he had pushed only one hundred and fifty miles beyond Brandreth's pills. And now to find, not merely the pills, but a live agent in the interior of Mendoza, was too sad a disappointment. With fear and trembling he modestly inquired if he knew any country where those pills had not gone, intending to mark it down for his next explorations, but could obtain no satisfactory reply.

Notwithstanding the sudden fall to Strain's expectations they passed a pleasant hour together. To his great regret he saw that the agent was to ride back the noble horse which had carried him so gloriously over the plain, and that, too, in the middle of the day. This

is one of the advantages of traveling with the courier—he is always furnished with fresh horses.

The country through which they rode to-day was covered with low bushes, more broken, and intersected here and there with ravines, which, with the heat of the day, made their progress slower. Still by three o'clock they had rode ninety-six miles. The post of Cero Costo, where they concluded to stop for the night, consisted of three houses built of adobe with clay floors. After supper they made their beds in the cool air of the court-yard, using their saddles for pillows. At half past two, however, the apparently never tired Don Antonio roused Strain with the announcement that the moon was rising. In half an hour they were in the saddle and galloping over the broken country, which had now become sterile and stony, looking as if it might have been the ancient bed of a sea. The morning ride was monotonous and stupid, broken only by the sudden whirr of a pheasant or the rush of an ostrich from his cover, and it was with feelings of relief Strain saw the light of dawn streaking the eastern edge of the plain. At sunrise they crossed the River Disaguadero, the boundary line between San Luis and Mendoza. This stream is narrow but deep, and being the outlet to one of the salt lakes of the interior, its shores are covered with saline incrustations. In a short time they reached the post-house, which was nothing but a miserable hovel built of twigs and covered with clay and roofed with long grass. It contained but one room, and had so many openings to the outer air that all privacy was out of the question. The inmates consisted of an old woman, a ragged, dirty peon, who was to act as postillion the next stage, and a nut-brown girl of some sixteen summers. The latter was one of those examples of the prodigality of nature in lavishing beauty where it is worthless. This young creature, just budding into womanhood, possessed an almost faultless form. The whole contour of person and features was superb. She wore nothing but a sort of chemise which covered scarcely a third of her person. With her brunette complexion, set off by large lustrous eyes, over which drooped long lashes, her regular arched brows, wealth of hair, and perfect teeth, she *was* very beautiful notwithstanding her ragged, dirty garment and dirtier person. Transplant her into civilized life and educate her in its refinements, and before long she would be a reigning belle in any city. The matchless form and beauty for which others would give a fortune is as useless to her as the shoes she discards.

Notwithstanding the poverty-stricken aspect of the place, the courier said the family owned some five thousand head of cattle and eight hundred brood mares.

The breakfast was in keeping with the house, and even the water, to complete the whole establishment and system, was so brackish as to be hardly drinkable. The horses, too, which

were brought out for the next stage, did not disgrace the hovel and fixtures, for they presented a most forlorn and half-starved appearance. Strain's spirits fell at the sorry spectacle, but the courier evidently expected it, and without saying a word commenced to saddle up, simply indicating what his feelings were by a prolonged and melancholy whistle. As these animals were scarcely able to carry the riders a spare one was obtained for the mail-bag. They did not start off as usual on a rushing gallop, and the unfailing "Set fire to the plain!" was not heard from Don Antonio. The wind blew in gusts over the sterile plain, and the whole aspect of the region was desolate and dreary. The only relief to the eye was the blue mountain of San Luis, which was now just above the horizon, and which was to be the terminus of the day's journey. They had traversed only some twelve miles of this barren, inhospitable country when the heat became intense, while neither whip nor spur could goad Strain's horse into a gallop. A little farther on and the horse carrying the mail-bag broke down, and was abandoned. During the fore part of the journey occasional habitations were passed, where brackish water, taken from stagnant pools and filled with animalculæ, could be obtained. But for twelve miles toward the latter end it was an arid desert. The sun came down with scorching power at mid-day, and, between the intense heat, the constant use of his spur and whip, Strain became completely exhausted. The plain under the burning rays of the sun seemed, as they viewed it from a gentle swell, like a vast expanse of water. For the first and only time they rode into post on a slow trot, the whole party, men and animals, being dead beat—the poor horses especially—and looking as if they would never post another traveler.

San Luis being only thirty miles distant, with the prospect of good horses the balance of the journey, they, after eating their fill of peaches, indulged in a siesta by stretching themselves on the floor in the midst of a dozen lazy, dirty, reckless, gentlemanly guachos. The reader need not smile at the strange association of the word "*gentlemanly*" here, for there is under all the rough exterior, ignorance of book learning, and of the refined customs of society, a natural politeness, ease, and unassuming independence in these wild herdsmen of the plain that entitle them to the appellation. Darwin, the learned geologist, when in this region, noticed this peculiarity, and says, in his *Journal of a Naturalist*, that, though a guacho may rob you or cut your throat, he always appears to be a gentleman. It must not be inferred from this, however, that they are robbers and cut-throats, for they are neither. In battle they are ferocious, and their cruelty to animals is proverbial, but they are not banditti: on the contrary, life and property are both as safe in their hands as in that of any other class of men. Personal quarrels they always settle with knives, never with the fist. Sir Thomas Head said



THE TIRED HORSES.

he invariably cocked his pistol when he met a guacho; Strain, on the other hand, always unslung his *chifre*, gave him a drink, and chatted on the products and condition of the country.

The number of guachos on the plains is comparatively small, and they are scattered far apart. Nothing can be more independent and wild than the life they lead. Many of them are descended from the noblest families of Spain, and still, by their courtly bearing and high sense of honor, show the old Castilian blood. Their dwellings, however, are mere mud-hovels, which they inhabit, generation after generation, without even thinking of adding any improvement. There is but one room in the guacho's house, which the parents, grown-up young men, and daughters, and children, and dogs, occupy together. There is no such thing as privacy. Being built of mud, low, and thatched with the long yellow grass of the plain, one can distinguish them but a short distance. These are so filled with fleas and bugs that, in the summer, the whole family sleep out of doors. If a traveler arrives at night he unsaddles his horse, and, taking the saddle under his arm, walks among the sleeping forms and stretches himself beside the one he prefers, whether it be an old man, old woman, or a fair young *señorita*. He can ascertain, however, the sex and age only by their feet and ankles—the rest of the body and the face being concealed in the skin and poncho which cover them. For chairs they use the skeleton of a horse's head, though these are mostly kept for guests, the inmates themselves

preferring the mud floor on which, in winter, they lie rolled up in their blankets, looking like so many dark bundles scattered round.

The wild life of the guacho begins with his birth. For the first year he is kept entirely naked, and crawls around in the dirt, or hangs, swung to the roof of the hovel, in a bullock's hide. As soon as he can walk he has a little lasso made of twine, with which he toddles around after the chickens and dogs. By the time he is four years of age he is put on horseback, and makes himself useful in driving the cattle home. As he grows older, he hunts the ostrich, the lion, and the tiger, being often absent several days alone. Living on beef and water, and in the open air, he acquires a constitution tough as the raw hide of his lasso, and a spirit as wild and free as the ostrich he pursues. He never, except by chance, sees a doctor, and a broken bone and an ugly wound has to cure itself as it best may. He regards the back of a horse as the legitimate place of man, and to walk voluntarily any distance degrading. His wants are few and easily supplied, and yet he is not indolent. He is always hospitable, exceedingly polite and courteous to his guest, rising as he enters and offering him the skeleton of a horse's head with the grace, and ease, and *empresement* that he would a throne. They never fail, when entering each other's forlorn hovels, to take off their hats with as much formality as if entering a saloon filled with ladies. The women, on the contrary, are indolent, and they can not be otherwise. They have no house and furniture to take care of, but few garments

to make ; in short, literally have nothing to do. The monotonous plain offers no inducement to walk, while the men do all the riding. They all of them have families whether they are married or not, and often, when the traveler innocently inquires of a young *señorita*, who is the father of the child she is carrying in her arms, he will receive the naïve reply, "Who knows?" At three o'clock, with fresh horses, they started off to the old shout, "Set fire to the plains!" The peak of San Luis, thirty miles distant, was their landmark as they galloped over the sterile plain. The country was generally covered with bushes, and the soil sandy and barren. They saw but two dwellings the whole distance, and these squalid and miserable in the extreme. At one o'clock they stopped and asked for some water, which was handed them, by a young girl, in a cocoa-nut shell: she was extremely beautiful, like the one they had seen in the morning, and like her also, was clad in only one scanty garment and equally dirty. It seemed a pity that so much natural beauty should not be joined to cultivation and refinement.

Just as the sun was setting his rays flashed on the spire of a church of San Luis: it was, however, still some miles distant, and darkness was shrouding the landscape when they galloped through the streets to the *fonda*, having made in all one hundred and five miles. The keeper of the *fonda* was a Frenchman; and there was an air of neatness and cleanliness about it which furnished a delightful contrast to Strain's experience of the last two weeks. The water, too, was sweet and clear as if drawn from a mountain stream, and was doubly grateful to

them from having subsisted so long on brackish or stagnant water. After a supper of beef and chicken, Strain retired to his room to have a quiet time over his cigar. But he had hardly seated himself before he was interrupted by half a dozen visitors, who, hearing that a traveler had arrived by post, called to pay their compliments. Among them were three foreigners—a German, an Italian, and a Spanish Basque. The German was the chief spokesman, and informed him that he had come out from Europe to superintend glass-works which were to be established in Santiago, but fell through for the want of action on the part of the Chilian Government. He stated also that he had recently visited California, and, not suspecting that Strain had just arrived from there, answered his questions unsuspectingly, giving elaborate descriptions of places which had no existence except in his own imagination. He and the Basque were about to visit Buenos Ayres on the horses of the latter, from whence he had promised to obtain funds to take them both to the land of gold. The next time Strain saw him—some weeks later—he was flying from that same Basque, whom he had cheated of his horses and robbed of his money. Here they were detained three days by the Governor, who was making up dispatches for the Government of Buenos Ayres. The first day being excessively warm, Strain did not venture out till evening. In sauntering through the streets he observed most of the people sitting at their doors enjoying the cool air of the evening. The city is regularly laid out in squares, most of the houses, like those of Mendoza, having a garden attach-



SAN LUIS.—RETURN OF THE VIDETTES.

ed to them surrounded by a sombre gray wall. They are of one story, in some cases tiled and whitewashed, but by far the greater part are thatched, and retain the natural color of the adobe. The floors are of pounded dirt or half-burned tile, which, though cool, are always dirty. The inhabitants number about one thousand, but there is not a doctor among them. They live in the middle of this vast plain almost as secluded as those of Mendoza at the foot of the Andes. Scarcely a person in it has any definite idea of the United States; indeed, the body of the people here in the interior of South America are not aware of the existence of the "model Republic," which, by its example, gave birth to the revolutions that broke the Spanish sway and rendered them free. The few American travelers they see they call English-Americans. A Cordovesian shop-keeper, whose acquaintance Strain made the day after his arrival, called in the evening to introduce him to some of the *haut ton* of San Luis, which are composed entirely of merchants and shop-keepers. The house which they first visited, though occupied by a leading family, was not even comfortably furnished. They were ushered into a large room, with bare walls, the furniture of which consisted of a few dilapidated looking chairs, a small table, with two tallow candles upon it, whose feeble light served scarcely more than to make the darkness visible. Soon after two ladies entered, sisters, who were well dressed, showy, and good-looking. After some little conversation, they and the husband of one of them kindly proposed to call on some other families. At the first house they visited were a recently-married couple on their way from Achiras to Mendoza. In conversing with the bridegroom Strain, to his astonishment, found he was a New Yorker, who, with that recklessness characteristic of the nation, had strayed off into this remote, almost unknown, region. He was a printer by trade, and went in one of our sloops-of-war to the coast of Peru. Leaving the ship, he established a small printing-press. He prospered for a time, but losing his money, eventually drifted over the Andes to Mendoza. Here he adopted that last resort of the Yankee when every thing else fails, and turned schoolmaster. In progress of time, having made himself useful to the authorities as a printer, he again got "ahead," and sent home for some inferior printing-presses, which he disposed of advantageously to the provincial Governments, and was now sufficiently wealthy to indulge in the luxury of a wife. In the next house they visited were two young ladies who sang for them, accompanying themselves on the guitar. Strain jots down: "The songs were all national, and so peculiarly plaintive that I could almost imagine it a dirge over their unfortunate and distracted country. There are no pianos here, and no Italian music. Refinement, in that respect as well as some others, has marched through San Luis, on its way to Mendoza, without halting. The standard cause of complaint

among the ladies here, as elsewhere in the Argentine provinces, is want of *beaux*; war and its attendant proscription, and emigration, having thinned off the young men. On this subject I obtained from my lady friends statistics upon which the reader may confidently rely. In the city of San Luis, containing one thousand inhabitants, there are only ten eligible young men! And ladies '*Oh Dios ay muchas!*' which would certainly make it a somewhat desirable place to hang up one's hat, as political economy teaches that commodities are valued less in proportion to their intrinsic value than their scarcity. At a late hour we returned whence we had started with our lady friends, and, after hearing from them a song or two, I retired to my *fonda* with the pleasing consciousness of being able to number among my acquaintances some of the *haut ton* of San Luis."

The next evening his friend called with an invitation from the ladies they had last visited the evening before, to a *tertulia*. The house was a short distance out of town, and upon their arrival they found some thirty ladies and about half as many men assembled, who, as well as the host and hostess, welcomed them with a cordiality quite refreshing in these days of stiff ceremony. Most of the young men belonged to the National Guard, and were dressed in red jackets and white trowsers, which gave a lively appearance to the room. The women, on the other hand, seemed to have studied how they could dress most unbecomingly and out of all taste. They exhibited the extremely short waists of our grandmothers, with still longer skirts. They also, like more cultivated ladies, had made use of ingenious mechanical contrivances to obtain the precise shape in which they considered nature should have formed them, but evidently had not selected a Venus de Medici for a model. Instead of endeavoring to acquire erectness of figure and fullness of bust, they had with great effort become round-shouldered, and tortured themselves to obtain flat chests, which gave them the appearance of troopers in disguise as they moved about in the dance. Although such an uncouth costume would test any ordinary beauty, they, independent of this, as a body, were exceedingly plain, there being no beauties, and only a few good looking. They were, however, frank, kind, and amiable, and made Strain the lion of the evening; while the men, individually and collectively, insisted on taking *caña*, or Brazilian rum, with him. The music was a guitar, sometimes accompanied by the voice, while the dancers frequently imitated the castanet with their fingers. Between each dance the men took a little rum, which they good-naturedly shared with the outsiders who were assembled to look on. The rum exhilarated them, and late in the evening the men proposed the dance of the *viejas* (the old women), and with a shout each man jumped forward and seized the oldest woman he could find in the room. Although some, especially those that were fat, resisted stoutly for a



DANCE OF THE VIEJAS.

while, eventually all were compelled to yield, and amidst peals of laughter the music was called for. Up struck the guitar, and instantaneously all the male voices joined in with a wild "tra la ra," and off went the old ladies, whirled and swung around the room, laughing with the merriest at each other's strange antics. The apartment rung and echoed with the uproarious shouts and almost hysterical mirth of the spectators. This dance, with the jokes that followed, finished the evening's amusements, and the party broke up, the gentlemen accompanying the ladies in a mass to their homes. The next day, March 20, being still delayed by the Governor, Strain kept in his hotel; the ordinary routine of which was broken at dusk by the arrival of a traveler. Curious to know who he might be, he sent for the major-domo, who proved as ignorant as himself, but said he could not be any great things, as he had little baggage, and common mules not much larger than rats.

The next morning he learned that the newcomer was a Pole, and, moreover, a *fire king*, who had come to San Luis for the purpose of giving a performance in that line as well as to exhibit feats of strength. Learning that he spoke English, Strain called on him, and found him like most other adventurers, but felt his heart warm toward him when he ascertained that he had not only passed several years in the United States, but had spent some days in his own little town of Springfield, Ohio. They had not been acquainted an hour when the Pole informed Strain that his finances were at dead low water-mark; in fact, that he had not a single real in the

world, while he owed an ounce to the peon who had brought him and his baggage from San Juan. Strain furnished him with some money, when he went out to make preparations for his performance in the evening. About dusk he again met him, when the latter said that, after making very accurate calculations, he had come to the conclusion that the population of San Luis would not pay the necessary expenses of getting up a performance and leave any thing for himself. Strain then asked him if he was a good rider, and could endure fatigue. He assured him he could ride like a Bedouin, and was as hardy as a guacho. Strain then offered to cancel all his liabilities, and take him at his own expense to Buenos Ayres. He was overflowing in his acknowledgments — said that a single performance there would enable him to return the money; in short, he could easily get an advance from the manager of the theatre. Stopping short his protestations of gratitude, Strain took him to the Governor, and asked the latter as a favor to make out his passport for the morning. After some abortive attempts at a joke at the profession of his protégé, he ordered the secretary to make it out. He next visited Don Antonio, and told him that he had taken a new traveling companion whose food and horse-hire he would pay for. The latter yielded with a bad grace and with many significant shrugs and shakes of the head, declaring that he was too kind-hearted and would certainly be imposed upon. His consent, when finally given, was under a formal protest. On settling his bill with the keeper of the *fonda*, Strain found that the latter had charged him a quarter of a dol-

lar a day more than he had the Pole, though they had precisely the same accommodations. On pointing this out to the landlord, he said the charge was conformable—that he could not think of charging a gentleman who traveled post the same price he did a traveling mountebank who rode little rats of mules, and hired at that. Strain, however, persisted in cutting down the account, paying the difference in some very strong Saxon epithets.

After getting through with all the petty annoyances of the day, Strain, at an early hour, retired to get a long night's sleep preparatory to the fatiguing ride of next day, and advised the Pole to do the same.

The next morning he rose at daylight, and just as they were ready to start the Fire King entered with a haggard countenance and a sleepy look. He soon learned that the fellow had spent the night gambling and drinking rum with his peon, convincing him that he had either deceived him respecting the state of his funds, or the peon had cheated him in his statement of the Pole's indebtedness, and the two had shared the difference. This did not look very promising to our philanthropist; but he was "in for it," and would have to make the best of his bargain. Antonio and the postillion saw the state of things, and cast sly and furtive glances, first at the Fire King, and then at Strain, as they rode through the streets of San Luis. Strain avoided them as much as possible, being considerably crest-fallen at the unmistakable evidence that he had been duped and fleeced by a mountebank.

For a mile or two the ground was somewhat broken, and they proceeded slowly; but on crossing a stream of water they emerged on the open plain, and shouting, "Set the plains on fire!" Antonio sent the rowels home, and away they clattered at a terrible pace. It was evident that Antonio was giving the Fire King a taste at the outset of what he might expect, and Strain was not unwilling to ascertain at once whether the fellow had lied about his horsemanship as he had about other matters. They soon left him behind, and about half-way to the next stage they were compelled to stop and await his arrival. When he came up he was pretty well blown—they, however, gave him a little time to rest, and telling him he *must* keep up, set off again at a tearing pace, and on arriving at the next stage found he was out of sight astern. Determining to give him a chance, they ordered breakfast and waited for his arrival. He presented a sorry picture as he rode up, and was nearly dead beat, and cross and captious at the result of this first attempt to ride post. He first swore at his horse, then at the postillion for giving him such an animal, and then at Antonio for taking this mad ride on purpose to break him down. The latter he had seen did not relish his company, and he cursed him in English, a language he did not understand. He declared he could go no farther, and threw himself doggedly on the floor of the hut.

"Why," said Strain, "you told me you could ride." "So I can," he replied; "but what man in his sober senses ever heard of traveling forty miles at a gallop?" To comfort him still more, Strain told him, if he had taken his advice and gone to bed instead of sitting up and gambling, he would have been in a better condition for traveling. In conclusion, he informed him that he would give him three or four hours' rest—that it was less than thirty miles to the post where they expected to pass the night—and that if he was not ready to travel when they did, he should leave him where he was, and have no farther concern about him. This last threat had its effect, and after four hours' rest, though he refused to take breakfast, he announced in a surly manner that he was ready to start.

Ascending a swell in the pampas they overlooked an apparently level plain, and caught a view of the mountain of San José de Moro, where they were to halt for the night. They were now in that part of the country subject to the forays of the mounted Indians that come down on the traveler and ox-trains, like the Bedouin of the desert on Eastern caravans. It was necessary, therefore, to move cautiously by day, and sleep in the mud forts at night. The courier told Strain that the Indians were in the vicinity of the settlements only two weeks before, and had made a descent in that very neighborhood. He also requested him to keep a sharp look-out, and notify him of any peculiar object which he, with his superior powers of vision, might detect on the horizon. Accordingly, from every little swell over which they bounded his eye swept the plain as it had often before the deep. The courier, as they galloped rapidly on, related several hair-breadth escapes of his own, during the eighteen years he had been on this route. More than once he had been saved by the fleetness of his horse, and at one time the Indians were scarcely more than a lance's length from him when he galloped into a mud fort. "But," said Strain, "what will they do with us if they overtake us?" "If we resist, kill us," replied Antonio. "But if we do not resist, what then?" "Kill us," he answered; "for they never take prisoners except women, whom they carry off." On farther inquiry he learned that it was the universal custom of the people when they found they could not escape by flight, to stop and spend the little time left them in saying their prayers. This was all very well for the Spaniards and their descendants, who stand hanging, shooting, garroting, and having their throats cut, with a resignation exhibited by no other nation. But to a man with Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins, and a naval officer to boot, there was something monstrous in permitting one's self to be thus unresistingly butchered, and Strain looked at the old man in amazement, and finally told him frankly that he should do no such thing, but if overmatched by numbers should sell his life as dearly as possible. He supported

his determinations so eloquently that the courier agreed to stand by him—they would run first, but if overtaken, fight to the last. This compact being made, Antonio, while on a full gallop, stretched out his hand to ratify it. It was not worth while to bring in the postillion, as he would leave them at the next stage. It was then proposed to include the Pole in the arrangement, but on consultation they concluded no dependence could be placed in him, and he was left out. Scrutinizing every moving object they could descry in the distance, they kept on at a swift pace until the evening shadows shut out every thing from view. They were still some nine or ten miles from San José de Moro, where they were to stop for the night, and as the darkness increased they became still more anxious, and listened for every sound. Plying whip and spur they passed over the ground rapidly, and about an hour after dark dashed into the town, which was garrisoned by some two hundred soldiers. The Pole had stood the day's ride better than they expected; and satisfying their hunger on some beef hastily roasted on the embers, they spread their beds outside the door, and soon forgot both the Indians and their fatigue in the deep sleep of the weary man.

At an early hour the next morning Antonio roused them from slumber, but still delayed setting out, as he wished to wait until the night patrol of cavalry returned, to ascertain if the Indians were about. Strain, however, prevailed on him to saddle up, and at early daylight, be-

fore the bugles of the garrison had sounded the *réveille*, they were galloping through the gates of the town. The air was cool, the horses fresh, and they pushed on at a furious pace, meeting no one except occasionally a lancer slowly returning from his post which he had occupied as vidette during the night. It was still comparatively early in the morning when they reached Portozuelo, twenty-one miles distant. A short distance of stony road, and then they crossed the boundary line of the province, and passed into Cordova, and fifteen miles farther on entered the little mud town of Achieas, where they breakfasted. It was here the American printer whom Strain had met at San Luis married his wife. The latter had the curiosity to visit the house, and as he sat on a seat in one corner of the room, and gazed round on the naked mud walls, mud floor, and dirty, scanty furniture, he could not but think what his Knickerbocker mother would say if she could see the hovel from which her son took his wife.

During this afternoon as they galloped along it became evident that the Pole was giving out. He leaned over his horse's neck, groaning and swearing by turns, and at last, when they reached Rio Cuarto at nine o'clock in the evening, having made a hundred miles, he was so completely knocked up that he could not dismount, and was lifted by Strain and the courier from the saddle. Flinging himself on the floor of the post-house, he gave a groan that sounded like the last effort of a dying man. Such was not his case, however, by any means, for the next



DISMOUNTED.



THE PAMPA COACH.

moment he fell to cursing and swearing in all the modern dialects of Europe. After he had exhausted his own and the French and other languages of expletives, he tried the English, fetching in, whenever it appeared to give force to his denunciations, a Polish word. He told the devil, over and over again, that he was perfectly welcome to fly away with him to his own dominions if he ever caught him riding post again with a crazy courier and a hare-brained naval officer, neither of whom had the fear of God or a proper respect for the comfort and safety of their own limbs before their eyes. He kept it up all night, muttering and groaning by turns.

Strain and the courier were quite willing to part company with him, and in the morning, the former having obtained a passage for him in an ox-cart to Cordova, where he might turn his accomplishments to some account, and giving him some money to pay his expenses on the way, bade him adieu. The needy adventurer, however, would insist on Strain taking a receipt of the money he had loaned him. Here they met the Basque whom the German had cheated out of his money and horses, and who, by some private arrangement with Antonio, was to be one of the party during the rest of the journey to Buenos Ayres.

During the day they met the Government courier going west, who informed them that a post-carriage was following after, containing a Brazilian and Frenchman. The name of the Brazilian, he said, was Guimares, and as Strain

had an intimate friend, also an acquaintance, by that name near Rio Janeiro, he thought this gentleman might be one of them. Putting spurs to their horses, they broke from the steady gallop into a run, and at length, far away in the distance, discerned a cloud of dust, the sure precursor of the post-coach, with its four galloping horses. Before they met, however, Strain caught a fall. His horse, stumbling in a hole, made such a desperate leap in recovering himself to escape the cruel rowels which always follow a mishap of this kind, as to leave him behind with his back to the earth. His companions never slackened their speed, nor apparently noticed the accident. Luckily Strain retained the long plaited thong of the bridle in his hand, and thus secured his horse. Not being hurt, and hoping Antonio had not noticed his sudden dismounting, he attempted to remount, but found the saddle was turned. By the time he had regirthed it, the swift riders were miles in advance, and it required severe riding to overtake them. A knowing smile from Antonio, and a sly remark upon his dirty apparel, showed that Strain was discovered. To be thrown from a horse on these plains is to confess to a neglected education.

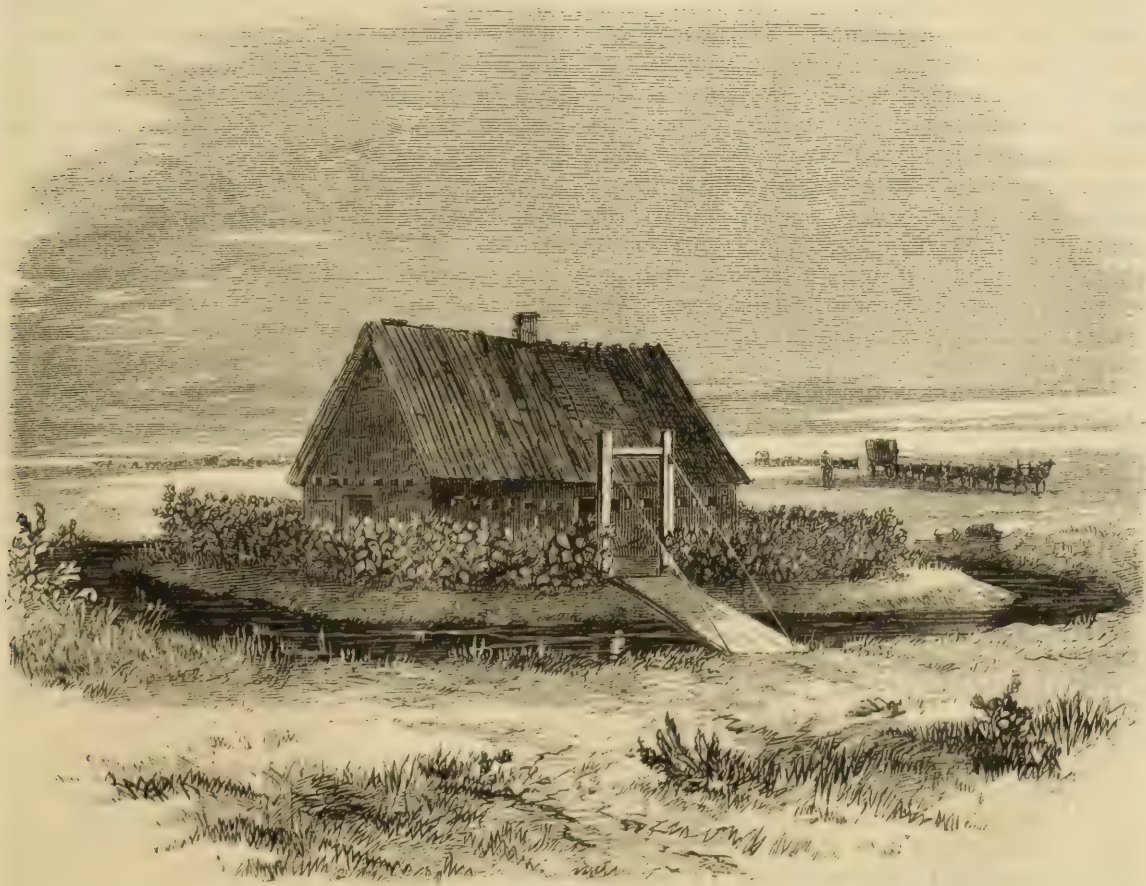
The cloud of dust which, when first seen, was many miles distant, now approached. M. Guimares proved to be neither of Strain's friends, but they soon found they had many acquaintances in common. M. Guimares told him that his friends had been very apprehensive for his safety on account of the Indians, and giving

him an address, requested him to call and say that he had met him beyond the point of greatest danger. The pampa coach is a curiosity in its way. It is a perfect nondescript, and looks as if it might have been Noah's family carriage. The four horses which drew it were attached to it by large straps of green hide fastened in the saddle of the postillion. There were no reins or breast straps. Each horse was ridden by a postillion at a full gallop, which whirled the lumbering vehicle along with astonishing rapidity. This mode of traveling allows one to take along many comforts he can not carry on horseback; but it is not quite so rapid, and much more dangerous on account of the Indians, for the dust it raises can be seen for many miles, revealing its whereabouts. Travelers on horseback, when in the vicinity of Indians, avoid the dusty portions of the road, reining out on the plains. Besides it is far more expensive, for four postillions are required instead of one. After exchanging messages to friends, and taking a kindly leave, each started on his way. To the "Set fire to the plain!" of Antonio, Strain and his companions broke into a gallop, and were nearly a mile distant before the heavy post-coach was fairly under way. The uncoupled horses could not pull together, but each jumped as he was spurred by the postillion, expending his strength in every direction but the right one.

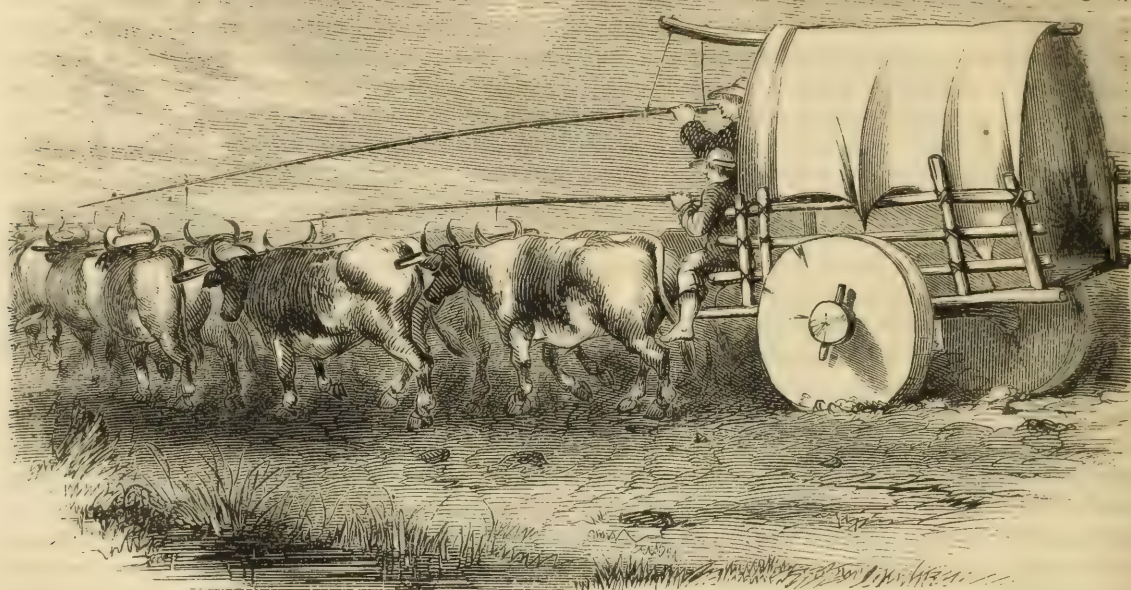
The herds which they had encountered on the way now became more frequent, and often from a slight swell on the plain the eye could see nothing but swarms of cattle, till they

seemed mere specks in the distance. Mile after mile they rode through these herds of cattle and horses, till they seemed innumerable. A Buenos Ayrean once told Strain that ten millions of hides had been exported from Buenos Ayres in one year. Knowing that the census of 1840 gave but fifteen millions in the whole United States, this statement seemed incredible; but after several days' experience in the provinces of Santa Fé and Buenos Ayres, and reflecting that the millions on millions he saw from the road were but a fraction of the vast number scattered over those immense pastures, he could easily believe it.

In passing through this province they had to be more cautious, for it was the favorite roving ground of the Indians. At every point that gave an extended view the plain was scanned with an anxious eye to detect, if possible, among the moving millions of cattle and horses, a group of mounted men. At night they slept in a fortified house. This, like all the rest, was in the centre of a square, and surrounded by a ditch, along the inside of which was planted one, two, and sometimes three rows of cactus, whose thorny, thick leaves will turn a charge of horse like a line of bayonets. With axes and knives the Indians might make an opening through these, but they never dismount to remove any great obstacle. Their home is the back of a horse, and they do not long feel easy on the ground, especially when in the presence of an enemy. The square is approached by a draw-bridge, while the house is pierced with loop-



THE PAMPA FORTRESS.



PAMPA OX-CART.

holes, from which the inmates can fire on their assailants.

The remaining two days were passed without incident. The ox-teams, the ships of the pampas, became more numerous. These, especially those going west, are the especial objects of the Indians' attack, as they are then loaded with merchandise and such articles as they covet. The carts are constructed after the same general fashion as ours, except they are very rude, with little or no iron about them; the bands and tires being made of green hide, which, being put on wet, contracts, and becomes almost as hard and firm as iron. The roof is commonly made of straw or green hide, though sometimes of canvas. Six pairs are attached to each cart, the yokes all being fastened to the heads and horns. A long pole projects from the roof of the cart, at the end of which is a spike, to goad on the leading team, and a second, farther back, for the next team; while, with a hand goad, the driver urges on those nearer him. Twelve teams make a troop; and when it is remembered the drivers never grease their axles, one can imagine the deafening noise they make when in motion. The creaking may be heard for miles, and serves often as a guide to the Indians in their attacks upon them.

The latter portion of the province of Buenos Ayres differs from the rest of the pampas in the natural product of the soil. In Mendoza low trees, shrubs, and a long coarse grass cover the plain. San Luis, Cordova, Santa Fé, and a portion of Buenos Ayres, produce a high grass bet-

ter adapted for pasture; while the most eastern portion yields clover and thistles. In the former provinces the aspect of the plain changes very little with the different seasons of the year, as the trees seldom lose their leaves, and the grass always preserves a dingy green; but here the changes are marvelous. No better description can be given of it than the following, by Sir Francis Head:

"The first region, or that lying nearest the Atlantic," says Head, "varies with the four seasons of the year in a most remarkable manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to the height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road, or path, is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be

an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change. The thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another until the violence of the *pampero*, or hurricane, levels them to the ground, whence they rapidly decompose and disappear; the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant."

The Indians of the pampas are a singular race, and rove these vast plains as the pirate does the sea. They are exceedingly handsome and finely formed. They wear no covering for either their heads or bodies. Entirely naked they scour the plains by day, and sleep unprotected on the earth by night. When they make a successful descent on a neighborhood, they immediately butcher all the men and old and ugly women. The young and pretty women are placed on horseback, and are compelled to travel with great speed, being fed on mares' flesh on the way, until they reach the remote and secluded home of their captors, who immediately marry them. Handsome and kind, they soon win the attachment of their stolen brides, who, in the few instances where they have had an opportunity to escape, preferred to remain with their husbands and children.

These Indians believe in a future state of happiness, where they will be always drunk and always hunting. Their marriage ceremony is a very simple one. The groom and bride, as soon as the sun sets, are made to lie down together with their heads toward the west; they are then covered with the skin of a horse, and left for the night. As soon as the sun rises at their feet they are considered married.

MY ANGEL.

DEAD! who was dead?

I saw the letter with its black seal, and the mournful faces of our gathering friends; I heard my mother and sisters weeping; but my dulled brain refused to understand the cause of all this trouble. I sat quietly in my chair beside the table, as I had been sitting when a neighbor came in to bring the fatal tidings. Amidst all the confusion I was still and calm, conscious only of a slight feeling of weariness and impatience at the stupidity which could believe such a report. Some one laid a soft hand on my forehead, and looked wistfully into my eyes; another friend held a glass of water to my lips, and said, pitifully, "If she could only weep!"

I put the water away with an apathetic glance. For what should I weep? *Who* was dead? Surely not George Elliott. He was my lover, almost my husband. The wedding garments were all prepared, and he had promised to re-

turn speedily and take me with him to the beautiful home of which he had told me. Was he not true to me? Had he not lifted me up out of the cold darkness of my former life into the sunshine of a love such as I had dreamed of with hopeless longing, but never thought to win? He, the young, the brave, the noble, could he die? Could he disappoint me—could he bereave me so? Who dared to say that he was dead—drowned on his homeward voyage?

But the sound of weeping and the low lamentations went on. Friendly hands had lifted me from my chair and laid me on the sofa—what ailed me that I had no power to resist them? What was this torturing distress that by its very intensity seemed to dull my brain and to press my heart out of place? Was there then no power in human love, no strength in human will, that he could not live to see me once again? Was there no prescience in an idolatry like mine, that I had been all these days absorbed in delicious dreams of coming joy, while he on whom all was centred, without whom they perished, was drifting about, the sport of ocean surges, or lying deep amidst the hidden wrecks and lost treasures of the pitiless sea?

There could not have been many minutes of this apathy. Our pastor lived near, and had come to us speedily when he heard the news, which had flown like lightning all over the village before it reached our dwelling. The first words that struck my ear distinctly were from his lips. He sat beside me and repeated, "Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he, in heaven and upon earth, in the seas, and in all deep places. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Be merciful to me, O God, for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." At this the great deep of my soul was broken up and the fountains of bitterness overflowed. My whole nature arose in rebellion against the hand which had stricken me, and in that rebellion I first admitted to myself that I had been stricken.

Of the awful hours following I can not speak. None may tread the billows of that deep but those who have faith in One who is able to say even to this storm and to this sea, "Peace, be still!" Such faith I had not. I sank in the dark waters. All the waves and the billows rolled over me.

I was very ill for many days, and slowly, reluctantly, I turned back from the gates of Death to take up again Life's heavy burden. For life was indeed a burden to me, not only because of grief but because of sin. A hand that should have aided me over the rough paths had long been busy in planting thorns there instead of roses. To those who have been equally unfortunate it is enough to say that there was one whose return to us each night was looked for with an unspoken dread, and too often the bloodshot eye, the unsteady step, and the ram-

bling, incoherent speech told of a thirst gratified at the expense of shame and suffering. My mother and elder sisters were of a nature gentler and more submissive than mine, and day after day, year after year, they had borne that which I could only endure because I hoped at length to leave it forever. When the paradise I had so nearly gained was thus in a moment destroyed, I determined no longer to remain at home. I went to visit a friend in the city, and advertised for a situation as teacher either in a family or a school. For some time my application seemed to be unregarded; but at length, when my trunk was packed and my bonnet tied for the homeward journey, a letter was placed in my hands. An elderly gentleman in the country had noticed my advertisement. His family consisted of two besides himself—his mother and an invalid daughter of eighteen, to whom he wished me to be at once teacher and companion. The compensation offered was small; but I could live on it, and any thing seemed better to me than a return to my careworn family with their half-known shame, and to the chamber which, like a tomb, inclosed the garments of a bride who was never to be—a bride who perished ere her marriage-day—dying with one who went down amidst night and storm into the all-devouring sea.

It may show the reckless state of my mind at that time to mention that my decision was made on the instant; and, leaving my friend to inform those who were awaiting me at home, I set out for the place indicated. Twilight had fallen upon the city as we passed the last curve whence its spires could be seen, and night came slowly over the ocean and the low shores on our left hand. Closely veiled and wrapped in my shawl, I sat on the extreme end of the boat, outside the saloon, and watched the gathering gloom. No one there knew me, and thus, lonely and alone, I gave myself up to thought. The momentary glow and excitement of setting forth to seek my fortune subsided as the daylight waned. I had little interest in looking forward—I could not look back. Leaning over the railing I gazed down upon the smooth surface of the ocean, gleaming fitfully through the darkness with a phosphorescent light, and my soul ached with its inexpressible, unappeasable longings for the dead. Oh but to see him once again! to hear his voice! to touch his hand! why was this denied me? Then I could give him up to God and the angels, and be content to live out my appointed time on earth.

Ah! would I? Not so. I would clasp him close, and if any power cruelly and unjustly tore him from my arms, I would with my own hands break through the iron gates so inexorably closed against my prayers, and find him—where?

Thus my wicked and defiant thoughts dashed themselves against the rock whereon I refused to build my hopes, and, absorbed in miserable reflections, I took no heed of time, while twilight settled into night. The wind blew cold, and the passengers had gradually retired into

the saloon; when last I looked around no one was present, and supposing myself still alone, I lifted my head, threw back my veil, and bent my aching eyes upon the scene before me. The seething ocean, with its mysterious depths and the long roll of its resistless billows, was indeed a fit instrument and type of the fate that had passed on and swallowed up my hopes. The stars gemming the sky in myriads, glorious in their inapproachable brightness, awful in their mute grandeur, seemed to me unsympathizing and cold as the heaven that withheld my idol from me. I lifted my clenched hand and cursed aloud the day that gave me birth. A moment after, a deep, full voice at my side said, with slow, deliberate utterance,

“When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hands—what is man, that thou art mindful of him! Shall the clay say unto the potter, why hast thou made me thus? Be still, and know that I am God.”

I turned quickly, and the saloon lamps shining out showed me the form of a man wrapped in a cloak; but his head was hidden by the shadow, and I only saw dimly that the face was raised toward the sky. He did not appear to notice me, but stood silently a little while longer, and then walked away. I could not tell whether the quotation was accidental or designed; yet because it was so unexpected, or because of that peculiar and musical voice, the words affected me as nothing had since I was a child, bowing my soul with a gush of penitential feeling, which, when it passed, left me less wretched than before.

My reverie thus broken I became sensible of the lateness of the hour, and withdrew to my state-room. Soon after morning dawned, the boat arrived at her destined port, and taking a carriage, I reached the dépôt in time to find a comfortable seat in the cars, and soon was whirled onward toward the place I sought.

The letter had directed me to leave the cars at a certain way-station, where, if I informed them of my coming, a carriage would wait to take me two miles across the country to their dwelling. As I had not given this information, I did not expect to find any one waiting for me, but I had not considered that in such a place there might be no conveyance obtainable for myself and my baggage; and when the train swept onward, leaving me standing on an open platform, with my box of clothes for my sole companion, I looked around with an expression of hopeless astonishment which would doubtless have been very ludicrous to any one beholding it. However, a Yankee girl, when thrown upon her own resources, is seldom long in finding a way out of difficulty. The preservation of my property was the first object to be obtained, and I pulled the trunks to the ground, and hid them snugly under the steps at one end of the platform. This done, I bent my steps toward a dwelling visible at some distance down the road, which at this point crossed the track.

It proved to be a small farm-house; its ap-

pearance indicated poverty, as did also the patched though cleanly garments of the woman who came to the door in answer to my rapping. I asked to be directed to Mr. Jameson's house. She told me it was more than two miles by the road, but not so far across the fields, and as I seemed to be a stranger, if I liked she would let her Jenny go and show me the way. Moved to confidence by her good nature, I changed from my first design, and mentioned the situation of my luggage. As it might not be convenient to send for it that evening, I asked her to allow a stout boy who was digging potatoes in a field near to go and bring it to her house. She instantly called "Andrew Jackson;" and when the owner of that illustrious name approached with his wheel-barrow, and had received directions from me, I entered the house to await his return. My hostess was loquacious, and when I had frankly satisfied her curiosity concerning myself, was ready to tell me about her family affairs. *He* (meaning her husband) had gone down the bay fishing, for their farm was dreadful poor, and if 'twasn't for selling the fish to the mill-folks at the village, they would nigh about starve. Her eldest daughter had gone to stay with a cousin till she got round; she didn't expect she ever would get round—expected she was in a decline—but Nancy had gone to stay with her till she got round, and nu's her up. She'd been expecting to hear from Nancy for some time. She heard there was a letter to the post-office, but she couldn't send for it till *he* came home; she wished she could; she wanted to get that letter—wanted to see what was inside of it.

"An odd reason for wanting a letter," quoth I; and by a few leading questions I turned the current of this stream to a subject more interesting to me. She knew Mr. Jameson's family well, and gave me information quite valuable to me in my entire ignorance of those among whom I was to dwell. When the boy returned, and the remuneration I offered had been reluctantly accepted, Jenny was told to put away her knitting. The little black-eyed maiden, brown and lithe as any gipsy, donned her limp sun-bonnet, and ran along beside me across the field, casting such sly, bright glances at me that I could not forbear conversing with her. For lack of other question, I asked if she went to school. No, not yet, it was too far, but she went to Sunday-school. Did she like it? No; sometimes she got a book with pictures, and then she liked it, but she had rather play. Did she play Sunday—this little heathen in orthodox New England? Yes; but the minister said it was wicked. What minister, and where did he preach? Mr. Blakesley; he preached in the school-house every month, and then marm made her go. Marm said she liked to hear Mr. Blakesley preach because he always hurt her feelings. He came to the Sunday-school sometimes, and talked to them. What did he say? He told them to be good, and say their prayers every night. Did she

say her prayers? Yes, marm made her say "Our Father;" but when she grew up she didn't mean to, for it wasn't a pretty prayer. She liked "Now I lay me" a great deal better, for if you didn't want to say it, you could sing it.

With prattle like this she beguiled the way, until we came to the brow of a low grassy hill, from whence the house was visible not far distant. From there I preferred to go on alone, and sent Jenny back to her own home.

Near the foot of the hill a cluster of trees were grouped around a spring that gushed from under a flat rock. Here I sat down to think. Since my great sorrow fell upon me I had been self-absorbed, shut out by my own will and the care of pitying friends from contact with any out of my own circle; from any jar or jostle of the world. This was kind, but I could not live so. Now that the hope which lit my life was dead, that life must die too. I must disengage myself from it, must leave it behind me, dead and buried. Some time hence I might perhaps bear to visit its grave and weep there, but now I must shape out for myself a new destiny. I could not endure my anguish, I could not be reconciled to it—there was nothing left for me but to plunge into the world and forget it. As I sat on the stone, looking at the gray house standing lonely amidst the lonely fields, the unrest which had prompted my desire of change returned upon me in full force, and I wondered at the impulse which led me to accept so readily a situation that promised no variety and so little excitement.

The scene before me was simply beautiful, and I knew not then what life was hidden in the stillness, what aspects it could take amidst other conditions of the sky and sea. The house stood in an open recess, too shallow to be called a cove, and yet removed from the monotony of the straight shore. Above the beach the shore arose rocky and bold, and the house had been placed only a few rods from the edge of the cliff. A few gnarled oaks and a group of fir-trees stood near, but the fields stretching to the interior were flat and treeless, except where stunted, sea-blown evergreens supported a miserable life. Looking over these I saw the bay and the ocean sparkling and basking in the serene light of that August afternoon, while to my ear there came only the sound of the insects humming, the low gurgle of a bobolink in the grass, and the cry of a swallow as it passed and repassed, now glancing low, now flashing higher as it flew onward to its nest. I arose and went forward rapidly, lest I should be carried away by my receding courage, and ignominiously retreat. Following a well-trodden path I came to a stile, over which I passed into a lane that led past a large garden behind the house, and on to a little gate admitting me to the inclosure in which the house stood. It was a long narrow wooden structure of two stories, with a deep porch over the front door. In by-gone years some thrifty owner had painted it white, but time and the weather had since succeeded

in toning it down to a dull gray, far more in keeping with the landscape, and a luxuriant woodbine, that covered the porch and ran thence to the roof, gave it its only claim to beauty.

I knocked at the door, and a tidy servant admitted me to a plainly furnished room, where the table was laid for supper. In a few moments a lady entered, whose venerable and placid face at once won my regard. She was Mrs. Jameson, and when I mentioned my name she received me very kindly, expressing regret that I had been obliged to take a long walk. I explained that circumstances made it advisable for me to enter at once upon some sphere of action; and as this opportunity presented itself, I accepted it without waiting for formalities. After some further conversation, she led the way to an apartment on the other side of the front entry, and when the door opened I was surprised at the elegance and taste of its arrangements. The carpet covering the floor looked like a golden brown moss sprinkled with harebells, and the furniture was covered with damask to correspond with these colors. The white muslin curtains were looped with blue cords, and in the windows hung baskets filled with flowers and trailing vines. Two or three fine paintings and some engravings ornamented the walls. One glance showed me this unexpected refinement, and then my eyes were fixed on the idol for whom love had decked this shrine. On the sofa near the front windows—which had been lengthened to the floor for her accommodation—Amy Jameson lay, propped with cushions into a half-sitting posture. She had been told I was there, and her face turned eagerly to the door as I entered. I caught my breath to suppress a cry of admiration. Was she a mortal or an angel, this girl whose perfect head and face were united to a crippled and suffering body? Yet as she reclined, her limbs hidden by her long, full garments, there was no trace of pain or trouble except in the extreme delicacy of her complexion, and the languid, patient expression of her face when at rest. When she spoke this vanished, and her smile was the sweetest I ever saw. She held out her hand to me, and the sleeve falling back revealed an arm and hand so white and perfectly formed no sculptor could hope to equal it.

Sweet Amy Jameson—Aimée, loved!—was it love or was it suffering that had so purified and etherealized her, that there seemed to remain to her no trace of mortal weakness, except her physical infirmity? I asked myself this question many times during the following days, as I studied her transparent nature and learned the history of her life. Her mother had died while she was an infant, but those who remained had supplied to her all a mother's love and care. Her father was a man of education and refinement, and having been unfortunate in mercantile enterprises, had retired with the wreck of his fortune to this farm, Amy's inheritance from her mother. A rheumatic fever, contracted in her childhood, was the be-

ginning of a disease of the nerves and muscles which for some years subjected Amy, at intervals, to months of incessant pain. Gradually these attacks became less frequent, and during the last year had entirely ceased; but her limbs were so twisted and distorted as to make it impossible she should ever walk. Yet this disease had left the vital parts untouched, and now her health was good, and she might look forward to a long life of helplessness.

She was naturally gifted with fine mental powers, and had improved every interval of ease to continue the education so sadly interrupted, and was eager through my aid to acquire the modern languages, and advance more rapidly than she had hitherto been able to do. When I knew all this, I thought how helpless she must always be, how liable to a recurrence of her torturing disease, how isolated from all that makes the joy of youth, how debarred from the hope and the glory of womanhood, and saw that her sensitive and thoughtful nature realized it all, I marveled at the peace and cheerfulness that seemed to pervade her life and envelop her whole being. Her wonderful beauty of person soon appeared to me but a development of her pure and lovely soul. It would have been incongruous to have seen it otherwise manifested than through the motions of those graceful hands; through the tones of that low, tender voice; through the expressions of that face, with its transparent complexion, like rose-tinted alabaster, its large brown eyes that the drooping lashes shaded into blackness, its broad, low brow, over which the parted chestnut hair rippled back in heavy curves that gleamed golden in the sunshine. To my restless and fervid temperament she was, from the first, like moonlight, like dew, like whatever there is in nature to soothe and bless; and I loved her before she had spoken my name, although weeks passed before I understood the secret of that charm.

During the week after my arrival at the farmhouse I often heard the minister, Mr. Blakesley, referred to, and his opinions quoted, as if he was a sort of oracle for these good folk. He had been absent from his parish for a time and his return was daily expected. His church was situated in a small manufacturing village, four miles distant, and Mr. and Mrs. Jameson drove thither every Sabbath morning. Occasionally he preached in the school-house located near, where, by his efforts, a Sunday-school had been gathered. All this would hardly have moved me to conquer the bitter feeling that made any semblance of worship repugnant to me, had not Amy revealed to me her hope that I might be able to take notes of the sermons her father and grandmother praised so much, and yet failed to remember in the preacher's own words. For her sake I accompanied them to church.

The edifice was large though cheaply and plainly built. We were early, and as we waited for the seats to be filled, I let the mourning veil I wore drop over my face, while, suggested

by the time and place, a flood of memories rushed over my soul. Suddenly a voice said, "Let us pray." I started at the tone—at the slow, distinct utterance; and as the invocation went on my eyes were riveted on the speaker, vexing myself to think where I had met him. The face was wholly unfamiliar, but the voice haunted me with an echo from some forgotten time. The prayer and singing ended, he began to read a psalm, and when he reached a certain verse, the truth flashed upon me. He was the person whose voice had arrested me in that hour of desperation and loneliness when it seemed as if I could not live longer and bear my grief.

Impressed by the circumstance, I listened to his sermon attentively. It was instructive and simply framed so as to meet the wants of the ignorant, yet with flashes of power showing a brilliant imagination repressed and curbed, while its closing appeal was forcible and eloquent. Had it been less so, his manner, and his peculiarly deep, rich, flexible voice, that seemed to clothe each shade of thought in a fitting garb, would have compelled the attention of his listeners. I never had occasion to change the opinion I then formed of his genius.

It is difficult to describe a character like that of Lloyd Blakesley, because it was formed of extremes, and description seems like exaggeration. A body of ice and a soul of fire—in one age of the world he would have been an ascetic of the sternest type; in another, he would have been a reformer or a martyr. In the present age he was a faithful and untiring pastor—a preacher who wept in secret over his congregation, but who wreathed no flowers about the sword of the Spirit to dull its edge; a man whose clear intellect pierced through the subtleties and enlightened the shadows in which others wrap themselves to evade the perception of right—whose conscience held him with a grasp of iron to unceasing labor, and in whom the idea of duty awakened an enthusiasm that souls less noble only gain from desire. Though he was not

"That faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw," his faults appeared to grow out of his virtues. He was so stern, so hard toward himself, that he sometimes lacked tenderness for others. He struggled so successfully to overcome the temptations in his own path, that, occasionally, there was a tinge of impatience or pride in his remonstrances to those who yielded. Yet his heart yearned in pity for the world of sinners, and he was eager to labor, and strong in patience when that labor seemed fruitless; and withal he possessed that magnetism whereby some characters control and influence even those with whom they have little sympathy. After the service on this Sabbath Mr. Jameson waited to speak with the minister, and brought him to the carriage to introduce him to me. I thought his glance rested upon me with interest and curiosity, but he spoke only a few words and passed on.

The next evening, and many subsequent

evenings, he spent at our house, in Amy's parlor. I listened to his talk with Mr. Jameson and his daughter, saying little myself, yet sometimes involuntarily drawn into an expression of feeling or opinion; and from all such moments of forgetfulness I was recalled by observing that he was studying me as one revolves an interesting problem. I intended to remain a problem to him, and I was wary; but in such unrestrained social intercourse I could not avoid some degree of friendliness, and by degrees I became in my turn interested in watching him.

Amy did not know she loved; but I soon saw that her whole soul was given to him—that she counted time by the days passed since he left or the hour when he would come again. In studying, she was bent chiefly upon making herself more competent to follow his thought and to understand his allusions. In reading, she betrayed involuntarily the impress of his mind upon her tastes. In her prayers, pure soul! she did not realize her own needs while she supplicated Heaven for health, and strength, and comfort, and reward for him. For sometimes he drooped sorely. The perversity, the sin, which he found in some parts of his parish, the stupidity and carelessness in others, sometimes discouraged, and sometimes heated him to a zeal that did not appear altogether holy.

Then he turned to Amy. No unrest could dwell in her presence. She never reproved, she never argued, she only spoke of forbearance, of pity, of love, and lo! all the world grew bright with a divine presence, and his weakened hands were strong to labor, and his troubled soul was hopeful and calm. In other moods he told her of cases calling for sympathy and counsel; and a word or two in her low, silver tones, suggested the course of action his own mind could not devise. And when he talked, as he often did, with Mr. Jameson, upon topics that interest men of intellect in every grade of life—when he planned large schemes of philanthropy, or discoursed brilliantly upon passing events—his eyes often sought Amy's listening face, and a pertinent remark from her lips gave new vigor to his interest in the theme. To her mind, prone from her situation and her disposition to softness and gentleness and poetic reverie, his strength and even his sternness of thought was a healthful tonic, and she was right in looking up to him as to one whose companionship was of benefit; but in her humility she was unconscious of what she was to him.

And to me also she was the angel of peace. Her gentleness, her unvarying happiness, her patience in spite of that which would have fretted me to madness, the spirit breathing in all she said or thought, prompting all her acts and controlling her desires—these were to me a revelation of a state of serene joy, of ineffable peace, which I had never before supposed a mortal could attain—a state of loving and entire submission to the will of God. And thus that soft hand led me to the mercy-seat, and I learned the blessedness of the worship claimed from us

when our idols are broken before our eyes to show us they are clay.

Thus months passed. Autumn changed the green fields to gold and brown, and left them for bleak December to sere as he trod them hard beneath his feet. Then Winter wrapped them in a pall and hid them away for the resurrection of the coming year. And slowly, imperceptibly, as these changes had been wrought, other changes as great had occurred in the mental states of the group whose centre of union was the sofa where Amy reclined, patient and lovely as ever, though a shadow had fallen upon her heart.

One afternoon in early spring I returned from a walk with my hands full of violets and May-buds half opened. Wishing to surprise Amy with a pleasure I knew she longed for, I arranged these flowers in a vase, and, opening the door of her room, softly crept on tip-toe to her sofa to present them suddenly before her. As I advanced I noticed that her head was bowed so that the back of the sofa hid her face, and thinking she might be asleep I paused. A faint sound reached my ear. Was it possible? Was Amy weeping? Again and again it came, suppressed but deep, convulsive, as if it tore her heart open. No physical pain could move her thus. As I paused, uncertain what to do, she moved, half-raised herself, and clasped her hands meekly, and I heard these words breathed softly, as a child might speak to a loving father: "Pity me, make me unselfish; and oh, forgive me that I have loved him too well!"

I could not bear this. How had Lloyd Blakesley dared to hurt my darling?

I set down the flowers and clasped her in my arms. She was startled and confused for a moment; but, all unnerved and trembling, she could not be reserved; and when she had wept her tears out on my bosom, and my heart had melted itself over her grief in love and entreaty, she told me all.

Mr. Blakesley had been there in my absence, and had revealed to her a certain purpose of his, which rudely opened her eyes to see the nature of the affection she had been cherishing for him. It was a love unselfish as were all her emotions; for she had never thought of appropriating him to herself; yet when he asked her advice upon his plans for matrimony—when he praised, in another, excellences of purpose and action which her disease had made impossible to her—when he spoke of the help he needed in his ministerial duties—help she could never give him—ah, then she had been less than a woman if her heart had not arisen in one cry of anguish.

Her confidence once given, she seemed relieved by making a full confession of all she had felt and thought concerning Mr. Blakesley since first he came to that locality; but delicacy and timidity hindered her from asking me what I thought of him. If she had idealized his character, and beheld his excellences glorified in the halo reflected upon them from the

beauty and poetry of her own nature, I would not then tell her he was not the perfect being he appeared to her; but I comforted her with those religious thoughts I knew had strongest power to soothe and gladden her. Then, and afterward, I watched her jealously to see if this unexpected trial—the severest a woman can know—unsettled for a moment her faith in the Infinite love and goodness. Ah no! Her hand, indeed, trembled; but she held the cup without a murmur, and drank the bitter draught. How often, amidst all that defaces the Christian name, have I thanked God for her, sweet Amy! who showed me so clearly the existence of a peace the world gives not and has no power to take away.

Mr. Blakesley had gone away for a fortnight, and I was glad of his absence, as it gave Amy time to recover her usual serenity, and I had opportunity to watch and determine what I should do to promote her happiness.

One afternoon, near the sunset hour, I left her busily engaged over a German lesson, while I went forth on my daily walk. It had been one of those mild, dull days when the quickening earth seems to pause and take breath for the labor before her. A thin haze, through which a dazzling light struggled, had hidden the sun all day; and now, while the light withdrew slowly, the haze remained, and a strong wind coming in from the sea rushed, shrieking, up the precipice, and, with shrill cries, away over the sere fields. I turned toward the ocean and saw that, far in the horizon, the haze dipped down into the water, and I knew the fog would soon come creeping on the land, blotting out sound and sight in one encompassing dead white cloud. But I was accustomed to it now, and, at times, it suited my moods better than sunshine.

I went down a steep path that wound to the foot of the precipice and sat down on a boulder, which, in some former age, the waves had worn into a rude semblance of a chair. I had not been there many minutes, listening what the waves said and gazing dreamily upon the level heaving mass of waters, when a step on the gravel caused me to turn and see Mr. Blakesley approaching. He gave me his hand in friendly greeting and seated himself on the rock near me.

"I inquired for you at the house," he said, "and they told me I should find you here."

"Yes, I often come here; and I made a drawing of the place, that Amy might know how it looks."

"She showed it to me. It is a dreary picture—these scarred gray rocks overhead, the melancholy expanse of ocean, with its white waves breaking on the beach, and one solitary figure crouched here, listening to their monotonous roar. A dreary picture! I doubt if it is good for you to allow yourself the indulgence of such tastes."

"It might not have been at one time; now it does not hurt me."

"Perhaps so. I have marked the change in your feelings since you came here, and have been thankful for it. You were very wretched when you came here."

"How did you know? I never complained."

"No, you shut up your woe like a fire in your own soul; and when it would have vent, you let it flame up against the throne of the Most High in curses."

I gave him one quick glance, and asked, "How did you know that?"

"Because I heard you do it that night upon the sea. Your voice, your face, your figure impressed me too forcibly to be ever forgotten."

"I could not see your face, and I did not think you saw mine."

"You were seated; and thus, when you turned to look at me, the light fell on your face. Perhaps your mourning dress assisted the recognition; but I knew you at once when I saw you in church, and almost forgot what I was about to say. I had thought of you often meanwhile—a poor unhappy soul gone astray in the dark; and I thought God had sent you here that I might be of benefit to you—"

"No," I interrupted; "another hand than yours has led me into peace."

"I have been aware of that, also, and that you were sent here to benefit me."

He paused. I made no reply; and in a moment he went on rapidly, and asked me to be his wife.

"Why do you make me that proposal?" I asked. I was leaning forward, resting my head on one hand, with my eyes fixed on the sea.

"Why!" he repeated, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes—*why*? Be candid with yourself and with me. Examine your motives, and tell me what they are."

He was silent a short time, and I remained motionless, listening to that ceaseless requiem the ocean waves were chanting. At length he answered,

"I will be candid. You merit it from me. I am told by every one that I need a wife—that I could be much more useful with a wife—and my own heart tells me the same story. I need the ties of family to bind me to the great family of man, to unloose my sympathies, to teach me to feel for others by myself experiencing what they feel. More than this; a deep craving of my heart is unsatisfied. I need such a companion and friend as only a wife can be, to make my dwelling-place a home. Such a friend I hoped to find in you. We have feelings and tastes in common; I believe we have equal esteem for each other; I hoped we might have mutual love."

He spoke slowly and painfully, as if conscience was forcing him on, or he would not have owned so much. I breathed more freely. My conjecture was right; he did not love me. I raised myself and looked into his eyes.

"Mr. Blakesley, before you went away you told this to Amy. Why did you do so?"

He started, and his face, which had been very pale, flushed a deep crimson.

"She told you!" he ejaculated.

"I knew it—no matter how. Amy was not in fault. But why did you tell her? You see I am very calm. You know my heart died long ago, and I can never marry simply because I love. Can you supply other motives? Let us discuss this subject fairly, as friends should." I paused, but he made no reply; and I added, "You ask me to be your wife, and yet you hesitate to open your heart to me so much as to answer this one question! Let me help you. You told Amy because you like to consult her upon any project you have in hand. Your thoughts turn naturally to her. Her advice is always pleasing to you."

"Yes, you are right."

"And because you wished particularly to know what she would say, how she would look, when you told her this."

He cast his eyes down as I spoke, and the sweat stood in great drops on his forehead. I knew I tortured him; but it was for Amy's sake, and I turned the rack unrelentingly.

"Yes, Mr. Blakesley; you did not wish her to think you loved her, but you could not resist the craving of your heart to know whether she loved you; and, man-like, you indulged yourself, though to learn it cost you an additional struggle afterward, and hazarded her peace of mind."

"You mistake!" he cried, starting up. "Heaven knows I would sooner die than wound her. Her peace is on a sure foundation, and no human being can disturb it. I may have been misguided, but I thought I was doing what was best. I knew of no woman who so well as yourself could fulfill the duties ordinarily expected of a minister's wife—who could so readily help me in my great work. Ah! the work is indeed great, and my strength is small, and my soul yearns over the people around me. I have watched you. You are strong of will, courageous of purpose, energetic in action, full of health and vigor, and you have determined to dedicate all to the service of God. Why not do so as my companion?"

"As your companion—yes, so long as I remain in this vicinity; as your wife—*no*, a thousand times *no*! Wrong not your own soul so much as to ask it. Desecrate not so utterly that mystical union which God honors by comparing it to His own eternal union of love with His Church. God gives a man a wife for himself, and not for the service of the world; and you—you dare not trust Him, and take the angel he has sent to bless your life."

He grasped my wrist, and muttered, while his eyes seemed to search mine with their fire, "Hush! hush! I dare not think how happy I should be with Amy! I should be absorbed with her; she would draw my heart from the work to which I have dedicated it. I dare not trust myself with so great happiness!"

"Oh! do not so blaspheme God's best gift to

man! He desires not the sacrifice you mean to bring Him. He asks of you no more than you can do with a heart at rest. Do not suffer senseless advice to persuade you otherwise, and lead you to a course that will cripple your feet and paralyze your hands, as it has in the case of hundreds of your fellow-laborers. Do any thing else from a sense of duty, but never marry except from love."

I spoke warmly, energetically, as I felt, for my blood tingled with long repressed excitement. Varying emotions passed over his face as he listened, and now he bent forward, resting his head upon his clasped hands, and remained a long time silent. I, too, was motionless again, turning myself from him, and listening to that voice of the waves which evermore in wailing monotone uttered to my ear those words, "Never, never, forever more!" At length Mr. Blakesley arose, calm and dignified as ever, and held out his hand to me. I gave him mine, for I knew well he would not again ask to keep it.

"Truly you were sent here to do me good," he said. "I believe I was about to commit a great sin. I see the miserable sophistries that were deluding me. Amy will quicken all my energies to labor, although she can not work with me."

"Your eyes are not opened yet," I said. "Never think again that Amy does not work, even more powerfully, more usefully than you. A thousand such as you might better be spared than the influence of her sweet and holy character. You teach Christianity—she illustrates it. Judge if her work be not as acceptable as yours. Without her, I doubt if you will not fail to attain the rarer and higher Christian graces—with her, you can not fail to be doubly useful. You may not be able to win her for your wife, for a thousand scruples will prevent; but her whole life will be brightened by the knowledge that you wished it, and her love will be the greatest blessing you can have in this world. Dear Amy! pure-hearted angel! I almost envy you the love she will give you. Go to her." He held my hand a moment after I ceased to speak, and his eyes scanned my face. Then in a low tone, as if thinking aloud, he said,

"This is a friendship worth having. I thank this girl more than if she had loved me;" and with these words he went away.

While we had been talking the fog advanced upon us with the tide, and after I was left alone it deepened and thickened until I could see nothing but the rock frowning behind me, and the sands and gravel for a few rods around; while before me the ocean plunged sullenly from under the heavy mist to break at my feet, with hoarse whispers and wailings, that ran along the beach and lost themselves in a faint continuous undertone which pervaded sea and air as with spirit voices.

My excitement of feeling had died; my cherished purpose was fulfilled. I pictured in

my mind the scene probably then being enacted in the parlor I had left—Amy's sweet tones, tremulous with glad surprise, and the mingled dignity and reverence with which that noble heart (for it was noble) would be laid open before her.

For myself, I had done with love, I had done with hope, for this world; and yet I did not repine as I sat there with the chill dampness touching my lips and cheek, and folding me in a cold embrace that stilled my pulses like the touch of death. Only my thoughts went forward with a prayer, to the time when it might be the will of God that the discipline of this life should end; and backward to dwell upon the joys I had lost, with a mute thankfulness that once I had known a happiness so entire.

Ha! do the dead indeed return! Has the sea brought him to me in this wild night glooming around! Were those weird sounds I listened to indeed voices from the spirit world! It was strange, through all those weary months I had not even dreamed of him, though I had asked that boon of Heaven as its choicest gift. Now he stood there before my waking eyes, just where the surf broke on the shelving beach, face and form distinct, though dimly visible through the curling vapors eddying between us on the wind; stood there and looked around as if he sought me, and passed on silently with his face still turning toward the spot where I sat.

I was mute, spell-bound, cold and pale with the thrill of terror that for a moment possessed me, a moment only. As he went slowly out of sight, fading away phantom-like in the gray mists, an emotion stronger than fear sent the warm blood thrilling through my veins. Had I not longed for this; and now he was going; he had not spoken; perhaps it grieved him that I could fear and shrink; perhaps he would never come to me again, though I should weary Heaven with prayers. With the thought I sprang up, I ran after him, I stretched out my arms to the pale ghost.

"Stay! stay!" I cried; "wait for me, speak to me, this once, once more!"

There was an answering cry, a quick step on the beach. Oh, the strong arms that held me up! Oh, the warm kisses that seemed to draw my soul out through my lips! Oh, the living, beating heart that pressed mine, close, close, as if we could never part again!

Now God be thanked for the mercy which ended, for the blessedness which crowned my year of discipline! It is unnecessary to tell how my lover was preserved, after the accident that threw him overboard in a stormy night in mid ocean; or how the ship that rescued him being bound to the South Seas, it happened that his letters never reached us. When he arrived and found he had been so long supposed dead, he chose to come in person and undeceive me.

As we ascended the path leading to the farmhouse I saw a light from Amy's room gleaming out into the mist. They had forgotten to drop the curtains, and as we passed the windows I

paused and looked in. Mr. Blakesley sat by the sofa holding Amy's hand in his, and she listened to his earnest words with drooping eyelids and a soft glow on her face which expressed ineffable peace and joy. Evidently all was explained, and her loving heart at rest.

"Look, George!" I said; "if I am better than I used to be—if my views of life and duty accord with yours more fully than they used to do—thank Amy for it. She has been my angel!"

OUR WIVES.

GOOD Mother Nature is queen of all rhetoricians, and does not need any lessons from the schools to teach her to put the best foot foremost, and veil all burdensome duties by charming plausibilities. She means, for example, to make of the roguish urchin a hard-working man in spite of himself; and straightway, instead of lecturing him on industry, and setting him to saw wood or pound stone, she sends him into the play-ground, and there, before the little fellow has learned his A B C, or gone from petticoats into his first breeches, she compels him to train, by the very discipline of his merry games, the strength of muscle and the skill of sense that are to be used in his future trade or profession. With equal cunning she wins his gentle little playmate to a different yet equally significant post of care. The girl's doll is that good mother's occult teacher of the solemn meaning of womanhood and maternity; and, before she knows it, the little lassie has been going through, in sport, the serious work of her life. The same veiled purpose runs through the romance of youthful love and courtship. The sweet maiden, who gives her heart to her adoring swain, knows generally little of herself or him, or of the grave cares and troubles that must come with marriage. Moonlight walks and tender epistles begin the fond persuasion that the bridal veil and ring consummate, and the dear romantic young creature is a wife. It is well that it is so, and we do not quarrel with Nature—which, to us, is another name for Providence—for sending merry heralds in the van of her marches, and introducing every summer of care with vernal blossoms of beautiful hope. But let us understand the meaning of the fair illusion, and we shall win from it cheerful wisdom instead of bitter disappointment. Let us believe that our childish play and our young romance are intended to lead us to grave duties that we might else shrink from; and that, if we meet these duties faithfully, our play and romance will come back once more to bless our manly toil and our wedded love with their genial light.

We must expect, however, a season of disappointment between the maiden's romance and the wife's matured experience. The maiden had dreamed a thousand dreams of the future, and of the thousand paths of her cloud-land she must learn to be content to follow in the main but a single path, and this, too, with some abate-

ment of its supposed variety and loveliness. She must be content to find in her husband not always a romantic lover, and be glad to have in him a faithful and honorable partner. She must not expect that he will prolong, through months or years of ordinary cares and satisfactions, the same intensity of solicitude and passion that flashed out in the fears and delights of that first love. As well ask the lightning to be always in play, and forget that its mysterious power, in the harmonized electric current, may work all the more beneficently under the calm sky than in the storm-clouds. God help the young wife in all her trials and duties and blessings! If our poor pen can avail her any thing, these passing words shall be in her interest, and shall try to cheer her heart if they may not enlighten her mind.

That matches are always made in heaven we can not say, for certain terrible misalliances present a most formidable exception; yet we are quite sure that most matches are not made on earth—or, rather, are not made at all—but rather come of themselves out of those strange depths of our being in which love, genius, and enthusiasm take their rise. The parties may be able to name reasons why they should marry, yet the motive that impels them to the union may wholly defy calculation; and, instead of being any definable reason, it may be a mutual fascination, wholly undefinable. A man may be pretty good at argument, and give reasons for his choice of a wife; while the fact generally is that he never made any choice at all, but, before he knew it, and in spite of his logic, he finds that he is gone—without his own act conquered and possessed. Woman is almost always a poor hand at argument, yet she generally tries to prove the wisdom of her consent, while all the while the emotion that fixes her consent is a stubborn fact little within her control. We are talking somewhat sentimentally, perhaps, yet not making fools of ourselves, by taking love and marriage out of the province of reason or conscience. We give reason and conscience a veto power, and urge every woman to avoid taking any step in the face of reason and conscience; while we do not expect or desire to leave to logic or ethics the business of inspiring the tender passion. Our being is full of mysteries; and many as have been the attempts to solve the problem of elective affinities, it remains precisely where it did in the beginning; and we must look to each stubborn experience to decide for each man and each woman whom each loves and whom each wishes to marry.

It is no proof of the merely prudential nature of marriage that woman waits to be asked, and, having no boundless range of preference, must choose between her suitors, whether few or many. The fact that new interest may spring up in her mind toward a suitor upon whom she looked with indifference before he became a suitor, instead of proving the supremacy of prudential calculation may prove the very reverse, by showing that the suit of itself touches

a new spring of emotion, and that the feminine heart, like many other sweet things in nature, needs a little pressing before it can open and show its rarest treasure. Notwithstanding the magic power of such pressure many suitors are unsuccessful; and, if novels and gossips are to be believed, every woman, whether married or single, has rejected one or more applicants. Without arguing the matter theoretically, we submit our philosophy of the affections to the common law of the heart, which all women take for granted, and which needs no codifying, because it is recognized at every tea-table in Christendom. That there is such a thing as love all women believe; and that it is a very mysterious thing, and with a large element of fatality in its composition, a great many women are ready to confess without placing themselves on the list of fools or sentimentalists. What place this said love should have in marriage is another question, and one upon which authorities differ, and women as well as men speculate somewhat boldly.

Our doctrine is a very plain one; and we take our position neither with the sentimentalists, who would have a girl marry the first good-looking fellow who takes her eye—as if the first fancy were a final fate—nor with the utilitarians, who would have her estimate her husband as she estimates her purse—by the amount of money held. We believe in the affections and we believe in the utilities too, and do not see any more incompatibility between a true heart and good sense in marriage than in the spheres of friendship, patriotism, or religion. Grant that a woman's affections are or ought to be the characteristic elements of her nature, do not her affections partake of the quality of her whole culture? She may have a true and loving heart, with a broad and keen understanding, and then she will *feel*, not like a fool, but like a woman of sense, and her feeling will not be blind to reason or conscience; not so blind as to throw herself away upon some scape-grace whose air and mustache may fascinate her girlish whim, and to elope with the man whose interest for her mind and heart might vanish in the acquaintance of a day if not in the duration of a dance. A sensible woman has a nature that can kindle, but it kindles from its pure depths, not from a shallow surface; and she will not mistake the flashy glare of a tinder-box for the steady and sacred light of a rational and persistent affection. All of the emotional parts of our nature stand closely connected with our habitual convictions; and although we may not reason down a foolish passion by logic, the mind habitually trained to be reasonable will be little likely to be the sport of foolish passion. If love is like music, and moves the heart as music moves the ear—we know not how—we must remember that an ear well disciplined is charmed only by good music, and keeps and even quickens its sensibility by the cultivation of just tastes and perceptions. The point here at issue is of vast importance to our young people in these

novel-reading days, when so many girls throw themselves away upon good-for-nothing fellows under the plea of following their heart's destiny; and when so many heartless calculators take these very cases as texts to back up their beggarly worldliness, and to prove that love is all moonshine, and that matrimony is what the desperate old punster called it—merely a matter of money. The true idea of what it is to be a wife, if fully understood, would give both errors a quietus, and bring good sense into closest alliance with the affections in the discipline of our families and the marriage of our sons and daughters.

What is the true idea of a wife? Is she merely a woman who, by legal or ecclesiastical process, is allowed to leave her own home and share her husband's bed and board? She may do this and be at heart no true wife, but according as fortune smiles or frowns she may be the toy of his prosperity or the drudge of his poverty. The true wife is what she is by being one with her husband under God, in a union of mind and heart in view of all the great aims and uses of life. She looks to marriage as the completing of her being, by uniting her womanly affections with his manly strength. The union rests, indeed, upon natural instincts, but quite as truly upon mental and moral affinities; so clear it is that man and woman differ as much in mind and heart as in physical constitution, and each being yearns to integrate itself in the companionship with the other in a tie that is strongest and most blessed after the passions have ceased to heat the blood. Take this idea of marriage as a union for life between persons who are so like each other as to meet upon the same plane of natural, moral, and mental congeniality, yet so unlike as to make up each other's deficiencies in the main points, and we have a good starting-point for our hints upon the conduct and welfare of wives. The idea that we cherish has much to do with the character that we form, and if it were believed throughout America that the due marriage of daughters depended more upon a reasonable notion of what it is to be a wife than upon a smattering of French and a little thrumming upon the piano, there would be such a revolution in our households and boarding-schools as has not been seen within the memory of man. We do not think it uncharitable to say that much of the present method of schooling girls has an eye to their future settlement, and that those schools are looked upon with especial favor that deal most largely in the accomplishments most likely to win ready, if not substantial admiration from men. Now we have no quarrel with accomplishments when made to grace a genuine culture, but when made the end of effort they are a miserable sham, and about as commendable as the barren fig-tree which holy lips pronounced accursed because it had "nothing but leaves." A man who finds that he has married a wardrobe and a piano, and not a living, loving woman, is most egregiously taken in, and the woman who has been

led by this system to seek in her husband only a purse and an equipage, may find herself in a still sadder plight.

We know very well that in this world nothing is perfect, and that we can not have any thing exactly to our mind, and therefore the wife must expect to forgive defects and have her own defects forgiven. Here is precisely our ground for insisting upon congenial marriages; for where there is a sound and reasonable attachment, there will be readiness to forgive and be forgiven, so as to make mutual imperfections incentives toward new perfection by charity and good counsel.

We do not propose giving any infallible rule for the decision that makes of the maiden a wife; but we are content with the principle already indicated. According to this principle, she has the best husband who makes of her the best wife. The relation is mutual, and each is blessed by blessing the other. Hence the frequent folly of the scheming mammas who are always on the look-out for shining fortunes for their daughters, and who take it for granted that men, like fish, are to be caught, not for their own benefit, but solely for the benefit of the catcher. Ill-starred is the marriage that tempts a woman to look upon a husband as a victim to be plucked, or as a piece of property to be used. Ill-starred is any marriage that tempts the woman to claim only indulgence and abjure sacrifice. The wedding lights have a baleful glare and portend woes numberless to every thoughtful eye, if the lamp of sacrifice does not burn among them and temper by its solemn ray their festive brilliancy. She is no true wife who is not willing to make sacrifices for her husband, and we should consider that marriage as happiest that favors sacrifices that are mutual and reasonable. Noble women may marry men of fortune or fame, and be happy in the enjoyment of a position which they have not helped them win; but as our human nature is, and as God's providence generally rules, we regard her as the happiest wife who can share somewhat in her husband's early limitations and hardships, and rise with him to his well-earned rewards and honors. We do not believe that the best husbands are prizes to be caught, but rather fruits to be cultivated, and that she is the favored wife who finds the good fruit ripening under her kind care. Our American life is constantly showing us how precarious marriages of mere ambition or avarice are, and illustrating the superiority of character over circumstance in the prospects of our young men and their families. Let our daughters marry the young men whom they can love for their genial worth and respect for their intelligence and enterprise; let them be willing to share and lighten the privations and labors of the first years of business or professional life, and we believe that their prospects not only of satisfaction but also of prosperity are far greater than if they insisted upon beginning with a shining fortune without caring much about the man behind it. In the very nature of things, marriage, in our

country, must be a close personal relation, and not a state policy or conventional ceremony. The wife must be her husband's companion for good or ill, and she makes the saddest of mistakes if she enters into the companionship without any genuine attachment to him. With such attachment she can not only cheerfully share his changes of condition, and bear him up in his reverses, but she can mould his character by her influence; for, hard subjects as we men are, there are few things that we refuse to do or to give up for the sake of the loyal wife whose love for us we believe to be as real as her own heart.

Perhaps we are wasting words in urging our mothers and daughters to beware of favoring marriages of mere convenience; and woman may be so confiding and adhesive as readily to give her love after she has given her hand, if not before. But the experiment is a somewhat dangerous one, and our sober America has more than once shown that, if the husband is not the lover, the lover may be sought elsewhere—if not in positive guilt, in a frivolity and latitude that are next door to guilt. French manners are coming among us fast enough with our foreign population, without needing any forcing upon our own soil; and the growth of habits of extravagance among us that makes wealth necessary to a certain social position, has made sad wreck of many a heart and home.

Strong, then, in our conviction that the true wife is she who accepts marriage as her providential sphere, alike for her husband's welfare and her own, by the completion of both natures in affectionate and rational union, we have our point of view for considering the perils and privileges of the relation. Our thoughts must be but passing hints, for we are writing not a book but an essay. We do not shrink from the very obvious remark that, as the relation is entire, and is physical as well as moral and intellectual, it demands careful attention to all physical laws that bear upon domestic welfare. The wife is to be one with her husband, and may reasonably expect to be mother of his children. It is her sacred duty to take care of her health, and to know and follow the laws of her delicate and marvelous organism. We need not repeat the commonplaces of physiology as to the proper care of the maternal system, although we do not believe that half enough has been said upon the subject, or that mothers and daughters look half seriously enough upon the magnificent function of maternity which is bestowed upon woman, and which more than balances the comparative limitation of her genius for creation in art and literature. What would a girl who is a rare pianist or dancer say of the barbarism that would artificially dwarf or crook her hand or foot so as to ruin her beautiful art? Is not maternity a more majestic gift than music or dancing? And what shall we say of the folly that neglects or injures its marvelous functions, thereby entailing weakness, if not deformity, upon innocent offspring. But without pressing this point further, let us urge upon the true

wife the necessity of constant watch over the nerves of her peculiarly sensitive system, from which so large a portion of her moods and dispositions come. The nerves, especially the great sympathetic nerves, have much to do with the welfare of us all; and the man is a novice who has not learned that headache and the blues, instead of originating in the brain, come from the stomach and its net-work of nerves. But with woman the nerves of sympathy are the ruling powers of her being, and within the sympathetic ganglia of her maternal system she seems to have an occult universe of her own, with movements as marvelous as those of the solar and lunar worlds above. Her little and great tempers come mostly from this source, and are often as unforeseen and unexpected by herself as the changes of the sky. It may be that, to a certain extent, nature compels woman to a certain nervous excitability, and that the physiologist, as well as the poet, must call her "*Varium et mutabile semper*." But nature, which imposes liabilities, offers compensations; and no greater mistake can be made than to regard woman's constitution as wholly given over to caprice and excitement merely because it is peculiarly sensitive. If touched to finer issues than ours, her constitution can be touched by more gentle affections, and the nerves themselves have a principle of compensation in their susceptibility to soothing and cheering influences. They feel as quickly comforts as irritations, and woman's life wins at once new calmness and power the moment she learns the secret of curing one emotion by another, and especially the art of checking all excessive nervous sensibility by healthy muscular exercise. A true method of life will make far more, instead of less, of the nervous sensibilities, by giving them all their full and various play, with a fair share of social excitement to keep them awake, and a fair share of out-door activity to keep them composed. The wife who knows this art will not need the fearful old-fashioned specifics for putting the whip and curb to her nerves, for she can be lively enough without green tea, and calm enough without laudanum or paregoric. We urge this point with the greater emphasis because, next to the intemperance of husbands, we believe that the nervous petulance of wives may be named among the sources of domestic discomfort and alienation. The delicate constitution of our American women gives to their nervous sensibility a fearful importance, and the facts that are from time to time made public imply a vast amount of less conspicuous, but perhaps equally desolate, suffering.

The wife's sensitive organization is much enhanced by the nature of American society, which has so little domestic stability, and constantly favors changes of fortune as of locality. We are, as a people, in a continuous revolution, and, in city and country, the man who lives and dies in the old homestead of his fathers is the rare exception. This mutability tells some-

times sadly upon the happiness of women, who are naturally adhesive and conservative, and take ready and deep root in the soil where they are first planted. The ordeal of the first years of married life, which is even to congenial natures not without severe trials before two natures, in some respects different, are assimilated, is all the severer when attended with the frequent changes and startling incongruities of the social position; and the American girl who has been the pet of her father's house may, without falling into unkind hands, have many a misgiving and sinking of heart when she finds herself in a new and strange home, with a husband tried by business cares that never intruded upon the old hours of honeyed courtship, and among neighbors who are strangers to the companions, and perhaps to the associations and refinements, of her youth. Let her lot be of average good fortune, she must find that society, in many respects, is unsatisfactory and aggravating, and she is tempted by the universal emulation to measure her condition by what she desires, not by what she possesses; and, unless she has a better guide than the ruling fashion, she is led to count her competence a disappointment in view of the more brilliant prizes that have fallen into some dashing neighbor's eager hands. This habit of invidious comparison is the fatal bane of American families; and when the wife's envyings happen to cross the husband's ambition, and her social vanity refusing to enter into his business schemings, claims for ostentation the time and substance that he needs to cope with some rival's grasping competition, woe comes to the household, and the good angel veils his face and is ready to depart. Let him not depart; but let the wife, who should know him best, keep the heavenly guest; and if lonely self-discipline or devout sacrifice be too great an effort, let her bring social fellowship to her aid, and comfort herself and her husband by such society as blesses and edifies the home. The wife who will use the good privileges of any village or city, and encourage the presence of the friends whom, though few, she most respects, will find herself mightily strengthened; and a few intimates of true quality will cheer and help her far more than the whole world of frivolous fashionists, who care for her the less after all her attention to them, and not seldom make sport of her best endeavors to entertain them in style. Let the wife know that every associate whom she and her husband both like and respect is a tower of strength and a treasure of comfort to the family, and a few sensible, well-principled, good-hearted, independent men and women may be a match for all the foolery of the town, and create an atmosphere in which every good affection and right purpose thrives. Happy is the wife whose best friends are also her husband's, and who is nearer him and his worthiest purposes by their companionship. Ill fares the wife who takes the other course, and, surrounded by frivolous triflers who despise all serious thought or toil, tempts

her husband to like folly in the opposite extreme, by quitting home to chat forever with the drudges of the market-place, if not to carouse with the revelers of the club and gambling-house.

As human nature is there must be some standard of judgment outside of the house itself; and for good or for ill the wife, as well as the husband, must set the watch by some ruling time-keeper. The greater the need, therefore, of having the true standard of conduct presented in the companionship, as well as the principles, of the family. We remember once asking a most excellent lady, in the midst of winter, in a house scorching with furnace heat, how warm it was by the thermometer, and her reply was that they did not use any thermometer, but regulated the temperature by their own feelings. As their feelings might not be, and were not mine, and as the wife's point of summer heat might not be exactly the same as the husband's, it would surely be better to have some rule to go by. In domestic affairs there is a yearning for such a rule, especially in any conflict of tempers or purposes; and if no higher standard prevails, social cliques and public opinion will have their influence. Thus, in our America, the wife is protected far more by public opinion than by law, and every reputable home in the land is guarded by a power that is as penetrating and effective as the atmosphere itself. American opinion invariably sides with the wife against the husband in every instance of wrong, and tolerates no neglect of her comfort unless her faithlessness has forfeited his protection. In spite of the indignation of the orators of women's rights conventions at the wrongs of women, she has at the bar of public opinion more rights than the husband; and she may, perhaps, with impunity, treat him with an indifference or neglect that would not be tolerated on his part toward her. The statute law may, indeed, in some cases, unjustly restrict her rights of property, but public opinion abates the injustice by insisting upon the most liberal provision for her comfort during the husband's lifetime and after his death. In the favored circles of American society, or above a certain line of limitation and hardship, the wife is almost the queen of the household, and it is taken for granted that the husband's toil and gains are to be tributary to her elegance and comfort. Now, with all the follies of our American lady-worship, we have an idea that a noble conviction is bound up, and will ere long vindicate a fairer future for the wife, by claiming for her a true place in our sacred humanity. There is a certain national sentiment of chivalry that only needs to articulate itself into a principle to make the way clear for her. We ought to expect much smoke before the fire burns clear, and it is, in some respects, quite encouraging that the true place of woman is now so widely and so warmly discussed, and the laws of love and marriage are debated. The American heart, which needs only to codify its own common law

to set the matter right, will be sure to stand by the wife's essential rights, and defend her against the tyrants who deny that she has any will of her own, and the libertines who aim to identify her will with her impulses, and so enslave her to her passions and caprices. It is not easy to say which most insults the wife, the bigot who makes her the minion, or the sentimentalist who makes her the mistress of her husband, with freedom to leave him or to be left by him at pleasure. The free-love doctrine, in its first principle, denies the very essence of the affection that makes the woman the wife. It leaves out the idea of divine law, immutable obligation, which is not only more binding, but more attractive than any impulse, however impassioned. Passion attracts for the hour, but duty attracts for a lifetime, and has the eternity of the God who ordained it. We firmly believe that not only the permanence but even the charm of the marriage relation lies in its inviolableness, and that it would not only be less sacred, but less attractive, if the tie were dissoluble at the pleasure of the parties. There is a solemn fascination in the highest sanctity, and every true woman who takes her marriage vow is won quite as much by the inviolable sacredness of the obligation as by the affectionate confidence of the promise. She does not wish to have any *ifs* or *buts* in her vow or her husband's troth, and the marriage is no marriage, but adultery, the moment the thought is entertained that the union is only one of pleasure, and the children who may be its issue, if a stronger impulse favors, can be virtually orphaned by the recreancy of either or both parents to the sacred covenant.

We suppose that the faults of wives are chiefly one of two classes, according to their temperament and disposition, or according as sensitiveness of feeling or strength of will may be the prevailing characteristic. If the disposition be strong and self-relying, it may make the wife the heroine of the household, the pillar of the husband's hope in the time of disappointment and perplexity. But if this strength of nature is perverted, it may make her the petulant tyrant, the terrible shrew of the household, with a tongue set on fire of hell. If, on the other hand, the prevailing trait be sensibility—however quick or tender—it may, in its true office, make her either the sympathizing comforter of her husband, giving a ready balm for every wound; or, in its inverted form, it may make her the weak sentimentalist or the frivolous flirt, wasting on bad novels and equivocal beaux the affections that belong to her own family. Of the good and bad type of these *hard* and *soft* classes of wives we Americans can furnish notable specimens. We abound in brave heroines and gentle comforters, and are not wholly lacking in fearful shrews and contemptible flirts. We could say something more of flirting married women, and of their ways, especially at hotels and watering-places, when their husbands are at their toil, drudging to find means to supply the conjugal wardrobe, equipage, and table;

but we forbear, content with this passing hint, and not wishing to have our ears pulled by some gentle friends who are just on the borders of the folly without being committed to the sin.

The New Testament gives us all the safeguard that the wife's conscience needs, and the law of the land, if it may not of itself create, should not consent to undo what God hath ordained, or sever those whom he hath joined together. It may be that hereafter Christianity may be found as powerful a sanction in inducing and perpetuating marriage as it once was in inducing celibacy. In the early ages, when self-sacrifice was needed in a peculiar form, and the whole domestic civilization was to be reformed, and home and friends were to be left in order to preach the Gospel to the heathen, or to defend it amidst near enemies, celibacy was the providential vow of the loyal servants of God. In our age, when the Gospel has now a foothold upon the earth, and the problem is not so much to convert the nations to the Gospel as to infuse its spirit into the general life, and organize religion as a family bond, it may be that marriage is the providential vow, while, in strange opposition to the primitive times, celibacy is now the easy choice of worldly indulgence. We are quite firm in the faith that a truer religious purpose would reinaugurate mar-

riage as the decree of God and the blessing of humanity, alike by putting an imperative check upon all licentious indulgence, and moving all men and women who are drawn together by a true congeniality to unite their hearts and homes, under God's blessing, more earnest to follow His will and their own holiest instincts than to wait upon the world's fashions and policy, until the inexorable years shall call them childless, and perhaps heartless, to the grave. Then hotels and monster boarding-houses, filled with celibates who are not always monks or nuns, would dwindle, and true homes of husbands, wives, and children would arise in their place.

We are perhaps writing in a too sober vein, and we might more easily indulge in ready satire over the infirmities of wives and the mishaps of married life. But we are willing to err on the right side, and say our poor word most heartily for the good wife, and for every principle and institution that gives her light to the home and the social circle, and raises up children to call her blessed, and to be themselves a blessing to the nation and the world. Surely, so far as our own America is concerned, the best of all missionaries for our new and old States are good wives, and the homes, affections, and principles that go with them.

NEXT YEAR.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE lark is singing gayly in the meadow,
 The sun is rising o'er the far blue hills,
 But she is gone, the music of whose talking
 Was sweeter than the tones of summer rills.
 Sometimes I see the blue-bells blooming in the forest,
 And think of her blue eyes;
 Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her garments—
 'Tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard,
 And fall, in thought, to tangling up her hair;
 And, sometimes, round the sinless lips of childhood,
 Breaks forth a smile such as she used to wear.
 But never any pleasant thing around, above us,
 Seems to me like her love—
 More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er us,
 More constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning,
 She meets me not on any summer eve;
 But once, at night, I heard a low voice calling,
 "Oh, faithful friend, thou hast not long to grieve!"
 Next year, when larks are singing gayly in the meadow,
 I shall not hear their tone,
 But she, in the dim, far-off country of the stranger,
 Will walk no more alone.

OUR QUEER PAPA:

A CASE OF ORGANIC AFFECTION.

I.

IT was glorious June at the summer resort of Old Babyland. Bathing the world about that placid place in rose, and gold, and luxurious shadow; thrilling the ear with bee murmurs and the sighs of grain swept by the gales afieled; beaming in the ripples of the close-by lake, with a smile that said, "Come lie on my breast—be kissed by me!" flooding with a peaceful yet earnest sense of delicious life, all men, women, boys, girls, babies, trees—universal being, that dwelt in the fragrant tranquillity of Old Babyland!

Oh, that was a beautiful place! Good people who go to the springs—surf-floundering public whom I love—ye who do all summer the same things ye have been doing all winter, in hotter places and with less room to do them in, perennial six-times-a-day dressers, bore-martyled, bill-distressed, mosquito-bitten, sulphurdrenched sôils—envy me! For Old Babyland is a nook among the mountains, far, far up on the very top of Sullivan County, where fashion cometh not, but home-happiness goeth with you—where nature has never been dethroned, and civilization sits from June to September at her feet, drinking in her eloquent music, learning her wise, sweet lessons with a joyful meekness. To the wide piazzas of the Mansion House, close by the singing ripples and the thickets of laurel-rose, among the highland birches, and beeches, and evergreens, solaced by the birds and the echoes of Kaw-na-ong-ga, "The lake that ever is silver-white," come the fathers, the mothers, the young men and maidens, and the little children, to live their too short three months of hearty simplicity, loving one another, each truthful with each, gathering cheek-roses and eye-dew, and growing strong for the labors that must meet them again on the autumn verge of Old Babyland. To be there, oh my friends, was like taking a run out into Paradise for a short vacation from natural depravity.

Old Babyland was a surprise to me—altogether. All day I had been jolted in an ancient stage over a road described by an Irish friend of mine as being half-way up the second hill before you were down the first—along all sorts of highly dangerous and picturesque precipices—through tan bark peelings, all overflowed by black tarns, where the great dead trees stood like monster, unsheeted ghosts, shivering, ankle deep, in the chill waters of Styx, as they waited for a Charon who would not come. And of a sudden, at sundown, we burst without warning upon Old Babyland; right out of the dense, dark pines, as one might say, pop! or that other word of traditional celerity, the name of the late John Robinson.

It was like feeling in the pocket of a queer, old, cast-off pair of pantaloons, and pulling out a gold eagle. To an author, that would be a delightful surprise; but not so great a one as this exquisite place, with all its specialities of

lake and cloud, beautiful, natural women, manly men, wild, little, happy children, and hearty welcome.

On the day after I arrived there, the Old Babylanders had "a celebration." I forget what it was for, but no matter; they had them almost all the time, and on the slightest provocation. Sometimes somebody's birthday was the auspicious occasion; then again it was a new wharf for the pleasure-boats, which, by the unbounded munificence and sleepless industry of somebody else among the gentlemen, had been erected for the Old Babylanders, and must be consecrated with speeches, feasting, and song. The beauty of Old Babyland was this peculiarity—that we all looked through rose-colored, convex spectacles at every little pleasant thing, till it seemed big and beautiful enough to be commemorated by perpetual libations. I verily believe that if Mr. W. Dubbleyew, one of the most distinguished of our community, had bought a new pair of boots without keeping it very private, we should all of us have taken him out with us six miles to a grove behind a potato patch, and made him put them on, in connection with a congratulatory address, an original poem, and six songs composed for the occasion to popular airs. After which, we should probably have had a corn-roast and some lemonade.

The day of this particular celebration opened clear and fair. Kaw-na-ong-ga was more silvery than ever. The breeze was a delicious southeastern. All nature appeared ready for the picnic with us.

That is the difference between town and country happinesses. Be jolly in the woods, and all out-doors will seem going on your good time with you. But who ever expects Stewart's, or Tiffany's, or Haughwout's to show any exhilaration at the fact that he is going to hear Gazzaniga in "Linda," or to Mrs. Feudejoie's grand fancy ball?

Amidst these sympathetic surroundings I frisked along, the gayest of the gay. An author getting up his susceptibility to the picturesque, washing the mussed soul he had worn through all the winter galas of town in the great bath of forest ether, blue-ing it in that sky which is warranted to take out all sallowness.

There were two detachments to our picnic party that day—No. 1, the Oldsters; No. 2, the Youngsters—a state of things which seldom occurred at Old Babyland, where we were all children for the summer, and wrinkles dropped out of their significancy as territorial boundaries of life, becoming only ideal lines of latitude and longitude. But to-day the children took it into their little heads to picnic by themselves—to see how it would seem to have their own particular jollity; and, as an eminent favor, they made me the only exception among the big ones, and took me along because I could tell mouse-stories.

In a little, cramped, baby hand, with the letters snuggling up grotesquely against one an-

other like rows of hastily-stacked muskets, the sagest and most executive of my juveniles had prepared the following programme for the day :

PROGRAMME—(A FAC-SIMILE).

1. Getting our things on and Walking there
2. fixing the Table and entertaining each other
3. A Mouse-story, from Mr. Charles Washington Bird.
4. A harty laugh.
5. A song from Mr. C. w. Bird
6. Oats peas beans and Barley grows
- 7th, Getting ready to go home
8. Going Home.

II.

I had finished my mouse-story, and was answering as fast as I could all sorts of questions as to what became of the little fellow afterward, and whether his tail, which had been cut off by the trap, ever grew out again, when I saw a very pretty face peering out with a look of intense interest from a clump of rhododendrons which concealed the rest of its possessor. The children caught a glimpse of it at the same time, and jumped up from their seats on the dead pine-leaves, crying, "Clear out—go away—you're grown up!"

Elsie Landon—that was the interloper's name—emerged from her screen, and lifting her little white hands in pleading gesture, said,

"Please—please—let me stay here with you. I like it so much—and I am not very big."

That last was true. It was equally true that she was not very little. And truer yet, if there can be any comparative of that adjective, that had you been asked whether she was child or woman, you would not have known where to put her. Whether she was a child with one of those wonderful body-outstripping minds, or a woman with a great unsoiled heart that had not forgotten its snatches of cradle talk with the angels, I don't know to this day.

But as she stood there—a visible fact to be disposed of by the rigid youngster-judges—I doubt whether any such philosophic analysis much occupied their minds. She looked so very young just then, as she stood pleading, that the instinct rather than the logic of the children said, "Let her stay!" So she staid.

Her age, as we count years, was eighteen. Her form, the freshly blossomed woman; her height, five feet; her complexion, marble struck through with rose flush. Pygmalion's statue wife wore the same when she first woke in his arms to know she was a woman. Her hair, dark, waving, glossy brown, drooped low behind. Eyes of the same dye, large, long lashed, and thoughtful. Her nose just aquiline enough not to be Grecian; her mouth, rose-buds that kissed each other, but altogether too varying from the unrestrained wood-laugh to the grave look of puzzle when she said, "Why! do you think so?" to be measured like the ruins in a guide-book. I told you of her little white hands—shall I speak of the twinkling wondrous little feet? The ferns that she flitted over were kissed by them and did not tell. Nor will I. Though a little foot, and an ankle that melts into it out of its own smallness, are not the

least gifts of a beautiful girl. And Elsie Landon was beautiful.

Now I hope you will know why I thought, as the girl sat leaning her round, shining little head against the trunk of the birch whose root served her as chair, that she was an object very well worth being looked at.

"What in the world put it in your brain to come here among the babies?" said I. "The grown-up people are all dying to hear you sing; and there are at least six very good-looking young gentlemen among their party, any one of whom would give his best trout rod for the pleasure of showing you some new walk through the woods, or a blossomy bank that was particularly retired and romantic. Yet here you are with the children!"

"I was a child myself not a day ago," answered Elsie Landon; "and, do you know, I believe I never got quite over it. At home, in New York, when they want me to come down stairs and entertain company, just as like as not I will be sailing paper-boats, and making believe the pictures on the bottom of the bowl are a sea-buried city, just like the pretty Norman story. I sometimes blow bubbles too—though you mustn't tell any one. I know it is dreadfully improper."

It was very natural that, under the circumstances, I should have done just as I did. The tremendous yawning chasm between twenty-five and eighteen made me feel very paternal. The children were not noticing they had come to that part of their programme marked as the "harty laugh," and needed no assistance from us; so I took the little white hand in mine as a favorite gray-headed uncle might have done, kept it there, caressing it tenderly, and said,

"Yes, Elsie, you need an older, an experienced person, who has seen a great deal of the world, to advise you, to teach you—somebody like—like me—for instance." Whereupon I felt, and perhaps looked, a hundred years old.

"Oh, that is the very thing!" cried Elsie, clapping her hands; "the very thing I have wanted, oh, so long! And may I always come to you when I don't know what to do? When papa keeps on smoking and says, 'Just as you please, dear,' and mamma never stops knitting endless Shetland shawls, but answers, 'Ask your father'—may I come then?"

Exactly, that was the very time. And I would always tell her the infallibly right thing to do or say. I, the dispassionate and reliable Delphi, aged a quarter of a century. It was settled. And it would be splendid.

Just then all the children got through their hearty laugh and began to cry out, looking over the shoulder of little Julia Post, the infant manager who held the programme, "A song—a song, from Mr. C. Washington Bird!"

I sing a very good baritone—have taken a prominent part in several private operas—why was it, then, that my voice faltered in the cadenzas of the frog that would a wooing go without any regard to the peculiar preferences of his

mother? Probably because I was somewhat oppressed by the responsibility of having become the counselor of Old Babyland's prettiest girl on the first day of my acquaintance with her.

When I had concluded the last trill—dwelling with delightful effect upon the "Hey, says Anthony Roly!"—we all stood up in a ring upon the pine leaves and had "Oats peas beans." Oh, such frank exhibitions of preference! such guileless selections of the best loved, without fear of outsiders! Why in the world must children alone possess this charming gift of genuine loving and free confession? I believe that, when the golden age comes back again, the poor, young, honest book-keeper down town, the author who has only brains, will come up to dance "Oats peas beans" with their best beloved in Madison Square, and manfully call the young ladies into the ring to chant the child-marriage lay together with a maturer meaning; while the retired brokers and brokeresses, who own the maids, now no longer frowning, will gild the choral scene with ratifying smiles. But that is kept for the by-and-by.

At last I found myself standing in the middle—an object to be kissed and wedded. The little girl who had called me in just grazed my lips with her own and then ran away. After which, with one shout, my young Old Babylanders cried that I must call for some one.

"Little Mary Post!" No—Mr. Bird's mustache would scratch her. "Lizzie Lincoln, then!" She had been kissed enough for one day. I declare—it was a regular conspiracy—all the little girls excused themselves, and, before I knew it, I had named the whole ring, clear around to Elsie Landon. As I came to her I stopped and hesitated—she stood there, blushing at the prospective possibility of being kissed, and looked the woman to such a degree that, had her application been made then, the children would have denied her leave to stay, as being utterly too grown up. Really, for a minute I didn't know what to do. But, boys and girls, all the ring down to the tiniest, began to clamor for my choice, crying, "Take her! take her!" and that decided me to regard it as child-play, and do as I would have done fifteen years before. I clasped the timid white hand in my own, and led Elsie into the middle, saying, "Are you willing? It is all play, you know—besides, I am to be your monitor, and it pleases them so."

Pleases *them*!—venerable hypocrite of one score and five! Yet a downright fib would have been hardly too much depravity to risk for such a chance.

"Open the ring

And take her in,

And kiss her when you've got her in!"

So our lips met. Well was it that the children laughed and thought it good sport—well was it that that laughter woke me up from my dream of ravishment—or, so far as Mr. Charles Washington Bird had any thing to say upon the subject, we should have been kissing there even

unto this day—a monument as enduring as Lot's wife, and several billion times as pleasant.

For as the honey-bee dallies with the larkspur, and flirts about the spirca, and just bends the tall spear of the golden rod, but, coming to the purple-stamened lily, absolutely lavishes himself thereon, and dies singing within her wondrous sweet abode, with a sense of long-sought fitness found at last, so did I—(who in my wanderings had kissed Illyrian girls under their plane-trees between moonlight and the Adrian Sea, maidens of Madrid through the jealousies whose blissfully tormenting bars let in nothing else but starlight; yea, let me speak the truth though my ears be boxed—one or two of my own sweet countrywomen also)—kiss Elsie Landon. For those lips of hers—I could swear it—were an untasted fountain, kept pure and nectarine for me to come to them; and I had come. My only grief was that I had ever kissed any one before.

Very rosy, and much prettier thereby, Miss Landon stood on the outside of the ring again, and the little holder of the programme declared the fact that the glass of this day's celebration had now been drained to the dregs numbers 7 and 8—"Getting ready to go home" and "Going home"—which performances time accomplished.

That evening I sat on the broad piazza of the Old Babyland Mansion House, smoking my plantation. I was buried in the deepest thought. The laugh of fox-and-geese playing children thrilled at my very elbow—the gay promenaders marched hither and thither behind me, singing as they went. And from far off on the lake came the shrill cry of rowers trying the cove and headland echoes. I noticed none of them. Suddenly came a little footfall close by my chair, and a pathetic young face, half in shadow, half in moonlight, bent over my shoulder,

"Are you sick to-night, Mr. Bird?"

I started, and saw Elsie.

"No, I am not sick, thank you, but asking myself questions. And having been brought up to be dutiful to my superiors, I have the habit of being so to myself, and always listen very profoundly till I have a right to answer. But *this* question I can't answer myself—perhaps you can. Let me get you a chair—here—sit down, please."

"Oh, thank you! Now for your catechism."

"Very well—here it is. I kissed you to-day—you were not angry?"

"No—that is—yes—no—I mean no; but I am afraid papa and mamma would think it was very improper."

"Very well answered for No. 1. Now for No. 2. Were you ever kissed before by any gentleman since you have been a woman?"

"What a funny question on the part of saucy Mr. Bird!"

"Never mind; answer it, unless you have great objections. I ask because I very much want to know."

"I was always as much a woman as I am

now; except, perhaps, that there was a time when it would not have made me blush to be kissed. Since then, nobody ever did it but papa, till you. Does that do?"

"Perfectly; and I am very much obliged to you."

"But why did you want to know?"

"I hope, certainly, to tell you some time. Just now, shall we walk with the rest?"

"If you please, I should like to."

My own questioning was at an end. I knew what I had suspected, and I resolved that, come what might, so far as a kind Providence and Mr. C. W. Bird could co-operate harmoniously, nobody thenceforth but I *should* kiss Elsie Landon. The resolution was quickly taken, and strengthened by an hour's walk thereafter, in which her little soft hand was drawn more closely than utility demanded against the lid of the heart which kept the resolution in.

III.

The father of Elsie Landon was a mighty queer old gentleman. One of those men whose constitution is so mixed with antagonist elements that you wonder how they ever manage to get a unanimous vote of their faculties upon any action of life. He was rich, very rich; such people often are; but how they succeed in business is a problem. His manner was as vacillating as this: He would suddenly snatch up a chair, pound it down in four or five places, look at his watch, whistle, and finally conclude to stand up. Elsie's improprieties he frequently treated by saying, "Horrible! really I seem to be in a bad dream! Well, I shall have to confine you to your room; go, reflect. Why, bless me! here are the horses at the door. Elsie, wouldn't you like to ride 'round the lake, my love?"

So he was in every thing. At that time I used to think, however, that the prevailing tendency of the creature was bad—savage—if any thing prevailing could be asserted of such a character. For he made Elsie cry half a dozen times a day, by blurting out upon her in his fierce way, or thwarting some little child-woman taste of hers, whose delicacy he could not appreciate; and many a time did I wish that Solomon had left some maxim appropriate to the regulation of paternal relations as well as filial, like "Spare the rod, and spoil the papa." In which case I should have liked to be Elsie's proxy.

I was in love with his daughter. I loved her as child—I loved her as woman—and that love was all the broader and deeper for attaching itself to all the multitudinous lights and shades of her nature in both aspects. But then, the old gentleman was worth—nobody knew how much; and I—nobody knew how little. Simply a good-looking gentleman with brains, who had published.

I tell you, the question how I should ever get her was a puzzle. It looked at me at dinner from the Landon family, across the castor; it lay like a handful of toast-crumbs in my bed at night; it accompanied me, like a bad prism,

in the rowing parties at night, and swallowed the moonlight. And still the lips that I had kissed in "oats peas beans"—that in some clime where the stars blessed lovers I would kiss for evermore—seemed growing, day by day, further off from my possession, airier and yet airier possibilities.

I was beginning to think favorably of the bottom of Lake Kaw-na-ong-ga as a permanent residence.

At last something happened. It was about a week after the celebration—the celebration in particular, for the Old Babylanders had got up a dozen since that—that I rowed across the lake, entirely by myself, to a secluded spot among the evergreens of the further bank, known among our pleasantly grandiloquent community as Lion's Den. Had the name been a true indication of its character, I should have hastened there with more cheerful alacrity. I felt as if a large fellow, of the tawny species, who had not been at dinner for three days, would be grateful company in my present state of mind.

One of those many light-draught Old Babyland boats, which a child could manage alone, was there before me, beached on the bright sand under the spruces. And on the stern-seat lay—as our venerable and jolly Old Babyland commodore used to say, in advertising waifs at the breakfast-table—"a splendid lady's gipsy hat, for which an owner was wanted."

I entered Lion's Den. No lion was there—but Elsie Landon, thrown down in abandon among the ferns, and crying bitterly.

For a moment I doubted whether to beat retreat as an intruder, or stay as a comforter. But the young girl heard my step, and as she looked up her face of startled hopelessness decided me. I drew near her, and in a gentle voice said, "Miss Landon—Elsie—have you forgotten the counselor to whom you were to come in trouble?"

Her great brown eyes looked up questioningly through their cloud, and she answered, "I wonder if you *could* help me?"

"To any extent, dear child. Try me and see!"

"Very well, then. *You* are the trouble." I started.

"Yes. The children have been talking all over the house about our—our—'oats peas beans' doings, and they have come to papa's ears. Oh! he went on dreadfully, I can tell you! He said it was the most shockingly improper thing he had ever heard of. In New York State he said that no ceremony was necessary to marry people; the least confession that you took each other was enough; and in this disgraceful country—so he talked—it was whiz! bang! and you were married before your own eyes without knowing it. Then said he, 'Farewell forever—depart, undutiful child—leave my gray hairs in shame, and be his—the penniless one's. You are married to him already!' Oh dear, dear, it is dreadful!" And she wept again as if her heart would break.

"Is it dreadful, dear little Elsie, to be married to me?"

"Yes, indeed, in that way which is so improper, and to any one who don't love you, but was in play. Oh, oh! do you know law? Am I your wife?"

"No, you are not now. But if you never are I shall not have any."

"What, Mr. Bird!"

"Only this. That I kissed you last Thursday. It was the first time you had been kissed since—well, since you were less a child than you are now, in some respects. At that time I made myself two promises. One was, that you should never kiss any body else; another was, that I never would kiss any girl but you. If I can't keep the first, then I will the last. Elsie Landon, you are all I have in the world—do you love me? Which promise shall I keep?"

"Keep the first." So faintly and timidly was it spoken, that the words seemed to fall on their very threshold, driven back from a portal closed by my own lips. And the kiss was long—for it was in loneliness, and how sweet those things are!

My inner Daniel was at peace with his lions.

"Let us be married this very day; let us run away to do it; let it be a clandestine match."

These were the very words I spoke, in spite of long precedent, in the teeth of gray authority, and notwithstanding the saw, old as the hills, that runaway matches are unhappy ones; for I never yet saw the man or the woman wretched in such a marriage that would not have been equally so in any; and I have been groomsman at two affairs of that sort which have turned out admirably—deliciously. You may depend upon it, no man ever induces a girl to run away with him unless they both love one another so much that they are, before Heaven, man and wife already—barring the case of some hypocritical he-lover in search of money, when it is the fault of the family that he wasn't kicked out in the earliest stage of the proceedings, before matters became serious.

But I did not mean to preach a sermon. I will only say that, tearfully but not reluctantly, Elsie consented to flee with me from her domineering father and the mother who was his serf. Both loved, but, thank Heaven, not like me!

IV.

Our going was by night. Twelve o'clock saw us behind the bays that for nearly an hour had been waiting us on the hill beyond the Mansion House. A word to the driver, and we were on our way to the railroad—a way twenty-five miles long.

Nestling against the heart for which she had given all things, Elsie rode snugly wrapped in my great traveling cloak, undistinguishable from me, as an emblem of our oneness which was shortly to be. And I called to mind how many times I had stood on station platforms to see the night trains come in, and beholding through the windows strong man-forms, each

with his best loved so deliciously ensconced in his bosom of protection, had said in bitterness, "When will this be for me? Ah, Heaven! shall I always journey by night and alone?" And now—thing most unlooked for!—it was for me.

Do you ask if, through the clatter of fast hurrying hoofs, the forest sighings, and the beating of our close-pressed hearts, something like a cold, sharp voice was not audible, asking that bad question, "How will you live, sweet fools?" Perhaps so, but it was answered reverently and thus: "He who made love will care for the loving." We did not permit that first consciousness of mutual possession to be a thing of pangs.

The sky was on the hither edge of its morning gray when we came to the railroad. There were still two hours before the next train; we devoted them to two of the necessary vital functions, breakfast and getting married. But, for fear of surprise, we did the last first; and astonishing a very worthy country clergyman from his pillow, persuaded him to perform the ceremony, in a state bordering on somnambulism. At six o'clock A.M., while the old Babylanders were still as unconscious, if not as innocent, of marrying and giving in marriage as the angels, my wife, by the sanctities of oats peas beans and our own love, became so by the permission of the Rev. Gideon Plum.

You would have laughed to see the little house we began life in in New York. Just this side of Central Park (I write from Clinton Place) there is a vast territory, you know, which *haut ton* doth not inhabit. Fifth Avenue comes up to it, close by the Reservoir, splendid with freestone and wonderful cornices almost to the very brink, then stops abruptly, scents it with its rose-and-heliotrope-educated nose, and goes no further. Or, if it may be said to go further, it is from that instant a ruined spendthrift and loafer, out at its elbows, *malchaussé*, its last vest of green turf at pawn to the goats, and altogether nasty and melancholy. It is a tract of country to which Civilization has never pushed with her voice of "Get out of that!" to the pigs and the shanties. Don't turn up your nose again, Fifth Avenue!—we didn't live *there*. I was going on to say that three blocks this side of that, and out of its miasma, on the west side of town, there lies a middle land whose beauties as a place of residence, I venture to say, not a dozen of those people know who are waiting in some big house down town, sneered at as not at all "chic," till they can afford to live in a tall narrow one on the Avenue, which is. Willows and elms of age unregistered hang over it; it has a cabinet-picture glimpse of the North River on one side; there is cool grass there that would throw Landor into ecstasies; and though it be not mid-city, it shares meekly the Corporation benedictions of Croton and gas.

It was a little bit of a stone-faced brick house, left ready furnished by a family whose parent had been elevated by a sudden rise in his professional butter and cheese, and who thereupon

moved toward the centre of things to live in style. It was cheap, retired—wore honey-suckles, Wistaria and Madeira vines from the eaves down to the last post of the step-railing—and it was home.

In her blue morning dress, at the head of our first breakfast-table, Elsie was a sight to admire. The nervous, bird-like way in which her little white hand flitted from tea-urn to milk-pitcher—the executive gravity with which she measured lump after lump with the tongs “to make it *just* right”—the matronly air with which she counseled “our girl” to put less soda in the next batch of muffins, were altogether such exhilarating experiences, that I jumped up and kissed her twice when she handed me my tea-cup. I couldn’t make up my mind what it was like that I had seen somewhere until toward the close of breakfast, when she said, “Charlie!”

“Well, dear?”

“Doesn’t this remind you of an old Baby-land celebration?”

V.

All men in New York have to endure, as well as their wives, that marital hiatus called going down town. I especially, for I was a hard-working sub-editor on \$1500 a year. While I was gone Elsie amused herself by studying Mrs. Child’s “Wife’s Kitchen Collaborator,” playing on the piano (fortunately there was one), crotcheting and embroidering rainbow-hued surprises for my birthday, and writing to let me know she was well and lonely, by Boyd’s express. Our choicest books we saved to read together in the evening.

As one of her notes has to do with the story, I publish by permission the following extract from it:

“One of the queerest old organ-grinders I ever saw has just gone away from under the window. I sat behind the blinds for five minutes listening to him play that Neapolitan air of yours that I love so much, ‘Io te voglio ben’ assajo;’ and then I threw the blinds open and told him, in pretty good Italian, to wait till I ran and got my purse. He didn’t seem to understand it at all; but when I came back, what do you think the impudent fellow was doing? He had actually set down his organ, and was standing on top of it looking in at the parlor window and taking a leisurely survey of all the furniture! I can tell you, dear, that I was scared! I said ‘Go away, bad one!’ in all the languages I knew but English, and in a loud, deep voice, but he didn’t budge. Then I said it in English, but it seemed to make him feel so badly that I was sorry I did. A tear rolled down his cheek, he pulled out a very fine cambric handkerchief (do you think he stole it?), but put it back again in a hurry and wiped his eyes with an old Kosuth hat. Then he took a cigar out of his vest, lit it with a match, shouldered his hand-organ, and went away. The children next door wanted him to play, but he wouldn’t. I guess he is crazy.”

I took that view of the subject myself, and did not feel at all of the opinion that he would be there again. But lest he should be troublesome any more, I feed the policeman whose beat was close by to look after him. For an evening or two after that, I heard, on coming home to my little wife, no more complaints of the impertinent music-miller. I believe it was on the third or fourth evening that Elsie told me he had been there again.

“What! passed the policeman?”

“No, he came from the other direction this time. Before I knew it, as I sat sewing, there came a ring at the bell. Joanna was busy down stairs, so I went to the door. There he stood, grizzlier and more ragged than before, and I was so frightened that he only had time to stick this old torn paper in my hand before I locked the door in his face. Here it is, read it.”

On the little dirty scrap were these words:

“Not bi angri, ladi! In mi contri hav littel girl moch same to yeu. I du yeu no bad—let luk at yeu and plai tu yeu—that al I want.”

“Well,” continued Elsie, “what do you think I did?”

“Why, let him stand outside and play, I suppose, love.”

“No, I opened the door—he was still standing there—and told the poor old fellow to come in. He sat here in the parlor and played several tunes for me. It wasn’t a very good organ, but it made him happy to turn it for me, so I let him do it. He looked very tired too, so I had Joanna make him a cup of coffee and a sandwich. I couldn’t help thinking all the time how very improper poor dear papa would have thought it if he had been here. By-the-way, Charlie, love, do you think he and mamma can have got our letter, asking to be forgiven?”

“I don’t know, Elsie dear,” I replied, somewhat sadly; “at any rate, I’m sure they haven’t answered it. But what else about the grinder? I’m afraid you’ve put yourself in danger. Some of those men are great impostors and burglars.”

“I hope not; do you think so? Well, I’ll never do it again then. After he had played out all his airs, he began to cry again; but I said, ‘Don’t—please don’t—poor man!’ and handed him a quarter. Then he stopped crying, and laughed—and, would you believe it?—actually laid the money on his thumb nail, and very quietly filliped it out into the middle of the room. I was puzzled whether to be provoked or to laugh myself. But he must be crazy.”

Just then my eye caught a brown shred lying on the carpet under the sofa.

“Where did he sit, Elsie?”

“Over there—on the sofa—but why do you ask?”

“Because he’s left one of his dirty rags behind him,” said I, getting up and going to remove it on the point of my penknife.

I stooped down, picked up the offending fragment, but before I rang for Joanna to put it in

the fire, was prompted by a morbid impulse to look at it, and see exactly how dingy the organ-grinder really was. I held it up to the gas.

"Why! What—what—really? Bless my soul!"

It was a \$100 bill on the Goodascash Bank!

I looked at my wife, and my wife looked at me. She, with a face of childlike puzzle—I, with one of gathering wrath. At last I broke forth. "Oh, the rascally counterfeiter! Thank Heaven, we found it before he could inform on us—get a policeman to search the house—and divert pursuit from himself to us by laying the crime on our shoulders!"

"But he seemed such a kind-hearted old man; perhaps he dropped it, husband dear, and it may be a great loss to him."

"What! An organ-grinder go around dropping \$100 bills? I rather think not, my precious Elsie! I will tear it up and get danger out of the way."

"Hadn't you better see whether it's good first, Charlie?"

"Dear me, no! But—well, on the whole, yes." So I put it in my pocket, determining to ascertain on the morrow, though I had little doubt as to the character of the note.

Going down town in the morning I found the equivocal paper perfectly genuine, and coming back, left it with my wife to restore to the grinder should he return again, at the same time entreating her under no pretext to let him enter the house. What impostors those Italians were, pretending to be so poor, and having \$100 bills to lose!

VI.

The next pretty event I have to chronicle, is my having come home one night to find one of the parlor window panes smashed. Elsie had been crying. She said the organ man had been there again. She showed him the bill, and signed to him that it was his. He answered, in pretty distinct English, "No such thing!"—then tore off a strip of the lining of his coat—tied up a young paving-stone in it—fired it through the sash, and left her, laughing at his brutal exploit as if it were good fun. Poor little timid wife! she had been so agitated as not to dare venture down stairs till I came.

A sweet state of things met us in the parlor. Broken glass all over the floor—fragments of putty on the chair seats by the window—and that confounded crazy Italian's big sling reposing on the carpet under the chandelier. I picked it up, untied it to throw out the stone, and with that last what do you think tumbled into my hand? "Why, another \$100 bill, very likely."

Wrong for once in your life, dear Sir—a \$500 one.

Words can not measure our stupefaction.

At last I remembered that I was twenty-five and Elsie eighteen, and the revival of that old thought of grave responsibility made me feel that it was my duty to be calm, collected, and to say something.

I drew my little wife upon my knee, and said,

"Darling Elsie, do you recollect how on the night of our drive from Old Babyland to our wedding, I said to you, thinking of the future, 'He who made love will care for the loving!' See how unexpectedly those words are fulfilled! One good, simple-hearted man who did his duty by the brook Cherith had ravens for his marketers. The same goodness blesses us, only changing the fashion of its agents. We did what our hearts told us to do in marrying when we loved. And now, though father and mother have forsaken us—lo, an organ-grinder is our raven!"

I wound up this pretty little sermon by adding,

"But an organ-grinder who throws away \$600 is a very dangerous person to be at large. He is probably an exile—some friend of Mazzini, who has had his fortune saved by friends in Italy—and now that he has come into possession of it, has gone mad with the too sudden favor of fortune. If he comes again, we will have him arrested and take care of him."

Elsie agreed with me, that as he had hitherto observed pretty marked intervals in coming, it would be a good plan for me to get furlough, if I could, from the office of the semi-weekly *Lightning-Rod of Freedom*, and stay at home to watch with her on the following Tuesday, when, if we had calculated our comet's path correctly, he would be around again.

I obtained the leave easily, from the senior editor of that widely-read sheet, and rejoiced in my first week-day at home since marriage.

How sweet do those habitual ten-hours-a-day divorces make the Sunday, the holiday of any kind, to the married man who loves his wife as he did his sweet-heart! I would not, in this world, pass all day with my wife the year round, however independent I might be of labor and down town, for it is necessary to be somewhat with active men to keep robust the manliness that women love. Yet the Sunday—the Christmas—the chance rest once in a while—oh! that has ever been heaven to me for my wife's sake! May it always be!

We spent our hours together precious in planning for the future—getting better acquainted with each other's secret preferences—reading and waiting for the organist. And in the course of that day I discovered the only thing that the childlike heart of my wife had ever kept from me. In spite of all her love to me she had cried (just a little, she said) every day that I had been gone, to think of the father and the mother that were dear to her, in spite of the hard unappreciation of the one, and the weak-minded *laissez-faire* of the other. Besides, she had not received a line in answer to her tender letter of explanation and entreaty; which fact savored somewhat, it must be acknowledged, of parental obduracy.

The day wore on without a sign of our lyrical itinerant. So we gave him up, and at sunset sat

down to tea, in that little doll's dining-room of ours at the end of the hall. The herald-breeze of twilight beginning to hasten from the great unstained sea, ran thrilling freshly through the big willow in front, and we left the street door open to welcome its coming. There was no danger in that, for I could look clear into the court-yard from where I sat, and see any intruder who might enter.

"I am afraid," said Elsie, tenderly, as, after we pushed back our chairs, she came and sat upon my lap, "that you think I am sorry I ran away with you. I ain't—no, not one bit. But it would be so charming if they could come—just as they might in a dream—papa and mamma, and say it was not improper after all."

Then, not the conscience cries, but the woman. All the better; the tears of that fountain are more easily dried. "Let us trust and pray, darling, and hope for the best. Heh! Halloa! Oh, bless my soul! As I live, the organ-grinder! Better late than never!"

Right into my talk with Elsie did he burst with the "Rat-catcher's Daughter." Not outdoors either; for while my wife, sitting on my lap, had shut out the street-view, he had stolen through unperceived, and when I rushed into the parlor, there he stood, impudent varlet! resting his stridulous engine on the piano, and pumping away at it with utter frigidity.

"Out with you, rascal! Quick!" was all I could command myself sufficiently to say in a voice of fierce indignation.

The only reply made by this venerable offender was to deposit his organ on the floor, rush toward my wife, seize her in his ragged arms, and, O Heavens! give her a kiss that resounded like the ventilating of a bottle of Sillery.

For a moment I seemed in a nightmare, and then, quick as thought, I had him by the collar, and was dragging him to the door. He got a purchase on the lintel, whirled himself around on his heel, caught me likewise in his embrace, and buried his apostolic beard in my bosom. Really there was no doing any thing with such an affectionate villain!

For fear of contagion from this lazzarone I disengaged myself, and getting in front of my wife, let him have his own way for a little while, to see how far he would go. The first thing was to kick his organ over on its beam-ends. The next was to plunge his hands into two cavities in his breeches which seemed to extend downward as far as the knee-pans, and return them perfectly splendent with gold and silver coin of all denominations. Then he rained this treasure around profusely—on the pier-table, the carpet, the sofas, the chairs.

"Moonstruck Rothschild! bottomless aureous abyss on a craze! desist instantly, or Bloomingtondale awaits thee!"

No answer again save acts. As one plucks a fowl off came the apostolic beard. Down went the old Kossuth hat upon the carpet. One jerk, and lo, no more mustache!

And lo, yet more, like an erratic beam of

sunlight, dawned upon us—Elsie's father! In another moment she lay upon his breast. And the only words they both spoke were, "Forgive all the past!"

"Children," said the old gentleman, in a broken voice, when he had commanded himself sufficiently to wipe away together the tears and the solution of sienna which Italicized him—"Children, I have been a very bad father to Elsie—"

"No, no! Oh, don't talk so, dear papa!"

"Silence! how dare you?—that is to say, you are mistaken, my lamb; I have been very bad—very bad. But I have learned a lesson I shall never forget. Bird, be kinder to her than I have been. Understand her; don't stick your big man-finger into the clock-work of her heart and try to alter the spring. I did—that made her run down, or run away, which is the same thing. Elsie, your mother wants to see you again. You can bring Charles with you if you like. Live with us—solace our declining years. Oh! by-the-way, have you got any thing in the house to eat? That cursed organ makes a man devilish hungry! I'll stay to tea—let me see; no, I won't!—yes, yes, on the whole, I will. Two lumps to the cup, Elsie! Charles, you dog, aren't you ashamed, not to ask me if you might, instead of sneaking off in a two-horse wagon? Aren't we having fine weather, though?"

I recommend that house on the upper west side of town to any who want a home cheap: it is to let, as we live at old Mr. Landon's. That is, except during the summer months, which we always spend at the lake side in Old Babyland. Besides "we," the first person plural, there also now goes with us the third person singular—and a very singular little boy he is, like his grandpa. Though only four years old, he has the most eccentric proclivity toward playing "oats peas beans," and kissing the little girls on more private occasions. Where he gets the propensity I am sure I can't tell.

Finally, I recommend to all my young friends who wish to be well-off in this life, to marry a girl whose papa is likely to have an *organic affection*.

ONE OF MY LOVERS.

I SAT alone in the dining-room. My child was asleep up stairs. It was past six o'clock, and I had been alone since eight in the morning. My husband was away on a party of pleasure, from which his return was uncertain.

The day had promised to be dull; the weather was sultry; one moment the sun blazed in the sky, the next threatened thunder and rain, and the gray sodden clouds came down almost to the tree tops. I did various things to beguile the time. I took my sewing in hand, but my fingers were too languid to ply the needle. Then I tried to read, but, whether it was a history or a poem, by the time I reached the bottom of a page I had forgotten the top, so I gave it up and went up to Johnny's level, and

played with him all day. I told him uncouth and marvelous stories, and played soldier and shopman with him, and we passed the time with much riotous laughter and many sweet kisses.

Dinner time came, and I went down stairs to my solitary meal. It was soon finished, and in a contented, dreamy state of mind I began to roll up bread crumbs, when I heard the door bell ring. While vaguely wondering whether it was the postman, or a messenger come to tell me that my husband had been killed on the railroad, Mary, the servant, came in and said a gentleman was waiting in the parlor to see me. I rose from the table and went up stairs, and I met face to face, a man whom I loved ten years ago, and whom I had not seen in that space of time. He had just returned, he said, from several years' travel. He knew that I had been married five years, and he could not resist a philosophical curiosity which forced him to seek an interview. I thanked him for the visit, for I, too, felt the same curiosity, and said I thought it a wise thing to experiment with, and analyze one's feelings. After this moment of supernatural coolness, we gave way to the power of etiquette, which holds its sway under the most trying circumstances, and discussed drawing-room topics—Longfellow and Lowell, steam-boat explosions, hoop petticoats, and the opera. All the while I observed an increasing degree of agitation about him.

He had not changed so much as I. There were a few streaks of gray in his hair, and two or three wrinkles had scratched themselves on his face, but he was as handsome as ever, and his manner was the same. I had grown an oldish woman; I could not help wondering whether he was thinking about it. Then I thought how I looked the night that we parted, of the dress I wore, and the look he gave me, when he took both my hands—a look that will never pass between us again. For a moment I felt sorry to be oldish; but I praise my good sense that the feeling lasted only a moment.

Women have their dream as well as men. Man dreams that he shall one day be rich or famous; we, that we may grow pretty, if we are not so already, or that a certain kind of beauty will take the place of that which is gone, and compensate us for its loss. I never turn to the glass without thinking that I shall look better to-morrow; or that the coming season will restore my strength, or give me bloom. We women have reason for such a hope because we are changeable in looks, either from physical delicacy, or the impressibility of our mental organism. I have seen many a woman who was ugly in the morning turned into a pretty one by night. (I digress, partly to tell a truth, and partly to prove myself philosophical.)

The first time I saw L—— was at a picnic held in a pine grove near the sea-shore. I was not over-hilarious at that time. The selfish content of childhood had passed away, and given place to a perplexing doubt as to the value

of the experience I fancied I was beginning to attain. I had likewise an intense determination to drain the cup of life to its dregs, if dregs there were. I would know its mysteries, its surprises, and even its sorrows. These profound speculations gave me a solemn mien; they were ridiculous, no doubt, but they colored my whole life. The time for heroines and saints had gone by; there was no probability that I could ever stand in the world's light in either capacity; I must exert my influence individually. I believed I had power, and I longed to try it, and be tried. To be a poet or an artist never occurred to me. I read poetry and sometimes saw pictures, but I never thought of their creators, nor of the processes of thought by which they were created. It is easy to see I was not a genius.

My father was a plain country gentleman, immersed in affairs of business. There was nothing romantic in the routine of life at home; and the past and present history of my relatives was but a bit of plain prose, neither brilliant nor intellectual. As it was the spring-time with me, when the fancy "lightly turns to thoughts of love," I naturally bent my mind toward making a conquest. Like Cleopatra, I had pearls on hand to dissolve, whenever occasion offered.

So I waited for Fate, and on the day of the picnic it came.

Having declined the honor of being a member of the committee, whose duty it was to arrange the tarts and tongue on the improvised tables, I strolled away under the pines that had showered down their needles to make a silky, noiseless, odorous floor. I did not notice them much. I was not old enough, or was too ignorant then to love trees. I do not expect ever to attain the passion for measuring them which so gracefully possesses our "Autocrat;" but I understand them now. The soft, sighing music which murmured through the branches of the dark trees mingled with the dash of the waves on the beach near the grove, and touched my thoughts with something deeper than the spirit of the picnic. Just then a boat put away from a vessel that swung at anchor in the bay. I watched the rowers as they pulled toward the shore, and saw them land their passengers—three gentlemen, who evidently meant to attend the picnic. They passed by me, and took off their hats with an air which convinced me that they really believed I was a sylvan goddess. One of them looked back; it was L——. An hour or two afterward we were presented in form to each other.

Even now I am inclined to the belief that the few months which followed that day are worth keeping in the dark corners of my memory. The tuberose which I have just taken from a vase is withered; its tender calyx is notched and torn; its pure, waxy leaves are bent and discolored; but its perfume is still strong and delicious. It is unsightly for the vase; but I can put it in some box or drawer,

and when I open it its perfume will remind me of its full beauty.

L—— was an officer attached to the Coast Survey, and his little vessel was ubiquitous that summer. He joined in all our amusements—boating parties, driving parties, picnics in every wood, and relays of balls in the villages on the coast line. Wherever we were, L——'s vessel was sure to be seen at sundown dropping anchor in our neighborhood. It was not pleasure alone that I sought. From the day of my meeting L—— my interest in him deepened, and as it deepened my heart grew feverish and restless, and all my former mental speculations ceased.

Our acquaintance seemed to thrive best in an out-of-doors atmosphere. The excitements of our parties and balls were aids to it; their conventionalisms gave rise to intoxicating meanings and mysteries. The night was favorable to its unreality, when all mechanical business was done with, and the prosy angles of the day were flooded in moonlight. I felt as if my life had been set in a waltz; its bewitching measure, its arbitrary round, its secret melancholy and passion, maddened and inspired me. But I was restrained, and knew not why.

At first I thought I had only to will it, and the transparent veil in which I was muffled would unfold, and all would be clear. I was mistaken. There was an evasive air about L——, and an abstraction in his manner toward me, which I only realized and thought of when I was alone. When we met again, some look, or tone, or attention from him would drive the feeling away. But I began to doubt myself, and my power. My original idea of making Fate merely a sleeping partner, I had reason to suspect might be thwarted. I could not help perceiving that my friends regarded themselves as spectators of a game. I think L—— created a general interest in our set. There was something strange about him; that alone was attractive. Then he was singular-looking. He had a dark, delicately-cut face, and wild blue eyes that always looked beyond one when he talked with one. He wore his hair long and somewhat uncombed, but it was curly. He was tall and slender, and had a way of swaying himself about, and shaking his hair from his face, when he was in earnest, that made him very noticeable.

The long procession of the hours moved on. I was not able to claim one of them as my own; and bright and seductive as the summer had been, I felt no regret at the approach of autumn, and I was glad when it came.

The wind that blew the dead leaves against my window and roughened the sea revived my mental health. Solitude enabled me to regain my self-possession. I was disturbed no more about the consequences of my affair with L——. He was ordered to a more distant part of the coast, where he would remain several months, and then leave the country for good.

When he came to pay me a farewell visit,

I seemed to see him for the first time. He found me at home, alone, by the parlor fireside. The scene was not at all illusory. I wore a purple silk dress trimmed with velvet, and was engaged in netting a crimson purse. The red curtains, the comfortable sofas, the ruddy fire, were all desirable, and pleasant to look at. The wind howled about the house, and gusty rain broke against the walls. We heard the roar of the sea in its rise and fall on the shore. It was a dark wintry night outside; inside all was bright and peaceful. Human nature could not resist its cheerfulness. I had tea served where we were, and there L—— sat, opposite me—a little table between us—enjoying his tea and chat. His strange, energetic face looked better than I had ever before seen it. We were happy and natural while the tea lasted; and then we began to remember ourselves, and each other.

How I loved him! how I admired him! The floating music of the strange waltz began again. He heard it too; his eyes grew desperate; he set his teeth together, and shook his hair away from his forehead. I held my hand over my mouth for fear he would hear my panting breath. The fire flickered and died away, and in the silence of the room we heard the loud boom of the sea, and the increasing wailing of the wind. As I watched the white ashes creeping over the embers I became very sad, and could hardly keep from weeping. L—— looked at me, and I saw then that he knew I loved him. Some terrible anguish possessed him. He rose from his chair, white as death, and walked about the room. I rose from mine, and walked mutely behind him. He faced me.

"I am going," he said; "I must go."

"Good-by," I answered.

"We will write each other?"

"Certainly."

I followed him through the hall, opened the door, and he passed out into the darkness. I stood there a moment; the wind pressed against my face as if it were alive; and the rain fell on it like tears. As I moved back to close the door my hand was caught. L—— was there again. He threw his cloak round me, lifted me in his arms, and carried me out into the wild night. He knelt in the dead wet grass, and sought my lips. We kissed each other as if it were the last earthly kiss; and then he took me back, placed me inside the door, and gently closed it between us. I crept up to bed, with such a numbness at heart that I thought it would be better not to wake in the morning, but be carried through that very door once more, never to be brought back. But morning came. All dark shadows retreated. For a while I was rapt in a dream of feeling. It was better, I thought, "to have loved and lost" than not to possess the passionate remembrances that coiled about my heart. I looked for a letter; and, when one came, how long I held it before opening it! It was strange that he chose to write me; but he did, and I chose to answer him. I

did not understand the spirit of his letters—but then I did not understand him. It suited me to indulge myself to the last, so the correspondence went on, and the time for his final departure drew near. At last it came, and the story was ended.

If I have not spoken very clearly about this matter, it is because there was nothing clear or reasonable in it from beginning to end. I am not sure that there ever is in our emotional episodes. The hand of Experience unravels the web of the past, which we think is to be so firmly set in our future lives; but for a long time afterward I could not have said what I say now, and I still feel, as I go back in thought to that time, agitated, perplexed, and melancholy.

Several times in the two or three years following L——'s departure I heard of him. I happened to meet one of his friends, who told me more of him than I had before known. Indeed L—— never spoke of himself or his family. I accepted his silence as a part of the drama. I was not surprised to hear his friend say that L—— was a Roman Catholic, or that his only sister was a nun. The friend looked at me curiously while telling me these things; but I had long before attained an imperturbable manner, and his curiosity, if he had any, was baffled. His friends, he said, thought L—— much changed; he had become one of the most absent-minded of men. I heard again, and finally, that he had gone abroad. I need not say much about my suffering at that period. I had many apathetic days, and many nights of heartache. I did not suffer because I believed my heart was broken; but I was dull, unoccupied, and bored. I had no material for any other theory of life than the one I had failed in, and that was mere rubbish now. I was disappointed and disgusted. When I talked about a longing to drain the cup to its dregs, I meant no such thing. It was the topmost froth, the sparkling foam, that I wanted, and I had had it. Why should I bemoan because the rich wine beneath had been denied me? I had brushed against the bloom of love with a rude, ignorant, childish will. I had the courage to do that, and no more. None was left me. If any other love ever came to me, I must take it and mingle it with my remembrances. I settled down into the belief that they must be a part of all my life.

Ten years had gone by, an important segment from the circle of my life. For five years I drifted down the stream; catching here and there in an eddy, or lodging in some bend of the current, only delayed my progress toward the goal.

At the end of that period I was married. I was too wise to trifle with the solid happiness the affection of my husband promised. It was the calmest, noblest love in the world which he felt for me. I knew he could supply all my needs. It was natural to associate the duties and obligations of our common life with our love. But I had a ghost. It tormented me

with all manner of sophistries. "Better," it said, "to have realized the passionate ideal of your youth. Truer to yourself are your dreams even." My punishment had come to pass, and the self-government that should have been established years ago I began to practice. I could not do away with what had been. Still I was grateful enough to enjoy a great deal of content, and resolved to shut off the romantic element, as I never could by any possibility call it into play again.

And now, here was this man. He had broken in again upon my life. As the whole past of a drowning man rushes through his brain while his breath bubbles out, so the past crowded through mine while I said and heard the few commonplace words that passed between us. Our desultory conversation died a natural death. L—— was overpowered with emotion.

I was cool enough to see that it was genuine, but I was more interested in the reaction of feeling in myself than in the display of his. I was astonished to find how useless had been my regrets; that the long years of absence, which I spent in garnishing my idol, were just so much time thrown away, just so much treasure of feeling wasted. I went back to the night of the storm—the most memorable one of all our interviews—and I was glad that he went away in silence. How could I have been so foolish, when my husband looked at me with his clear, honest eyes, as to have remembered another pair that never met mine free from the lurid blaze of passion? The finger of Nemesis had touched L——. The only expiation he could make was to tell me that he had long loved me. It is possible that I should not have listened to him, but have ordered him from the apartment with a lofty and indignant mien—and a "Leave me, Sir!" but I did not. I listened to a long history, and I pitied him. I had nothing to forgive, and only my self-indulgence to blame.

The next day, when I mentioned the interview to my husband, he pulled and twisted his mustache uncommonly hard, and his manner, for a day or two, was particularly watchful and tender.

DEADMAN'S CORNER.

"THERE is nothing strictly immortal but immortality," says old Sir Thomas Browne in his "Hydrotaphia." A remark corroborated to a certain extent by a cautious writer in a recent number of this Periodical, who asserts the opinion that "most men are mortal." In truth there is a much greater unanimity of sentiment upon the subject of general mortality than there ever was upon a kindred subject, and one arising directly out of the first, viz., the best way of disposing of the dead. Darius Hystaspes, whom his own inscriptions upon the rock of Behistun, no less than the anecdotes transmitted to us by Herodotus, show to have been possessed of a very philosophical turn of mind, on one occasion asked certain Greeks how large a sum would induce them to eat the bodies of their parents?

When the Greeks had declared themselves incorruptible, the monarch called in some Calatian Indians, and inquired on what terms they would submit the same bodies to the Hellenic rite of cremation? The disgust of the Indians, relates Herodotus, surpassed that of the Greeks, and with tears they begged the king to inform them why they had been thought so deficient in the veneration due to these hallowed remains as to do any thing with them but eat them!

Strange indeed, and most incomprehensible, are the mortuary fancies of many nations. The ancient Balearians chopped up their dead and potted them. The Calatians, it has been seen, ate them. The Bactreans gave them to dogs kept for the purpose—which, indeed, is stated to be the acme of mortuary piety at the present day among the Thibetans, who maintain a sacred race of puppies for the purpose. The Pontines dried the heads of their relations. The Coans pulverized their ashes in a mortar and scattered them in the sea. The Sindians buried with each of their dead warriors as many fishes as he had slain enemies. The Parsees expose their dead to be devoured by birds or beasts of prey, from a superstitious fear of polluting by their contact the three sacred elements, water, earth, and fire. The savages of New Holland hang them in baskets upon trees; the Orinocos suspend them in a running stream till the fishes have picked the bones of their flesh; the skeleton being then interred. The natives of the Lower Murray, in Australia, convert the skulls of their deceased friends into drinking cups. "To burn the bones of the King of Edom for lime seems no irrational ferity; but to drink the ashes of dead relations a passionate prodigality," says Sir Thomas Browne, referring to Artemesia, Queen of Halicarnassus, who is said to have had the ashes of her husband Mausolus mingled with her beverage. So the Tapuyas and some of the Moxa tribes grind the bones of their dead and mix them with their food. The Ichthyophagi, or fish-eating nations about Egypt, "affected the sea for their grave; thereby declining visible corruption, and restoring the debt of their bodies."

Most nations, however savage, pay some kind of honor to the dead. The Caffres of South Africa are the only people who are known to abandon the corpses of their friends to the tender mercies of the wild beasts of the forest. The natives of Otaheite were accustomed, in Captain Cook's day, to cut up the bodies of deceased chiefs, at a public religious assembly, and bury the portions in three different places. This custom, barbarous as it is, prevailed for a long time in Europe. The bowels, tongue, heart, eyes, and brains of Henry I. of France were buried together, and separate from his body. The body of Richard I. of England was buried at Fontevrault, his heart at Roan, and his bowels at Chaluz.

All these, however, must be counted mortuary eccentricities. The mass of mankind have been for ages divided between earth-burial and incre-

mation, or burning. "To be gnawed out of our graves," says Sir Thomas Browne, "to have our skulls made drinking-bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragickal abominations escaped in burning burials. Urnal interments and burnt relics lie not in fear of worms, or to be an heritage for serpents. In carnal sepulture corruptions seem peculiar unto parts, and some speak of snakes out of the spinal marrow. . . . But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes or whither they are to be scattered?"

However they might differ in modes, the best part of mankind have held, from time immemorial, to the importance of paying due honor to the dead body. Ulysses "cared not how meanly he lived, so he might find a noble tomb after death." "Give me possession of a burying-place, that I may bury my dead out of sight," was the earnest entreaty of the great Patriarch to the sons of Heth. The polished Greeks devoted their best art to the ornamentation of funeral urns; and the Egyptians spared not the most precious spices and ointments wherewith to preserve the body from its natural decay, "contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls." Yet all was vanity. "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

Embalming has been practiced by many nations, ancient and medieval; and all imaginable substances have been used as preservatives, from the myrrh, aloes, and precious spices applied by the Hebrews, according to Scripture, down to the rough rubbing in of common salt in England after the Conquest. Alexander the Great was embalmed in honey, which substance was used by the Spartans and Babylonians. The Ethiopians used a plaster, colored to resemble life; the Persians and Scythians wax; which has also been used in England, Elizabeth Tudor, the second daughter of Henry VIII., having been "cered by the wax-chandler." In the South Sea Islands embrocations of the fragrant cocoa-nut oil are found effective. The Peruvians covered the bodies with snow from the mountains, and afterward applied a bituminous substance as a preservative. In England, the practice was to cut large gashes in the corpse and throw in salt. The body was afterward sewed up in toughest bull's-hide. King John (Lackland), a Countess of Pembroke, and James III. of Scotland, were thus enveloped. The celebrated Hugh Lupus, who died in 1101, was buried in gilded leather, and his ankles were tied together with a string.

The trade in mummy was long important and lucrative, and the belief in its medicinal virtues universal even so late as the seventeenth century. "Mummy," says Lord Bacon, "hath great force in stanching blood, which may be ascribed to the mixture of balsams that are glutinous." This was the opinion of a sensible man; but the popular belief was that "there was more

virtue in the Egyptian than in the spice." It appears to have been the most eminent cure-all of those days, and Avicenna, the greatest physician of his time, recommends it for a catalogue of diseases which reads very much like a modern medical advertisement. Among the ills for which mummy was accounted a specific were abscesses, eruptions and fractures, paralysis and affections of the lungs, epilepsy and bowel complaint, nausea and liver complaint, palpitations of the heart and poisonings.

The Jews, who were the patent medicine men of those days, built up colossal fortunes in the trade, and lived magnificently on the dry bones of Egypt. The supply failing to satisfy the demand, they bought up in secret corpses which had died of leprosy, small-pox, or the plague, executed criminals, etc., filled the heads and trunks with asphaltum, a cheap gum, made incisions into the muscular parts of the limbs, and filled these also with asphaltum; then wrapped the bodies tightly in old cloths, and dried them in the sun. They presently resembled the genuine article, so that one candid Hebrew speculator declared "no one could tell;" but he "marveled how the Christians, so daintily mouthed, could eat of the bodies of the dead."

Burning the dead is a practice of considerable antiquity; and obtained more or less among most of the ancient nations. Not to speak of the Homeric descriptions of the funeral pyres of Hector before the gates of Troy; of Patroclus, and Achilles; or of the solemn burning of Remus; or of the Dictator Sylla, who, having ill-treated the body of his enemy Marius, directed his own to be burned for fear of meeting like ill-treatment at the hands of his enemies—not to speak of these instances, it appears that the practice was in use among the Celts, the Sarmatians, Germans, Gauls, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, as well as among some of the aboriginal tribes of America.

The modes of burning have been various; and much ingenuity was exercised by the ancients to devise expedients by which the ashes of the dead might be gathered together, after the burning, without admixture of other matter. How this was managed has not come down to us; except, indeed, that sometimes the bodies of princes were wrapped in cloths of "asbestos, incremable flax, or salamander's wool," whereby their bones and ashes were preserved incommixed. It has been remarked that some bodies burned much faster than others. "Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heraclitus?" "The poisoned soldier, when his belly brake, put out two pyres, in Plutarch. But in the plague of Athens one private pyre served two or three intruders; and the Saracens burnt in large heaps by the King of Castile showed how little fuel sufficeth. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot, a piece of an old boat burned Pompey; and if the burden of Isaac was sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre."

The ancients did not burn toothless children, for fear that their small bones would be consumed and leave no trace. They kindled no fire in their houses for some days after the funeral ceremonies, as not wishing to be reminded by the flame of their loss. There was a beautiful belief that excessive lamentation was not allowable, as tending to disturb the ghosts of the dead. They poured oil upon the pyre to facilitate the burning; and also, they sacrificed to the winds for their aid in the speedy combustion. Among many people sacrifices of cattle, goods, money, and even of human beings, were made at the pyre, originally to supply the needs of the spirit on its entrance to the other world; afterward from custom and superstition. The nations of Africa and some Polynesians still continue this barbarous practice. Among the ancient Gauls and Britons bonds and contracts made with deceased debtors were placed with the ashes of the creditor, that the spirit might collect his dues in the other world. Another superstitious observance was to place at least one woman with eight or ten male bodies, to facilitate the burning. And we read of Periander's wife's complaint, that "wanting her funeral burning, she suffered intolerable cold in hell."

It was a custom to "kindle the pyre averse-ly," as showing an unwillingness to an act of seeming violence. Also it was a touching custom that "they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapped them in linen and dried them in her bosom;" and that on firing the pile, the assembled spectators turned their eyes toward heaven. The funeral pyre was composed of cypress, fir, yew, or some evergreen wood, as typifying the immortality of the spirit—a practice followed by Christians in decorating the coffin with bays, and in planting the yew-tree in church-yards.

Burial has been, however, the most universally practiced mode of disposing of the dead. "That carnal interment, or burying, was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the Patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate; and were without competition, if it could be made out that Adam was buried near Damascus, or Mount Calvary, according to some tradition. God himself, that buried but one, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the Archangel about discovering the body of Moses." By the Roman law those stricken by lightning were interred where they fell. Among most Christian nations it has been the law to inter none but Christians in consecrated ground, and among Roman Catholic nations this bigoted practice is still carried out in all its ancient rigor, to the great inconvenience of Protestant Christians sojourning in such foreign lands, who, dying, their friends have been forced to inter them in secret and by the way-side, as though they were criminals.

In strewing their tombs the Romans preferred the rose; the Greeks the amaranth and myrtle.

It is noteworthy that the three clods of earth first thrown upon the coffin had their antitype in the thrice-repeated valediction uttered over the Roman corpse. In Peru and other Spanish countries funerals are performed only by night. Christians bear the corpse to its last home feet first, as reversing the natural position of life. The Mohammedans are borne away head first, looking back upon their homes. Most nations lay their dead in a recumbent position; but among some Indian tribes the dead warrior is placed in a sitting posture, and looking toward the east, with his bow and war-club in his hands. Even as we read of a coachman who earnestly craved to be laid as near the high road as might be, that he might hear the carriages passing; of a fox-hunter, who would be buried with a fox-pad in each hand; and of a veteran smoker, who, taking his last puff at the age of one hundred and six years, desired that his pipe might lie beside him in his coffin.

The Hindoo thinks himself happy to be wafted toward heaven on the waves of the sacred Ganges. The Moslem dies willingly at Mecca, as surest there of a speedy passage to Paradise. The Jew turns toward Jerusalem in his last moments, and would depart content could his weary eyes but rest upon the City of Zion; and, happier yet, could his bones be laid there, in the sepulchres of his fathers. And as wealthy Jews, to this day, import soil from the Holy Land wherewith to line their coffins, so, in ancient times, the Pisan crusaders, returning home, brought with them holy earth sufficient to fill the Campo Santo of Pisa. Less pious, but more exclusive, were certain wealthy men of Bristol, Wales, in the last century, who erected for themselves, in the common burying-ground, a separate vault, over whose entrance was written, "QUALITY VAULT." To whom old John Wesley preaching, said, "My heart is much pained for you, and I am earnestly desirous that some *even of you* might enter the kingdom of heaven!"

Not less various are the funeral ceremonies of different people. The Jews rent their garments in token of sadness; but, with characteristic prudence, sometimes saved expense as well as cloth by tearing off but a useless corner. Also they threw dust upon their heads and bottled their tears, both customs in use among many nations of antiquity, lachrymatories (or tear-bottles) being often found at the present day in old Roman tombs. What may be the allowance of tears thus shed and saved we are not informed; but a certain Count Schimmelman was not content with this temporary lachrymation over the tomb of his wife; he erected a marble statue from whose eyes, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, water was continually dropping. So M. Breuno, a Frenchman, put his park in mourning on the death of his mother, and had barrels of ink emptied into his fountains, that these might appropriately spout in black; an affectation of affection no less touching than that of the child who desired to have her doll put in mourning for the death of the cat.

Of colors, we think black the appropriate semblance of sorrow; but in Sweden black is the bridal color. Plutarch relates that mourning women were dressed in pure white; the Chinese put on a coarse *red* hempen cloth in the extremity of sorrow, white being used as second mourning. The women of Medina outwardly grieve by dyeing their hands with indigo; the Egyptians affect yellow, as expressing best the natural decay which causes their grief; and the Turks blue, as hinting of the sky, the home of the departed.

'Tis an old proverb that "people who cry in velvet always shed rose-water tears." In the fifteenth century, in France, it was no slight labor for the quality folk to be sad; and a "distinguished personage" dying was like to make enemies of his best friends by the trouble he laid upon them, custom requiring that such should lie abed for the entire period of mourning. Thus a Queen of France was prostrated with grief for the space of an entire year after the death of her liege lord. Peeresses were let off cheap, being required to lie in bed only nine days; but for other five weeks these mitigated mourners received company seated in front of their beds "upon pieces of black cloths." The fashions for mourning have changed since then, in France. After the Reign of Terror, with proverbial lack of veneration, the Parisians sold out one of the most crowded burial-places, the leaden coffins were melted down, and, on the spot so recently consecrated to the use of the dead, a speculative *maître de danse* established a ball-room. Very appropriately, a then just established and highly fashionable dancing club held its réunions here. The club was known as the "Ball of Victims;" the qualification for membership was the having lost some valued relative during the troubles just past; the motto, "We dance amidst tombs;" and, to add to the ghastliness of the affair, the hair and head-dresses of the dancers were so arranged as to resemble the tonsorial preparations made for the guillotine.

"Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus," exclaims Sir Thomas Browne, moralizing on the vanity of mortuary inscriptions. "Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epitaphs, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages. But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and

Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon."

"Ostrich feathers, Genoa velvet, and an unparalleled coffin!" exclaimed Douglas Jerrold, reading from the account of a grand funeral. "Well, when we remember what coffins hold at the best, such a show is rightly named; it is '*lying in state*,' and nothing better." A vast amount of wit is to be gathered from tombstones, and mortuary puns have long been famous. The epitaph of the witty divine, Dr. Thomas Fuller, is worthy of himself—simply,

Fuller's earth.

There is a professional point in the epitaph of the eminent barrister, Sir John Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer—that is *Strange*.

And by what an outrageous quibble has the name of William Button, Esq., been handed down to immortality. The epitaph is to be seen in a church-yard near Salisbury:

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!

Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes?

There is something quaint and touching in this epitaph of Grimaldi, the distinguished clown:

Here I am.

One of the best of this briefer kind was proposed by Jerrold, whose wit did not always wear so courteous a dress. Charles Knight, the Shakspearian critic, was the subject, and the words:

Good Knight.

Professional rivalry produced this ill-natured inscription for the tomb-stone of a Western editor:

Here *lies* an Editor.

It is added that the injured man recommended the author to use the inscription as a motto for his own journal.

Of histrionic epitaphs the best is this on one of Shakspeare's actors:

Exit Burbage.

In a similar vein a wit gave a couplet to Mrs. Oldfield, the most celebrated actress of her day:

This we must own in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

Something of compliment is here sacrificed to make the point. It is the reverse of Malcolms's Eulogy on Cawdor:

Nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving of it.

The comedian Foote takes his turn, thus:

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

Westminster Abbey has some notable epitaphs. This, by Samuel Wesley, is on the monument to Butler, the author of *Hudibras*:

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

This couplet, on the monument to John Gay,

the poet, Thackeray's "little French Abbé," is hardly suited to a Christian church:

Life is a jest, and all things show it;

I thought so once, and now I know it.

And what a defiance there is in this, on the monument of "that gallant soldier, Sir Thomas Vere:"

When Vere sought Death, armed with his sword and shield,

Death was afraid to meet him in the field;

But when his weapons he had laid aside,

Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

The celebrated inscription,

O Rare Ben Jonson,

in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey, which savors both of admiration and familiarity, was accidental in its origin. Aubrey, in his notice of "Mr. Benjamin Jonson," tells that it "was done at the charge of Jack Young (afterward knighted), who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cut it."

Sir Thomas Parkins, the great wrestler, caused a monument to be built for himself, on which was a sculpture, in relief, depicting Death in the act of throwing Sir Thomas. The epitaph, which is in Latin, reads as follows:

Here lies the chief who once threw all,

Thrown by the conqu'ring arms of death,

Who ne'er had given the knight a fall

But that he found him out of breath.

But boast not, Death! with empty pride,

Thy strength; the day will come, when he

Arising, with fresh breath supply'd,

Shall vanquish time, and conquer thee.

Miss Long was a beautiful actress of the last century; so short in stature that she was known as the Pocket Venus. Her epitaph concludes:

Though Long, yet short;

Though short, yet *Pretty* Long.

Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, was a covetous man, and this pasquinading epitaph was put on him:

Here lies his Grace, in cold clay clad,

Who died for want of what he had.

The reverse of this is one on Mr. James Worsdale, a very liberal man:

Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf;

A friend to all mankind, but not himself.

Of punning epitaphs there are many on record so execrable that it were pity to extend their infamy. One we may give here as illustrating that depraved spirit which leads some men to make light of the gravest subject. John Adams, a carrier, or porter, of Southwell (obit. 1807), rests with this mortuary joke upon him:

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,

A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;

He carried so much, and he carried so fast,

He could carry no more—so was carried at last;

For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,

He could not carry off—so he's now *carriion*.

Abusive epitaphs are not uncommon. Schoolmen will remember one by Simonides, thus translated by Merivale:

After much eating, drinking, lying, slandering,
Timocreon of Rhodes here rests from wandering.

Peter Randolph, of Oriel College, Oxford, a great glutton, has gained immortality at the expense of these lines:

Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I entreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you.

John Cole died of a surfeit, and lives again after this fashion:

Here lies Johnny Cole,
Who died, on my soul,
After eating a plentiful dinner;
While chewing his crust,
He was turned into dust,
With his crimes *undigested*, poor sinner.

There are even mortuary bulls, as witness this, in a grave-yard near Plymouth:

Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicols, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. *Had he lived he would have been buried here.*

At the Old Men's Hospital, Norwich, England, is found the following unique eulogy:

In Memory of Mrs. Phebe Crewe, who died May 28, 1817, aged 77 years;

who, during forty years'
practice as a midwife
in this city, brought into
the world nine thousand
seven hundred and
thirty children.

Of professional epitaphs there are not a few; but none whose hyperbole is so overpowering as this, on a Spanish singer. It is found in a burying-ground near Saragossa:

Here lies the body of John Quebecca, precentor to my Lord the King. When his spirit shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, the Almighty will say to the Angelic Choir, "Silence, ye calves! and let me hear John Quebecca, Precentor to my Lord the King."

In the hallowed interior of Chichester Cathedral is found the following, on an aged vendor of that popular English edible, the periwinkle:

Periwinks! periwinkle! was ever her cry;
She labored to live, poor and honest to die.
At the last day, again, how her old eyes will twinkle,
For no more will she cry, Periwinks! periwinkle!
Ye rich, to virtuous want regard pray give;
Ye poor, by her example learn to live.

Died Jan. 1786, aged 77.

This, on a blacksmith, is found on many tombstones in this country as well as England; it is by Hayley, the poet:

My sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust now laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

At Barnwell are found these lines, "on an Inn-keeper:"

Man's life is like a *Winter's Day*,
Some only *Breakfast* & away;
Others to *Dinner* stay & are *full fed*,
The oldest man but *sups* & goes to *bed*.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to *pay*;
Death is the *Waiter*, some few run on *Tick*,
And some, alas! must pay the *Bill* to *Nick*!
Though *I owed much*, I hope long *trust* is given,
And truly mean to *pay all debts* in Heaven.

In the cathedral yard at Winchester may be seen this, on an unfortunate man of war:

Here rests in peace, a Hampshire grenadier,
Who killed himself by drinking poor small beer.
Soldiers, be warned by his untimely fall,
And when you're hot drink strong, or none at all.

This memorial having fallen into decay, it was restored at the expense of some officers, in 1781, and this couplet added:

An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musquet or by pot.

The printer also has an epitaph; and all the craft will allow that it is appropriate and professionally correct:

Here lies a *form*—place no *imposing stone*
To mark the *head*, where weary it is lain;
'Tis *matter dead*!—its mission all being done,
To be *distributed* to dust again;
The *body* is but the *type*, at best, of man,
Whose *impress* is the spirit's deathless *page*;
Worn out, the *type* is thrown to *pi* again,
The *impression* lives through an eternal age.

Authors *will* steal, even for their tombstones. Various good-natured friends to the memory of Benjamin Franklin have pointed out the originals of his celebrated typographical inscription for his monument:

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
by
The Author.

Benjamin had doubtless looked into Mather's *Magnalia*, where he might see something of this notion applied to "the great Cotton" by Mr. Benjamin Woodbridge, the first graduate of Harvard:

A living, breathing Bible; tables where
Both covenants, at large, engraven were;
Gospel and law, in's heart, had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and next,
His life a commentary on the text.
Oh what a monument of glorious worth,
When, in a new edition, he comes forth,
Without errata, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity!

Old Joseph Capen, minister of Topsfield, had also, in 1681, given John Foster, who set up the first printing-press in Boston, the benefit of the idea, *in memoriam*:

Thy body, which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside like an old almanac;
But for the present only 's out of date,
'Twill have at length a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from *Errata*, new in Heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator—
It shall be done when He saith *Imprimatur*.

We close our list with the pathetic inscription placed by an honest Illinois farmer over

the double grave of a span of favorite horses, struck down by lightning, and buried in his front yard :

Peace to their manes!

And can not better conclude this paper than in these wise words of Sir Thomas Browne: "To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which, being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's church-yard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing, in the ecstasy of being ever; and as content with six foot as with the mausoleum of Adrianus."

MARGARET—THE LAY SISTER.

"But the mind of man hath two ports: one always frequented by the entrance of manifold vanities; the other desolate and overgrown with grasse, by which enter our charitable thoughts and divine contemplations."—
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THERE is a satiric picturesqueness in these words. You see a calm and lightly sketched landscape; the great castle; the two gates—one crowded with fluttering pennons, pomp, luxury, passion, a trampled path; the other hung with ivy and paved with sward, that the light feet of entering nuns never crush or sully.

Harry Stafford read the passage aloud to Margaret Stafford, his father's cousin, as they sat on the door-step of the old farm-house by the sea-side, where the Staffords for years had resorted in the hot months; resolved rather to be plainly comfortable there than fashionably miserable at a watering-place. This year the unwonted heats of June had brought them thither earlier than usual, and it was yet June when the sultry air had driven Harry and Margaret to the porch, and the rest of the family to the beach, all watchful of the magnificent sunset, that fringed the lurid haze of an approaching storm with gold, but did not flush its pearl-lined caps with one tinge of rose, or allay the fierceness of the forked lightning that quivered at intervals through the massive purple clouds like a visible pulse of life.

Margaret Stafford leaned against the brown casement of the door-way; her white dress spread its light folds over both sill and step; her eyes were raised to the storm; and at her feet sat Harry, with the old volume of Raleigh open on his knees, and his eyes raised also, but not stormward.

Harry was rather above the average character of young men in certain respects; his nature was artistic and appreciative, his aims high, his theories noble, his practice—lazy! He was selfish, without fixed principles; but, being handsome, well educated, and intellectual, as well as aristocratic with that most intolerable of aristocracies, the American—a sublime and ever-present consciousness that his great-great-

grandfather was a Dutch trader on the frontier, and had cheated the Indians out of a fortune, which had been increased and exalted by his descendants, till the fourth generation began to use it æsthetically—having, as I say, all these combined attractions, Mr. Harry Stafford had a sufficiently good opinion of himself, and not presumptuously believed the young ladies of his acquaintance agreed with him—an idea that preserved him from any profound passion for any one of them, and might have kept his aristocratic heart safe and sound for a lifetime, had not this same summer brought into the sphere of his knowledge Margaret, the orphan daughter of his father's cousin. Now the aforesaid claims to high birth, on which Mr. Harry Stafford laid such stress in his own case, were still more powerful in Miss Margaret's descent, for her mother—the child of a noted New England family—dated her ancestry quite back of the *Mayflower* even, across the blue sea, into Old England, where Moulthrop Hall still attested, in quaint church and defaced monuments, the Norman lineage of its owners; and even a Dame Margaret Moulthrop lay in sculptured sleep beside the altar, a little stonier and more disagreeable than nature, if the legends of her life were true, and altogether uninterested in her namesake and descendant in the New England she never dreamed of. So Mr. Stafford found his equal, if not his superior, in aristocracy, and somewhat in age, when he discovered this cousin. He had not known her as a child, for his father had been too busy with money-making to cultivate his relations; and though a feeble intercourse had been kept up between the families, it was not till Margaret's orphanage threw her upon the care of her guardian, Mr. Stafford the elder, that the relationship assumed some importance—enough, at least, to afford Margaret a home in her cousin's family till she should have arranged her future plans.

I can not say that Miss Stafford was either plain or beautiful. She had a calm face, pale and expressive; "Decidedly high bred!" was Harry's mute comment. And perhaps it was, if "high bred" means refined, delicate, and noble—traits, we regret to say, we have beheld adorning the wan face of a washer-woman and the wrinkles of an old nurse, but we should not probably acknowledge that in Mr. Stafford's hearing. Besides, Margaret was well educated, and even, in her native phrase, "talented;" and beautiful as blonde and rosy fools may be, there is a spell in a face that a soul transfigures quite another thing from tint, and shape, and coiffure. At least Harry Stafford thought so, as he sat that night at her feet, watching the "dark and intricate eyes" that looked up with such fervent admiration and awe to the gathering strife overhead, while the last level glitter of light struck across her braided hair, and pierced its depths with golden arrows, and lit her transparent cheek with a faint glory that recompensed its want of bloom. She was certainly beautiful then. Harry's artistic eye ap-

preciated it: the simple grace of her attitude, the flowing folds of her white attire, the serene curving lips, the peculiar delicately-moulded hands, whose whiteness shone against a thick cluster of deep blue violets that they grasped, the contrast of her brunette coloring with the snowy dress—all this fascinated him with a subtle charm, no less potent for her perfect unconsciousness.

This entire forgetfulness of both him and herself, that was a trait of Margaret's direct and clear nature, wrought out its own respect in Harry. When his cousin sat, as now, absorbed in a sublime spectacle, or when some ardent enthusiasm fired her eye, and reddened her cheek to more vivid beauty, and carried away her usual quiet in a flow of eloquent earnestness, he involuntarily drew parallels between her and the ladies of his wide city visiting circle, scarce to the advantage of the latter; and where he would have assailed Miss Katrina Van Vleck with voluble compliments, or whispered audaciously to Effie Hogeboom, or squeezed Caroline Wittenhart's dimpled hand, he was silent, shy, distant, and profoundly respectful to Margaret. Her very simple character; her purity, truth, and unselfishness; her eminently New England training, that had set before her, as the end and aim of life, a stern regard for duty, that had been heightened into living and practical enthusiasm by the later influence of a sincere religious experience; her wide knowledge, that was as modest in its manifestations as if it had been ignorance, probably more so. All these things, day by day, won upon Harry's reverence and regard more than he knew himself, and imperceptibly shook his own self-confidence.

To-night Margaret broke the silence.

"What a splendid picture that sentence would make!" said she.

"Is it true, though, Margaret?" replied Harry.

"Why not?"

"Because I scarce think it is universally true. I believe there are some minds that have but one gate."

"A good or bad gate, Harry?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other. I think there is only the nun's gate to your mind, Margaret."

"You are altogether mistaken," said she, in the simplest tone. "I have a great many thoughts that are not charitable or divine, cousin Harry. For instance, I am fond of dress."

"You fond of dress, Margaret! You always dress with perfect plainness."

Margaret laughed. "You are a man, Harry. Ask any woman who sees me to give you an opinion on my dress, and you will not quarrel with my words about myself."

"I have seen you wear nothing but white and gray since you came here, Margaret. I should have said you were dressed with strict economy and plainness."

Margaret laughed again. "My white dresses are respectively linen cambric, India muslin, and the most delicate Swiss fabrics; my gray

silk will nearly stand alone; and my gray tissue is silk also, fine and strong."

"All Greek to me."

"I almost wish it were to me; for I begin to see that I am extravagant in dress; that I have no right to lavish on my fastidious tastes money that other people need."

"The money is yours, I am sure."

"No, it is not mine, in one sense. It is a talent for which I must give account. What shall I say at the Judgment if any starved soul lays its want at my door? 'Am I my brother's keeper?' is a cry for Cain, not for me."

Harry Stafford sat silent. These revelations of Margaret's inner life, guided by a strict set of principles that he did not understand, awed him a little. It was as if another world lay all around him, in which he had no place, of which he had no consciousness except such as he gained from these glimpses; and looking up, as he did, to the glorified height of a new life revealed to him through the pure and tender heart of a woman, he took the medium for the object, and passed from awe into adoration; a worship so tempered with passion and ardor that it assumed almost the aspect of a child's love—the last phase of love that a man could successfully lay before a woman: a tacit confession of weakness where there should be an understood assertion of strength even in the very devotion offered. Love-making is the only circumstance that allows of voluntary humility and will-worship; their counterparts are worse than useless here, real though they be. It is shadow that affects the dreamer, not substance; unless, indeed, he take to sleep-walking and run against the bed-post—a significant symbol, which I leave the reader to disinter if he chooses.

Presently the storm blackened overhead, the rain dropped in slow and sullen splashes upon the sea. The rest of the family came from the beach, and Margaret, rising, dropped the soft folds of her dress that she had gathered up from the door-sill, and floated away, like a lady in a reversed lily-bell, to the dark parlor, leaving Harry to meditate on—linen cambric, perhaps.

So the summer passed by. Day by day Harry and Margaret rode, walked, talked together. He read the books she spoke of, and brought home to her from town new volumes, which they read together. Life, which had seemed so vapid and ashen to him in town, where he led the apathetic and languid existence of a *blasé* boy, not because he was *blasé*, but because he thought it knowing to appear so; life assumed new significance; it seemed attractive, interesting, vivid; full of hopes, and fears, and enjoyments; a thing worth having; a new blessing, which he had not even known as a possibility; for there are two regenerations possible to man, one social and one spiritual: and loving works one; Love the other.

Harry Stafford was, socially, a new man. He was not only new to himself, but to others. His business progressed with fresh force; pleasure was once more pleasant; his intellect, fed and

stirred to emulation by Margaret's fine mind, expanded proportionately; and his heart, warming to one, glowed more warmly for all. His sisters began to love him, as the sisters of fast young men are not apt to love their brothers, with something nobler and more complimentary than instinct. The porters and under-clerks of his warehouse no longer slunk into the shadow of some bale or cask to get away from his harsh reproofs or unfeeling jests. His dogs began to fawn on him without the piteous look of apprehension that even a brute can wear after it has been kicked and sworn at long enough. And his mother unconsciously resumed her old phrase of, "My dear boy!"—a phrase Master Stafford had rebelled against once as "too babyish for a grown-up fellow." Margaret was a type of spring. Under her look and smile all sweetness and bloom seemed to bud and flourish. She had one trait of singular strength—a capacity of making herself loved—and not one of the Staffords escaped from its influence. Before the summer began to wane they all loved her so well that even Patsy, the three-years "baby" of the family, clung to her with eager arms, and stopped her speech with kisses if ever she spoke of her approaching return to Maine—a subject equally disagreeable to all the rest.

But even the most charming seasons depart. The summer fields grow dry and arid; innumerable grasshoppers swarm and feed in the rustling grass; crickets, with shrill and apprehensive notes, fill the hot air; and languid Nature drops her blossoms from her hands, and faints on mountain-top and hill-side, a shriveled, tremulous shape; dying, gasping, desperate, fore-conscious of the white shroud and the long sleep relentlessly drawing on.

September came. Melancholy splendors began to adorn the forests. Here and there a golden bough, also here a passport into the place of the departed. More rarely a scarlet branch flickering out of the green gloom like a flame from the burning heart of a huge bonfire, token of sure destruction. One day Margaret and Harry had been to drive, and brought home as trophies the last spikes of the deep yellow orchis that grows by the shore in low meadows of boggy land or blueberry swamps. The wholesome glow of the exercise yet tinged Margaret's face as she came down to their late dinner, with the fringed, orange-colored blossoms twisted into her dark hair and clustered on her breast. The day's excessive and unnatural warmth warranted her favorite dress, the most aerial and transparent white admissible out of a ball-room; and if her mirror praised her aspect, its verdict was repeated by Harry Stafford's charmed eyes. She was lovely that day; no fastidious artist could have denied it; no love-stricken man could resist it; and after dinner Harry tempted his fate.

Again they sat alone upon the door-step and listened to the thousand pensive sounds of autumn, and the light, recurring dash of waves below.

"I must really go next week," said Margaret, speaking to herself, yet aloud.

"Margaret!" said Harry, and then he paused. She looked down at him; his face was eloquent. A sudden shiver of distress shook her, for Harry was her cousin—no more. But she said, lightly,

"Yes, I must go. It is time I had a home."

"Only let me make it for you, Margaret! Only love me, and stay with me."

Her face grew pale and resolute. "No," said she, "this can not be."

It was not in him easily to despair. "Why not, Margaret? I love you as no man loves you. I am not good enough to lie at your feet, I know; but I am plastic in your hands—mould me!"

She smiled, a little bitterly. It is so rare for men to know that plea and petition never are of use when they are not loved. And yet what woman does not shrink from saying, distinctly, "I do not love you?" But Margaret did not seem to shrink; with unfaltering eyes she looked at him.

"I do not love you enough, Harry."

"Is that all?—oh, is that all? I do not despair of that. I think you will—you can—you must, Margaret! I love you so that you can not but be moved by it."

The slight glow faded even from her lips. "You are mistaken: a woman's heart does not so deceive her. But if it soothes the abrupt truth which I thought it kindest to offer you, then I give you better reasons—reasons that would avail if I loved you. I could never marry a man without fixed principle—religious principle. I rely on no man unless he be informed by vital aid from without and above himself."

Harry's head drooped. Sentence was passed. The steady voice, the clear tone, the calm eye daunted him; but the devil of jealousy stirred. "You love—"

"Stop there!" said Margaret, with a warning gesture of her little hand. "Do not make me contemptuous. You know what you would say is causeless and unjust; and were it true, you have no right to ask such a question. It would be my secret."

He bent his face upon his hands in a real agony. "Oh! why did you let me love you, Margaret?"

The words came almost unconsciously from his bitten lips. Margaret's eyes were calm no more, tears dripped from the long lashes, and she laid her hand lightly upon Harry's head. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Harry, when my mother was ill she knew her hour was near, and two days before she died, heart-wrung to leave me, she gave me such advice as a mother gives the child she leaves alone; and in an anguish for my peace she warned me never to think of any man as a possible lover till, in so many words, he should avow himself; adding, to fasten the thought in my mind, while the last blush of womanly feel-

ing burned on her hollow cheek, that, for want of following that advice, she, as well as thousands of others, had shipwrecked her own heart. I have religiously obeyed her; though in your case I did not need the precept, for I have looked at you simply as a relative—as a substitute for the brother I have never had—have always longed for.”

Harry lifted his head and looked at her.

“But, Margaret, do you think that is just to men—to let them go so far, to give them no sign of your own feeling toward them, till they are hopelessly committed and humiliated?”

Margaret’s lip curled. “If any man feels it a humiliation to have offered a woman his heart, and have her just and honest enough to refuse it, because she can not give love for love, then that man is not worth regret; he does not merit his name. And you forget that it is always in a man’s power to define and fix his own position; he can ask. But what can that woman do who, in ignorance and simplicity, believing a man’s deeds, gives her heart and soul away with pure faith and fervor, and is never ratified in her choice by the seal of a man’s words? For you know as well as I do that men will deliberately and consciously lead women on to love them, whom they have not the least idea of marrying.”

“And you justify a woman in doing what you despise in men, simply because a man can shorten his agony by a deadly blow, and a woman must endure in silence?”

“No,” said Margaret, an ironical smile lurking about her lips at the close of his question, subsiding as she spoke. “I justify neither man nor woman in flirting; but I believe that it is safest and best for a woman to treat all men alike, and with a frank indifference, until they declare themselves lovers. You must yourself do me the justice to say that I have treated every gentleman who has visited the Beach this summer with the same cordiality and simplicity that I have shown you. If I admitted you more to my society, it was inevitable; for I was one of your family, and so conducted myself.”

Harry winced; the serene face was fired with truth and pride; those soft eyes flashed with haughty and level rays. He said,

“You speak candidly, Margaret; you are right.”

And she went on: “As for giving men a ‘deadly blow,’ as you say, one might naturally ask if it is not always more merciful to kill than to cripple, even in a fair fight. But I am not afraid of hurting men. One of them—one whose authority you will not oppose—said long ago, that ‘Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.’ Nor do I think them more fragile since Shakspeare’s day. And even if it were common, or possible, what respect or esteem could one have for a man so weak as to die of a disappointed passion? No! he is no man to marry, no man to regret, who dies of love; it is scarce enduring in the frail nature and monomaniac tendency of women. I

speak earnestly, for I feel it. I am myself capable of a profounder love than most women; but could I forgive myself before God if I let fall his gift of life because love left it? Nor have I yet known the man worth dying for, or living for.”

Harry was enraged, and this result Margaret had aimed at in speaking out so much more of her heart than a mere refusal required. She knew him well enough fully to comprehend the good that a burst of genuine indignation would do him, dispersing both sulkiness and sentimentality like the clear blast after a storm. And yet, though she had pulled the puppet-string, she recoiled into a momentary sadness at the result. It offended her taste and grated on her feeling that Harry should rise from the stone at her feet, and, with an air of insulted dignity, withdraw himself, saying as he went,

“If that is your opinion of men, I have less to regret than I thought I had.”

Margaret sat where he left her a long time. The sun went down into the sea, and paved a glittering highway across which went fluttering sails, wing and wing, like storm-weary moths, only none went sunward; but out of shadow into shade. Then the rays ceased to gild the sea, but all the dusky clouds above flushed with rose, and dappled the blue sky, and tinted the bluer sea with delicate reflections; and deep in ocean and in air the cold evening star heralded the moon, that now glided full-orbed from the east, and gave the lovely half tints of the west a chill and dewy aspect, till the purple of profound night enhanced every sparkling constellation, and the earth lay in pensive stillness from sea to shore.

Through all the changes Margaret mused, but still noticed every change; and years after that sweet autumn night returned to her, as if in its procession it had been foreboding; at length she too rose, and went to her room, scarcely to sleep, for she knew that she had hurt a dear heart, and she could not easily wound the meanest that approached her. But to her a sense of duty was ever present, and deeply as she felt for Harry the inevitable voice within uttered, “It is right;” and the stern echo was her best sleep-song.

Early in the morning Harry left for the city, and Margaret did not see him again before she took her own departure for Maine.

It is all very well for us to fancy that we manage our fellow-creatures, and with a certain self-satisfaction regard our power of string-pulling. But it is scarce possible, even with wooden puppets, for any but their maker to so fully understand the springs that no unforeseen or evil results shall arise from the manipulation; and something not unlike remorse darkened Margaret’s soul when, three months after, the papers announced to her the marriage of Harry Stafford and Caroline Wittenhart. Though it is not the custom to announce the causes of marriage, as it is of death, in the public record—possibly because the happy or unhappy cou-

ples might not like to own publicly that they were bound together for all time by money, or pride, or idleness, or opportunity, or any other of the thousand Cupids that jostle the real urchin and steal his bow—yet Margaret read, in lines invisible to others, this announcement following her cousin's name: "Married of pique." She knew Miss Wittenhart—a gay, pretty, silly girl, given to dress and dancing. Amiable, because nothing ever interfered with her will; sentimental, commonplace; the direct opposite of herself. And she had driven Harry to this step. Still Margaret consoled herself. She had done what seemed right at the time; and once sure of that, nothing had power to trouble her. She wrote a letter of congratulation to Harry, which his wife answered in a pretty and illegible note; and there for the present their intercourse ceased.

Margaret lived alone and quiet in the little village where her parents had died. The cottage that her father had built, the moderate property he had left, were more than enough for her fastidious wants. The old nurse who was her housekeeper, and the boy who completed the establishment, were deeply attached to their mistress; and all the poor about Milton for miles welcomed the sight of Margaret's gray Canadian pony, and her cheerful face, as a sure relief from loneliness and despondency, as well as from want. So she lived for four years; and if in that time any thing had troubled her quiet she gave no expression to it; and, so far as any of her friends knew, the long period had passed eventless.

After repeated refusals to join the Staffords at their home, though they had many times flitted in and out of her tiny dwelling on brief and gay visits, she at length promised to spend a winter in New York with them; and, establishing one of those spinster cousins that are indispensable to life over her domains, one bland November day saw her safely installed in the cheerful house of her guardian. Possibly the sigh that Margaret breathed when the warm welcome was over, and the importunate kisses of the children put an end to, that she might have an hour of rest before dinner, was not only a sigh of content; possibly in that hour she confessed to herself that there are sweeter things than solitude. Yet the sigh was not repeated, and the serene composure of her face was as sweet as ever when she came down.

In the evening Harry came in, without his wife. He was undeniably agitated to see her again, but covered it with a certain jocular manner, as unlike his usual custom as possible. Margaret was cordial and quiet; but through that long evening she caught her cousin's eyes studying her face like a picture, and, for more than one reason, she was embarrassed. Changed indeed she seemed to Harry. The rounded outline of cheek and brow had gone, and the shining bands of dark hair could not hide the angle at her temple, or its drooping braids fill out the wan cheek. Her great dark blue eyes had lost

their fire and frankness; darker they were than ever, and far deeper; unfathomable shadow filled them, and the melancholy lashes that shielded their far-looking gaze drooped upon a cheek colorless as ever, but not now with the fair transparency of health; and her mouth showed other marks of some still suffering. The curved upper lip dominated above the rosy fullness of the under more than nature had moulded it, or than art would have permitted—sure hieroglyph of needed and incessant self-command; and only the rare smiles that curled those lips restored their native beauty of childlike sweetness. Nor did she fail to remark even a sadder change in Harry. Careless, even slovenly, in his dress, he who had been so scrupulous, so finical once; listless in movement; evidently lowered in mind, possibly in morals. Margaret asked herself with dismay if this could be the gay and genial boy she had known. But the next day solved her wonder, when his wife came to call on her, bedizened with all the finery bad taste and money could procure; draperied in laces soiled even beyond the legitimate dirtiness of rare lace, and costumed generally in a way only to be attained by a vulgar and unintelligent woman, with no home-love to refine or absorb her (for there were no children there, and the pretense of affection in her husband was long dead), and nothing to do but to adore and adorn her fading self; for Caroline Wittenhart's beauty had been the blonde fragility of an apple-blossom, and in the pale face, unmeaning expression, and small features of Mrs. Stafford, beauty of a subtler nature than tint and outline found no place. Her miserable aspect moved Margaret's heart; she saw the key to Harry's change at once, and in the generous sympathy of her quick and noble nature she resolved to use all her strength to remodel this unhappy household, to infuse life into this image of a home. And to do this, her first step was to gain Caroline's confidence. No very difficult task; for whatever Margaret had lost in outward beauty or in vividness, time had but deepened her attractive power; not the fascination of manner that hides a subtle character, not the indiscriminate use of means to a selfish end—this power was only the fervent overflowing of a true and deep heart; the sympathetic force of genius deepened and softened by a diviner principle, a love that "hopeth all things."

So it came about that, even more shortly than Margaret had hoped, she found a way into Caroline's trust and affection, and gathered a direct influence over her, almost touching in its absolute sway. To her faithful ear Caroline would have recounted even the secretest of her troubles, would Margaret have listened. But fortunately for what little self-respect remained to Mrs. Stafford, her cousin was one of those rare natures who know how to reverence the individuality of another soul, and protect it even against its own indiscretion and impulsiveness. Only from half-framed sentences that she herself curtailed—from minute observations and careless

allusions—did Margaret gather a painful knowledge of the little love that was wasted between Harry and his wife. And even in such measure, little by little, with the most delicate tact and the purest sympathy, drawing out whatever was good and lovely in Caroline, shielding whatever was wrong and false in Harry, did she try to shed peace where there was discord, and beguile affection out of distaste.

But this success was slow. If, at first, it pleased Mr. Stafford to see his cousin with his wife, and awoke in him a feeble glimmer of hope from such companionship, the contrast between their two characters forced itself upon him from day to day with annoying obtrusiveness. If they walked together, Caroline's ill-chosen dress and awkward gait, her thousand deficiencies in air and manner, brought into strong relief the quiet elegance of Margaret's attire, her graceful motion, her thoroughly well-bred aspect. At the breakfast table the loose golden curls and careless coiffure, as well as the tawdry robe and soiled laces of one lady, opposed the glossy braids and trim plain dress of the other unpleasantly enough; and even the shrill and vulgar tones of Mrs. Stafford seemed more sharp than ever responding to the vibrating contralto voice that was one of Margaret's charms.

But the winter wore on, and, by dint of both advice and supervision, Margaret had brought her cousin's wife nearer her own sphere—at least, outwardly. Something like neatness and fitness displaced her usual finery; her assiduous efforts to please him softened Harry's heart, and a certain remorseful sense of shame, as well as a keen pleasure, visited him when, one day in April, returning from the very brink of death with her treasure, Caroline's first whispered word was, "Please to call my baby Margaret?"

And the godmother went her way home almost satisfied with a winter in New York—more than satisfied with the brief lines of a note that followed her homeward, running thus:

"Margaret, the angels in heaven rejoice over a repenting sinner. You, who are an angel on earth, can not do less for me?"

HARRY STAFFORD."

A great many times Margaret's life had appalled her, both with past and future; but only they who have seen their well-beloved sitting clothed and in their right mind at the feet of God know what a thrill of self-forgetful rapture illuminated her whole soul now.

Transient splendor; though enduring peace. Six weeks after, she was recalled to the city at Caroline Stafford's wish. Recalled too late; for the fair, wan face was death-stiffened and the weak heart still when Margaret reached her; and another motherless Margaret wailed in the nursery, unconscious of its loss.

Exhausted with watching and grief, for the new love had deepened till he mourned truly for his wife, Harry Stafford was ordered abroad; and the same hour that the shores of home slowly dropped under the horizon from his listless gaze saw Margaret, with her little name-

sake and its nurse, safely deposited in their Maine home; for Caroline's last words had been a bequest of her child to her cousin.

Two years went fast away. With her new care Margaret found no need to hurry the days by. If ever in her round of active benevolence and industry she had been lonely, that solitary bitterness was gone; and scarce any mother holds her child dearer than she held the little orphan that knew no other mother.

Two years went, and Harry Stafford returned. Strengthened in health, sobered by a quiet grief, with a character that higher principles, tested and found constant, had deepened and refined, he was altogether a nobler man than the Harry Margaret had known. His first aim, of course, was the cottage at Milton. His child and his cousin were almost all that made homecoming dear.

Almost useless seems the obvious result of all this. What sweet blue eyes, that have so far endured these pages, do not now begin to gleam with a lurking smile?

"And she married him? Did she?"

Certain it is that Harry asked her; that the old love returned upon him with irresistible force; that once again, sitting in the door at sunset, he asked her to find her home with him, to return his deep affection. And Margaret answered,

"Harry, I can not."

"Can not love me, Margaret?"

"No; not as you ought to be loved, Harry. I am too old for romance; and even were it to return to me as dreams do sometimes return, I hope, I think, I should resist it. I should not be as happy, were I married, as I am now."

"Why?"

"For many and many a reason. In the first place, I am both sensitive and independent. Ask yourself if those traits are likely to make me a happy or submissive wife. The thousand harsh words, reproving looks, recriminations, and petty irritations, that form the staple of much domestic society, would either kill or craze me. Peace is my element and delight. I could not fling it away in my sober senses. And even if they were to leave me, memory is sure. I could trust my reason, after so many years of trial, to be potent even against passion."

"But, Margaret, all marriage is not without peace and happiness. I grant that there is much to regret in many marriages; but you must own there are some that are better than solitude—even a solitude like yours."

"Perhaps—yes—I believe there are. But I dare not risk it."

"I thought you more unselfish than that," said Harry, after a little pause, with a sigh. "I thought you were one of those women who could lay aside your own personal enjoyment for the higher blessedness of making others happy."

Margaret's color deepened slowly; not with blushes, but with the stir of a new idea. She looked at him gravely.

"That is a new aspect of the matter, Harry," said she. "I have not, indeed, set it in that light before. To tell the truth, I have not thought of any one's personality in the matter but my own. It never seems to me as if a man could suffer from losing love. I have thought it was a woman's prerogative."

Now Harry colored. But the blush did not speak itself; he only resumed his plea—

"Think of me, then, in that light, Margaret? Let me wait in some glimmer of hope?"

"No," said she, earnestly; "do not hope. I do not love you, Harry, except as a dear friend. And without love marriage is worse than mockery. It is sin."

"But, Margaret, love might come. Such things have been. It is an old, old story."

"Such things have been, I know—might have been with me. There are men, I believe, though I have not known them, with whom years of the calmest friendship might gradually ripen into the noblest love—a love compounded of trust, respect, admiration, and passion; such love as the world rarely sees—such as puts to shame the wild abandonment of girlish love that throws itself blindly on an object that reason and reflection alike despise. But, Harry, I have known you long enough to know that I could never feel so for you. It is not your fault nor mine; it is some vital point of character that abounds or lacks in one or the other of us. I respect you honestly; and if I were obliged to choose, I would infinitely rather marry a man I respected and did not love than one whom I loved and did not respect. That is, I think my chance of happiness would be far greater."

"But, Margaret, your observation of married life must have been one-sided. Who else thinks of it as you do?"

"Hundreds of the married themselves. I have never had but one married woman among all my acquaintance advise me to tempt a like fate. Scores have said to me, 'Margaret, never marry.'"

"Traitors!" said Harry.

Margaret laughed.

"That is true; and I did not respect them at first, till I remembered that a woman's best relief is often in speech; that we say a thousand things about ourselves and our affairs, merely for the relief of expression, that we could kill another for saying of us. And as all the observation I had seconded the advice I received, I did not blame my advisers after all. I held out for them the largest charity."

"Your Charity is a poniard; I should have christened it Contempt! Besides, what good could any legions of opinions do when you see that it is only opinion? Why—if your reasoning and that of your friends is correct—why is it that day after day, and year after year, in a thousand cases that, even to the eye of an unprejudiced spectator, seem at least hazardous, do women get married? If these ideas of yours were prevalent or true, who would marry? What woman would tempt such a fate?"

"That is no argument. Women marry, and will marry till the world's end because they are in love; and it is a fundamental principle in the education of every girl—her outside education, I mean, from books and society—that, if one is in love with a man, one must marry him, whether or no, though he should be a drunkard, or a gambler, a man without honor, or honesty, or religion. Though every law of God and nature warn her of a fatal result to herself and her future, yet this caprice of passion, this irrational impulse, is to supersede all law and all right. To be in love excuses and gilds folly, and sin, and crime! Never will women have their true place in life, never will any social regeneration find a possibility of dawn upon earth, till girls are taught by both precept and example that passion is not an ultimate reason; that if there is a good reason for refusing to marry any man, though it should be merely such unfitness of character as forebodes turmoil in any relation, then this love is to be set bravely aside; this selfish emotion is to stand by and give place to right, to duty, to the good of others, though that good be but a contingent."

"You speak well," said Harry, bitterly.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

Had you ever loved, had that granite nature of yours ever throbbed with a real passion, you would not talk so calmly of its suppression; you would have compassion on a vital force that exceeds even duty sometimes!"

Margaret shuddered, and was still. Harry turned and looked at her. Every line of the expressive face was rigid, and paler than the lily in her hair; her deep eyes were filled with passionate gloom; she cringed and trembled in the grasp of a relentless memory. And though she would have spoken, her white quivering lips refused to frame any word; and the struggling accent choked and panted in her beautiful throat.

"Margaret!" exclaimed he, ignorant what to do or to say.

She reached past him, and pointed to a fresh blown rose blooming beside the door; instinctively he stooped forward and pulled it from the stem. As her fingers received it, their marble touch chilled his own through and through. Hastily stripping the rose-petals she filled her mouth with them, as by a potent act of will. The strong effort of deglutition, the moistening of her parched tongue with their dewy coolness, perhaps the delicate sedative of their perfume, to which her peculiar organization was strangely sensitive, all these restored her shaken self-control. She spoke, and spoke calmly; though her voice vibrated like the jarred chord of a harp, and her eyes retained their indefinable expression of pride and gloomy anguish.

"I should have no right to speak of a possibility I had not tested," said she, coldly. "Look at me, Harry Stafford! Do you find no other handwriting than Time's on my face? Did you discern no strange footprints there when you met me after years of separation, and investi-

gated me so thoroughly, that winter in New York? I do not speak from the spectators. I have been in the arena. I have looked death in the face; but, I thank God who helped me, I saved my soul alive! Looking back to-day on the shadow of Hell where I wrestled, I thank Him with the deepest fervency that I was not left to the desolations of passion; that I had power to refuse the evil, though it was angelically arrayed; that I possess my soul in peace, when I might have been in torment."

Harry was silent; he could not speak. Her words filled him with regret and a certain awe. It is so rare in life that one discovers genuine results of the ascendancy of principle over self-pleasing—so "few there be that walk therein"—that one living martyr strikes us with a reverent astonishment denied to the chronicled feats of fifty traditional ones.

"But Margaret," resumed he, presently, "if you gain something, do you not lose more? Care, protection, position; the thousand sweetnesses of children's love; of a home and a family—do you despise all these?"

"No, no," she answered, a mournful echo tingling her tones; "but as there is no gain without a loss, so there is no loss without a gain; and the question is for me which gain is the purest and greatest. Besides, reflect that I have loved once. Women of my kind love no more. When the fountain dries no tributary rills can simulate a river-source; and without love, as I said before, neither you nor I could hold it less than sin to marry. I have, indeed, lost that which is the life of most women; but I am peculiarly fitted to live alone. I have resources in myself, in my education, and my pursuits, that are sovereign remedies against solitude. Nor am I without affection. Children love me, and cling to me; the poor around here are my dear and faithful friends; and friends among the higher in station count themselves mine. I believe God has given me, as a compensation for my solitary home, an unusual power of attracting love; and I am not only content but happy. I have neither censure nor petulance to dread when I wake in the morning. I do not need to seek sleep as a refuge from coldness and unkindness. I am not fettered by the idle conventional scruples that are potent with all men. My schemes and theories do not wither in the practical sneers of a lord and master. I lower to no man's level day by day. I feel my heart enlarge and my mind expand in companionship with all that is noblest and best. I am not defiled with the touch of political squabbles, or stung with theological disputations. I am the slave of no man's caprices; the lawful butt of no man's ridicule or anger. I dare be as enthusiastic, as generous, and as peculiar as my nature and my circumstances permit; conscious only of responsibility to God. And this consciousness alone consoles me for all you think I lose. It is true I am far from recommending my position universally. I believe there are many women who can not live alone. I believe

the majority are in that case. You see types of them all about us. Look at Katrina Van Vleck. Handsome, industrious, silly, vain, and amiable, what would she have been unmarried? Her beauty gone, her temper soured, her mind of its own tendencies growing less and less. But marriage saved her; if Mr. Brooks scolds or swears, she is equally unconcerned. Her rosy children, her splendid establishment, are enough to satisfy her. And thousands of her type find other like satisfactions to satisfy them with their lot. Indeed I believe there are some ideal marriages also; some that offer the highest phase of which life is capable; and I know that in losing that highest phase I lose the greatest blessing of a woman's nature: the sweetness of entire dependence and absolute trust; the strength of unshaken affection; the support of a higher nature; the rest of a more stable character; the exalting influence and aid of a lofty and noble intellect; the power to serve with every capacity of existence one human soul infinitely dearer to me than my own; the opportunity to labor, to suffer, to endure for that soul's good or pleasure; the consciousness that I can never be alone, in life or death; that tender hands will guide and guard me; that children's voices will call me blessed; that I shall be loved on earth with the deepest devotion earth can offer, and waited for on the shores of heaven! Do you think I can be a woman and be ignorant or unregretful of all this? But hope of or capacity for such a marriage is lost to me; and I make my best of that which remains for thousands besides as lonely as I. For their sakes also I rejoice to offer in my life a vivid proof that it is not the sole end of a woman's existence to marry; that a single life is not necessarily lonely or miserable. Nay, that it may be far happier, far more useful, than many marriages are."

"Excellently argued," said Harry; "and it may console you, Margaret. But what is to become of me?"

Margaret sighed to herself, but smiled at him.

"Marry somebody else, Harry!"

The garden gate slammed behind him—he was gone. Margaret could prophesy, without doubt. In another year Harry Stafford proved it. The curls and smiles of a Carolinian widow broke down all his defenses. He was again a married man; and, having a retaliative wife, let us hope that neither party suffered passively (if either suffered at all) from their matrimonial tournaments.

The child of Caroline Wittenhart he never reclaimed from Margaret's care. She lived and grew up under that peaceful roof in Maine—even was married there, incredulous reader! with the consent and encouragement of her spinster cousin; and bids fair to have made one among the rare, almost ideal successes of such experiments.

And Margaret still lives. Scarcely has old age, save with pallid kisses, invaded the serene

and spiritual beauty of her face. Her soft hair is as silken in its silver as its chestnut ever shone. Her eyes retain their depth of tint and expression, and their capacity for tears; but there is no gloom now in those clear and lustrous orbits. Her life has been a living sacrifice; her death will be a wide bereavement. Every where she is known hearts silently call her blessed. Loving and loved, full of good works and tender thoughts, the impersonation of charity in its highest sense, never had any

soul a truer or a better friend than she. Never had any child a fonder mother than Margaret Wittenhart Stafford found in the old maid. Now, at least, the words of Raleigh cease to be true of the lay sister; for there is but one gate to her heart, "wherein enter her charitable thoughts and divine contemplations;" and the nun yet lives outside the cloister to

"Show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made"

—even a single woman!



CHAPTER XLV.

IN WHICH HARRY FINDS TWO UNCLES.

WE have all of us, no doubt, had a fine experience of the world, and a vast variety of characters have passed under our eyes; but

there is one sort of men—not an uncommon object of satire in novels and plays—of whom I confess to have met with scarce any specimens at all in my intercourse with this sinful mankind. I mean, mere religious hypocrites, preaching forever, and not believing a word of their



own sermons; infidels in broad brims and sables, expounding, exhorting, comminating, blessing, without any faith in their own paradise, or fear about their pandemonium. Look at those candid troops of hobnails clumping to church on a Sunday evening; those rustling maid-servants in their ribbons whom the young apprentices follow; those little regiments of school-boys; those trim young maidens, and staid matrons, marching with their glistening prayer-books, as the chapel bell chinks yonder (passing Ebenezer, very likely, where the congregation of umbrellas, great bonnets, and patens, is by this time assembled under the flaring gas-lamps). Look at those! How many of them are hypocrites, think you? Very likely the maid-servant is thinking of her sweet-heart: the grocer is casting about how he can buy that parcel of sugar, and whether the County Bank will take any more of his paper: the head-school-boy is conning Latin verses for Monday's exercise: the young scape-grace remembers that after this service and sermon there will be papa's exposition at home, but that there will be pie for supper: the clerk who calls out the psalm has his daughter in trouble, and drones through his responses scarcely aware of their meaning: the very moment the parson hides his face on his cushion he may be thinking of that bill which is coming due on Monday. These people are not heavenly-minded; they are of the world, worldly, and have not yet got their feet off of it; but they are not hypocrites, look you. Folks have their religion in some handy mental lock-up, as it were—a valuable medicine, to be taken in ill-health; and a man administers his nostrum to his neighbor, and recommends his private cure for the other's complaint. "My dear madam, you have spasms? You will find these drops infallible!" "You have been taking too much wine, my good Sir?

By this pill you may defy any evil consequences from too much wine, and take your bottle of port daily." Of spiritual and bodily physic who are more fond and eager dispensers than women? And we know that, especially a hundred years ago, every lady in the country had her still-room, and her medicine-chest, her pills, powders, potions, for all the village round.

My Lady Warrington took charge of the consciences and the digestions of her husband's tenants and family. She had the faith and health of the servants'-hall in keeping. Heaven can tell whether she knew how to doctor them rightly; but, was it pill or doctrine, she administered one or the other with equal belief in her own authority, and her disciples swallowed both obediently. She believed herself to be one of the most virtuous, self-denying, wise, learned women in the world; and, dining this opinion perpetually into the ears of all round about her, succeeded in bringing not a few persons to join in her persuasion.

At Sir Miles's dinner there was so fine a side-board of plate, and such a number of men in livery, that it required some presence of mind to perceive that the beer was of the smallest which the butler brought round in the splendid tankard, and that there was but one joint of mutton on the grand silver dish. When Sir Miles called the King's health, and smacked his jolly lips over his wine, he eyed it and the company as if the liquor was ambrosia. He asked Harry Warrington whether they had port like that in Virginia? He said that was nothing to the wine Harry should taste in Norfolk. He praised the wine so, that Harry almost believed that it was good, and winked into his own glass, trying to see some of the merits which his uncle perceived in the ruby nectar.

Just as we see in many a well-regulated family of this present century, the Warringtons had their two paragons. Of the two grown daughters, the one was the greatest beauty, the other the greatest genius and angel of any young lady then alive, as Lady Warrington told Harry. The eldest, the Beauty, was engaged to dear Tom Claypool, the fond mother informed her Cousin Harry in confidence. But the second daughter, the Genius and Angel was forever set upon our young friend to improve his wits and morals. She sang to him at the harpsichord—rather out of tune for an angel, Harry thought; she was ready with advice, instruction, conversation—with almost too much instruction and advice, thought Harry, who would have far preferred the society of the little cousin who reminded him of Fanny Mountain at home. But the last-mentioned young maiden, after dinner retired to her nursery commonly. Beauty went off on her own avocations: Mamma had to attend to her poor or write her voluminous letters; Papa dozed in his arm-chair; and the Genius remained to keep her young cousin company.

The calm of the house somehow pleased the young man, and he liked to take refuge there

away from the riot and dissipation in which he ordinarily lived. Certainly no welcome could be kinder than that which he got. The doors were opened to him at all hours. If Flora was not at home, Dora was ready to receive him. Ere many days' acquaintance, he and his little Cousin Miles had been to have a galloping-match in the Park, and Harry, who was kind and generous to every man alive who came near him, had in view the purchase of a little horse for his cousin, far better than that which the boy rode, when the circumstances occurred which brought all our poor Harry's coaches and horses to a sudden break-down.

Though Sir Miles Warrington had imagined Virginia to be an island, the ladies were much better instructed in geography, and anxious to hear from Harry all about his home and his native country. He, on his part, was not averse to talk about it. He described to them the length and breadth of his estate; the rivers which it coasted; the produce which it bore. He had had with a friend a little practice of surveying in his boyhood. He made a map of his county, with some fine towns here and there, which, in truth, were but log-huts (but, for the honor of his country, he was desirous that they should wear as handsome a look as possible). Here was Potomac; here was James River; here were the wharves whence his mother's ships and tobacco were brought to the sea. In truth, the estate was as large as a county. He did not brag about the place overmuch. To see the handsome young fellow, in a fine suit of velvet and silver-lace, making his draught, pointing out this hill and that forest or town, you might have imagined him a traveling prince describing the realms of the queen his mother. He almost fancied himself to be so at times. He had miles where gentlemen in England had acres. Not only Dora listened, but the beautiful Flora bowed her fair head and heard him with attention. Why, what was young Tom Claypool, their brother baronet's son in Norfolk, with his great boots, his great voice, and his heirdom to a poor five thousand acres, compared to this young American prince and charming stranger? Angel as she was, Dora began to lose her angelic temper and to twit Flora for a flirt. Claypool, in his red waistcoat, would sit dumb before the splendid Harry in his ruffles and laces, talking of March and Chesterfield, Selwyn and Bolingbroke, and the whole company of Macaronis. Mamma began to love Harry more and more as a son. She was anxious about the spiritual welfare of those poor Indians, of those poor negroes in Virginia. What could she do to help dear Madam Esmond (a precious woman, she knew!) in the good work? She had a serious butler and housekeeper: they were delighted with the spiritual behavior and sweet musical gifts of Gumbo.

"Ah! Harry, Harry! you have been a sad wild boy! Why did you not come sooner to us, Sir, and not lose your time among the spend-

thrifths and the vain world? But 'tis not yet too late. We must reclaim thee, dear Harry! Mustn't we, Sir Miles? Mustn't we, Dora? Mustn't we, Flora?"

The three ladies all look up to the ceiling. They *will* reclaim the dear prodigal. It is which shall reclaim him most. Dora sits by and watches Flora. As for mamma, when the girls are away, she talks to him more and more seriously, more and more tenderly. She will be a mother to him in the absence of his own admirable parent. She gives him a hymn-book. She kisses him on the forehead. She is actuated by the purest love, tenderness, religious regard, toward her dear, wayward, wild, amiable nephew.

While these sentimentalities were going on, it is to be presumed that Mr. Warrington kept his own counsel about his affairs out-of-doors, which we have seen were in the very worst condition. He who had been favored by fortune for so many weeks was suddenly deserted by her, and a few days had served to kick down all his heap of winnings. Do we say that my Lord Castlewood, his own kinsman, had dealt unfairly by the young Virginian, and in the course of a couple of afternoons' closet practice had robbed him? We would insinuate nothing so disrespectful to his lordship's character; but he had won from Harry every shilling which properly belonged to him, and would have played him for his reversions but that the young man flung up his hands when he saw himself so far beaten, and declared that he must continue the battle no more. Remembering that there still remained a spar out of the wreck, as it were—that portion which he had set aside for poor Sampson—Harry ventured it at the gaming-table; but that last resource went down along with the rest of Harry's possessions, and Fortune fluttered off in the storm, leaving the luckless adventurer almost naked on the shore.

When a man is young and generous and hearty the loss of money scarce afflicts him. Harry would sell his horses and carriages, and diminish his *train* of life. If he wanted immediate supplies of money, would not his Aunt Bernstein be his banker, or his kinsman who had won so much from him, or his kind Uncle Warrington and Lady Warrington, who were always talking virtue and benevolence, and declaring that they loved him as a son? He would call upon these, or any one of them whom he might choose to favor, at his leisure; meanwhile, Sampson's story of his landlord's distress touched the young gentleman, and, in order to raise a hasty supply for the clergyman, he carried off all his trinkets to a certain pawnbroker's shop in St. Martin's Lane.

Now this broker was a relative or partner of that very Mr. Sparks of Tavistock Street from whom Harry had purchased—purchased, did we say?—no; taken the trinkets which he had intended to present to his Oakhurst friends; and it chanced that Mr. Sparks came to visit his brother tradesman very soon after Mr. Warring-

ton had disposed of his goods. Recognizing immediately the little enameled diamond-handled repeater which he had sold to the Fortunate Youth, the jeweler broke out into expressions regarding Harry which I will not mention here, being already accused of speaking much too plainly. A gentleman who is acquainted with a pawnbroker, we may be sure, has a bailiff or two among his acquaintances; and those bailiffs have followers who, at the bidding of the impartial Law, will touch with equal hand the fiercest captain's epaulet or the finest Macaroni's shoulder. The very gentlemen who had seized upon Lady Maria at Tunbridge were set upon her cousin in London. They easily learned from the garrulous Gumbo that his honor was at Sir Miles Warrington's house in Hill Street, and while the black was courting Mrs. Lambert's maid at the adjoining mansion, Mr. Costigan and his assistant lay in wait for poor Harry, who was enjoying the delights of intercourse with a virtuous family circle assembled round his aunt's table. Never had Uncle Miles been more cordial, never had Aunt Warrington been more gracious, gentle, and affectionate; Flora looked unusually lovely, Dora had been more than ordinarily amiable. At parting my lady gave him both her hands, and called benedictions from the ceiling down upon him. Papa had said in his most jovial manner, "Hang it, nephew! when I was thy age I should have kissed two such fine girls as Do and Flo ere this, and my own flesh and blood too! Don't tell me! I *should*, my Lady Warrington! Odds-fish! 'tis the boy blushes, and not the girls, I think—I suppose they are used to it. He! he!"

"Papa!" cry the virgins.

"Sir Miles!" says the august mother at the same instant.

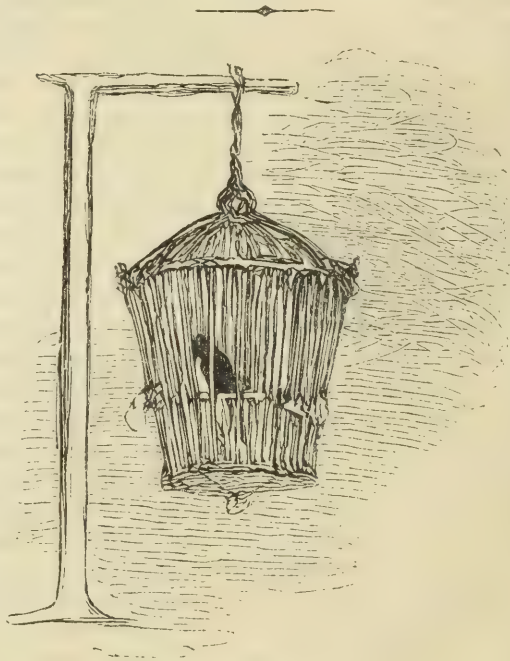
"There, there," says papa; "a kiss won't do no harm, and won't tell no tales: will it, nephew Harry?" I suppose, during the utterance of the above three brief phrases, the harmless little osculatory operation has taken place, and blushing Cousin Harry has touched the damask cheek of Cousin Flora and Cousin Dora.

As he goes down stairs with his uncle, mamma makes a speech to the girls, looking, as usual, up to the ceiling, and saying, "What precious qualities your poor dear cousin has! What shrewdness mingled with his simplicity, and what a fine genteel manner—though upon mere worldly elegance I set little store. What a dreadful pity to think that such a vessel should ever be lost! We must rescue him, my loves. We must take him away from those wicked companions, and those horrible Castlewoods—not that I would speak ill of my neighbors. But I shall hope, I shall pray that he may be rescued from his evil courses!" and again Lady Warrington eyes the cornice in a most determined manner, as the girls wistfully look toward the door behind which their interesting cousin has just vanished.

His uncle will go down stairs with him.

He calls "God bless you, my boy!" most affectionately; he presses Harry's hand, and repeats his valuable benediction at the door. As it closes, the light from the hall within having sufficiently illuminated Mr. Warrington's face and figure, two gentlemen, who have been standing on the opposite side of the way, advance rapidly, and one of them takes a strip of paper out of his pocket, and, putting his hand upon Mr. Warrington's shoulder, declares him his prisoner. A hackney-coach is in attendance, and poor Harry goes to sleep in Chancery Lane.

Oh, to think that a Virginian prince's back should be slapped by a ragged bailiff's follower! that Madam Esmond's son should be in a sponging-house in Cursitor Street! I do not envy our young prodigal his rest on that dismal night. Let us hit him now he is down, my beloved young friends. Let us imagine the stings of remorse keeping him wakeful on his dingy pillow; the horrid jollifications of other hardened inmates of the place ringing in his ears from the room hard by, where they sit boozing; the rage and shame and discomfiture. No pity on him, I say, my honest young gentlemen, for *you*, of course, have never indulged in extravagance or folly, or paid the reckoning of remorse.



CHAPTER XLVI.

CHAINS AND SLAVERY.

REMORSE for past misdeeds and follies Harry sincerely felt, when he found himself a prisoner in that dismal lock-up house, and wrath and annoyance at the idea of being subjected to the indignity of arrest; but the present unpleasantness he felt sure could only be momentary. He had twenty friends who would release him from his confinement: to which of them should he apply, was the question. Mr. Draper, the man of business, who had been so obsequious to him: his kind uncle, the baronet, who had offered to make his house Harry's home, who loved him as a son: his Cousin Castlewood, who had won

such large sums from him: his noble friends at the Chocolate House, his good Aunt Bernstein—any one of these Harry felt sure would give him a help in his trouble, though some of the relatives, perhaps, might administer to him a little scolding for his imprudence. The main point was, that the matter should be transacted quietly, for Mr. Warrington was anxious that as few as possible of the public should know how a gentleman of his prodigious importance had been subject to such a vulgar process as an arrest. As if the public does not end by knowing every thing it cares to know. As if the dinner I shall have to day, and the hole in the stocking which I wear at this present writing, can be kept a secret from some enemy or other who has a mind to pry it out—though my boots are on, and my door was locked when I dressed myself! I mention that hole in the stocking for sake of example merely. The world can pry out every thing about us which it has a mind to know. But then there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison, and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Pshaw! Your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing *has* happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes; appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose Society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner pretty much as before. Therefore don't be so conceited about yourself as to fancy your private affairs of so much importance, *mi fili*. Whereas Mr. Harry Warrington chafed and fumed as though all the world was tingling with the touch of that hand which had been laid on his sublime shoulder.

"A pretty sensation my arrest must have created at the club!" thought Harry. "I suppose that Mr. Selwyn will be cutting all sorts of jokes about my misfortune, plague take him! Every body round the table will have heard of it. March will tremble about the bet I have with him; and, faith, 'twill be difficult to pay him when I lose. They will all be setting up a whoop of congratulation at the Savage, as they call me, being taken prisoner. How shall I ever be able to appear in the world again? Whom shall I ask to come to my help? No," thought he, with his mingled acuteness and simplicity, "I will not send, in the first instance, to any of my relations or my noble friends at White's. I will have Sampson's counsel. He has often been in a similar predicament, and will know how to advise me." Accordingly, as

soon as the light of dawn appeared, after an almost intolerable delay—for it seemed to Harry as if the sun had forgotten to visit Cursitor Street in his rounds that morning—and as soon as the inmates of the house of bondage were stirring, Mr. Warrington dispatched a messenger to his friend in Long Acre, acquainting the Chaplain with the calamity just befallen him, and beseeching his reverence to give him the benefit of his advice and consolation.

Mr. Warrington did not know, to be sure, that to send such a message to the parson was as if he said, "I am fallen among the lions. Come down, my dear friend, into the pit with me." Harry very likely thought Sampson's difficulties were over; or, more likely still, was so much engrossed with his own affairs and perplexities as to bestow little thought upon his neighbor's. Having sent off his missive the captive's mind was somewhat more at ease, and he condescended to call for breakfast, which was brought to him presently. The attendant, who served him with his morning repast, asked him whether he would order dinner, or take his meal at Mrs. Bailiff's table with some other gentlemen? No. Mr. Warrington would not order dinner. He should quit the place before dinner-time, he informed the chamberlain who waited on him in that grim tavern. The man went away, thinking, no doubt, that this was not the first young gentleman who had announced that he was going away ere two hours were over. "Well, if your honor *does* stay, there is good beef and carrot at two o'clock," says the skeptic, and closes the door on Mr. Harry and his solitary meditations.

Harry's messenger to Mr. Sampson brought back a message from that gentleman to say that he would be with his patron as soon as might be: but ten o'clock came, eleven o'clock, noon, and no Sampson. No Sampson arrived, but about twelve Gumbo, with a portmanteau of his master's clothes, who flung himself, roaring with grief, at Harry's feet: and with a thousand vows of fidelity, expressed himself ready to die, to sell himself into slavery over again, to do any thing to rescue his beloved Master Harry from this calamitous position. Harry was touched with the lad's expressions of affection, and told him to get up from the ground where he was groveling on his knees, embracing his master's. "All you have to do, Sir, is to give me my clothes to dress, and to hold your tongue about this business. Mind you, not a word, Sir, about it to any body!" says Mr. Warrington, severely.

"Oh no, Sir, never to nobody!" says Gumbo, looking most solemnly, and proceeded to dress his master carefully, who had need of a change and a toilet after his yesterday's sudden capture, and night's dismal rest. Accordingly Gumbo flung a dash of powder in Harry's hair, and arrayed his master carefully and elegantly, so that he made Mr. Warrington look as fine and splendid as if he had been stepping into his chair to go to St. James's.

Indeed all that love and servility could do Mr. Gumbo faithfully did for his master, for whom he had an extreme regard and attachment. But there were certain things beyond Gumbo's power. He could not undo things which were done already; and he could not help lying and excusing himself when pressed upon points disagreeable to himself. The language of slaves is lies (I mean black slaves and white). The creature slinks away and hides with subterfuges, as a hunted animal runs to his covert at the sight of man, the tyrant and pursuer. Strange relics of feudality and consequence of our ever-so-old social life! Our domestics (are they not men, too, and brethren?) are all hypocrites before us. They never speak naturally to us, or the whole truth. We should be indignant; we should say, confound their impudence; we should turn them out of doors if they did. But *quo me rapis?* Oh, my unbridled hobby?

Well, the truth is, that as for swearing not to say a word about his master's arrest—such an oath as that was impossible to keep; for, with a heart full of grief indeed, but with a tongue that never could cease wagging, bragging, joking, and lying, Mr. Gumbo had announced the woeful circumstance to a prodigious number of his acquaintances already, chiefly gentlemen of the shoulder-knot and worsted-lace. We have seen how he carried the news to Colonel Lambert's and Lord Wrotham's servants: he had proclaimed it at the footman's club, to which he belonged, and which was frequented by the gentlemen of some of the first nobility. He had subsequently condescended to partake of a mug of ale in Sir Miles Warrington's butler's room, and there had repeated and embellished the story. Then he had gone off to Madame Bernstein's people, with some of whom he was on terms of affectionate intercourse, and had informed that domestic circle of his grief: and, his master being captured, and there being no earthly call for his personal services that evening, Gumbo had stepped up to Lord Castlewood's, and informed the gentry there of the incident which had just come to pass. So when, laying his hand on his heart, and with gushing floods of tears, Gumbo says, in reply to his master's injunction, "Oh no, master, nebber to nobody!" we are in a condition to judge of the degree of credibility which ought to be given to the lad's statement.

The black had long completed his master's toilet; the dreary breakfast was over; slow as the hours went to the prisoner, still they were passing, one after another, but no Sampson came in accordance with the promise sent in the morning. At length, some time after noon, there arrived, not Sampson, but a billet from him, sealed with a moist wafer, and with the ink almost yet wet. The unlucky divine's letter ran as follows:

Oh, Sir, dear Sir, I have done all that a man can at the command, and in the behalf of, his

patron! You did not know, Sir, to what you were subjecting me, did you? Else, if I was to go to prison, why did I not share yours, and why am I in a lock-up house three doors off?

Yes. Such is the fact. As I was hastening to you, knowing full well the danger to which I was subject—but what danger will I not affront at the call of such a benefactor as Mr. Warrington hath been to me?—I was seized by two villains who had a writ against me, and who have lodged me at Naboth's, hard by, and so close to your honor that we could almost hear each other across the garden walls of the respective houses where we are confined.

I had much and of importance to say, which I do not care to write down on paper, regarding your affairs. May they mend! May my cursed fortunes, too, better themselves, is the prayer of

Your honor's afflicted Chaplain in Ordinary,
J. S.

And now, as Mr. Sampson refuses to speak, it will be our duty to acquaint the reader with those matters whereof the poor Chaplain did not care to discourse on paper.

Gumbo's loquacity had not reached so far as Long Acre, and Mr. Sampson was ignorant of the extent of his patron's calamity until he received Harry's letter and messenger from Chancery Lane. The divine was still ardent with gratitude for the service Mr. Warrington had just conferred on him, and eager to find some means to succor his distressed patron. He knew what a large sum Lord Castlewood had won from his cousin, had dined in company with his lordship on the day before, and now ran to Lord Castlewood's house with a hope of arousing him to some pity for Mr. Warrington. Sampson made a very eloquent and touching speech to Lord Castlewood about his kinsman's misfortune, and spoke with a real kindness and sympathy, which, however, failed to touch the nobleman to whom he addressed himself.

My lord peevishly and curtly put a stop to the Chaplain's passionate pleading. "Did I not tell you, two days since, when you came for money, that I was as poor as a beggar, Sampson," said his lordship, "and has any body left me a fortune since? The little sum I won from my cousin was swallowed up by others. I not only can't help Mr. Warrington, but, as I pledge you my word, not being in the least aware of his calamity, I had positively written to him this morning to ask him to help *me*?" And a letter to this effect did actually reach Mr. Warrington from his lodgings, whither it had been dispatched by the penny-post.

"I must get him money, my lord. I know he had scarcely any thing left in his pocket after relieving me. Were I to pawn my cassock and bands, he must have money," cried the Chaplain.

"Amen. Go and pawn your bands, your cassock, any thing you please. Your enthusiasm does you credit," said my lord, and resumed the

reading of his paper—while, in the deepest despondency, poor Sampson left him.

My Lady Maria meanwhile had heard that the Chaplain was with her brother, and conjectured what might be the subject on which they had been talking. She seized upon the parson as he issued from out his fruitless interview with my lord. She drew him into the dining-room; the strongest marks of grief and sympathy were in her countenance. "Tell me, what is this has happened to Mr. Warrington?" she asked.

"Your ladyship, then, knows?" asked the Chaplain.

"Have I not been in mortal anxiety ever since his servant brought the dreadful news last night?" asked my lady. "We had it as we came from the Opera—from my Lady Yarmouth's box—my lord, my Lady Castlewood, and I."

"His lordship, then, *did* know?" continued Sampson.

"Benson told the news when we came from the play-house to our tea," repeats Lady Maria.

The Chaplain lost all patience and temper at such duplicity. "This is too bad," he said, with an oath; and he told Lady Maria of the conversation which he had just had with Lord Castlewood, and of the latter's refusal to succor his cousin, after winning great sums of money from him, and with much eloquence and feeling of Mr. Warrington's most generous behavior to himself.

Then my Lady Maria broke out with a series of remarks regarding her own family, which were by no means complimentary to her own kith and kin. Although not accustomed to tell truth commonly, yet, when certain families fall out, it is wonderful what a number of truths they will tell about one another. With tears, imprecations, I do not like to think how much stronger language, Lady Maria burst into a furious and impassioned tirade, in which she touched upon the history of almost all her noble family. She complimented the men and the ladies alike; she shrieked out interrogatories to Heaven, inquiring why it had made such—(never mind what names she called her brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, parents); and, emboldened with wrath, she dashed at her brother's library-door, so shrill in her outcries, so furious in her demeanor, that the alarmed Chaplain, fearing the scene which might ensue, made for the street.

My lord, looking up from the book or other occupation which engaged him, regarded the furious woman with some surprise, and selected a good strong oath to fling at her, as it were, and check her onset.

But, when roused, we have seen how courageous Maria could be. Afraid as she was ordinarily of her brother, she was not in a mood to be frightened now by any language of abuse or sarcasm at his command.

"So, my lord!" she called out; "you sit down with him in private to cards, and pigeon him! You get the poor boy's last shilling, and

you won't give him a guinea out of his own winnings now he is penniless!"

"So that infernal Chaplain has been telling tales!" says my lord.

"Dismiss him: do! Pay him his wages, and let him go—he will be glad enough!" cries Maria.

"I keep him to marry one of my sisters, in case he is wanted," says Castlewood, glaring at her.

"What can the women be in a family where there are such men?" says the lady.

"*Effectivement!*" says my lord, with a shrug of his shoulder.

"What can we be, when our fathers and brothers are what they are? We are bad enough, but what are you? I say, you neither have courage—no, nor honor, nor common feeling. As your equals won't play with you, my Lord Castlewood, you must take this poor lad out of Virginia, your own kinsman, and pigeon him! Oh, it's a shame—a shame!"

"We are all playing our own game, I suppose. Haven't you played and won one, Maria? Is it you that are squeamish all of a sudden about the poor lad from Virginia? Has Mr. Harry cried off, or has your ladyship got a better offer?" cried my lord. "If you won't have him, one of the Warrington girls will, I promise you; and the old Methodist woman in Hill Street will give him the choice of either. Are you a fool, Maria Esmond? A greater fool, I mean, than in common?"

"I should be a fool if I thought that either of my brothers could act like an honest man, Eugene!" said Maria. "I am a fool to expect that you will be other than you are; that if you find any relative in distress, you will help him; that if you can meet with a victim you won't fleece him."

"Fleece him! Pshaw! What folly are you talking! Have you not seen, from the course which the lad has been running for months past, how he would end? If I had not won his money some other would. I never grudged thee thy little plans regarding him. Why shouldst thou fly in a passion because I have just put out my hand to take what he was offering to all the world? I reason with you, I don't know why, Maria. You should be old enough to understand reason, at any rate. You think this money belonged of right to Lady Maria Warrington and her children? I tell you that in three months more every shilling would have found its way to White's macco-table, and that it is much better spent in paying my debts. So much for your ladyship's anger, and tears, and menaces, and naughty language. See! I am a good brother, and repay them with reason and kind words."

"My good brother might have given a little more than kind words to the lad from whom he has just taken hundreds," interposed the sister of this affectionate brother.

"Great Heavens, Maria! Don't you see that even out of this affair, unpleasant as it seems, a clever woman may make her advantage,"

cries my lord. Maria said she failed to comprehend.

"As thus. I name no names; I meddle in no person's business, having quite enough to do to manage my own cursed affairs. But suppose I happen to know of a case in another family which may be applicable to ours. It is this. A green young lad, of tolerable expectations, comes up from the country to his friends in town—never mind from what country: never mind to what town. An elderly female relative, who has been dragging her spinsterhood about these how many years shall we say? extorts a promise of marriage from my young gentleman, never mind on what conditions."

"My lord, do you want to insult your sister as well as to injure your cousin?" asks Maria.

"My good child, did I say a single word about fleeing, or cheating, or pigeoning, or did I fly into a passion when you insulted *me*? I know the allowance that must be made for your temper and the natural folly of your sex. I say, I treated you with soft words—I go on with my story. The elderly relative extracts a promise of marriage from the young lad, which my gentleman is quite unwilling to keep. No, he won't keep it. He is utterly tired of his elderly relative: he will plead his mother's refusal; he will do any thing to get out of his promise."

"Yes; if he was one of us Esmonds, my Lord Castlewood. But this is a man of honor we are speaking of," cried Maria, who, I suppose, admired truth in others, however little she saw it in her own family.

"I do not contradict either of my dear sister's remarks. One of us would fling the promise to the winds, especially as it does not exist in writing."

"My lord!" gasps out Maria.

"Bah! I know all. That little *coup* of Tunbridge was played by the Aunt Bernstein with excellent skill. The old woman is the best man of our family. While you were arrested, your boxes were searched for the Mohock's letters to you. When you were let loose, the letters had disappeared, and you said nothing, like a wise woman, as you are sometimes. You still hanker after your Cherokee. *Soit*. A woman of your mature experience knows the value of a husband. What is this little loss of two or three hundred pounds?"

"Not more than three hundred, my lord?" interposes Maria.

"Eh! never mind a hundred or two, more or less. What is this loss at cards? A mere bagatelle! You are playing for a principality. You want your kingdom in Virginia; and if you listen to my opinion, the little misfortune which has happened to your swain is a piece of great good fortune to you."

"I don't understand you, my lord."

"*C'est possible*; but sit down, and I will explain what I mean in a manner suited to your capacity." And so Maria Esmond, who had advanced to her brother like a raging lion, now sat down at his feet like a gentle lamb.

Madame de Bernstein was not a little moved at the news of her nephew's arrest, which Mr. Gumbo brought to Clarges Street on the night of the calamity. She would have cross-examined the black, and had further particulars respecting Harry's mishap; but Mr. Gumbo, anxious to carry his intelligence to other quarters, had vanished when her ladyship sent for him. Her temper was not improved by the news, or by the sleepless night which she spent. I do not envy the *dame de compagnie* who played cards with her, or the servant who had to lie in her chamber. An arrest was an everyday occurrence, as she knew very well as a woman of the world. Into what difficulties had her scape-grace of a nephew fallen? How much money should she be called upon to pay to release him? And had he run through all his own? Provided he had not committed himself very deeply, she was quite disposed to aid him. She liked even his extravagances and follies. He was the only being in the world on whom, for long, long years, that weary woman had been able to bestow a little natural affection. So, on their different beds, she and Harry were lying wakeful together; and quite early in the morning the messengers which each sent forth on the same business may have crossed each other.

Madame Bernstein's messenger was dispatched to the chambers of her man of business, Mr. Draper, with an order that Mr. D. should ascertain for what sums Mr. Warrington had been arrested, and forthwith repair to the Baroness. Draper's emissaries speedily found out that Mr. Warrington was locked up close beside them, and the amount of detainers against him so far. Were there other creditors, as no doubt there were, they would certainly close upon him when they were made acquainted with his imprisonment.

To Mr. Sparks, the jeweler, for those unlucky presents, so much; to the landlord in Bond Street, for board, fire, lodging, so much; these were at present the only claims against Mr. Warrington Mr. Draper found. He was ready at a signal from her ladyship to settle them at a moment. The jeweler's account ought especially to be paid, for Mr. Harry had acted most imprudently in taking goods from Mr. Sparks on credit, and pledging them with a pawnbroker. He must have been under some immediate pressure for money; intended to redeem the goods immediately, meant nothing but what was honorable of course; but the affair would have an ugly look, if made public, and had better be settled out of hand. "There can not be the least difficulty regarding a thousand pounds more or less, for a gentleman of Mr. Warrington's rank and expectations," said Madame de Bernstein. Not the least: her ladyship knew very well that there were funds belonging to Mr. Warrington, on which money could be at once raised with her ladyship's guarantee.

Should he go that instant and settle the mat-

ter with Messrs. Amos? Mr. Harry might be back to dine with her at two, and to confound the people at the clubs, who are no doubt rejoicing over his misfortunes, said the compassionate Mr. Draper.

But the Baroness had other views. "I think, my good Mr. Draper," she said, "that my young gentleman has sown wild oats enough; and when he comes out of prison, I should like him to come out clear, and without any liabilities at all. You are not aware of all his."

"No gentleman ever does tell all his debts, madame," says Mr. Draper; "no one *I* ever had to deal with."

"There is one which the silly boy has contracted, and from which he ought to be released, Mr. Draper. You remember a little circumstance which occurred at Tunbridge Wells in the autumn? About which I sent up my man Case to you?"

"When your ladyship pleases to recall it, I remember it—not otherwise," says Mr. Draper, with a bow. "A lawyer should be like a Popish confessor—what is told him is a secret forever, and for every body." So we must not whisper Madame Bernstein's secret to Mr. Draper; but the reader may perhaps guess it from the lawyer's conduct subsequently.

The lawyer felt pretty certain that ere long he would receive a summons from the poor young prisoner in Cursitor Street, and waited for that invitation before he visited Mr. Warrington. Six-and-thirty hours passed ere the invitation came, during which period Harry passed the dreariest two days which he ever remembered to have spent.

There was no want of company in the lock-up house, the bailiff's rooms were nearly always full; but Harry preferred the dingy solitude of his own room to the society round his landlady's table, and it was only on the second day of his arrest, and when his purse was emptied by the heavy charges of the place, that he made up his mind to apply to Mr. Draper. He dispatched a letter then to the lawyer at the Temple, informing him of his plight, and desiring him, in an emphatic postscript, not to say one word about the matter to his aunt Madame de Bernstein.

He had made up his mind not to apply to the old lady except at the very last extremity. She had treated him with so much kindness that he revolted from the notion of trespassing on her bounty, and for a while tried to please himself with the idea that he might get out of durance without her even knowing that any misfortune at all had befallen him. There seemed to him something humiliating in petitioning a woman for money. No! He would apply first to his male friends, all of whom might help him if they would. It had been his intention to send Sampson to one or other of them as a negotiator, had not the poor fellow been captured on his way to succor his friend.

Sampson gone, Harry was obliged to have recourse to his own negro servant, who was

kept on the trot all day between Temple Bar and the Court end of the town with letters from his unlucky master. Firstly, then, Harry sent off a most private and confidential letter to his kinsman, the Right Honorable the Earl of Castlewood, saying how he had been cast into prison, and begging Castlewood to lend him the amount of the debt. "Please to keep my application, and the cause of it, a profound secret from the dear ladies," wrote poor Harry.

"Was ever any thing so unfortunate?" wrote back Lord Castlewood, in reply. "I suppose you have not got my note of yesterday? It must be lying at your lodgings, where—I hope in Heaven!—you will soon be too. My dear Mr. Warrington, thinking you were as rich as Cræsus—otherwise I never should have sate down to cards with you—I wrote to you yesterday, begging you to lend *me* some money to appease some hungry duns whom I don't know how else to pacify. My poor fellow! every shilling of your money went to them, and but for my peer's privilege I might be hob-and-nob with you now in your dungeon. May you soon escape from it, is the prayer of your sincere Castlewood."

This was the result of application number one: and we may imagine that Mr. Harry read the reply to his petition with rather a blank face. Never mind! There was kind, jolly Uncle Warrington. Only last night his aunt had kissed him and loved him like a son. His uncle had called down blessings on his head, and professed quite a paternal regard for him. With a feeling of shyness and modesty in presence of those virtuous parents and family, Harry had never said a word about his wild doings, or his horse-racings, or his gamblings, or his extravagances. It must all out now. He must confess himself a Prodigal and a Sinner, and ask for their forgiveness and aid. So Prodigal sate down and composed a penitent letter to Uncle Warrington, and exposed his sad case, and besought him to come to the rescue. Was not that a bitter nut to crack for our haughty young Virginian? Hours of mortification and profound thought as to the pathos of the composition did Harry pass over that letter; sheet after sheet of Mr. Amos's sixpence a sheet letter-paper did he tear up before the missive was complete, with which poor blubbing Gumbo (much vilified by the bailiff's followers and parasites, whom he was robbing, as they conceived, of their perquisites) went his way.

At evening the faithful negro brought back a thick letter in his aunt's handwriting. Harry opened the letter with a trembling hand. He thought it was full of bank-notes. Ah, me! it contained a sermon (Daniel in the Lion's Den) by Mr. Whitfield, and a letter from Lady Warrington, saying that, in Sir Miles's absence from London, she was in the habit of opening his letters, and hence, perforce, was become acquainted with a fact which she *deplored from her inmost soul* to learn, namely, that her nephew Warrington had been *extravagant and was in debt*. Of course, in the absence of Sir Miles,

she could not hope to have at command such a sum as that for which Mr. Warrington wrote, but she sent him her *heartfelt prayers*, her *deepest commiseration*, and a discourse by dear Mr. Whitfield, which would comfort him in his present (alas! she feared not undeserved!) calamity. She added profuse references to particular Scriptural chapters which would do him good. If she might speak of things worldly, she said, at *such a moment*, she would hint to Mr. Warrington that his epistolary orthography was any thing but correct. She would not fail for her part to comply with his express desire that his *dear cousins* should know nothing of this most *painful circumstance*, and with every wish for his welfare here and elsewhere, she subscribed herself his loving aunt,

MARGARET WARRINGTON.

Poor Harry hid his face between his hands, and sate for a while with elbows on the greasy table, blankly staring into the candle before him. The bailiff's servant, who was touched by his handsome face, suggested a mug of beer for his honor, but Harry could not drink nor eat the meat that was placed before him. Gumbo, however, could, whose grief did not deprive him of appetite, and who, blubbering the while, finished all the beer, and all the bread and the meat. Meanwhile, Harry had finished another letter, with which Gumbo was commissioned to start again, and away the faithful creature ran upon his errand.

Gumbo ran as far as White's Club, to which house he was ordered, in the first instance, to carry the letter, and where he found the person to whom it was addressed. Even the prisoner, for whom time passed so slowly, was surprised at the celerity with which his negro had performed his errand.

At least the letter which Harry expected had not taken long to write. "My lord wrote it at the hall-porter's desk, while I stood there then with Mr. Morris," said Gumbo, and the letter was to this effect:

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I can not comply with your wish, as I'm short of money at present, having paid large sums to you as well as to other gentlemen. Yours obediently,
MARCH and R.

Henry Warrington, Esq.

"Did Lord March say any thing?" asked Mr. Warrington, looking very pale.

"He say it was the coolest thing he ever knew. So did Mr. Morris. He showed him your letter, Master Harry. Yes, and Mr. Morris say, 'Dam his impudence!'" added Gumbo.

Harry burst into such a yell of laughter that his landlord thought he had good news, and ran in in alarm lest he was about to lose his tenant. But by this time poor Harry's laughter was over, and he was flung down in his chair gazing dismally in the fire.

"I—I should like to smoke a pipe of Virginia," he groaned.

Gumbo burst into tears: he flung himself at Harry's knees. He kissed his knees and his hands. "Oh, master, my dear master, what will they say at home?" he sobbed out.

The jailer was touched at the sight of the black's grief and fidelity, and at Harry's pale face as he sank back in his chair, quite overcome and beaten by his calamity.

"Your honor ain't eat any thing these two days," the man said, in a voice of rough pity. "Pluck up a little, Sir. You aren't the first gentleman who has been in and out of grief before this. Let me go down and get you a glass of punch and a little supper."

"My good friend," said Harry, a sickly smile playing over his white face, "you pay ready money for every thing in this house, don't you? I must tell you that I haven't a shilling left to buy a dish of meat. All the money I have I want for letter-paper."

"Oh, master, my master!" roared out Gumbo. "Look here, my dear Master Harry! Here's plenty of money—here's twenty-three five-guineas. Here's gold moidore from Virginia—here—no, not that—that's keepsakes the girls gave me. Take every thing—every thing. I go sell myself to-morrow morning; but here's plenty for to-night, master!"

"God bless you, Gumbo!" Harry said, laying his hand on the lad's woolly head. "You are free if I am not, and Heaven forbid I should not take the offered help of such a friend as you. Bring me some supper; but the pipe too, mind—the pipe too!" And Harry ate his supper with a relish; and even the turnkeys and bailiff's followers, when Gumbo went out of the house that night, shook hands with him, and ever after treated him well.

CHAPTER XLVII.

VISITORS IN TROUBLE.

MR. GUMBO'S generous and feeling conduct soothed and softened the angry heart of his master, and Harry's second night in the sponging-house was passed more pleasantly than the first. Somebody, at least, there was to help and compassionate with him. Still, though softened in that one particular spot, Harry's heart was hard and proud toward almost all the rest of the world. They were selfish and ungenerous, he thought. His pious aunt Warrington, his lordly friend March, his cynical cousin Castlewood—all had been tried, and were found wanting. Not to avoid twenty years of prison would he stoop to ask a favor of one of them again. Fool that he had been to believe in their promises and confide in their friendship! There was no friendship in this cursed, cold, selfish country. He would leave it. He would trust no Englishman, great or small. He would go to Germany, and make a campaign with the king; or he would go home to Virginia, bury himself in the woods there, and hunt all day; become his mother's factor and land-steward; marry Polly



Broadbent or Fanny Mountain; turn regular tobacco-grower and farmer; do any thing, rather than remain among these English fine gentlemen. So he arose with an outwardly cheerful countenance, but an angry spirit; and at an early hour in the morning the faithful Gumbo was in attendance in his master's chamber, having come from Bond Street, and brought Mr. Harry's letters thence. "I wanted to bring some more clothes," honest Gumbo said; "but Mr. Ruff, the landlord, he wouldn't let me bring no more."

Harry did not care to look at the letters: he opened one, two, three; they were all bills. He opened a fourth; it was from the landlord, to say that he would allow no more of Mr. Warrington's things to go out of the house—that unless his bill was paid he should sell Mr. W.'s goods and pay himself; and that his black man must go and sleep elsewhere. He would hardly let Gumbo take his own clothes and portmanteau away. The black said he had found refuge elsewhere—with some friends at Lord Wrotham's house. "With Colonel Lambert's people," says Mr. Gumbo, looking very hard at his master. "And Miss Hetty she fall down in a faint when she hear you taken up; and Mr. Lambert, he very good man, and he say to me this morn'ing, he say, 'Gumbo, you tell your master if he want me he send to me, and I come to him.'"

Harry was touched when he heard that Hetty had been afflicted by his misfortune. He did not believe Gumbo's story about her fainting; he was accustomed to translate his black's language, and to allow for exaggeration. But when Gumbo spoke of the Colonel the young Virginian's spirit was darkened again. "I send to Lambert," he thought, grinding his teeth, "the

man who insulted me, and flung my presents back in my face! If I were starving I would not ask him for a crust!" And presently, being dressed, Mr. Warrington called for his breakfast, and dispatched Gumbo with a brief note to Mr. Draper, in the Temple, requiring that gentleman's attendance.

"The note was as haughty as if he was writing to one of his negroes, and not to a free-born English gentleman," Draper said; whom, indeed, Harry had always treated with insufferable condescension. "It's all very well for a fine gentleman to give himself airs; but for a fellow in a sponging-house! Hang him!" says Draper, "I've a great mind not to go!" Nevertheless Mr. Draper did go, and found Mr. Warrington in his misfortune even more arrogant than he had ever been in the days of his utmost prosperity. Mr. W. sat on his bed, like a lord, in a splendid gown, with his hair dressed. He motioned his black man to fetch him a chair.

"Excuse me, madam, but such haughtiness and airs I ain't accustomed to!" said the outraged attorney.

"Take a chair and go on with your story, my good Mr. Draper," said Madame de Bernstein, smiling, to whom he went to report proceedings. She was amused at the lawyer's anger. She liked her nephew for being insolent in adversity.

The course which Draper was to pursue in his interview with Harry had been arranged between the Baroness and her man of business on the previous day. Draper was an able man, and likely in most cases to do a client good service; he failed in the present instance because he was piqued and angry, or, more likely still, because he could not understand the gentleman with whom he had to deal. I presume that he who casts his eye on the present page is the most gentle of readers. Gentleman, as you unquestionably are then, my dear Sir, have you not remarked in your dealings with people who are no gentlemen that you offend them, not knowing the how or the why? So the man who is no gentleman offends you in a thousand ways of which the poor creature has no idea himself. He does or says something which provokes your scorn. He perceives that scorn (being always on the watch, and uneasy about himself, his manners and behavior), and he rages. You speak to him naturally, and he fancies still that you are sneering at him. You have indifference toward him, but he hates *you*, and hates you the worse because you don't care. "Gumbo, a chair to Mr. Draper!" says Mr. Warrington, folding his brocaded dressing-gown round his legs as he sits on the dingy bed. "Sit down, if you please, and let us talk my business over. Much obliged to you for coming so soon in reply to my message. Had you heard of this piece of ill luck before?"

Mr. Draper had heard of the circumstance. "Bad news travel quick, Mr. Warrington," he said; "and I was eager to offer my humble

services as soon as ever you should require them. Your friends, your family, will be much pained that a gentleman of your rank should be in such a position."

"I have been very imprudent, Mr. Draper. I have lived beyond my means" (Mr. Draper bowed), "I played in company with gentlemen who were much richer than myself, and a cursed run of ill-luck has carried away all my ready money, leaving me with liabilities to the amount of five hundred pounds, and more."

"Five hundred now in the office?" says Mr. Draper.

"Well, this is such a trifle that I thought by sending to one or two friends, yesterday, I could have paid my debt and gone home without farther to do. I have been mistaken; and will thank you to have the kindness to put me in the way of raising the money, as soon as may be."

Mr. Draper said "Hm!" and pulled a very grave and long face.

"Why, Sir, it can be done?" says Mr. Warrington, staring at the lawyer.

It not only could be done, but Mr. Draper had proposed to Madame Bernstein on the day before, instantly to pay the money, and release Mr. Warrington. That lady had declared she intended to make the young gentleman her heir. In common with the rest of the world, Draper believed Harry's hereditary property in Virginia to be as great in money-value as in extent. He had notes in his pocket, and Madame Bernstein's order to pay them under certain conditions: nevertheless, when Harry said, "It can be done?" Draper pulled his long face, and said, "It can be done in time, Sir; but it will require a considerable time. To touch the property in England which is yours on Mr. George Warrington's death, we must have the event proved, the trustees released, and who is to do either? Lady Esmond Warrington, in Virginia, of course, will not allow her son to remain in prison, but we must wait six months before we hear from her. Has your Bristol agent any authority to honor your drafts?"

"He is only authorized to pay me two hundred pounds a year," says Mr. Warrington. "I suppose I have no resource, then, but to apply to my aunt, Madame de Bernstein. She will be my security."

"Her ladyship will do any thing for you, Sir; she has said so to me, often and often," said the lawyer; "and, if she gives the word, at that moment you can walk out of this place."

"Go to her, then, from me, Mr. Draper. I did not want to have troubled my relations; but rather than continue in this horrible needless imprisonment, I must speak to her. Say where I am, and what has befallen me. Disguise nothing! And tell her that I confide in her affection and kindness for me to release me from this—this disgrace," and Mr. Warrington's voice shook a little, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

"Sir," says Mr. Draper, eying the young

man, "I was with her ladyship yesterday, when we talked over the whole of this here most unpleasant—I won't say as you do, disgraceful business."

"What do you mean, Sir? Does Madame de Bernstein know of my misfortune?" asked Harry.

"Every circumstance, Sir; the pawning the watches, and all."

Harry turned burning red. "It is an unfortunate business, the pawning them watches and things which you had never paid for," continued the lawyer. The young man started up from the bed, looking so fierce that Draper felt a little alarmed.

"It may lead to litigation and unpleasant remarks being made in court, Sir. Them barristers respect nothing; and when they get a feller in the box . . ."

"Great Heaven, Sir, you don't suppose a gentleman of my rank can't take a watch upon credit without intending to cheat the tradesman?" cried Harry, in the greatest agitation.

"Of course you meant every thing that's honorable; only, you see, the law mayn't happen to think so," says Mr. Draper, winking his eye. "(Hang the supercilious beast; I touch him there!) Your aunt says it's the most imprudent thing ever she heard of—to call it by no worse name."

"You call it by no worse name yourself, Mr. Draper?" says Harry, speaking each word very slow, and evidently trying to keep a command of himself.

Draper did not like his looks. "Heaven forbid that I should say any thing as between gentleman and gentleman—but between me and my client, it's my duty to say, 'Sir, you are in a very unpleasant scrape,' just as a doctor would have to tell his patient, 'Sir, you are very ill.'"

"And you can't help me to pay this debt off—and you have come only to tell me that I may be accused of roguery?" says Harry.

"Of obtaining goods under false pretenses? Most undoubtedly, yes. I can't help it, Sir. Don't look as if you would knock me down. (Curse him, I am making him wince, though.) A young gentleman, who has only two hundred a year from his ma', orders diamonds and watches, and takes 'em to a pawnbroker. You ask me what people will think of such behavior, and I tell you honestly. Don't be angry with me, Mr. Warrington."

"Go on, Sir!" says Harry, with a groan.

The lawyer thought the day was his own. "But you ask if I can't help to pay this debt off? And I say Yes—and that here is the money in my pocket to do it now, if you like—not mine, Sir—my honored client's, your aunt, Lady Bernstein. But she has a right to impose her conditions, and I've brought 'em with me."

"Tell them, Sir," says Mr. Harry.

"They are not hard. They are only for your own good: and if you say Yes, we can

call a hackney-coach, and go to Clarges Street together, which I have promised to go there, whether you will or no. Mr. Warrington, I name no names, but there was a question of marriage between you and a certain party."

"Ah!" said Harry; and his countenance looked more cheerful than it had yet done.

"To that marriage my noble client, the Baroness, is most averse—having other views for you, and thinking it will be your ruin to marry a party, of noble birth and title it is true, but, excuse me, not of first-rate character, and so much older than yourself. You had given an imprudent promise to that party."

"Yes; and she has it still," says Mr. Warrington.

"It has been recovered. She dropped it, by an accident at Tunbridge," says Mr. Draper, "so my client informed me; indeed her ladyship showed it me, for the matter of that. It was wrote in bl—"

"Never mind, Sir!" cries Harry, turning almost as red as the ink which he had used to write his absurd promise, of which the madness and folly had smote him with shame a thousand times over.

"At the same time letters, wrote to you, and compromising a noble family, were recovered," continues the lawyer. "You had lost 'em. It was no fault of yours. You were away when they were found again. You may say that that noble family, that you yourself, have a friend such as few young men have. Well, Sir, there's no earthly promise to bind you—only so many idle words said over a bottle, which very likely any gentleman may forget. Say you won't go on with this marriage—give me and my noble friend your word of honor. Cry off, I say, Mr. W. Don't be such a d—— fool, saving your presence, as to marry an old woman who has jilted scores of men in her time. Say the word, and I step down stairs: pay every shilling against you in the office, and put you down in my coach, either at your aunt's, or at White's Club, if you like, with a couple of hundred in your pocket. Say yes; and give us your hand. There's no use in sitting grinning behind these bars all day!"

So far Mr. Draper had had the best of the talk. Harry only longed himself to be rid of the engagement from which his aunt wanted to free him. His foolish flame for Maria Esmond had died out long since. If she would release him, how thankful would he be! "Come! give us your hand, and say done!" says the lawyer, with a knowing wink. "Don't stand shilly-shallying, Sir. Law bless you, Mr. W., if I had married every body I promised I should be like the grand Turk, or Captain Macheath in the play!"

The lawyer's familiarity disgusted Harry, who shrank from Draper, scarcely knowing that he did so. He folded his dressing-gown round him, and stepped back from the other's proffered hand. "Give me a little time to think of the matter, if you please, Mr. Draper," he said,

"and have the goodness to come to me again in an hour."

"Very good, Sir, very good, Sir!" says the lawyer, biting his lips, and, as he seized up his hat, turning very red. "Most parties would not want an hour to consider about such an offer as I make you: but I suppose my time must be yours, and I'll come again, and see whether you are to go or to stay. Good-morning, Sir, good-morning!" and he went his way, growling curses down the stairs. "Won't take my hand, won't he? Will tell me in an hour's time! Hang his impudence! I'll show him what an hour is!"

Mr. Draper went to his chambers in dudgeon then; bullied his clerks all round, sent off a messenger to the Baroness, to say that he had waited on the young gentleman, who had demanded a little time for consideration, which was for form's sake, as he had no doubt; the lawyer then saw clients, transacted business, went out to his dinner in the most leisurely manner; and then finally turned his steps toward the neighboring Cursitor Street. "He'll be at home when I call, the haughty beast!" says Draper, with a sneer. "The Fortunate Youth in his room?" the lawyer asked of the sheriff's officer's aid-de-camp who came to open the double doors.

"Mr. Warrington is in his apartment," said the gentleman, "but—" and here the gentleman winked at Mr. Draper, and laid his hand on his nose.

"But what? Mr. Paddy from Cork!" said the lawyer.

"My name is Costigan; me familee is noble, and me neetive place is the Irish methrawpolis, Mr. Six-and-eightpence!" said the Janitor, scowling at Draper. A rich odor of spirituous liquors filled the little space between the double doors, where he held the attorney in conversation.

"Confound you, Sir, let me pass!" bawled out Mr. Draper.

"I can hear you perfectly well, Six-and-eightpence, except your h's, which you dthrop out of your conversation. I'll thank ye not to call neems, me good friend, or me fingers and your nose will have to make an intimate hic-quaintance. Walk in, Sir! Be polite for the future to your shupariors in birth and manners, though they me be your infarriors in temporary station. Confound the kay! Walk in, Sir! I say!—Madam, I have the honor of saluting ye most respectfully!"

A lady, with her face covered with a capuchin, and further hidden by her handkerchief, uttered a little exclamation as of alarm as she came down the stairs at this instant and hurried past the lawyer. He was pressing forward to look at her—for Mr. Draper was very cavalier in his manners to women—but the bailiff's follower thrust his leg between Draper and the retreating lady, crying, "Keep your own distance, if you please! This way, madam! I at once recognized your ladysh—" Here he closed the

door on Draper's nose, and left that attorney to find his own way to his client up stairs.

At six o'clock that evening the old Baroness de Bernstein was pacing up and down her drawing crutch, and forever running to the window when the noise of a coach was heard passing in Clarges Street. She had delayed her dinner from hour to hour: she who scolded so fiercely, on ordinary occasions, if her cook was five minutes after his time. She had ordered two covers to be laid, plate to be set out, and some extra dishes to be prepared as if for a little *fête*. Four—five o'clock passed, and at six she looked from the window, and a coach actually stopped at her door.

"Mr. Draper" was announced, and entered, bowing profoundly.

The old lady trembled on her stick. "Where is the boy?" she said, quickly. "I told you to bring him, Sir! How dare you come without him?"

"It is not my fault, madam, that Mr. Warrington refuses to come." And Draper gave his version of the interview which had just taken place between himself and the young Virginian.



CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN APPARITION.

GOING off in his wrath from his morning's conversation with Harry, Mr. Draper thought he heard the young prisoner speak behind him; and, indeed, Harry had risen, and uttered a half-exclamation to call the lawyer back. But he was proud, and the other offended: Harry checked his words, and Draper did not choose to stop. It wounded Harry's pride to be obliged to humble himself before the lawyer, and to have to yield from mere lack and desire of money. "An hour hence will do as well," thought Harry, and lapsed sulkily on to the bed again. No, he did not care for Maria Esmond. No; he was ashamed of the way in which he had been entrapped into that engagement. A wily and experienced woman, she had cheated his boyish ardor. She had taken unfair advantage

of him, as her brother had at play. They were his own flesh and blood, and they ought to have spared him. Instead, one and the other had made a prey of him, and had used him for their selfish ends. He thought how they had betrayed the rights of hospitality: how they had made a victim of the young kinsman who came confiding within their gates. His heart was sore wounded: his head sank back on his pillow: bitter tears wetted it. "Had they come to Virginia," he thought, "I had given them a different welcome!"

He was roused from this mood of despondency by Gumbo's grinning face at his door, who said a lady was come to see Master Harry, and behind the lad came the lady in the capuchin, of whom we have just made mention. Harry sat up, pale and haggard, on his bed. The lady, with a sob, and almost ere the servant-man withdrew, ran toward the young prisoner, put her arms round his neck with real emotion and a maternal tenderness, sobbed over his pale cheek and kissed it in the midst of plentiful tears, and cried out—

"Oh, my Harry! Did I ever, ever think to see thee here?"

He started back, scared as it seemed at her presence, but she sank down at the bedside, and seized his feverish hand, and embraced his knees. She had a real regard and tenderness for him. The wretched place in which she found him, his wretched look, filled her heart with a sincere love and pity.

"I—I thought none of you would come!" said poor Harry, with a groan.

More tears, more kisses of the hot young hand, more clasps and pressure with hers, were the lady's reply for a moment or two.

"Oh, my dear! my dear! I can not bear to think of thee in misery!" she sobbed out.

Hardened though it might be, that heart was not all marble—that dreary life not all desert. Harry's mother could not have been fonder, nor her tones more tender than those of his kinswoman now kneeling at his feet.

"Some of the debts, I fear, were owing to my extravagance!" she said (and this was true). "You bought trinkets and jewels in order to give me pleasure. Oh, how I hate them now! I little thought I ever could! I have brought them all with me, and more trinkets—here! and here! and all the money I have in the world!"

And she poured brooches, rings, a watch, and a score or so of guineas into Harry's lap. The sight of which strangely agitated and immensely touched the young man.

"Dearest, kindest cousin!" he sobbed out.

His lips found no more words to utter, but yet, no doubt, they served to express his gratitude, his affection, his emotion.

He became quite gay presently, and smiled as he put away some of the trinkets, his presents to Maria, and told her into what danger he had fallen by selling other goods which he had purchased on credit; and how a lawyer had in-

sulted him just now upon this very point. He would not have his dear Maria's money—he had enough, quite enough for the present; but he valued her twenty guineas as much as if they had been twenty thousand. He would never forget her love and kindness; no, by all that was sacred he would not! His mother should know of all her goodness. It had cheered him when he was just on the point of breaking down under his disgrace and misery. Might Heaven bless her for it! There is no need to pursue beyond this the cousins' conversation. The dark day seemed brighter to Harry after Maria's visit; the imprisonment not so hard to bear. The world was not all selfish and cold. Here was a fond creature who really and truly loved him. Even Castlewood was not so bad as he had thought. He had expressed the deepest grief at not being able to assist his kinsman. He was hopelessly in debt. Every shilling he had won from Harry he had lost on the next day to others. Any thing that lay in his power he would do. He would come soon and see Mr. Warrington; he was in waiting to-day, and as much a prisoner as Harry himself. So the pair talked on cheerfully and affectionately until the darkness began to close in, when Maria, with a sigh, bade Harry farewell.

The door scarcely closed upon her when it opened to admit Draper.

"Your humble servant, Sir," says the attorney. His voice jarred upon Harry's ear, and his presence offended the young man.

"I had expected you some hours ago, Sir," he curtly said.

"A lawyer's time is not always his own, Sir," said Mr. Draper, who had just been in consultation with a bottle of port at the Grecian. "Never mind; I'm at your orders now. Presume it's all right, Mr. Warrington. Packed your trunk? Why, now, there you are in your bed-gown still. Let me go down and settle while you call in your black man and titivate a bit. I've a coach at the door, and we'll be off and dine with the old lady."

"Are you going to dine with the Baroness de Bernstein, pray?"

"Not me—no such honor. Had my dinner already. It's you are a-going to dine with your aunt, I suppose?"

"Mr. Draper, you suppose a great deal more than you know," says Mr. Warrington, looking very fierce and tall, as he folds his brocade dressing-gown round him.

"Great goodness, Sir! what do you mean?" asks Draper.

"I mean, Sir, that I have considered, and that, having given my word to a faithful and honorable lady, it does not become me to withdraw it."

"Confound it, Sir!" shrieks the lawyer, "I tell you she has lost the paper. There's nothing to bind you—nothing. Why, she's old enough to be—"

"Enough, Sir!" says Mr. Warrington, with a stamp of his foot. "You seem to think you

are talking to some other pettifogger. I take it, Mr. Draper, you are not accustomed to have dealings with men of honor."

"Pettifogger, indeed!" cries Draper, in a fury. "Men of honor, indeed! I'd have you to know, Mr. Warrington, that I'm as good a man of honor as you. I don't know so many gamblers and horse-jockeys, perhaps. I haven't gambled away my patrimony, and lived as if I was a nobleman on two hundred a year. I haven't bought watches on credit, and pawned—touch me if you dare, Sir!" and the lawyer sprang to the door.

"That is the way out, Sir. You can't go through the window, because it is barred," said Mr. Warrington.

"And the answer I take to my client is No, then!" screamed out Draper.

Harry stepped forward, with his two hands clenched. "If you utter another word," he said, "I'll—" The door was shut rapidly—the sentence was never finished; and Draper went away furious to Madame de Bernstein, from whom, though he gave her the best version of his story, he got still fiercer language than he had received from Mr. Warrington himself.

"What! Shall she trust me, and I desert her?" says Harry, stalking up and down his room, in his flowing, rustling brocade. "Dear, faithful, generous woman! If I lie in prison for years, I'll be true to her!"

Her lawyer dismissed after a stormy interview, the desolate old woman was fain to sit down to the meal which she had hoped to share with her nephew. The chair was before her which he was to have filled, the glasses shining by the silver. One dish after another was laid before her by the silent major-domo, and tasted and pushed away. The man pressed his mistress at last. "It is eight o'clock," he said. "You have had nothing all day. It is good for you to eat." She could not eat. She would have her coffee. Let Case go get her her coffee. The lackeys bore the dishes off the table, leaving their mistress sitting at it before the vacant chair.

Presently the old servant re-entered the room without his lady's coffee and with a strange scared face, and said, "Mr. WARRINGTON!"

The old woman uttered an exclamation, got up from her arm-chair, but sank back in it trembling very much. "So you are come, Sir, are you?" she said, with a fond shaking voice. "Bring back the— Ah!" here she screamed, "Gracious God, who is it?" Her eyes stared wildly: her white face looked ghastly through her rouge. She clung to the arms of her chair for support, as the visitor approached her.

A gentleman whose face and figure exactly resembled Harry Warrington, and whose voice, when he spoke, had tones strangely similar, had followed the servant into the room. He bowed low toward the Baroness.

"You expected my brother, madam?" he



AN APPARITION.

said. "I am but now arrived in London. I went to his house. I met his servant at your door, who was bearing this letter for you. I thought I would bring it to your ladyship before going to him," and the stranger laid down a letter before Madame Bernstein.

"Are you"—gasped out the Baroness—"are you my nephew that we supposed was—"

"Was killed—and is alive! I am George Warrington, madam, and I ask his kinsfolk, what have you done with my brother?"

"Look, George!" said the bewildered old lady. "I expected him here to-night—that chair was set for him—I have been waiting for him, Sir, till now—till I am quite faint—I don't like—I don't like being alone. Do stay and sup with me!"

"Pardon me, madam. Please God, my supper will be with Harry to-night!"

"Bring him back. Bring him back here on any conditions. It is but five hundred pounds! Here is the money, Sir, if you need it!"

"I have no want, madam. I have money with me that can't be better employed than in my brother's service."

"And you will bring him to me, Sir! Say you will bring him to me!"

Mr. Warrington made a very stately bow for answer, and quitted the room, passing by the amazed domestics, and calling with an air of authority to Gumbo to follow him.

Had Mr. Harry received no letters from home? Master Harry had not opened all his

letters the last day or two. Had he received no letter announcing his brother's escape from the French settlements and return to Virginia? Oh no! No such letter had come, else Master

Harry certainly tell Gumbo. Quick, horses! Quick by Strand to Temple Bar! Here is the house of Captivity and the Deliverer come to the rescue!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE anticipations of the success of the Atlantic telegraph, which were apparently justified by the laying of the cable, and the subsequent transmission of intelligible messages, have not been realized. It now appears that, within a few days after the cable was laid, there were indications that the insulation was defective. These grew more decided every day, and it was only with great delay, and by constant repetitions, that the congratulatory messages were transmitted. On the 1st of September a dispatch was received at Trinity Bay from Valentia; since which time only faint electrical currents, at irregular intervals, have been perceived at the Newfoundland station. The currents from Trinity Bay to Valentia appear to be considerably stronger than those in the contrary direction. There is much diversity of opinion among electricians as to the nature of the difficulty; the prevalent supposition is, that at a point some three hundred miles from the Irish coast, the cable has been subjected to a strain which has caused the gutta-percha sheathing to open, enabling the water to reach the conducting wire, allowing a large part of the electrical current to escape. Still, the fact that any currents are transmitted proves that the cable has not parted.

The iron steamer *Austria*, plying between New York and Hamburg, was burned at sea on the 13th of September. She left Hamburg on the 2d, with 538 souls on board, of whom 425 were passengers, the remainder being officers and crew. It is said that the additional passengers taken on board at Southampton raised the whole number to nearly 600. On the afternoon of the 13th, when within three or four days of port, the boatswain was ordered to fumigate the steerage by immersing a hot iron in a bucket of tar. The tar became ignited, and the flames spread with great rapidity, running through the gangways and hatchways at the entrance of the cabins, cutting off all retreat to those below. No attempt appears to have been made to extinguish the fire. Most of those who succeeded in gaining the deck were on the after-part of the vessel, and her head being to the wind, the flames were driven back upon them, compelling them to leap overboard. Attempts were made to launch the boats, but of those that were loosed all except one were swamped. As the engines ceased working the vessel's head swung round, and the flames were driven forward, forcing the people out upon the bowsprit, from which many flung themselves into the sea; some of whom sank, while others supported themselves upon fragments of the ship. Two vessels were just in sight when the fire took place. One of these, the French fishing bark *Maurice*, of Nantes, came up about five o'clock, and succeeded in saving sixty-seven persons, partly from the burning *Austria*, and partly from the water. The other vessel, the Norwegian ship *Catarina*, came up during the night, and saved from the wreck twenty-two persons. These ninety-nine are, in all probability, the only persons saved.

The Paraguay Expedition is about to be dispatched. The origin of the difficulty with Paraguay is as follows: In 1852 the United States steamer *Water Witch*, Lieutenant Page commander, was sent out to make an exploration of the River Plata and its tributaries. The expedition was undertaken and prosecuted with the concurrence of Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay—the States bordering upon these waters. Every thing proceeded satisfactorily until September, 1854, when a slight difficulty occurred between a Paraguayan citizen and Mr. Hopkins, the American consul at Asuncion, who was also the general agent of an American mercantile company. The Paraguayan Government took up the quarrel; a sharp correspondence ensued, which was ended by the withdrawal of the *exequatur* of the consul and the suspension of the business of the company, the members of which left the country on board of the American steamer. Shortly afterward President Lopez issued a decree prohibiting foreign vessels of war from navigating the rivers of Paraguay. On the 1st of February of the next year the *Water Witch*, while ascending the River Parana, which forms the boundary between Paraguay and Corrientes, one of the States of the Argentine Confederation, was fired upon from the Paraguayan fort Itapiru. The man at the helm was killed, and the vessel was slightly injured. The steamer was at the time under the command of Lieutenant Jeffers, Lieutenant Page and most of the officers being absent on an exploring expedition in another quarter. It was subsequently asserted by Lopez that the *Water Witch* had left the "common channel," and was actually within the waters of Paraguay; and he furnished a chart of the river and the position of the steamer to corroborate the assertion. This chart was altogether erroneous. The steamer was in the channel common to Paraguay and Corrientes, as is shown by accurate charts prepared by the expedition; and even had she been in the waters of Paraguay, the fact that she was not properly a vessel of war, but a small steamer engaged in a scientific enterprise, should have exempted her from the operation of the decree of Lopez. Reparation having been vainly demanded, the present expedition—the most imposing ever fitted out by our Government—has been fitted out. It consists of the following vessels, under command of Commodore W. B. Shubrick:

	Officers.	Men.	Guns.
Frigate <i>St. Lawrence</i>	40	500	50
Sloop-of-war <i>Falmouth</i>	20	250	20
Brig-of-war <i>Perry</i>	10	80	6
Frigate <i>Sabine</i>	45	600	50
Brig-of-war <i>Bainbridge</i>	10	100	10
Brig-of-war <i>Dolphin</i>	10	80	6
Sloop-of-war <i>Preble</i>	20	150	16
Steamer-of-war <i>Fulton</i>	12	180	6
Steamer-of-war <i>Water Witch</i> ..	10	140	4
Steamer <i>Harriet Lane</i>	10	80	2
Steamer <i>Memphis</i>	10	60	3
Steamer <i>Atalanta</i>	10	60	2
Steamer <i>Caledonia</i>	10	60	4
Steamer <i>Westernport</i>	10	60	4
Steamer <i>Southern Star</i>	10	60	4
Storeship <i>Supply</i>	15	50	1

Hon. J. B. Bowlin accompanies the fleet as Commissioner, with full powers to negotiate. Commander Page, whose valuable narrative of the previous expedition will soon be published, acts as "Captain of the Fleet," or chief executive officer. It is understood that a single vessel, bearing the Commissioner, will proceed up the river to Asuncion, the remainder of the fleet lying below, to act in case of necessity.

The October elections have generally resulted unfavorably to the Administration. In *Vermont* Mr. Hall, the Republican candidate for Governor, was elected by a majority of more than 16,000; the same party electing all their Congressmen by large majorities.—In *Maine* Mr. Morell, Republican, received about 12,000 majority for Governor; the Opposition claim all the Members of Congress, but the vote in two districts is so close that the result is undecided.—In *Pennsylvania* the Opposition candidates for State officers succeeded by decided majorities; the combined Opposition have probably 20 of the 25 Members of Congress, and a majority in the State Legislature.—In *Ohio*, *Iowa*, and *Indiana*, the result is decidedly in favor of the Opposition.—In *California* and *Florida* the elections have gone in favor of the Administration.

"The Crystal Palace" in New York, built in 1853, for the "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," was burned on the afternoon of October 5. The Exhibition, it will be remembered, proved a pecuniary failure, the stockholders losing their entire investment. The Fair of the American Institute had just been opened in the Palace, which was filled with objects for exhibition, some of which were of considerable value. Many works of Art, sent to the Exhibition of 1853, still remained in the Palace. The principal of these were Thorwaldsen's colossal group of "Christ and the Apostles," and Kiss's "Amazon and Tiger." These were consumed with the building. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, and a reward of \$3000 has been offered for his apprehension. The entire loss is estimated at fully half a million of dollars, besides the value of the building, which cost \$635,000, and might probably have been sold for a quarter of that sum.

The steamer *Niagara* sailed from Charleston on the 22d of September for Liberia, having on board the negroes taken from the slaver *Putnam*; they numbered only 271 at the time of sailing, 47 having died since the capture of the slaver.—The steam-frigate *Great Admiral*, built in New York for the Emperor of Russia, was launched on the 21st of September. She is the largest wooden ship in the world, being 325 feet long, 55 broad, and 34 deep. Her armament is to consist of 40 shell guns of large calibre on the gun-deck, and two pivot guns on the spar-deck. She is propelled by engines of 2000 actual horse-power, and is as fully rigged as though no steam was to be employed.—The first mail brought overland from California reached St. Louis on the 9th of October, having been conveyed from San Francisco in twenty-three days and four hours.—Gold has been discovered at Pike's Mountain, in Kansas Territory, and considerable numbers of miners have gone there. Some accounts represent the diggings equal to those of California; but at present the reports are contradictory and unreliable.—From Frazer's River, also, the last accounts are far from encouraging, the waters not having fallen sufficiently to render the bars generally accessible.—In *Oregon*

and *Washington Territories* the Indians manifest an unfriendly spirit, and several hostile encounters, with loss of life, have taken place.

EUROPE.

The British revenue for the last quarter shows a decrease equivalent to £5,000,000 for the year. This diminution is more than accounted for by a reduction in the income tax amounting to £7,900,000. Money is so abundant that the Bank of England contemplates reducing the rate of interest to 2 per cent.; last year at this time it was raised to 10 per cent.—The *Great Eastern* steamer lies useless, the Company which built it not having funds to complete it. A project is on foot to organize a new Company to purchase the vessel at a large discount from its cost. It is also said that the Emperor Napoleon has made overtures for its purchase, with the intention of converting it into a floating battery.—Mr. Paul Morphy, the American chess-player, is attracting much attention. Having vanquished all competitors in America, he went to Europe for the purpose of challenging Mr. Staunton, the first English player. He has not yet met this antagonist; but a match for £500 has been arranged. In the mean while, he has beaten with ease most of the foremost English players. In a match for £100 between him and Mr. Löwenthal, Morphy won nine games, Löwenthal three, and three were drawn. He subsequently offered to play eight games simultaneously, without seeing the boards, against the eight victors in the Birmingham Chess Tournament. Of these games he won six, lost one, one being drawn. Proceeding to Paris, he met Mr. Harwitz, esteemed the best player in Europe, beat him in a short match, and then repeated his Birmingham exploit of playing eight games simultaneously without seeing the board; of these he won six, two being drawn.—The King of Prussia, who has been in infirm health, bodily and mental, for many months, has resigned the government, appointing his brother Regent of the kingdom.—Alexander von Humboldt completed his 90th year on the 14th of September. The occasion was celebrated with great honor. The veteran *savant* is engaged in writing the concluding volume of his great work, "Cosmos."—It is announced that a telegraph is to be constructed from the Chinese frontier of Russia to St. Petersburg; by which means intelligence can be received from Peking within ten days.

THE EAST.

The treaties negotiated with *China* by France, England, Russia, and the United States, have not been officially published. According to apparently reliable information, they embody the following points: France and England are to be indemnified—the former in the sum of \$3,000,000, the latter in \$6,000,000—for the expenses of the war; each power is to have a representative at Tien-sin, who shall be allowed to visit Peking; the whole empire to be open to foreigners, under a passport system; Christianity to be tolerated; additional ports to be opened to foreign commerce; the Chinese to be assisted in the efforts to suppress piracy. Russia gains some very important territorial concessions on the Amoor River. The treaty with the United States contains a comprehensive general article, in addition to special stipulations, providing that all rights, privileges, and powers granted to any nation, its merchants or subjects, whether political, mercantile, or otherwise, and not conferred by the treaty on the United States, shall at once inure to

the benefit of the United States, its peculiar functionaries, merchants, or citizens.—Though the war in the north has thus terminated, the condition of the allies in Canton is represented as unpleasant. The city is nearly deserted, and business is at a stand-still. The Chinese lose no opportunity to assassinate the foreigners. Fearful revenge is taken by the English and French. Two Sepoys were killed, and the street where the deed was committed was leveled to the ground. An English officer was fired at, and the building from which the shot proceeded was blown down by a cannon; rockets were discharged into the commissariat stores, and an order was given that all the houses in the neighborhood should be razed. "House destruction," says an English correspondent, "is the order of the day." Four sailors who had landed from a French boat were set upon by a band of "braves;" three of them escaped, but the fourth was killed, and his body was mutilated. The naval commander landed a body of troops, marched to the street where the murder was committed, measured off a hundred paces, and ordered every male Chinese found in the houses within that space

to be seized, killed, and left to swelter in the sun. The allies are, in fact, virtually in a state of siege at Canton.—From *India* we learn of additional successes gained over the insurgents, of whom at present there appears to be no considerable force on foot in any quarter.—The condition of *Turkey* is in every way critical. The finances of the country are at the lowest ebb, and the Sultan has made an effort at retrenchment by diminishing the expenses of his harem, and by putting a stop to his extensive building projects. There are rumors of a plot to depose the Sultan and place his brother Abdul-Aziz on the throne. It is reported that the majority of the foreign ministers had found it necessary to intimate to the leading conspirators that if the brother came to the throne by violent means he would not be recognized by the foreign powers. From various parts of the empire there are accounts of outrages committed by the Mohammedans against their Christian neighbors.—From *Africa* we have intelligence of the safe arrival of Dr. Livingstone at the Zambesi, and of his successful attempts to advance up that river toward the interior.

Literary Notices.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, by ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Few writers in this country have furnished more substantial aid to the cause of popular education than the author of this new volume of a course of elementary mathematical study. Professor Loomis is well known for his previous admirable productions in this department. They occupy a place of their own, to which their just claims, we believe, have never been called in question. They are indebted for their eminent position to the firmness of grasp with which the author seizes the topics of science, to the comprehensiveness and lucidity of his own views, and the sagacity with which he unfolds their essential elements to the student, free from all extraneous and irrelevant matter. Dr. Loomis is no compiler from the text-books of other writers. His works have the merit of originality, so far as that quality can be predicated of the statements of an exact and universal science. Every thing which he puts on paper has first passed through the alembic of his own mind. Hence his scientific writings, with all the clearness that makes them useful to the novice, possess a certain freshness and vitality that also challenge the interest of the adept. While they never sacrifice any thing of precision and accuracy for the sake of popular adaptation, they are singularly free from superfluous technics, and rarely send away a reader who consults them on some difficult point without a satisfactory elucidation. On this account they are more valuable for the purpose of common reference than more elaborate treatises, and are no less adapted to the library than the class-room. If a difficulty occurs in the course of reading or conversation in regard to any point of mathematical science, we know no such certain method of readily clearing it up as to refer to their concise and luminous explanations. In the volume now issued Professor Loomis has met with his usual success in giving a popular form and expression to the principles of natural philosophy. It in no respect falls short of the high standard of

excellence attained by the preceding volumes of the series. The topics of which it treats are, in many cases, of general and current interest. In this age of material development, the remark of Dr. Johnson that "we are geometricians and hydrostaticians only by chance" has by no means the same application as when it was uttered. Nowadays every man must be more or less of a natural philosopher if he would comprehend the movements by which he is daily surrounded. He is oftener called on for knowledge in regard to the forces of steam, of electricity, of animal and vegetable life, and of mineral combinations, than for the analysis of the faculties of the mind or the springs of morality. The general reader will accordingly find in this volume many points of interest which he would scarcely look for in an elementary manual. Among other topics, it treats of the propelling of ships, the raising of weights, the construction of arches and domes, the flight of cannon-balls, the gyroscope, the lifting of water, the diving-bell, the barometer, the thermometer, the steam-engine, the telescope, and the magnetic telegraph. A good index at the close of the volume gives a complete clew to its contents, and enables every reader to find what he is in pursuit of without embarrassment.

Lectures to Children, Second Series, by Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D. (Published by Hopkins, Bridgman, and Co.) The intention of these lectures is to furnish a series of familiar illustrations of the most important truths of religion, in a form adapted to the comprehension of the youngest members of a Christian family. The author has a wide fame for the vivacity, tenderness, and unction with which he addresses his young audiences by the pen. It is now almost a quarter of a century since the publication of his first series of lectures to children. Within that time nearly a thousand copies annually have been sold; it has passed through a great number of editions in this country and in England; has been translated into French, German, Greek, and several other languages; and is now succeed-

ed by a fresh outflowing of the same mind, which has lost none of its force, earnestness, or interest in children with the lapse of years.

Sermons to the Churches, by FRANCIS WAYLAND. (Published by Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.) The remarkable power of these discourses consists in their distinctness of aim and unity of purpose. With scarcely an exception, the first sentence in each discourse is a general proposition, expressed in terms so simple and concise that they might serve for the enunciation of a mathematical principle. This is the type of the mode of treatment, which extends throughout the volume. It is wholly destitute of vague generalities, ambitious commonplaces, and all the stratagems of rhetoric by which the mere orator attempts to make an impression. A few leading thoughts compose the staple of the work; the preacher is too intent on enforcing their importance to allow much scope to the fancy; but the simple earnestness of his style is more effective than all the allurements of eloquence. The main object of the volume is to arouse the attention of Christians to the primitive pattern of religion; to present the truths of the Gospel, with their solemn appeals to the conscience and heart, in the light of their ancient reality, and to urge the necessity of a more consistent profession of piety, exemplified by personal effort for the spread of Christianity and the conversion of the world. It will be in vain to look for a more solid, muscular, and vital enforcement of religious duty than is contained in these discourses. They read like the productions of a past age, when the pulpit was free from the taint of worldliness, and preachers, like Baxter and Edwards, announced the deepest convictions of their souls in words of solemn sincerity. The change in these discourses from the earlier efforts of Dr. Wayland, when, with glowing and brilliant phraseology, he set forth the sublimity of the missionary enterprise, is striking. At that time he exhibited remarkable descriptive power, and the severe logic of his statements was softened, though not neutralized, by the rich vein of poetry with which they were embellished. The more austere method which he has now adopted is doubtless less adapted to immediate popular effect, but it can hardly fail to be even more productive of deep and permanent impressions.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism, by ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Vol. I. (Published by Carlton and Porter.) No more striking contrast in the history of intellectual movement is presented than that of the religious position of France and England during the middle of the last century. In the former country shallowness of philosophy, frivolity of manners, and intense worldliness of spirit were preparing the way for the strange outbreak of irreligion which was soon to be associated with the excesses of the French Revolution. The idea of duty was voted to be an obsolete conception; the hope of immortality was swallowed up in the prospect of an eternal sleep; and even the intuitive faith in the Deity faded from the mind under the influence of speculations which regarded the notices of the senses as the exclusive sources of truth. In England, on the other hand, though a well-bred indifference to the higher sentiments of the soul was the general order of the day, the seeds of religious belief were preserved among the masses of the people. There was sufficient material for the electric fire, kindled by the touch of Wesley and Whitefield, to burst forth into a universal flame.

The rise and progress of this movement, with its far-reaching consequences on the subsequent age, presents a worthy theme for the pen of the historian. Dr. Stevens has seized the important aspects of the subject from a just and elevated point of view. He regards the movement, in its widest bearings, not as a manifestation of sectarian zeal, but as a great religious impulse, ostensibly within the Church of England, but extending its influence to most of the Protestantism of England and America. The present volume of his comprehensive work extends to the death of Whitefield, in 1770; the second volume will comprise the history of British Methodism; and the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be given in two additional volumes. The portion now published in itself affords an encouraging promise for the general character of the work. It is certainly founded on extensive research, deep sympathy with the movement it describes—though not running into sectarian partiality—and a just appreciation of the various and often contrasted excellences of the founders of Methodism. The style is flowing, lively, and sufficiently polished, without formality.

Self-Made Men, by CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The compiler of this volume has given a wide latitude to the term which designates the character of its contents. He includes within its scope not only those individuals who have risen to scientific or social eminence without the usual appliances of education, but a great variety of men who, though favored with the usual advantages of literary culture, have carved out their way to usefulness and renown, in the midst of formidable obstacles, by the force of their own genius and energy. Thus we have sketches of Daniel Webster, Immanuel Kant, Fichte, Sir William Jones, and others, who can hardly be called self-educated men, by the side of Elihu Burritt, Burns, Henry Clay, Dr. Franklin, and several others of a similar stamp, who, in spite of the want of a regular early education, have gained a position among their fellow-men which tempts one to consider the learning of the schools as superfluous. The unity of the volume, accordingly, is to be found in the fact that it consists of the biographies of persons who have won distinction by dint of struggle. The compiler has been happy in his selection of subjects. They comprise statesmen, scholars, poets, inventors, men conspicuous for their mental ability and attractive for their moral worth. Mr. Seymour has made a judicious use of the ample materials in his hands. Without blindly following any authority he has selected authentic guides, and reproduced the information thus obtained in a style of rather uncommon neatness and vivacity. Both in matter and manner his book possesses the elements of popular interest, and, what is still more to the purpose, can not fail to be useful wherever it is read.

A Journey due North, by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) Although a paragon of flippancy and conceit, and perpetually straining after lively effect, this Mr. Sala has produced a not unreadable volume, containing many descriptions and anecdotes which tempt us to forgive him for his egregious self-complacency, and his desperate resolve to make a humorous book at all hazards. Without a spark of genuine wit, his efforts at pleasantry are often deplorable; and he is so intent on making you laugh at his stories, as to forget that he becomes an ob-

ject of ridicule himself. The reader will not be apt to place much reliance on his disclosures after he finds out the author's mania for vivacity and point; but, taken as traveling romances, he may, no doubt, gain not a little entertainment from their perusal. Among the long stretches of glittering sand we sometimes come upon a passage of pleasant narrative, and at least find a striking picture, if not a veracious statement. The best portions of the book are devoted to an account of Russian country life. The natives are certainly not drawn in rose-color; indeed, if the portraits here given are like, they must be inexcusably hideous. Their dwellings, though not poverty-stricken, are disgusting. There is but one room on the ground-floor—a vast apartment, with walls and ceiling of rough logs, and not a glimpse of white-washing, painting, or paper-hanging to be seen. There is no special dirt where all is dirt—no conspicuous litter in the universal chaos. A good thorough scrubbing would send the shanty tumbling about the owner's ears. The room has two windows—one for show, a large aperture, fitted with a peculiar dull and dingy glass, uniformly covered with dirt; the other, on a much smaller scale, high up in the wall, of no particular shape, and stuffed with some nondescript material, certainly not glass—perhaps rags, or dried fish-skins. Big black spiders and other villainous insects crawl over its yellow surface. One end of the apartment is partitioned off by a raw wooden screen; but whether for the family bedchamber or the family pig-sty the author could not determine. With the exception of a few coarse daubs of pictures of saints, every article of furniture is of the most barbarous description. The rotten door swings on leathern hinges or strips of raw hide. There is a table, formed of two long fir planks resting upon massive tressels, and bearing a most hideous resemblance to the high bench platform in a parish dead-house. Around the room runs a low, wide bench, on which the surplus members of the family, who have no accommodations in the family-vault bed, lounge by day and sleep by night. A rickety old chair and an enormous chest complete the inventory. To sum up the attractions of a Russian peasant's house by a description given to the author soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg by a certain young Russian: "A moujik's house is dark and made of wood; the floor is gray, the walls are gray, and the roof is gray; you can cut the smell of oily fish and cabbage soup with a hatchet; and at night you can hear the bugs bark."

There are no shops in a Russian village. There are some houses where bread is sold, and the inevitable quota of government dram-shops; but for every other article of merchandise you must go to a wretched, seedy, rag-shoppish institution dignified with the title of a bazar. Most of the poor food which the peasants eat they produce themselves. The coarse grain which serves as fodder equally for themselves and their cattle is garnered in their own bins behind their own hovels, or drawn from the common granary. For raiment, the women weave some coarse fabric for common wear, and spin some sailcloth-like linen. The chief prop of the municipal authority is the Holy Stick. Of this the happy villagers get an intolerable amount from every petty official. The young men of the villages, the young maidens, the children, and even the idiots and sick people, can be lashed like hounds at the word of command from the intendant.

The author has long since ceased to cherish any romantic illusions about the beauty and picturesque-ness of pastoral life. But he was hardly prepared to find such a lack of both among the Russian peasant women. The Russian peasant, male or female, is, when sober, always mournful, dejected, doleful. All the songs he sings are monotonous complaints, drawling, pining, and despairing. He has upon him a perpetual home-sickness; but it is a sickness not for, but of his home. He is sick of his life and of himself. Only when drunk does he light up into a feeble corpse-candle sort of gaiety; but it is temporary and transient, and he sobers himself in sackcloth and ashes. Here is a Baba, or peasant girl, sitting listlessly on a rough hewn bench at the door of one of the hovels. Of middle size, her face and arms are burned to a most disagreeable tawny, tan brown, the color of the pigskin of a second-hand saddle. Her forehead is low and receding. The roots of the hair of a dirty straw color, growing in frightfully close proximity to the eyebrows. Set very closely together in this brown face, are two eyes, light blue in color, without brightness or intelligence, and producing a very weird, not to say horrifying effect. The nose is broad, thick, and unshapely. The mouth is not bad, lips red enough, teeth remarkably sound and white, and the entire features would be pleasant but that the corners of the mouth are drawn down, and the upper lip pendulous, not sensually, but sensitively. The neck is short, clumsy, and thick-set, of the unmitigated bull pattern; the shoulders broad and rounded on the back, which is well accustomed to carrying burdens; the feet are large, long, and flat, and the swollen veins of the hands showing unmistakably hard usage.

Such, on a very reduced scale, relieved of its wishy-washy diffuseness and forlorn attempts at humor, is one of the most interesting sketches of this would-be jocose northern tourist. In a similar vein are his accounts of other salient features of Russian life, and they may afford amusement to the good-natured reader, if not by the liveliness of the description, by the absurdity of the author.

WELLS'S *Natural Philosophy*. In our September Number we gave a brief notice of this volume, and specified several passages which justified the unfavorable opinion which we then expressed. We have since received a note from the Publishers of the work, complaining of that notice as unjust, and asking the insertion of a reply from the author. This request was cheerfully granted, and the following note has been handed to us:

"To the Editor of *Harper's Magazine* :

"In the review of 'Wells's *Natural Philosophy*,' contained in your September Number, the writer has fallen into sundry scientific and other errors, of which we trust you will admit a brief notice. The reviewer evidently had before him an early impression of the work, in which (as was almost unavoidable in a book crowded with facts, and printed in the absence of the author) several errors, typographical and otherwise, occurred. These were corrected, so far as discovered, in the subsequent editions, which if the reviewer had seen, he would have had no occasion to cite the errors on pp. 61, 196, 335, and 367, which had been corrected before the publication of the criticism.

"With regard to the remaining criticisms (with the exception of those relating to pp. 84 and 115, which are noticed below), the author maintains that the text is, in every particular, *literally and undeniably correct*; and if room could be had for the demonstration, it could be shown, by reference to the latest and most decisive au-

thorities, that the scientific error in the premises *lies with the critic, and not with the author*: e. g., where the critic corrects the text, p. 141, that 'glass *repels* mercury,' by the strange assertion that 'the attraction of glass for mercury is *far stronger* than its attraction for water'—the critic's error will be apparent to any body who will plunge a piece of glass successively in mercury and in water, and observe that while the water is sufficiently attracted to adhere to and moisten the glass, the mercury leaves it perfectly dry.

"The critic's assertion that the book 'administers a grave rebuke to Sir Isaac Newton' on p. 327, is invidious as well as erroneous: since the name of the great philosopher is not once alluded to in the connection; nor has the author any proof that Sir Isaac ever asserted that 'by mixing powders of the seven different colors a [grayish] white is produced.' That the text is right, and the critic wrong in impliedly contradicting it, any one can be assured who will try the experiment: the compound will not be white, but a dirty brown.

"So, also, the rebuke administered in the criticism respecting the 'magnifying power of lenses' falls not only upon the author of this work, but, among others, upon Professor Draper, whose statement, on p. 194 of his 'Philosophy,' is identical with that objected to.

"In reference to the error on p. 84, it is literally true, as alleged by the critic, that only bodies at the equator would be entirely deprived of weight by accelerating the earth's motion 17 times. But the value of the criticism will appear when it is considered that the difference in effect upon a body at the equator and at New York, for example, would only be $\frac{4}{1000}$. Since the book was merely stating a general principle, it was deemed allowable to use the round number instead of the fraction.

"On p. 115, in speaking of the resisting force of a beam, the text should have said 'when strained' instead of 'compressed.' This, the only valid correction in the entire list, is frankly acknowledged; every other (except the fraction) will be satisfactorily demonstrated to be erroneous, if desired."

In reply to the preceding we remark that, on the 17th of June, 1858, we procured a copy of "Wells's Natural Philosophy" direct from the publishers; and this copy was believed to be similar to those with which the publishers were then supplying the market. The book was examined and the criticism written within the ensuing fortnight. The article was then too late for insertion in the August Number, and was accordingly deferred to September. After the receipt of the author's note given above (*viz.*, on the 14th of September), we requested the publisher to furnish us with a copy of the *last edition* of Mr. Wells's book, and a copy was immediately sent us. We have compared this copy with the one obtained June 17, and propose now to state how far our former criticisms are applicable to the new edition. For convenience, we will consider the errors before indicated in their order.

Error 1, page 61.—The justice of this criticism is conceded by Mr. Wells; but, to our surprise, the error remains uncorrected in the copy furnished us by the publishers, September 14. We conclude, then, that although this error may have been corrected in the electrotype plates, it was still contained in the edition with which the publishers were then supplying the public.

Error 2, page 84.—Mr. W. admits that here is a *little error*, but claims that, for the latitude of New York, the error amounts to only the $\frac{4}{1000}$ part. This is one of those cases which show that Mr. W.'s scientific attainments do not qualify him to write a book on this subject. It requires no great amount of science to perceive that a body at the pole will sustain *no loss* of weight in consequence of centrifugal force; and the loss of weight in the

latitude of New York would be but little over *one half* what it is at the equator; while according to Mr. W. a body would in each case lose sensibly *all its weight*. If Mr. W. will read Lardner's Astronomy, p. 138, he will probably admit the truth of our statement.

Error 3, page 115.—The justice of this criticism is fully admitted by Mr. W.; but it is not claimed that the correction has yet been made.

Error 4, page 144.—The justice of this criticism is entirely denied by Mr. W.; and he proceeds, with an air of triumph, to demonstrate the critic's error. But this again shows the incompetency of Mr. W. to prepare a correct book on Natural Philosophy. The proof that glass attracts mercury is derived from experiment. If a glass plate be suspended in a horizontal position from one arm of a balance, and be brought in contact with the surface of water, it will be attracted, and the amount of this attraction may be measured by placing weights in the opposite scale. We thus discover that the attraction of glass for water is about 50 grains for each square inch of surface. In the same manner we find that the attraction of glass for mercury is about 175 grains for each square inch of surface. Mr. W. has not yet discovered why the surface of mercury is depressed by the action of a small glass tube. If he will read the works of Laplace and Poisson, he may obtain some light on the subject.

Error 5, page 196.—The justice of this criticism is admitted by Mr. W.; but he claims that the error has been corrected in the last edition. On referring to our last edition, we find that he has substituted for "two octaves higher," the words "proportionally higher." Our objection to this phraseology is that it is indefinite. The author has substituted for a *definite error* an *indefinite truth*.

Error 6, page 286.—This criticism is not specifically noticed by Mr. W., but is covered by the broad assertion that "the text is literally and undeniably correct," and he can show that "the scientific error lies with the critic, and not with the author." We challenge Mr. W. to make good his assertion.

Error 7, page 309.—Mr. W. says, "The general effect of concave mirrors is to produce an *image larger than the object*." Concave mirrors have been used for telescopes perhaps more extensively than for any other purpose; and here, when the object is a planet or the sun, *several thousand miles* in diameter, the diameter of the image is only a *fraction of an inch*.

Error 8, page 321.—Mr. Wells defines "the optical centre of a lens" to be "the centre of the surface of a lens." Now this is so far from being true that, in a meniscus, the optical centre is *without the lens, and on the convex side*, and the curvature of the two surfaces may be so chosen that the distance of the optical centre from the centre of the surface *may be increased to any required extent*. Mr. W. has totally misconceived the meaning of the term "optical centre." For information on this subject we will refer him to Herschel's *Treatise on Light*, Art. 323.

Error 9, page 324.—Mr. W. here attempts to shield himself by pleading that he has fallen into good company, and that he has only copied the statement of another author. Dr. Draper does, indeed, say that "the magnifying power of lenses is not, as is often popularly supposed, due to the peculiar nature of the glass of which they are made,

but to the figure of their surfaces." But this remark is directed against the vulgar error that magnifying glasses are made of a certain kind of substance having a peculiar quality, and diminishing glasses of a substance with an opposite quality. Mr. W.'s statement is, however, prefaced by the question, "Upon what does the magnifying power of lenses *depend*?" and he replies, "It is *not* due to the peculiar nature of the glass of which they are made, but to the figure of their surfaces." We reply that the magnifying power of a lens "depends" both upon the curvature of its surfaces and upon the material of which it is made. If we have several lenses, one of crown glass, another of the densest flint glass, and a third of diamond, and all have identically the same curvature, then if the magnifying power of the first be represented by 10, that of the second will be about 20, and that of the third nearly 30. These numbers indicate how far the magnifying power of a lens depends upon the nature of the material. Any one may satisfy himself of the accuracy of the preceding numbers, by computing the focal lengths according to the principles explained in Herschel's *Treatise on Light*.

Error 10, page 327.—Mr. W. says, "It is very common to find it stated in books of science that by mixing powders of the seven different colors together, a white, or grayish-white compound may be produced. This, however, is *not the fact*." Mr. W. seems not to be aware that the statement here referred to is derived from the writings of Sir Isaac Newton. We will therefore transcribe a few sentences from Newton's *Optics*. Newton says, "By mixing colored powders we are not to expect a strong and full white, such as that of paper, but some dusky, obscure one, such as might arise from a mixture of white and black. And such a dark white *I have often produced by mixing colored powders*. Now considering that these gray colors may be also produced by mixing white and black, and by consequence differ from perfect white only in degree of luminousness, it is manifest that there is nothing more requisite to make them perfectly white than to increase their light sufficiently. And this I tried as follows: I took a quantity of the above-mentioned gray mixture and rubbed it thickly upon the floor of my room, when the sun shone upon it through the opened casement, and by it, in the shadow, I laid a piece of white paper of the same bigness. Then going from them to the distance of 12 or 18 feet, *the powder appeared intensely white, so as to transcend even the paper itself in whiteness.*"—*Vide Newtoni Opera. Ed. Horsley, tom. iv., p. 95, 96.* An abridged notice of the same experiments may be found in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, under Newton's *Optics*, p. 36.

Error 11, page 329.—Mr. W.'s statement respecting spherical aberration shows that he has no clear idea of the source of this imperfection, or the mode of obviating it, for he says that "the image may be rendered perfect by making the screen *concave*." That this statement is entirely erroneous, is shown by the fact that when the object is a mere point (as in the case of a fixed star), the image, which should be a mere point, is nevertheless rendered indistinct by spherical aberration.

Error 12, page 331.—Mr. W. says, "The complementary color is always half the spectrum. Thus if we take half the length of a spectrum by a pair of compasses, and fix one leg on any color, the other leg will fall upon its complementary color, or upon the one which, added to the first, will pro-

duce white light." In other words, by combining any color of the spectrum with some other color of the spectrum, white light may be produced. But according to Sir Isaac Newton, *no two colors of the spectrum combined will form white light, and no scientific optician since the days of Newton has dissented from this opinion.*

Error 13, page 335.—The paragraph here criticised, and which is contained in the edition of June 17, has been canceled from the edition of September 14, and another has been substituted in its place; but it is questionable whether the pupil will be able to derive from it any other idea than this—that *the rainbow is circular because it is circular.*

Error 14, page 367.—Mr. W. admits the justice of this criticism; but the error remains uncorrected in the edition of September 14.

Error 15, page 426.—The errors on this page are not simply one or two, but many. Mr. W. asks, "What are the lines of variation?" but he evidently means, What are the lines of *no variation*? He says "there are two lines of no variation," and "the western line of no variation begins in latitude 60°." Now these two lines of no variation unquestionably form *one continuous line* surrounding the globe. It is true that, in the neighborhood of either pole, this line has not hitherto been traced, but it has been traced to within less than 20 degrees from the North Pole. He also says, "the eastern line of no variation begins in the White Sea, *descending south until it reaches the latitude of 71°.*" Now according to our maps no part of the White Sea extends so far north as 69°. Will Mr. W. explain to us *how far south one must travel from 69° N. latitude before he reaches 71° N. latitude?*

Error 16, page 427.—Mr. W. says, "It is generally considered that there are two magnetic poles, or two points of greatest magnetic intensity in each hemisphere." He also says, "the north magnetic pole is about 19° from the north pole of the earth." This shows that by magnetic pole he means the point of 90° dip, and his language implies that the point of 90° dip is identical with the point of greatest magnetic intensity. Now these two points in the northern hemisphere are distant from each other about *twelve hundred miles*, a circumstance probably "not considered essential in an elementary work." Mr. W. appears to be profoundly ignorant of the results of the great magnetic crusade which was undertaken about twenty years ago.

Error 17, page 428.—Mr. W. says, "For all the ordinary purposes of the wanderer upon the ocean, the magnetic needle may be considered as *free from error*." On the usual route of the steamers between New York and Liverpool the variation of the needle at one part of the track exceeds 30 degrees, and throughout more than half the track the variation is *never less than 25 degrees*. Do commercial men regard 25 degrees as unimportant?

In our September Number we stated that, "during a hasty perusal of this book, we have marked over a hundred errors, few of which can be charged to the carelessness of the printer." We had proposed to make further extracts from this list of errors, but the length of this article forbids our saying more in the present Number, and we close with repeating the conclusion of our former notice, that "Mr. Wells's book is altogether an unsuitable one to put into the hands of students from which to acquire a knowledge of the principles of Natural Philosophy."

Editor's Table.

LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—

Life never had the fullness of meaning that it has now. The present century, and especially its last twenty years, have given to life an enlargement, a scope, an intenseness that have imparted a new and deeper significance to manhood. Talk as we may of the past, it was never so great a thing to be a man as it is in this age. Over the centuries gone there is cast a soft, mystical veil that pleases the fancy while it obscures the reason, and therefore it is easy for our romantic sentiments to find in them the high-seasoned food on which their spice-loving nature delights to feed. The best features, too, of the past are only preserved; for poets and historians are not much inclined to take the materials of their arts from the revolting aspects of humanity. The past is like our own childhood; we see it in ideal splendors. Time is a merciful friend, and is very considerate of our stern, common-sense faculties. It graciously hides much from our eyes, leaving, for the most part, only such objects as tend to awaken the glow of imagination and inspire the fervors of generous enthusiasm. Despite of all this veneration for the past, it is very clear to any thinking mind that the present century has been a most munificent benefactor to the human family, surpassing far all its predecessors in width and depth of influence, stirring the hearts of men with a new and perplexing consciousness of an amazing destiny, and impelling them forward on a pathway where every step is an ascension toward a more commanding height of greatness.

There is a childish cant abroad—and sanctioned, too, by some respectable names—that pretends to find fault with any thing like warmth and earnestness in the appreciation of the wonders of the day. We call it childish, and childish it certainly is, for there is nothing man-like in that stolid insensibility to the present, and that overweening partiality for the past, which reverse outright every just standard of judgment, and deprive us, with an ill-concealed vindictiveness, of our foothold among the stable facts of the age. No wise man reflects the least credit on himself, or honors the scheme of providential progress as it evolves its mystery and magnificence from generation to generation, by undervaluing to-day and reserving his heartiest plaudits for yesterday. So far from this being the genuine outworking of nature, it is a false and corroding morbidness that betrays its birth in a cynical contempt for what is truly grand and noble. Such a spirit does violence to all our better instincts. To-day is God's dispensation to our needs. It is His embodiment to us of divine purposes and aims—His offering to our hopes—His invocation to our activity and ambition—His great ensign, hung out from the overlooking heavens for us to watch and follow. The past was His appeal to other minds and other hearts; and although it were a grave error to suppose that we are to turn our eyes away from His former manifestations, yet it is the plainest dictate both of philosophy and faith to believe that the present is a divine gift to us in a much more impressive sense than the past. For the present is a specific providential adaptation to us. It is the correlative of our tastes, sentiments, and capacity—the prophecy of the Infinite to us, and, primarily, to us alone. We are in close,

immediate contact with its objects; and on us, as means of discipline, direction, and exaltation, their agency is to be exerted, or utterly fail of their main end. Nothing, then, in the past can be on the same level in interest and momentousness with the present; nothing can have a tithe of the same value; for nothing that the world has hitherto seen can come recommended to our acceptance with such tokens of the Almighty's direct presence.

But apart from this general aspect of the present, as connected with the principles and pursuits of life, there is the additional motive, already intimated, of the high and intrinsic worth of this age, taken in relation to the developments of intellectual, moral, social manhood. Allow a liberal drawback on the age for its folly, extravagance, and irrational, often impious, thinking, and still it is true—forcibly true—that manhood never stood at the altitude it now stands; never had such an investiture of rights, privileges, and possibilities; never had such openings into the wealth of the universe. Nor is this sudden enhancement of human power to be attributed to a happy coincidence of favorable circumstances; and, moreover, it is but in an inconsiderable degree the fruit of the past. Admit, as we gladly may, our obligations to other generations, it is nevertheless a fact that this age occupies its own independent ground, and enjoys its own distinctive honors. Not only has it greatly extended the preoccupied realms of thought, but it has entered on territories, vast and wonderful, of its own, and annexed them as sure possessions of princely value to the *terra cognita* of an older date. It has established, and well-nigh perfected, some of the elder sciences; while it has been equally successful in laying the foundations and raising the massive superstructure of sciences for which the vocabulary of our ancestors had not even names. In the inventions that multiply and facilitate labor; in those applications of skill and ingenuity that tend to give us mastery over the physical forces of nature; in better modes of intercourse; in the practical unfolding, through commerce and international law, of the ennobling idea of human brotherhood; and above all, because holier than all, in those selector forms of thought that lift man above himself, and introduce him to the fellowship of the Infinite, the present century is without a rival. Whether we look, therefore, at the actual discoveries of the age, or at the great leading sentiments that pervade all active and far-reaching minds, or at the fresh, buoyant, humanizing spirit all abroad in the hearts of men, the day in which we live is full of most striking significance. It is a day to be thankful for—a day to bless with such thanksgivings as only rise from our nature when it is conscious of a birth into a larger freedom of thought and action—a day that brings the resources of humanity within its grasp, and attests, even to the senses, a glory within reach of realization.

One of the distinctive features of life in the nineteenth century is found in the fact that the domain of action and enjoyment has been greatly widened. Without supposing that any faculties of activity and happiness have been created, we may assert that the multiplication of objects to call forth the energies of our nature has intensified the mind in a remarkable degree. Indeed, it is practically the

conferment of a new power. Shut up the human intellect, with its supplementary forces of motive, sensibility, and passion—confine it within a narrow range, and its faculties are feeble and inoperative. Its mighty instincts lie dormant. A stranger to itself, it is a stranger also to the world without; for if it know not its own being, how can it have the key to those hieroglyphics that are recorded over the face of creation? But give it freedom and strength follows. It springs into life, and finds life in every thing. Outward objects crowd into its inner chambers and fill them with the presence of fellowship and joy. A new feeling of oneness with the universe pervades the spirit; and thought, no longer restrained within its prison, experiences a bliss like friendship in the communion of the open world. Now it can not be doubted that the present century has placed man on far better terms with visible nature than he has ever been before. If he has not a profound insight into the great system with which he is so intimately identified, he is steadily moving in that direction. The steps already taken have been neither few nor considerable, and the ground made good by the certainties of science is vantage-ground for farther and more rapid progress. Man's sphere of activity has been much enlarged. Franklin walks out into the fields, and, by means of a boy's kite, establishes the identity of lightning and electricity. Here is a valuable truth for science, but not for science only. It is a new truth for men's homes and business. If not at once, yet subsequently, his discovery becomes a large and lucrative branch of trade; capital and labor are associated with it; and in our day the itinerating "lightning-rod wagon" is as common a sight as the peddler's pack was to our forefathers. Davy takes the galvanic-battery and commences a new era in practical chemistry; but the wonder is scarcely heralded in the gratulations of scientific men before chemistry introduces a new department in manufactures, and hundreds earn their daily bread through the thought of one sagacious mind. Daguerre throws the sun's light on a silvered plate, and henceforth the million have a cheap artist, a world-wide branch of industry and taste is created, and thousands draw their sustenance from it. Baron Liebig elaborates a few ideas on agricultural chemistry, and the trade in guano diverts wealth, shipping, merchants into its service. Science has proved one of the main sources of modern industry, and perhaps no feature of the times is more striking than this constant and stimulating action of the scientific intellect on almost every department of mechanics and manufactures. We may say, indeed, that cultivated mind underlies the whole system of trade and commerce. The earnest student of nature, pursuing some solitary path of investigation, is subserving the interests of the humblest artisan. The greatest are the helpers of the lowliest. A profound mind, charmed with a magnificent conception, follows its development until it has led into remote regions of thought; but on returning to the practical world it finds itself at the side of the day-laborer, with a fresh incitement for the weary muscle of toil.

Men of this day have measurably lost their sensibility to surprise. Novelty is a commonplace affair. But if one were to draw out a catalogue of those staple articles that have been recently added to the materials of domestic and foreign commerce, it would astonish him to see how largely industry has been a gainer by the progress of this

century. Who would have thought, a few years since, that immense rafts of lumber would be seen floating down our northern rivers to supply wood for the insignificant match? What credulity would have believed that the waste of our houses, the refuse of hotels, the offal of the streets, would have been economized into the service of the chemist and agriculturist? Who would have dreamed that ice, India rubber, gutta percha, would have contributed so much to our activity and wealth? Who would have conjectured that steam-engines would give us cheap newspapers and books, or that electricity would employ a class of men in transmitting hourly intelligence? Nor should we omit to notice the new uses to which substances long known have been put. Animal bones, instead of being left to bleach in the open air, are converted into manure for the soil. Wood, stone, iron, are wrought into a multitude of shapes to gratify the convenience and luxury of man. Within a few years salt has been applied to new purposes in art, while chlorine, iodine, and various other chemical agents, have greatly extended the domain of practical science. Sulphuric acid serves the husbandman, and copper gives permanence to the types of the printer. Not long since steam seemed to be the boundary of human power, and the steam-engine was the symbol of this progressive age. Who can forget the eloquent things that were uttered about it when such men as Lardner, Everett, and Webster described the wonders of its service? It really appeared that it would half monopolize the labor of the world. Men viewed it as the final embodiment of mechanical genius—the Samson of civilization—that would perfect the authority of mind over matter, and restore to humanity the universal sovereignty of the earth. Nor was the language, at that day, extravagant. But one form of power soon educates us into a necessity for another and higher form. The age of steam prepared the way for the age of telegraphs; and now men justly speak of the Atlantic Telegraph as the greatest event in the history of the world since Columbus discovered the Western Continent. If the introduction of steam has vastly enhanced the mining, mechanical, and manufacturing power of men, no limits can be set to the utility of the telegraph as an ally of mind, as an instrument of intellectual and social action, as a bond of peaceful and assimilating brotherhood. The hearts of two mighty nations have throbbed aloud over the consummation of this magnificent work. None but a soulless cynic could regard the exultation as a jubilee of Mammon. Nor is the popular feeling a mere tribute to the wisdom and skill of science. No, it is a far deeper and nobler sentiment. A true instinct has been appealed to, a profound and generous impulse has been lodged in the bosoms of Anglo-Saxon brethren, and men have felt that a prophecy has gone over the waters, speaking of better days and encouraging loftier hopes. The great achievement takes its place as the last and grandest link in that chain of wonders which connects man, not with fortunate accidents and lucky circumstances, but with a system of progress. It is another revelation of Providence. It is a fresh summons to the soul of the nineteenth century to put forth its renewed energies—to believe anew in its capacity, under God, to subdue the earth, and make it a habitation of blessedness.

Looking, then, at the development of recent industry, it is not too much to say that within a few

years past there have been opened new sources of wealth sufficient, of themselves, to give the means of subsistence, and even of luxury, to a great nation. On this subject we can not have satisfactory statistics; but judging from the lucrativeness of certain branches of trade that have just sprung into existence, we can be at no loss to conjecture the general result. One who takes this thought with him, and walks through the streets of a great city, will have ample illustrations of the fact above stated. Take Broadway in New York. One can not pass along a block of stores without being reminded of the immense expansion of business in consequence of the introduction of new elements into trade. Here is a huge clock establishment that advertises business on a grand scale, manufactures clocks for the humblest families of the land, and has its traveling agents in Europe. Not long ago a clock was the next thing to a luxury; poor people had to depend on the City Hall steeple, or tell the time by the state of their stomachs. But now this useful instrument is within the reach of the most limited means, and the cook considers it a part of kitchen furniture. Next door, sewing machines are clicking at their work, and pressing their merits on your attention. A step beyond, if you have gray hair, there is a big window full of consolation for your sensitiveness. Farther on, a great building reminds you that you are in bad health, and that this is the armory where the weapons are to be had that fight disease. You can hardly believe it, but the thought is forced on you that patent medicines rival wheat and cotton in the markets of the world. Not far off, you have a novelty in the way of a burning fluid safer than camphene and as brilliant as gas; and close by, another comforter of the night, in the shape of a spring bedstead that gives you a most pleasant sense of friendship for your thinly-covered bones, and restores you to the day, a rejuvenated man in your joints and muscles. Walk on, and cheap ambrotypes tempt your vanity. Then comes a palace of art, and imperial photographs charm your elegant tastes. But the practical soon salutes you with a return call to everyday life. A large show-window offers you a bed-bug exterminator, and assures you of "death to rats." Breathe a moment and examine the iron furniture, the marbleized iron, the wire-work patterns for verandas and summer-houses; and then, a few paces on, call and see the process of silver-plating by galvanism; and yet, again, the agricultural warehouse, with its new implements of husbandry, that have gladdened the farmers of both hemispheres. What a medley follows! A fly-catcher, self-sealing cans, newly-patented stoves, ranges, boilers; steam-heating apparatus; India rubber goods; rare articles from China and Japan; and countless other novelties that are candidates for the favor of your purse. But all this would be a very incomplete view of the new era of inventive industry. Go, then, into a first-class Broadway hotel, and that will epitomize the new arts of life for you. Architecture is an ancient art, called, in one form, by Coleridge, "a petrified religion," and designated by Goethe and De Staël as "frozen music." Neither of the finely-tuned phrases applies to hotel architecture, for it is the ideality of the street in aristocratic stone—the grandeur of everyday business, in its most showy costume. It is an eloquent acknowledgment of the democratic fact that the public is a royal personage, and is entitled to entertainment

in kingly style. But this is just what Scott and Dickens have admitted in writing great fictions for the public; while Wordsworth, in poetry, and Macaulay, in history, have exemplified the same truth. In brief, the public is the monopolist of regard, genius, and practical art, vying in efforts to do it honor. For this reason, we repeat, look at the modern American hotel. Under all that extravagance, and, as you call it, folly, there is a significant fact, full of meaning to one who interprets it. You see modern industry here in a galaxy of glory. Of the past it preserves scarcely a relic; but as the exponent of the present, it stands proudly, rather too proudly, forth and challenges admiration. It is an illustration of the point we have been considering, viz., the *Originality of Modern Industry*. And perhaps no better type of it could be selected. Modern activity is based on an acute perception of the wants, tastes, habits, and growing power of the public. With it, caste and class are secondary considerations. It seeks custom and patronage at the hands of the masses. Its first and last care is to please them—ranging through their variety, holding fast to their unity, and striving to suit their many-sidedness by every form of ingenious adaptation and studied skillfulness. Viewed in this sense, the modern hotel is an exponent of the times. It is a palace for the public; and on that idea—the inherent superiority of the public—all our system of industry proceeds. This truth, although often exaggerated, is nevertheless a recognition of a grand fact. It has made modern activity creative, given it expansiveness, stimulated its utmost strength, and stamped it as the miracle of the century.

A panoramic view of modern activity, if adequately conceived and represented, would exhibit an impressive picture. What distant extremes, and yet how near together! What vast dissimilarity, but what suggestive unity! How various the means all tending to a common end! How numerous the circles, some greater, others smaller, but all surrounded by the same horizon! Here is a man who bends over the spade or follows the plow, and on yonder hill is an observatory, where, night after night, an astronomer is fixing his searching eye on the remote heavens. Here is a blacksmith at the anvil, and there is one who sits beside a microscope and finds the Infinite in a minute atom. Here is one engaged in teaching a child its alphabet, and close at hand, among those great hills, is a geologist tracing the elder records of the globe in the strata beneath him. We see these inequalities every where. One makes a bare subsistence, another acquires millions. One is too poor to own the water he drinks, while another has the revenue of an empire. The same inequality runs through all the aspects of our intellectual and social condition; so that while, in some, mind appears to be little else than the creature of the senses, in others, it reveals godlike attributes. It would seem, at first sight, that the extremes of society, if taken in all their connections, are wider apart than ever before. Select any of the best specimens of the civilized races of this century, men of the highest position in all respects, and place in contrast the most abject and illiterate of the same races, and it would appear that the effect of modern civilization had been to throw the extremes of society farther from each other than at any former period. With proper qualification, this is true. But how has it been brought about? All classes of society have

moved forward, but not at the same rate of progress. The peasantry of Europe are far superior to the "villians" of the Feudal ages, and, even within a hundred years, the laboring population of Great Britain have greatly advanced. Oaten bread has been superseded by corn and wheat, and, since 1820, the consumption of tea and coffee has much increased. The poorer classes are far more healthy, the average continuance of life is longer, the proportion of marriages is larger, licentiousness has diminished, and the number of births has been augmented. At the same time it must be admitted that the intellectual, refined, wealthier portions of society have made a more striking advancement. The benefits of modern civilization have inured more to them than to the poorer classes, but this can not be considered as a law of the social state, nor is it any thing else than a temporary and incidental result. Inequalities must continue. Men are differently constituted; temperaments, capacity, and habits are dissimilar; like opportunities instantly become unlike when they pass into their hands; and hence, uniformity of condition and progress is impossible. Nevertheless, men gravitate toward the same centre, and although disturbing causes in the moral, as in the physical world, may modify the action of gravity, yet the tendency is alike in kind, if not in degree, in all instances.

We have remarked that the benefits of modern progress have not been distributed with absolute equality; and furthermore, that we can not expect uniformity in social circumstances. A Christian civilization does not require all to occupy the same level. But it does require that every man shall have the use of his faculties and means to the utmost possible extent, and that all classes shall have freedom of opportunity to make the best of their position. Manhood is God's creature in God's world. It is here to be cultivated, not to be stunted in growth. It is here to be developed to the full measure of earthly excellence, not to be cramped and restrained. Modern activity is contributing to this end. One of the agencies of Providence to quicken and invigorate mind, to arouse consciousness and enlarge the sphere of life, it is slowly effecting a vast change in the character and prospects of the laboring classes. Its two main characteristics—first, the impulse communicated to intellect, and, secondly, the broad surface over which it is extending, must diffuse its influence, and carry all parts of society forward together. Industry has too generally been synonymous with beast-like drudgery. But this degradation can not continue. Labor has not been as promptly affected by the spirit of the age as other social interests. Nor is this surprising. It was isolated from the great controlling forces of the world. It stood apart by itself, and participated no more than machinery in the ongoings of society. It was not a living part of the determinative will of the public mind. Prejudices scowled on it. Selfishness abused it, and rejoiced in the abuse. It was under a double curse—the curse of the Adamic transgression, and the worse curse of human heartlessness. Owing to these causes labor was not as quickly reached by the redeeming spirit of the century as, under more auspicious circumstances, it would have been; but, notwithstanding the delay, certain it is that a liberating power has begun to act on its interests. In our own country industry has been the first to feel the awakening genius of the age. The structure of American so-

ciety being simple, the fields of enterprise open, every man both his own fortune-teller and fortune-maker, nothing external was a barrier in the way of prosperity. Whether our political institutions will be imitated in other sections of the world may admit of great doubt. But the spirit of industry as developed here—its intelligent freedom, earnest strength, and heroic boldness—must penetrate the heart of the world; and if we were asked to point out the noblest service that our country has rendered to humanity, we should select the spectacle of its rejoicing and triumphant activity. The moral of American liberty is in our fields, in our workshops, and along our crowded thoroughfares. Newfoundland Fishing Banks, Peruvian Islands, Northwestern wilds, Texan prairies, and Pacific slopes have exemplified the meaning of our independence. There is a great soul in American industry, and it is doing a vast work, not only for us but for the world.

Allusion has already been made to inventions and discoveries in their bearing on human activity. Inventions, especially such as have signalized this practical age, are benefactions to the world. So far as their economic value is concerned they can scarcely be computed. Take the simpler forms of machinery, and their productive power is amazing. By the aid of machinery one man is able in stone-dressing to perform as much work as twenty men by hand, while in cotton-spinning one intelligent American operative is equal to three thousand of the most expert spinners in Hindostan. But it is not in this view that we wish to contemplate them. They have a far higher value. Inventions are the counterparts of those great works that immortalize the literature of a people, and act as the sources of inspiration to all ages. Homer, Plato, Shakspeare, Milton—such men are the crowned monarchs of mind, swaying sceptres that none dispute. But man is also a creature of the physical world, and if he need genius to serve him in intellectual tastes and enjoyments, he equally needs it to promote his earthly well-being. The few must elevate the many. Such is the decree of Heaven every where, in every thing. One ocean feeds many clouds, one sun illumines many stars, one genius blesses many generations. Nor let it be supposed that genius has its chief sphere in the production of poetry and philosophy, as if this were the main work God had appointed it to execute. In any estimate of life intellectual and spiritual interests must always take precedence, but it were folly to deny that a great thought embodied in an invention should not be appreciated as an invaluable contribution to the treasures of mankind. Inventive genius operates through matter—stern and stubborn matter—that will not change its nature, nor abate its forces, nor alter its laws. If that genius investigates its properties, seizes its strength, and brings its very magnificence into the service of its race, it performs a majestic office, and enrolls itself among the dignitaries of mind. Men look on the earth as a mere dwelling-place, a transient home, a cradle, and a grave. These are unworthy ideas—unworthy because of their limitation. They are not the Divine ideas of the material universe. Open the Bible and read of the earth, "*It is his footstool*;" and then consider that man is the appointed and endowed agent to adorn and beautify this footstool. Sent into the world to do this work as well as to prepare for a future being, man finds

matter a discipline, a test of his intelligence and skill, a theatre for expansive and extensive effort. Inventive genius is the highest expression of his complete sympathy with nature. It is a sacramental fellowship with her grandeur, a token of the restoration of that beautiful intercourse which sin interrupted. Is there, then, no moral power in a great invention? Is the inventive spirit of the age bringing nothing to humanity but piston-rods, cranks, and complicated wheels? The first thing that God did in the history of the world was to prepare a perfect home for a perfect humanity; and now, for redeemed man, the work of refitting the earth to be a suitable habitation is in progress. This thought gives significance to inventive genius in its relations to modern activity. Certain it is that an improving race needs an improving world; sure are we that they act and interact on each other; and hence the tremendous impulse that has been communicated to mechanical genius and active industry is a token of a holier morality, a more gentle and tender brotherhood, a purer spirituality in the ages awaiting humanity.

Nor must we omit to notice the educative power of inventions and discoveries. If these are the products of quickened thought, in turn they impart new life to mind. Men who can not appreciate Plato and Milton can comprehend a steam-engine, a galvanic battery, a telegraph, and, whether critics smile or scoff, they can feel the presence of the human soul in them. Then, too, as it respects the magnificent discoveries in science that have recently been made, what an impetus have they given to the intellect of the day! Inductive science is the great strength of this age, and to what do we owe its efficiency as a means of culture but to those vast discoveries of modern times that have opened the secrets of the universe to our inspection, and imparted a meaning to our admiration of its wonders that was never felt before? It has been about two centuries and a half since the philosopher of St. Albans saw that men were unconscious of the inheritance of knowledge provided by the bounty of Nature for them. The title-deed to this more than imperial wealth had been lost, and none knew save he where it was to be found. False to man, he was true to nature. The impulses that moved Bacon to study the principles of a rational system of philosophy were as pure and fresh as the beatings of childhood's heart. Nature was not to him a dumb and senseless thing, but full of life, instinct with inspiration, and offering a glad companionship to those who sought, in a right spirit, her ancient and abiding wisdom. Poets have taught men to look on her for beauty, and to draw a solace for troubled hours from her calm landscapes and silent skies. In her works, rising from the minute to the magnificent, and presenting every form, hue, and aspect that infinite variety could make palpable to the eye, they have found symbols for truths else unexpressed. The mysteries of the soul have gone to her for sympathy and support, and not gone in vain. Sublimity and grandeur, dwelling in men's minds but enfeebled in utterance, have learned her majestic language and represented their selectest thoughts. But no poet ever brought man so near to nature as Lord Bacon. Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth caught only her outward expression and employed it to embellish their own sentiments. Nor can it be otherwise with poetry in its relations to the visible universe. A glance, intense and rapturous it may be, but

only a glance, is all that it can bestow ordinarily on the face of nature; and even in those more protracted communings, in which it seeks its poems in the material world rather than create them out of its own emotional thoughts, poetry merely contemplates natural phenomena as they address the imagination. Nature mainly exists to the poet for the sake of illustration. She is not primarily his teacher; but when he repairs to her presence, never unwelcome, never unrefreshing, it is that he may enter on her pictorial galleries crowded with images in unison with his sentiments and feelings. Bacon went to Nature for other ends. The practical, the useful, the philanthropic, the progressive, these were the principles he sought for in her works. Instead of thinking with Seneca that philosophy has nothing to do with utilitarian objects, he conceived that it was wisely employed if engaged in promoting the present good of human kind. The acute insight of Bacon saw that nature was a vast storehouse of resources, an immense arsenal whence men might draw the weapons needed in the warfare with ignorance, poverty, and feebleness.

Bacon taught the seventeenth century the science of thought; Newton listened to the authoritative critic and imbibed his spirit. Bacon showed where men had erred; Newton kept his eye on the beacon-light, and never lost for an instant its warning radiance. Bacon declared how Nature ought to be approached—the childlike temper, the reverent docility, the simple trustingness, the waiting humility, the persevering energy, the invincible hopefulness were the attributes that he commended in one who should inquire in Nature's temple; Newton answered to the splendid ideal. His philosophy was religion in everyday apparel. If, in seasons of enrapturing revelations, it put on its worshiping robes and lifted high its psalm-like praise, it quickly returned to the attitude of a disciple seated at Nature's feet, and breathlessly holding, as one awe-struck, the sublime thoughts that the wonders of creation awakened within him. Bacon stated the language in which the oracles of Nature were to be questioned; Newton adopted it, and was answered. Bacon enunciated the cardinal maxims of modern science; Newton took the axioms and based on them his demonstrations. What a glorious fellowship! How mighty the summons, how majestic the response! Both were giants of thought; how like, and yet how unlike! The one was the most magnificent of theorists; the other was the gigantic genius of reality. If the former laid the sure foundations and erected the massive superstructure of the temple of modern science, the latter opened its portals that the glory of the universe might enter and abide, for all time, above its dedicated shrine.

Both these illustrious men were discoverers. Bacon was a discoverer of thoughts, and Newton of facts. Bacon worked within; Newton without. More perfect parallelisms never existed. Acting in completest harmony, they have prospectively secured the material universe to the human mind. They were the founders of the empire of man over nature. Since their day the history of intellect has been a history of progressive growth, of fertile activity, of broad enlargement. This is not surprising. Periods of great discoveries have always been followed by intense and wide-spread intellectual excitement. Men start into new life. They have another consciousness

of power. They think higher thoughts and are ready for grander achievements. Proclaim an authenticated truth, and the winds can not bear it fast and far enough. The waters hasten with it as precious freightage. All nature is in commotion to help it. We never know, except at such times, what a ministry truth has in its service. The firmament is written all over with fiery symbols. The lost Pleiad returns to its forsaken orbit and Orion flames with new splendor. Hidden eloquence in men finds free utterance. Dead Plato and dead Cicero live again in the philosophy and sentiment of the current day. Mind responds to mind. All hearts are put in sudden communication and the electric thrill throbs through them.

It is apparent, we trust, that discoveries and inventions have a higher value than stock-jobbers and mercenary calculators assign to them. They rise above the financial lore of political economy. No less a position belongs to them than of most important agencies in the progress of human kind. It is easy to see this truth when, as in the discovery of the New World by Columbus, it is illustrated on a grand scale. All know how that event gave the thoughts of men a new direction, how it infused vitality into trade and commerce, how it called the vagrant imaginations of busy dreamers to realities more exciting than fiction, how it stirred the hearts of the hopeful and the brave with strange emotions. But in some degree, this is what occurs whenever mind makes a signal conquest and adds a new realm to its dominions. The geometrical discoveries of his age furnished Plato with the means of reforming the intellectual culture of Greece. Jurisprudence imparted a similar impulse to Roman mind. In modern times great discoveries have fixed new points of departure for the race. If we take the additions to human knowledge that have been made by astronomy, chemistry, and geology, we may, indeed, map off the vast space which they occupy in the positive science of the day. But who can measure the prodigious influence over mind which they have exerted? Viewed in one aspect only, viz., *the development of the sense of the infinite*, no one can form even an approximate idea of their invaluable utility. The practical uses of these sciences in the civilization of the age are too palpable to require notice. Deprive us of them, and it would be a catastrophe almost equivalent to a lapse into barbarism. But they have rendered a far higher and nobler service than the senses or the understanding can appreciate. To estimate their true worth we must follow them in their magnificent demonstrations of the boundlessness and glory of that inheritance, which they have certified, on grounds independent of religion, as the property and theatre of the human mind. They have appealed to the sense of the infinite within by methods altogether their own. They have cultivated our sublimest instincts, not by imitating the art of poetry or following the lead of intuitional philosophers, but by the slow and sure proofs of science, by a series of discoveries in the material universe that have brought us into close contact with the infinite. This is the great service which modern science is performing for man. It speaks to the soul. It speaks a language that is as ancient as the heavens of God. And although it has illustrated and confirmed the external evidences of the Scriptures, yet we can not hold its office, in this particular, to be comparable with the spiritual glory which it

has shed over the hopes and aspirations of our religious nature. Man needs nothing so much as great thoughts and sublime yearnings. He was created to feel the supernatural within and without him, and he can not be a man if this sense of the supernatural be dead or dormant in his bosom. Science now befriends him in the holiest interests of his being. It dignifies and ennobles his aims. It calls out with intense fervency his best feelings. Nor is this all. The science of the nineteenth century holds firmly in its hand the magic wand of the imagination. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. New worlds are grander things than new poems. Within a few years the "number of known members of the planetary system," says Professor Loomis, "has been more than doubled. A planet of vast dimensions has been added to our system; thirty-six new asteroids have been discovered; four new satellites have been detected; and a new ring has been added to Saturn." Add to these astronomical results the recent discoveries of other sciences, and then turn to such magnificent trains of thought as Professor Babbage elaborates in the moral of the mechanical principle of action and reaction; turn to that ingenious and profound tractate, "The Stars and the Earth;" to the "Telegraphic System of the Universe" as presented by President Hitchcock in his "Religion of Geology;" and tell us if science is not expanding and cultivating the imagination far more than poetry or the fine arts? Take the grandest passage in the grandest poem of the world—*Paradise Lost*. Follow Milton in his flight through the universe; stand with Uriel in the sun and from his lofty watch-tower look over creation; pursue the track of the Arch-Fiend as the air sinks oppressed with its ponderous burden, and the stars pale their light beneath the shadows of his dusky hue, and you have an impression of sublimity that poetry only in its highest moods is capable of creating. Fresh from this wonderful excursion of genius, visit an astronomical observatory and look through a first-class telescope. If your mind is thoroughly informed with astronomical knowledge, if you have profound sensibilities, a quick instinct for grandeur, a sensitive and glowing imagination, how your soul is moved as literature never moved it, at this vast spectacle of silent and overwhelming majesty! Such depth of quietude—such a fathomless hush as if the departed Sabbaths of earth had gathered here their solemn peacefulness—such subdued and mystic glory as if escaped from the veiled splendors of Godhead—who ever felt elsewhere so close an environment of the infinite?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE splendid summer was loth to go. It lingered and lingered, spending profusely the most golden days to secure a longer life. But no sun is rich enough to buy more than twelve months in the year, and spring and winter and autumn have their rights no less than summer. Yet even into late September how soft the air was, how green the fields; how the earth seemed to enjoy its redundant life, and to roll languidly over in the great blue starry spaces! The harvest moon hung calm and benignant in a dewy sky, and the comet whizzed away from the legs of the Bear, silent and remote, but with an aspect of resistless motion. In the trees and the grass, and along the edges of brooks, the crickets and katydids and their insect kin filled

the still air with a multitudinous murmur, a sense of infinite life pervading all nature, while long and bright on the burnished western horizon the yellow twilight stained the sky. To raise the window in the morning and look out, to step into the garden and feel the early sun, to walk in the woods where the rustling of the leaves had the fatal dry rattle of decay, yet which clung gallantly still, and with gathering hectic defied death with the too vivid complexion of life; to stroll by the shore and watch the peaceful green meadows beyond stretching toward a park-like grove, or to look seaward over a plain descending so gradually as to seem entirely level, and yet enough to reveal all its tranquil, pastoral, poetic charms; to hear the squirrels and the later birds, and to feel every where the genial, gracious, benevolent autumnal sun; this was to have a shock of new life, so deep and sweet that the sadness of the season was almost entirely overborne, and the consciousness of gathered harvests filled the soul with peace.

It is not long since we were speaking together of the coming of spring. The sap in the wood of the old Chair leaps when it stirs in the trees; but also the contented croning of the autumn landscape—for the song of the September and October insects seems to be a song of satisfaction in rich results—hums and drowns about it. What a dark day it is when any human Easy Chair—a stick of any sort or shape—loses its original sympathy with nature! Like the Connecticut stone, which, when buried in the floors of cellars, does not forego its peculiarity, but sweats at the coming on of thunder-storms; so, however buried in routine and lost in clouds of care, should the fellow-feeling between men and nature be preserved. Men are sometimes startled by a sudden raising of blood—by a sudden weakness which portends decay; but if a man found that he could look upon a lovely child unmoved—that he could see the renewing moon without a thrill of delight—that he could behold a fresh summer garlanding the globe with roses, and not feel the rose of joy blooming again in his heart—should he not be startled by the fear that the life of his life, that the heart of his heart, were touched and tainted?

The poets are the men who are strung in the finest sympathy with the variations of nature; and yet mainly in modern times, as we saw last spring. And yet two hundred years ago dear old Andrew Marvell, poet, patriot, and statesman—for the better the man the better the law—could scarcely write without scenting his verses with his garden. Marvell's is one of the loveliest characters in English history. He had that union of simplicity and geniality and enthusiasm, with inflexible integrity and common-sense, which makes the noblest man. Sir William Temple was a statesman too, and loved gardens. But he was always a statesman in the garden, not a man. That is to say, he smacked of society and courts while he was plucking roses. But hear Marvell!—the first man in Paradise might have sung with this simplicity and zest:

"What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head,
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine,
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Insnares with flowers, I fall on grass."

Wouldn't you be sure of the honesty and justice of such a man's mind and heart? And his humor was not less, nor his gravity. It is a large, racy, sweet humor; and we will have a bit of it, though it have no special relation to any particular time of year. He is reasoning with "His Coy Mistress:"

"Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou, by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze:
Two hundred to adore each breast;
But thirty thousand to the rest:
An age at least to every part;
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate."

Cowley, too, was quaint and stately in the garden. But none of the older poets, not even the greater ones, had a livelier and fresher, or more genuine delight, in the pure charms of the garden than Marvell. And how pleasant it is to think of a statesman in the stormy revolutionary days of England, perfectly true to the popular cause, even to that degree that Andrew Marvell may almost be called the father of the doctrine of the right of instruction—and faithful, all the more, to the quiet love of fruits and flowers. It is like the proverbial simplicity of the old Roman republicans—of Cincinnatus upon his four acres—of Curius Dentatus cooking his own vegetables for dinner—and how much simpler and more majestic in its private and secluded character than the pompous preference of Dioclesian, of which Cowley tells the story—Dioclesian, one of the vulgar and malignant emperors of decaying Rome:

"Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made.
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
To entice him to a throne again.
'If I, my friends,' said he, 'should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier, much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away;
And trust me not, my friends, if every day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the capitol I rode
To thank the Gods, and to be thought myself almost
a God."

"Great Dioclesian" was a common soldier, who was made emperor and persecuted the Christians; and it would be a dangerous inquiry how much of the Salonian garden his own imperial hands made.

The Easy Chair can not catalogue the singers who have praised the autumn and its harvests, nor follow our own poets who have not been silent while the eloquent glory of the season burns in all the woods and fields. The sad sobriety of Bryant's genius has been touched into some of its most characteristic strains by the "Fall." He it is who

says, "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year;" and he, too, who pleads, with pen-sive longing:

"Oh, Autumn, why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
Thy gentle wind, and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

"Ah, 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the tresses of the soft southwest,
To rove and dream for aye;

"And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour!"

BUT while the poets do not forget the autumn, there is one class whose especial festival is decorated with the splendors that stream over the landscape in September and October. Autumn is the farmer's festival. The fruit of his fields makes a part of the expression of Nature's face at this season. The huge yellow pumpkins and the robust lazy squashes turning their "fair round bellies" to the sun and spreading their indolent chubby arms upon the ground—whether they glisten among the uncut stalks, heavy with golden corn, or lie, like crude ingots, among the harvested wealth of stooks—these lend that air of ample maturity and full fruition which lies, sleek and satisfied, upon the landscape, and shows us how sincerely the earth is our mother.

And if we needed any proof that men are all her children, and therefore brothers, we should have it in the fact that the feast of Demeter, or Ceres, is held still in the valleys and on the hill-sides of America as it used to be in the beginning of history three thousand years ago in Greece, whither tradition, which makes Greece to have been settled from Egypt, brought it from the banks of the Nile.

The feasts of Bacchus and of Ceres—of corn and wine—have been celebrated in almost every county of every American State during the months that are just passed. Sister of Jupiter and mother of Proserpine, Ceres had all the majesty of Juno, with a deeper sweetness. Mild and matronly, she was the mother of men by being the goddess of Agriculture. The Greeks called her Demeter, and the Romans, Ceres; but although it is not easy to relinquish a name of pleasant association, yet as the Romans were merely successors, imitators, and corrupters of the pure Greek mythology, let us rather return, as all the modern historians and scholars are returning, and call her, in large phrase of dignity, Demeter.

It is curious and interesting to follow the ingenious speculations of those scholars in the explanation of the old mythology. They are determined to find an allegory in every thing, to "spy a great peard under her muffler," wherever the affluent genius of man has incarnated his love, and hope, and gratitude. Thus the lovely legend of the Rape of Proserpine—or as, in obedience to the scholars, we must henceforth say, Persephone—is treated as a myth, merely. The old story is ever new, ever beautiful.

Persephone was on the Nysian plain with the ocean nymphs plucking flowers. She gathered the rose, the violet, the crocus, the hyacinth, and suddenly beheld a narcissus of rare size and alluring beauty. Stretching her hand she picked the

flower, when the earth opened, and Pluto, or Aïdoneus, arose in his golden chariot, seized her, and bore her away. Her mother hears her cries, but knows not who has stolen her, nor whither he has fled. But Helios betrays the secret, and tells her that Zeus had permitted the rape. Then Demeter, disgusted, deserted heaven, and dwelt among men. But she would not allow the corn to sprout; and, threatened with the destruction of his subjects on the earth, Zeus beseeches Demeter to return to heaven. She will consent upon one sole condition—that her daughter is restored. And the king of heaven and of men is obliged to submit, and order Aïdoneus to allow the return of Persephone. She comes to her mother, but not until she has eaten a pomegranate seed which Aïdoneus had given her; and for that reason she was compelled to return and pass a third part of the year with her infernal husband—for Aïdoneus dwelt in Hades.

This is one of the legends which the poets are never weary of repeating. Milton touches it, in passing, with solemn grace, and one of our own younger poets, Stoddard, has set the story to most modern music. It needs no other explanation than every exquisite invention needs. It appeals to the natural, human sympathies, as every legend does. It gratifies the love of wonder, and the fine taste for fable in which the human mind delights. It needs no other key than Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" or Tennyson's "Lady of Shallot." But it has been opened by those who insist that every flower, however fair, and every fruit, however sweet, contains a seed which is the final cause of its existence—that beauty and flavor are but episodes and accidents.

They go too far who say that. Every step in nature is intrinsically as important as the result. The flower may be only the sheath of seed, fruit may be only a pericarp; but the seed itself is only a step toward other flowers and other fruit.

And so the wise men have decreed that Persephone is only seed-corn, which, being cast into the ground, remains hidden there until it reappears upon the surface; and although the seed-corn does not delay to sprout for a third of the year, yet it is about that time from the sowing of the grain to its ripened fullness in the ear.

But when,

"In summer when the days were long," the Easy Chair journeyed through the soft land of Sicily, and saw, beneath the Sicilian sun, the long olive-silvered hill-sides that slope to the lovely vale of Enna; when, journeying toward the land whose best life remains in its mythology—in the poetry which celebrates it, and the art which sprang from it—the Easy Chair came upon the enchanted domain of legend and renown, it was not seed-corn cast into the ground and allegorized that he thought of, but of the virgin troop prattling and plucking flowers along that very vale—of the benignant mother whose ample presence fills with yellow light the waning of the year—and of "herself, a fairer flower," whom the gloomy God bore off.

It is this identity of sentiment with all times and all countries that makes the agricultural fairs so significant and interesting. The meeting of farmers in any village, hanging up the pictures, and the counterpanes, and the blankets—the shawls, and mats, and sheets which have grown under the busy fingers of their families; or piling the vegetables, and fruits, and flowers which have grown under the skillful shining of the sun; or ranging

their labor-saving implements together which have grown under a kindly civilization—all this is part of the old, old worship; a worship coeval with man, and founded in his first necessities.

The last man, like the first, is still, by distinction, the farmer. Adam would find more buildings and machines upon his real estate, but the crops would be familiar still, and, if he had to work harder, perhaps he would worship more to the purpose; while our dear deluded grandma Eve, had she only had something to do, would never have listened to the charmer.

THIS year, in the golden middle of September, the Easy Chair went to one of these genuine harvest homes. It was a congress of the county; not of the tongue men, the lawyers and politicians; nor of the sharp, shrewd men, the traders; not of these only or chiefly, but mainly of what is called the bone and sinew, the muscle and brawn of the county; the men who tame the earth and send corn to the mill; the men whose interest is deepest and strongest in the soil, consequently, in peace, order, and law.

They came together with specimens of their year's work in their hands. From every corner of the county noble cattle; sheep that were mere walking clouds of wool; porkers, sleek and sumptuous; horses, that seem so near and are so dear to man; all the dependent and subservient animals moved along the roads, with wagons laden with miraculous turnips and marvelous cabbages; with colossal squashes and glistening tomatoes, like Yankee pomegranates; with baskets heaped with apples, pears, and peaches, which to name is to use pulpy, and delicious, and suggestive words; with these, piles of domestic manufactures, useful household articles—recalling not only the days when the farmer's wife span the farmer's clothes, but also the laughs, tears, blushes, smiles, surprises, all the intermittent light and shadow of a year's life, which had been unconsciously woven and worked into these demure and unreporting blankets and coverlets—all these moved along the hills and valleys, by the winding streams and the wooded ways of the county, gorgeous as an army with banners. Yes, and it was an army—the army of civilization, and the banners of peace.

And upon the spacious Fair grounds this army had encamped. Upon every side were the tents of plenty—the sleek herds—the horses—the great vegetables—golden fruit—beautiful implements. Among them moved the thousands of farmers, and farmers' wives and daughters, curiously surveying the domestic tapestries that hung in the chief hall, and the myriad substantial products of fireside industry. Outside, shrewd eyes were contemplating improvements in machines—comparing the new with the old—measuring experience, each man with his neighbor, from every part of the county—talking about crops and methods, about seeds and roots, about stock and poultry; and the conversation was quite as sensible and useful as most of the talking that is done in this world.

Then came the next day, which repeated the story of the first; and then the third, on which it unhappily rained. It was no shower, it was a beating storm. The wind blew and the torrents streamed. Not more effectually does a fire-engine disperse a mob than a storm scatters a crowd. The grounds were deserted. A few pertinacious people clung to dripping umbrellas, and splashed and

waded in the mud. But the Fair grounds were as melancholy as a drenched barn-yard. The stock was gone, and every thing that could be removed was safely under cover. About one o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of the hardest shower, a few people gathered about the platform in the large building of the Fair to hear the annual address. The Easy Chair desires to be just to the orator, but finds it very hard. It was close to him and heard every word, and knew it, in fact, before it was out of his mouth. But when we can not praise, silence is charity. The audience listened kindly until the speaker sat down. It even applauded him warmly, and asked for his address to print it. The Easy Chair blushed for him, and left the hall with him, and the Fair.

At the same time all over the country similar meetings were held. They ought to be the most important of all meetings, for they are the fêtes of the great producing interest, and of two-thirds of the mass of the people.

But let an old Easy Chair say frankly to any farmer who is reading these lines, that education is the grand means of increasing the dignity and the profit of agriculture. The farmers, as a class, are not the cultivated men they ought to be. As a class they are less well instructed in their own pursuits than any other class, and there is no calling in which intelligent instruction is of more direct value. They are foolishly jealous of books and of book-farming, declaring that a farmer must learn by experience. They might as wisely say that a doctor, or a surgeon, or a lawyer, or a chemist must learn by experience. So must they all—but how? By learning the laws established by the experience of others, so that their own experience may be of some use. Would any farmer who laughs at “learning” how to be a farmer, except by doing as his great-grandfather's great-grandfather did, submit himself, when he was stricken suddenly ill, to a green youth who had never “studied” medicine, but was going to learn how by practicing? The farmer would naturally cry out, “No, thank you—I don't want any body learning how on me!” And so might the outraged earth say to the farmer who proposed to farm without learning how, “No, thank you—I don't want any body learning how on me!”

And these Fairs are, or ought to be, of the greatest service in this very direction. By bringing men together, that they may compare their practice and their theories, their machines and their results, they are doing just what books do, at which they laugh so sneeringly; and wherever the Fair languishes, there farming will be most likely to languish. Let the farmers show that they are not contented with any less intelligent cultivation in their own art and upon general subjects than any other class, and agriculture will become a fine art, honored and honoring.

BUT while the Harvest-home was celebrated in so many regions, under the yellow autumn sun, there was another assembly in the same beautiful days, also in the country, also of farmers, mechanics, merchants, and men of every profession. The Easy Chair stumps about, seeing the world, hearing it too; and, led by the peculiarity of this assembly, it jogged along the beautiful road among the harvest fields, on the loveliest day of all the year as it seemed, to hear and see the world of Richmond County, in the State of New York (for

every county in every State is the diocese of the Easy Chair).

You know, of course, how that county has been excited about the Quarantine, and the consequent yellow fever and mortality upon the island; and you have all read, kind friends, with more or less shuddering, the story of the burning in the calm moonlight of the 1st of September.

The meeting was a striking spectacle on that soft September afternoon. It had been called by the great mass of intelligent and respectable residents and citizens of the island, and the population came from every part of the county (the island is the county), from the silent meadows on the western kills toward Jersey, from the pretty banks of the Kill Van Kull upon the north, from the swarming shores of Southfield, including the towns about the late Quarantine, and from the broad fields that look over the lower bay, and see the ocean flashing against the horizon. They came as New England country people come to an ordination or a militia muster, and as all Americans come to a political mass meeting, in every kind of carriage, on horses, and on foot. Clouds of dust rising over every road veiled the straggling procession, as it poured into the county town—part village and mostly green fields, as country county towns are wont to be—toward the court-house. Under every tree, at every post and rail, to every fence, horses were hitched, sometimes unharnessed, or quietly standing with the carriage. At the tavern doors and in the tavern yards the arrival of wagons was constant, and while the horses were taken into the stable for something to eat, the drivers sauntered into the tavern for something to—swallow. The little quiet town hummed with the eager voices of greeting and expectation, but no kind of unseemly revelry, no intoxication, no angry swearing or quarreling, were seen or heard. The thin spire of St. Andrew's Church, a hundred and fifty years old, rose among the trees on the hill beside it, above the week-day bustle; and as the loiterer stole away from the centre of the village and leaned over the church-yard wall, his thoughts were soothed by the grassy grave-yard, and his mind allured to peace by the long, sloping, green meadow-land that stretched away to the water beyond.

Richmond County never before saw such a sight, and few counties in any of our States have ever seen it. The aspect of the crowd was grave and quiet. They seemed to be men who had an earnest purpose, and who understood it and themselves. Gradually the throng upon the steps of the court-house increased. The people constantly arrived, and while in the lower rooms and hall of the building and in the street in front knots of men stood together warmly conversing, in the court-room above sat the committee gravely whispering and awaiting the hour of meeting.

At length it came. The crowd was now at least fifteen hundred persons. There was no room large enough to hold them, and they poured along the road for a little distance, until they reached a gentle green slope, at the bottom of which was a carriage-maker's shop with a large, high, broad platform, that was already covered with a group of the most respected citizens of the island; and when the meeting was organized by the appointment of a venerable man—himself an old Quarantine physician—as president, the carriage-maker's surpassed the Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, and Buffalo, and Binghamton, and Syracuse, and all other plat-

forms ever heard of in the swift history of our politics—for it was a platform upon which men of every shade of opinion in every possible political party stood side by side.

Perhaps you have read the papers, and know what was done and what was said. But as the Easy Chair surveyed that great meeting, and felt the heartiness of the responses, and the universal and sincere sympathy with every thing that occurred, he knew that no account could ever reproduce it; that the aspect of a great popular emotion in the moment of its power is beyond the poet even, as it is beyond the reporter, to describe. And being neither poet nor reporter, the Easy Chair can only be glad that it saw with its eyes and heard with its ears.

It is not worth while, even if it were quite proper, to discuss the question of the Quarantine here, although it makes, and has for so long time made, so much of the staple of conversation around the Chair. The question itself is, essentially, first legal, and then revolutionary. A nuisance may be abated by any body peaceably, and at the risk of a suit for trespass if it prove not to be a nuisance. Whatever the law may be as to the impossibility of a State's erecting a nuisance, that law, if it be such, was expressly excepted in this case. The buildings had been denounced by all the proper authorities as a dangerous nuisance, and in pursuance of the law which authorizes the peaceable abatement of nuisance, this one was peaceably abated. There was no noise, no riot, no injury to persons, nor to other property. So far as the statement at the meeting showed, the proceeding was covered by the law.

But there is another view.

Granting that when a law had been passed, in pursuance of the earnest wishes of the county and the conviction of the State, for the removal of so dangerous a nuisance as a Quarantine, the people of the neighborhood, quiet citizens at their work, ought to await the action of that law—how long ought they to wait? How many scores of them must be destroyed by pestilence before they are justified in being tired of waiting? Does it follow that, if they are so perishing, the removal will soon take place? Unfortunately the facts are too strong for the supposition. History shows that there are always agencies, even in republican governments, sufficiently powerful to thwart the operation of the laws.

The people of the neighborhood considered that the law had failed to help them. They had given it every chance. It was foolish to say it would probably help them next year. The same thing was said the year before; and a dozen more honest, innocent, hard-working citizens had died in the interim, stricken at their own hearths. What is a Quarantine for? To spread death, or to save health?

The people of the neighborhood decided that they could not afford to lose any more lives in waiting, and to assert the original human right to life, which is anterior to law, and which law exists to protect. Of course it was a revolutionary act, and as such it must be judged. It was revolutionary, in the same sense that the Battle of Bunker Hill and the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco were revolutionary. The question is, Have any body of people, under any circumstances, the right forcibly to protect themselves? If they have, then they are the judges when they must have recourse to that right, and they take it at their own peril.

This was the undertone of all the speeches that pleasant afternoon. The Easy Chair confesses that it kindled with them in the warm sun. Dear to every American heart is the doctrine of the original right of the people. In a law-fearing land like ours there is little danger in preaching its eternal truth and justice. The danger is in corrupting the moral sense of the people by declaring that when every peaceable, legal, patient, and persistent effort has been made to procure the repeal of an oppressive law in vain, then it is wicked to resist it forcibly. To assert that is to tear our Declaration, and to spit in the face of Human Liberty and Civilization.

The Easy Chair begs to stand on its own four legs, and to commit nobody. But in the spectacle of the people of that rural county, calmly asserting, in the bright autumn afternoon, the grand, cardinal principles upon which all our institutions are planted—of course asserting them at their own risk—there was an inspiration and satisfaction which no other mass meeting ever afforded to this stumpy old stick.

SOME friend sends to the Easy Chair the following:

"FAMILY PRIDE.—The English family Vere, Earls of Oxford, pretended to deduce its pedigree from the Roman emperor Lucius Verus. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads inscribed, *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope*. The French family of the Duke de Levis have a picture in their chateau in which Noah is represented going into the ark, and carrying under his arm a small trunk on which is written, '*Papers belonging to the Levis family!*'"

It is certainly amusing to observe how far our cousin John Bull carries his respect for ancestry. To have an ancestor—good, bad, or indifferent—seems to be the great point. To be named among the Norman barbarians—to be enrolled, by name, upon the list of Battle Abbey—confers upon our cousin a satisfaction which seems incredible to people who care more for the character of an ancestor than for the fact of having had one. In truth, it might strike a thoughtful man that he may assume the existence of his ancestors as far back as anybody's. He may not know about them, but there they are. And it is a great deal better not to know about them unless you can know something to their advantage. That your ancestor in the tenth century was a king of pirates, who murdered your neighbor Jones's ancestor of the same period, who was a high private of pirates, is neither a very illustrious nor consoling scrap of information.

"But would you not, O Easy Chair! gladly have the wood of Plato's garden, of the Stratford mulberry, to your ancestor? Could you watch, inquisitive, the same growing glance in your child's soft face which so long and tenderly you have worshiped in some portrait of a dear and sainted lady, dead centuries ago?"

Who shall dare deny it? It is not a matter of reasoning. A man is no better merely because the names and deeds of his ancestors are known for long ages, if he chances to be an idiot himself. But may he not be—if he has intelligence and imagination?

Is there no such thing as consciously bearing the honor of a noble name? Is there no spur in the memorial of good deeds? Could a man be quite so mean if his name were Hampden as he might if it

were Monk? Would the children's children of Benedict Arnold care to perpetuate that name?

No; the private, and mystic, and inexplicable bond which unites us to our kindred holds us in thrall forever. The mere fact of ancestry is nothing. Every body came from the first man. But after the stream rises it branches, and some branches stretch away and are lost, but others swell into rivers and roll seaward, stately with extent and majesty of flow, decorated with the cities and the busy fields and work-shops which it has encouraged and occasioned.

So, friend who sends the extract, might it not be with ancestry?

Yes; and if in some retired shire of England, wandering at the will of your fancy through the summer beauty of that lovely land, you too should come upon some deserted mansion, lordly in decay, rich with traces of departed grandeur, and hung with fading, dropping portraits of heroes and queenly ladies, and know that you gazed upon your own blood, would you be all unmoved, all uninspired? or might a more earnest strain in your life—not for the sake of nobleness only, but out of remembrance of those old, half-forgotten parents—betray that the child had gazed upon their portraits, and felt his experience multiplied and enriched.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

How the Emperor and Empress have made conquest of the Bretons, and won over all that superstitious peasantry, which talks like the Welsh, and has so long worshiped the memory of the Bourbons, for a week past has been staple of the Paris chat.

But is the transfer of allegiance wonderful? Is not the pomp of a living Emperor, and the beauty and tenderness of a living Empress, grander and more wonder-compelling, in the eye of dependent ignorance, than a golden *fleur de lis* or the tomb of a dead king? And the loyalty which is fed by superstition, does it not grow and change with new wonderment?

Besides which, the Emperor, with that rare shrewdness in measurement of influences which distinguishes him, had not forgotten to win over the priesthood of the most priest-ridden district of France. The Bretons all love churches, and surplice, and ecclesiastic tradition; so, when the priests welcomed the monarch, and burned flattering incense before him, what should the well-taught, innocent Bretons do but clap their hands and admire and rejoice?

So much easier this than to be sulky and rebel! Life is so short; fêtes are so rare; an Imperial pageant is so grand!

Therefore, if the *Moniteur* may be trusted, the Bretons have all become Imperialists. At least there is life and energy in this, and not the dead bonds only which have tied them thus far to Bourbon traditions.

Meantime we recall, with a half-sigh for the Imperial hopes, how the Duc de Nemours, in the days that went closely before the Revolution of February, made a tour through Brittany, and how the people shouted welcome every where, and the priests made flattering discourses, which in a month were forgotten, in the trimming of the ecclesiastic ship to catch the breath of Revolution. This French Church may be founded upon a rock, but it has a great many fronts; and they who keep the keys, like the first key-keeper, are prone to deny a fallen master.

The fact is, a good bite from the State crib makes strong Imperialists here, as it does strong Administrationists at home. What right have we to declaim against the zealous priests and peasants of Brittany?

So, through that green and pleasant country—which is not all plain-land, with stiff lines of poplars—the Imperial family has come back to pass a first Sunday of rest at St. Cloud. In their absence the Napoleon Fête has come and gone, with its thousands of lampions, its red and green arches of waving light stretching from the Tuileries garden to the Arch of Triumph, its free theatres, its mountebanks, its beer, and froth of all kinds.

Count Walewski closed the day (Sunday) with a great banquet at the Hôtel of Foreign Affairs. M. Delangle, the new Minister of the Interior, has made himself far less obnoxious than his military predecessor. Since his advent to the Ministry of the Interior he has not sent the newspapers a single *avertissement*, nor inflicted a single penalty on them; but if he has not adopted unnecessary rigor, he has, on the other hand, shown no disposition to give the press even a moderate amount of liberty. As Minister of the Interior he has addressed a circular to the Prefects, in which he recommends to them the utmost vigilance in watching the Departmental journals, and enjoins them especially to prohibit all the journals from publishing any details on the person of the Emperor and the Empress and on their private life, with the exception of what appears in the *Moniteur*. The Minister also prohibits the papers from publishing any letter from the princes belonging to the ex-royal families, or from the members of the former Legislative Assemblies. To all these prohibitions the Minister adds another—that they shall not criticise the acts of any public functionaries. This silence, which is imposed upon every one, with respect to the abuses of the administration, makes the position of the functionaries a pleasant one. On no side have they to apprehend blame or repression from the public censors, and when their abuses of power come under the eyes of the Government they have always the excuse of their zeal and devotion to the powers that be. The excesses committed by the Government are incessant. The greater number of them remain unknown, and the victims find it prudent to bow in silence under the yoke of the functionaries. Some of these abuses transpire from time to time, when the individuals who are the objects of them are sufficiently powerful to bring them before the Council of State. This has taken place lately. The Council of State had its attention drawn to a number of complaints relative to the last general elections. These complaints allege and show the most incredible abuses on the part of the Prefects; but the Council of State will not censure the functionaries against whom complaints are brought if they have been successful in returning the Government candidates. A few days ago the Council of State had another matter of great gravity brought before it. The Prefect of the Sarthe had endeavored to force a free mutual benefit society to receive a president and secretary nominated by the Government. The society declined to accede to the demand, and was consequently dissolved by the Prefect, who assumed to himself the power of dissolving the society in question and establishing another, to which he handed over the funds of the society which he had dissolved by force. The members of the ex-society brought a complaint *en abus de pouvoir* before the Council of State. A very

warm discussion took place. The Councilors of State, MM. Marchand, Blondel, and Boulatignier characterized the conduct of the Prefect with great severity, as having committed a grave attack on the rights of private property. M. Baroche endeavored to support the Prefect; but, after some very stormy discussions, the majority pronounced a decision annulling the act of the Prefect, and ordering the restitution of the confiscated property into the hands of the liquidators of the dissolved society.

But it is only some party of influence that can succeed in bringing before the Council of State the tyranny of the Prefects.

M. DE LAMARTINE has again appealed to public sympathy, in an elaborate reply to the attacks which have been made on him, and to the objections which have been urged against the proposed subscription in his behalf.

Any impartial reader of this letter must acknowledge that he has fully established the point, that it has been customary in France to offer and to accept pecuniary offerings from literary admirers. It had been said in the *Univers* that Chateaubriand would never have taken a farthing in this way. M. de Lamartine gladly and triumphantly seizes on the instance adduced. He recalls to the recollection of his critic that Chateaubriand opened a subscription in 1818, to sell at a fancy price, by lottery, his estate and residence in the Vallée aux Loups. Of this lottery, it is true, only three tickets were taken, and those by three political opponents. The Restoration paid Chateaubriand's debts twice, while M. de Lamartine never allowed any Government to pay his. It is also to be remembered that Chateaubriand was four times Ambassador and once Minister, with salaries amounting to 300,000 francs in his principal embassies, and that he also enjoyed the pension of a peer. Lastly, he opened a subscription for his posthumous memoirs at the price of 50,000 francs, with an annuity of 20,000 francs for himself and a reversion of 12,000 francs yearly to his widow. Foy, Lafitte, and Dupont de l'Eure have all accepted substantial proofs of the sympathy and attention of their supporters and admirers; and M. de Lamartine may therefore lay an undeniable claim to be only following a well-established method of relieving himself when he lets it be known that he will accept whatever may be offered him.

When, however, we pass from this broad ground to the narrower ground, where M. de Lamartine meets his critics in points of detail, we can not say that he seems to us equally successful. He says it has been objected to him that he contributed largely to the Revolution of 1848. He replies that if this were true, he, at any rate, fairly employed a revolution to overturn a government established by a revolution, and that it ill becomes the supporters of the Government of July to cast in his teeth that he contributed to a revolution. This curious argument takes for granted that all revolutions are equally advantageous. If M. de Lamartine had permitted himself a moment's reflection he must have seen that a supporter of constitutional liberty, although he approved of a revolution by which constitutional liberty was established, need not be supposed to approve equally of one by which it was overturned; and that when asked to give money to help a man alleged to have been distinguished by his efforts to do away with the system

of moderate freedom, the Constitutionalist may button up his pocket, not because the Revolution of 1848 was a revolution, but because it was a revolution that practically tended to a degrading military despotism.

M. de Lamartine has also been charged with squandering considerable sums of money; and to this he replies, first, that at present he lives very economically; and, secondly, that he has only been guilty of a "folly of the heart," and given way to a "madness that may be called holy." This is merely saying that his extravagance has not been of a purely selfish kind. We may form a higher impression of the character of a man who has not spent money solely on his own pleasures; but still extravagance of any sort is an injustice, and M. de Lamartine has been unjust both to himself and to the many persons who have a sincere respect for him and his writings. It may be an injustice that is easily pardonable; but a public man who asks for pecuniary assistance is always in some degree in a wrong position when his embarrassment has been of his own creating. All that can be fairly said is that M. de Lamartine has never done any thing dishonorable, which could debar him from taking advantage of the French custom of accepting this sort of support; and it is impossible not to sympathize with his warmth of language and tone when he declares that he will have no alternative but to quit France if his appeal shall have been made in vain.

OF operatic matters, and the theatres, let us make this mention: Tamberlik is engaged at the Italian Opera, at the pretty large salary of forty thousand francs for sixteen representations; there is an *ut dieze* which does not fail to be productive to its fortunate possessor. There are no longer any children. The collegians of our time permit themselves to get medals struck and to dispense glory. The students of the Collège Louis-le-Grand have just sent M. Sivori a medal, in acknowledgment of the concert which that violoncellist gave them on the 8th of July last, in the hall of their college. The Opera must not be joked with. The singers sing; but they fight also. M. Belval, an artist of that house, has sent his seconds to M. Felicien David, because that eminent composer had given a part to M. Obin which he had promised to Belval, in the *Dernier Jour d'Herculeum*. It is, however, not supposed that the affair will have serious consequences. This new work, promised under the title which we have indicated, by the author of the *Perle du Bresil*, is no other than the opera promised originally under the title of the *Dernier Jugement*; the decorators not being able to agree among themselves as to the proper mode of representing the Last Judgment (at which, be it understood, none of them have yet been present). M. Méry, the author of the words, was forced to modify his poem, and to descend to a level more within the reach of the imagination of the painters. The Bouffes, under the direction of Offenbach, having left Berlin, are now drinking the waters at Ems, and will resume their position in the theatre of the Rue Choiseuil on the 1st of September.

With respect to the other theatres there is nothing new, with the exception of the first representation of a *faerie mirobolante* at the Palais Royal, called *Le Fils de la Belle au Bois Dormant*, written by three fortunate authors, L. Thiborst, Siraudin, and Choller, and played by Hyacinthe and comic

actors, *ejusdem nasi*; the engagement at the Pré-Catalan, since Tuesday last, of a troop of English comic actors; and the plan adopted by the director of the Ambigu to attract—feminine spectators. At the bottom of the bill of this latter house you may read the following notice: "All the ladies supplied with a ticket at the first bureau will receive, on entering, a fan." But this is not all; the bill adds: "representing one of the principal scenes in the drama *Les Fugitifs*." Another theatre is about to present a nosegay to every lady who will please to honor the house with her—money. The successes of the Boulevards are still the same. The Maréchal de Villars, who continues to lose the battle of Malplaquet à la cantonnade, and Jean Bart, metamorphosed into a Sgagnarelle, and frothing up the waves of the sea (of the Porte St. Martin) in his pursuit of the putative lover of his wife, while all the time performing his service to the king; but at the fifth act appears a ship of the line, which requires from the patience of the audience an *entreacte* of half an hour to set it afloat, and to get up a tempest—of applause. Here is a good opportunity for M. Raphael Felix, the brother of the celebrated tragedian who died lately, to renew in the provinces the *exploitation* which he has already accomplished, of the ship in the *Fils des la Nuit*; but without doubt he is too busy at the present moment, for he is getting ready for the *quart d'heure*, and is preparing, with the assistance of M. Jules Janin, for the publication of a book, to be called *Mademoiselle Rachel et la Tragedie*. This is a pious labor, on which we can not but congratulate him. Besides this, he is organizing another, which deserves some attention, namely, the foundation of a theatrical and artistical bank, for the purpose of advancing to directors of theatres the funds necessary for the advances required for their artists, and for their traveling expenses. We only hope that love of the arts may be the sole motive which has led to this idea.

The Comédie Française will perhaps have a drama from Madame George Sand. They say that the subject of it is selected from the Roman history. The theatrical works of this extraordinary woman excite particular interest, because it is known that the author of *Consuelo*, *Lelia*, *Indiana*, and so many other remarkable romances, pursues a theory of dramatic reform which has hitherto been received with more or less benevolence by the public and the critics, and been crowned with more or less success. In any case, a drama from Madame Sand can not fail to have the merit of being a literary and well-written work—which, for a long time past, has very rarely been the case at any theatre, not even excepting the Théâtre Français.

Literature having abandoned the boards the dramatic art naturally degenerates. The actors are no longer what they were in former times. On this account they are not going to appoint a new *sociétaire* in place of Anselm Bert, whose death was announced a short time since, and who was the type of noble fathers. The *foyer* of the Théâtre Français is shortly to be ornamented with his bust in marble. This bust, which has been executed by the sculptor Maindron, after a photograph by Richebourg, is to be presented to the Théâtre Français by the members of a society of which Anselm Bert and the two artists in question were also members, and which is called "La Société de Jeudi." This society is simply a club formed of fourteen men of talent, who meet once a week to smoke,

drink, and discourse *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.

The Théâtre Français has just concluded an engagement with Madame Emilie Guyon, who had so much success last winter at the Porte St. Martin, as the mother of Jack Sheppard in the *Chevaliers du Brouillard*. She is the widow of Guyon, who was, in the first instance, an actor at the Ambigu, and afterward at the Théâtre Français. He was an actor of considerable talent, who in his time divided public favor with Bocage, Frederick Lemaitre, and Melingue. The Gaité has, on its side, engaged Madame Doche, the famous *Dame aux Camélias*. She is to play the principal part in a drama entitled *La Bigame*, a continuation of the contagion which exists just now in the theatres. In the stage world, just now, *marriage* is the order of the day. Thus you have seen that at the Gaité they are preparing to perform a double marriage. The Vaudeville is rehearsing a piece of which the author is the son of a *vaudevilliste* of renown, M. Jaine, fils. His play is simply to be called *Le Mariage*. And the Odéon is to reopen on the 1st of September with *Le Mariage de Vadé*, by M. Amédée Roland, the *ex-editor* of a paper called *Diogène*.

THOSE interested in the African explorations of Dr. Livingstone (and who is not?) will read with interest this first report of the arrival of his little squadron off the Zambesi:

"The weather has been delightful; no sign of fever; in fact, nothing can be more delusive than the belief that this is the region of death. We found ourselves off the Great Zambesi, in the *Pearl*, on May 14; but the river being rough and the wind fresh, we did not attempt to land until the next day, when the *Hermes* hove in sight; and as it had been decided by the expeditionists that the great river would be more easily reached by the West Luabo, and less risk run, than by entering the Zambesi at once, where the bar is shallow and the surf heavy, we decided for West Luabo, accompanied by the *Hermes*. It was low water when we reached the mouth of the river, with the sea in a state of fury right across its mouth; so we waited till 3 P.M., when, the water having risen six feet, we made a run for it in the *Pearl* (her captain showing much pluck), and got over the bar (which just broke), two and a quarter fathoms being the least water we found. Upon entering the points of the river a fine sheet of water opened out, the shores of which are densely clad with mangrove and other tropical trees; but the river's banks were quite level, and elevated only two or three feet above the spring tide level. This feature is universal throughout the delta. We anchored for the night, and at day-dawn on Sunday, the 16th, the operation of hoisting out the steam-launch was commenced. I started off with two Kroomen and three of the members of the expedition to survey the estuary, and get astronomical observations, Captain Bedingfield and myself acting as leadsmen. We did our work by 5 P.M., and returned to the *Pearl* just as the centre and heaviest part of the launch, weighing five or six tons, was going out. All went well; and at sunset we gave three cheers, and joined the fore part of the launch to the middle, and so ended the first day. We found a group of eight hippopotami living in a creek just at our observation spot, and they by no means approved of our intrusion. We fired at them, heard

the bullets strike their heads, but they only grunted, sank down and rose again, again to receive another leaden salute with the like indifference. I measured the foot-prints of these animals on the stiff clayey bank of the river, and found them fifteen to sixteen inches and twelve inches. Dr. Livingstone declares their flesh to be delicious, and very similar in flavor and delicacy to sucking-pig. I have made arrangements for a hippopotamus ham. Having got all ready for forward work, such as trying the launch, testing the compasses, etc., we left our first anchorage on the 20th of May, with the launch ahead to lead the way. We soon got aground about seven miles up the river, but did not remain long there, and by 6 P.M. had advanced a good many miles from the sea, where we anchored in six fathoms for the night. We found the river more than anticipation had pictured it to be—broad, deep, and flowing with riverly strength, which raised our hopes far beyond what they had formerly been for success with ease and rapidity. Vain hopes, too soon to be confronted with reality, in the shape of reeds and bullrushes right across the river! The mosquitoes began to be very troublesome. I saw and closely examined six different species, all venomous and brutally ferocious; but we found that by keeping in the middle of the river our sufferings were somewhat alleviated."

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER has just now edited, in London, a posthumous work of General Sir Charles Napier, being a historical romance, entitled "*William the Conqueror*." In a preface the editor insinuates that Sir Bulwer Lytton was indebted to a sight of this manuscript for the hint and the *matériel* of his story of Harold. A trenchant notice in the *Saturday Review* says: "The development of the butterfly out of the grub is very wonderful; but such a transformation would be a trifle to the development of the truth, the vigor, the magnificence of Harold out of the utter rubbish of '*William the Conqueror*.'"

"The whole tale, from beginning to end, is wild, extravagant, and what is called 'melodramatic.' It is ushered in by an absurd preface, under the name of 'Peter Grievous,' which the editor informs us—we should not have found it out for ourselves—has some reference to the real or supposed injustice endured by Sir Charles Napier at the hands of Sir Frederick Adam, when the former was Resident of Cephalonia, and the latter Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. The threadbare device of having found an ancient MS. is repeated for the thousand-and-first time, and the story is supposed to be dictated by William Mallet in his hundredth year to Wace in his boyhood. As the editor tells us, 'sarcastic political irony runs through the romance of "*William the Conqueror*;" it was excited at the time of writing by the Reform agitation.' That is to say, ever and anon the tale stops for the author—sometimes in his own person, and sometimes in that of William Mallet—to quiz sometimes the eleventh century and sometimes the nineteenth. Now all this is just as it should not be. In such a tale as this we do not want any thing about Sir Charles Napier or Sir Frederick Adam; we do not want any thing about the Reform Bill or the New Poor Law; but we want a true and vivid portraiture of two of the mightiest men that ever walked God's earth—William the Bastard and Harold the son of Godwine. This we

get from the hands of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—we do not get it from the hands of Sir Charles Napier. In the latter, the real exploits of the two heroes are altogether overlaid by a mass of violently improbable adventures on the part of the subordinate characters. Every man is constantly on the point of being murdered, and every woman of being ravished, only William or Harold, or sometimes William and Harold together, are sure to appear miraculously to rescue them. Now we have no doubt that life in the eleventh century was considerably more exciting than life in the nineteenth; but we do not believe that people, even then, lived the sort of life of perpetual prodigy which Sir Charles Napier depicts. We have no doubt that there were a good many days on which Duke William had nothing to do but ride after his hawks, and the Duchess Matilda nothing to do but sit still at her tapestry. But Sir Charles Napier's tale is at least a commentary on the doctrine that 'neither the greatest of kings nor the best of men are more exempt from violence than from natural death.' The more exalted his personages the greater the scrapes they get into. One ruffian has actually the good luck to carry off at one swoop the wife of William and the mistress of Harold. The mass of errors in names, incidents, and the like, and the amazing extent to which Sir Charles Napier has drawn upon his own imagination, form a striking contrast to the wonderful accuracy of Sir E. B. Lytton."

A VERY spirited and somewhat embittered discussion is occupying the London journals anent the opening of the Sydenham Gardens upon Sunday. A vote of the stockholders has declared in the affirmative; but, on the other side, it is alleged that not one half of the stockholders voted at all, and strenuous efforts are being made to defeat the plan.

A Sunday National League has been formed, abetted by the *Examiner*, *Leader*, and other liberal papers, to defeat Sabbatarian restrictions. This National Sunday League challenge the Sabbatarian or Hebrew-Christian party to prove—1. That the contemplation of beautiful objects of nature and of art has upon Sundays a worse effect than upon other days. 2. To explain by what means the people may infallibly discriminate between a tune good for Sunday and one good for Monday or other week days. 3. To explain why it is *good* on Sunday to read in the Bible about Nineveh and Egypt, and *bad* to go to the Crystal Palace or the British Museum in order to see the objects referred to in the sacred book. 4. Why it is good on Sunday to read in the Bible about the lilies of Jerusalem, and wicked to look upon the buttercups of England. 5. To define accurately what may and what may not be done on Sunday. 6. To explain how it is that cooking the hot dinners and making the clergyman's bed, and driving the Bishop's coach on Sunday are pious or permissible actions, while conducting an excursion train or driving the poor man's vans are deadly sins. 7. To show Divine authority for establishing the *sort of Sabbath* which the Hebrew Christians contend for, on any day or at any period. 8. To show Divine authority for transferring the obligation of any Old Testament Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. 9. To show Divine authority for altering the old Eastern mode of reckoning the commencement of days, and exactly what change was permitted, so that we may be able to ascertain the

precise hour at which secular things become sinful, and again become lawful. 10. To prove that what they call Sabbath-keeping is a *cause* of the prosperity of nations, or that Sabbath-breaking is the *cause* of their decline. 11. To account, upon Sabbatarian principles, for the prosperity of England, when, according to the census on the Sunday investigated, 4,105,797 persons were absent from the morning services in churches and chapels "*without cause of inability*," 5,569,114 were so absent from the afternoon services, and 5,688,830 so absent from the evening services; when the Archbishop of Dublin sanctions the Sunday opening of the Zoological Gardens in that city; when railways and steamboats are crowded with Sunday excursionists during the fine weather; when the Queen employs a military band to play secular tunes on Sundays at Windsor, and the people employ similar bands to play similar tunes on Sundays in the London parks. 12. To explain, upon Sabbatarian principles, how it is that Holland merits the description of M'Culloch—"perhaps no country has so little crime"—when Dutch newspapers teem with advertisements of Sunday concerts. 13. To explain, if Sabbath-breaking leads to national ruin, how it is that Switzerland, though surrounded by powerful enemies, has preserved her liberties and grown in prosperity, although Sunday is the favorite day for rifle-shooting, meeting in pleasure-gardens, and other so-called Sabbath-breaking amusements. 14. To explain how it is that Scotland, where Sabbatarianism is most in regard, is renowned for drunkenness and illegitimacy. In Sabbath-breaking France the illegitimate births amount to 7·1-10, and in Sabbath-breaking Belgium to 6·7-10, while in the rural districts of Sabbath-keeping Scotland, the Registrar-General reports them 11·1-10 in Peebles to 17·5-10 in Nairn!

Two curious pamphlets have appeared in France, under, be it remarked, the *régime* of a strict censorship. This fact alone causes them to be noticed. One is called "*Aurons nous la Guerre avec l'Angleterre?*" It is not, like other incendiary pamphlets of a similar kind, anonymous. The individual who stands forth as the author prints his name thus—S. Medoros. According to the statements in the journals, this pamphlet opens by saying, that while diplomacy imagines the attention of Europe concentrated upon the Paris Conferences and the question of the Principalities, "it would appear that grave events, of a nature to remodel the map of Europe, are ripening under a mysterious veil." In the next sentence it is stated, in more absolute terms, that "a grand historical event is in preparation." Further on we are informed that "Are we to go to war with England?" is the "simple question" which every body is asking in France, and that the idea of such a war is so deeply rooted in the minds of all purveyors of news, that the splendid fêtes of Cherbourg seem to them rather a parade of force than a friendly demonstration. A little lower down our author says that all the peoples of Europe firmly believe that "Napoleon III. is meditating one of those great deeds with which he has before this astonished the world;" and that "this belief of the people is encouraged by the Imperial silence."

The writer discusses the chances of landing men on English coasts, admits the difficulty of the enterprise, but regards it as feasible to land 300,000 men.

But then he says, the question arises, could they, although they might be the best troops in the world, subjugate 21,000,000 of people who glory, above all things, in their independence? He gets over this difficulty by supposing that Napoleon III. could persuade the masses in England that he came not as a conqueror but as a deliverer. "Bread and Liberty" would be his rallying cry; and the writer is of opinion that the people would not be ashamed to accept benefits at his hand. With all Jack Cade's mottoes on his standard, he would make war in the name of the English people upon the English aristocracy. A war with England conducted on such principles would command the enthusiastic support of the pamphleteer, who exclaims, "When we should see our ships in line and our regiments proudly defiling before Napoleon III., we would say to the Emperor, 'Sire, the English people is not against you; you have only to face all those Sardanapaluses of the Thames who drink in golden cups the sweat of a hundred millions of helots and set up to be the Pachas of civilization. Sire, your glory will not be that of conqueror, but your ashes will be deposited in the temple of humanity.'"

The second pamphlet is called "*Cherbourg et l'Angleterre*." A few passages will give an idea of the work.

"The inauguration of Cherbourg," says its author, "is, for France, a festival of glorification for her navy, for the nations a festival of hope, and for England a festival of expiation." "Long enough," he elsewhere declares, "has England paraded her maritime brigandage, and prided herself on it. The history of England is a permanent scandal; the success of England disturbs the conscience, like the sight of a fortunate bandit. But if the bandit lives too short a time always to meet his punishment here below, it is not the same with a city or a nation. Where now is Carthage? Where will superb England be to-morrow?" Again, "In her heart, England is afraid; and what excites to so high a degree her ill-concealed terror is her evil conscience." "Steam has continentalized England; she is no longer an island, as formerly. We can land on her shores when we please, and where has she soldiers to combat us?" At times, this impetuous and impartial writer, carried away by his patriotic and bellicose ardor, abandons the conditional for the future tense, and talks of what France *will* do when the war he evidently thirsts for shall break out. He also gives us some rather startling intelligence. "England lost nearly all her army in the Crimea; to repair her losses at Inkermann she recalled her troops from India; hence the insurrection; in reality, it was from Sebastopol that sprang the independence of India. . . . The domination of the English in India is finished. Nothing can again lift up English power. They may command days of prayer and of public fasting; they would need to change their souls. . . . They have wearied Providence, and their reign is past. . . . The power of England was never any thing but a usurped power. . . . She remained in the first rank only as the consequence of a surprise. She is redescending to her natural place. She will sulk at first; then she will get used to it. If she kicks she is lost; and she will end by listening to reason and by learning justice, for Cherbourg is there." The writer inveighs against the "privileged classes" in England, and predicts that they would find no support from the people on the day when a French General should present himself with the

great Charter of Universal Suffrage in one hand, and, in the other, the Code Napoleon, with all its principles of social equality. "Henceforward it is no longer Heaven alone that the English workman will invoke in his misery, he will turn his eyes towards Cherbourg, seeking, in the mists of the horizon, the liberating fleet."

The reputed author of this extravagant nonsense is M. Jules Lechevalier, some time a socialist refugee in England, now an *employé* in France.

Editor's Drawer.

HOW many thousands of the readers of the Drawer have been exercised with the enigma published in the September number of the Magazine it is impossible for us to say; but the numerous answers we have received are the best evidence that the ingenuity of many of them has been at work with very various results. From the bundle of answers before us, we shall select a few which are so happily expressed that they are well worthy of reading, whether they are or are not satisfactory solutions. A Boston correspondent writes:

"I herewith send you a leaf taken from Knight's *Penny Magazine*, vol. ii., 1846, page 175, which gives the author's own solution, as appears by the allegorical cut accompanying it, viz., 'KNIGHTHOOD.'

"This is, undoubtedly, the author's solution, for his writings were originally published in the magazine conducted by Mr. Knight."

We will copy the enigma with the allegorical solution, and then the answers of our correspondents may be compared with it.

ENIGMA.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth! 'twas an awful day!
And though, in that old age of sport,
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.
My first to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My next, with her cold and quiet cloud,
To those who find their dewy shroud,
Before to-day's be done!
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies.

The enigma has often been republished, and many years ago the following solution was offered in the *Home Journal*:

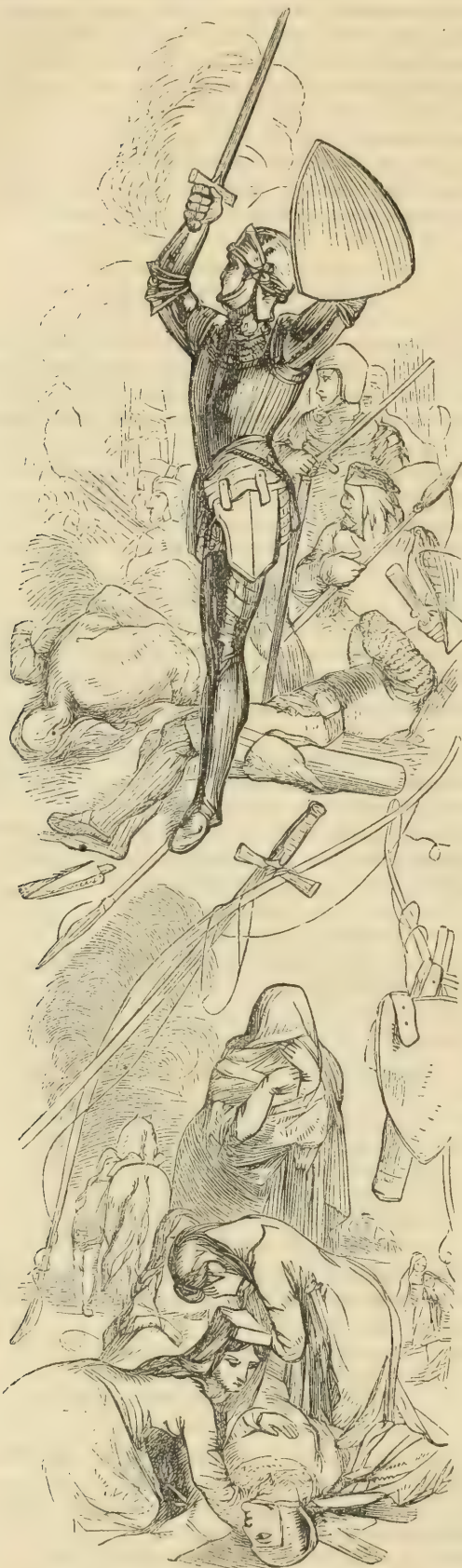
Sir Hilary looked aloft in prayer,
And only said "*Beau ciel!*"
Then rushed into the battle, where
He fought for England's weal.

J. A. K., of Chicago, Illinois, offers another.

To the "brave and the proud" in Agincourt's fight,
Hearts to strike home for God and their right!
Ease, blest ease, to the valiant dead
Who, ere night, "in their dewy shroud" shall be laid!
And the *Heart's-ease* of Resignation meek,
May it chase the tears from sad Beauty's cheek!

A fair friend in Northampton, Massachusetts, sends an answer originally published in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*:

When the two hosts at Agincourt
Met in their fierce array,
The rain—so chroniclers report—
Fell fast on forest, field, and fort,
And 'twas "an awful day;"
For on the wet and slippery soil



Horsemen and footmen sadly toil,
And weary in the fray.

"On, on, my men!" the leaders cry,
"The sky breaks in the West—
On, on, ye English chivalry,
For they who, fighting, nobly die,
Shall find a grave most blest;
And they who see 'to-morrow's sun,'
Shall find this weary labor done,
And gain their needed REST."

Ah, many of that battle crowd,
Before the day was o'er,

Had found a wet and "dewy shroud"
Beneath the RAIN'S "cold quiet cloud;"
But, maiden, I implore,
Cease all your vain regrets and fears,
RESTRAIN, RESTRAIN your bitter tears,
And mourn your lord no more.

'Tis done! St. George's banner now
Floats proudly o'er the plain;
Sir Hilary wipes his dripping brow,
Vows to the Church a holy vow,
Looks sadly o'er the slain.
And then recalls the prayer he made,
When, charging on the foe, he said,
With upward looks, "REST, RAIN!"

A lady in New Hampshire very modestly proposes the following classical reply to the riddle:

The coming foe, Sir Hilary eyed,
And, raising eyes to Heaven, he cried,
"Sol-ve!"—*absolve* my sin;
Then rushing boldly to the fight,
Arms loudly clashed with warriors might,
And rose the conflicts' din.

Oh, "Sol!" bright *Sun*, how dear thy light
To him, who, victor in the fight,
Rose from that deadly fray;
"Vae"—*wo* to him who sleeps beneath;
No morning sun nor victor's wreath
His eyes shall greet to-day.

"Sol-ve!"—*dissolve* in tears, blue eyes!
Upon the field the warrior lies;
Well may'st thou weep, fair maid;
Brightly will shine full many a sun,
And many a field be lost and won,
Ere aught *that* rest invade!

From Detroit we have the following *original* solution. The writer says of the riddle:

"It has never before been solved since it was written, which is upward of twenty years ago. You will perceive that, in the enigma, Praed has ingeniously woven its solution into the rhyme of two of the feet of the last verse, thus rendering it both simple and suggestive."

Unto the young and brave he cried,
With arm uplifted, "ON!"
They still would live, whate'er betide,
Howe'er the fray might run.
To those enwrapped in Fate's dun cloud
He softly murmured "DONE."
The paths to glory and the shroud
Shall meet, alas! in one.
And unto those blue eyes that weep,
Though fame itself be won,
That o'er the cold dead vigils keep,
He only said "UNDONE!"

A correspondent in Milton, Massachusetts, sends the following, being another version of one printed above:

When Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Upon that bloody day,
It was no scene of knightly sport,
Played for the pleasure of royal court,
That then before him lay;
And he raised his helm a moment there,
And muttered these hurried words of prayer:

"May all whom Heaven this day shall save
To-morrow REST attain;
While on the slaughtered warrior's grave
—(Sweet Nature weeping o'er the brave)—
Descend the gentle RAIN;
And may the fair, who mourn the dead,
REST-RAIN their tears, in sorrow shed."

Westerly, Rhode Island, contributes this, which is very clever:

At Agincourt Sir Hilary's charge,
Made on that "awful day,"

Is known o'er all the world at large,
How by his valor, sword and targe,
He won his glorious way;
'Tis said that on the martial air
He spoke two words "by way of prayer."

His *first*, to all the brave, was "Good,"
Who see the morrow's light;
The *next*, who ne'er the shock withstood,
But lay enwrapped in death's dark hood,
To them, 'twas endless "night."
What better wish than a "Good Knight"
To any blue-eyed lady bright?

And our Westerly correspondent tries again, as followeth:

When old Sir Hilary charged amain
At Agincourt, they say,
Upon the bristling, warlike plain,
Fell fast a furious, drenching rain,
Through all the weary day;
'Tis said that then a prayer he muttered,
Of just two words—'twas all he uttered.

His *first* to all the brave and gay—
The low-born and the high—
Whoe'er survived that fatal day,
Like traveler on the desert way,
They would, he knew, be "DRY."
Then charged he on with furious shock,
As waves descend upon a rock.

The *next* to those who nobly stood
Upon that "awful day,"
With spears as thick as "Birnam Wood,"
And glistening swords, so sharp and good,
And cast their lives away;
He promised them the martyr's cup,
To heavenly rest should they go "UP."

To mourning maidens with blue eyes
The *whole* can now be spoken,
Who weep when a warrior nobly dies,
And fill the groaning air with cries
Whose cadence is unbroken.
Old Hilary, glancing o'er the plain,
Cried "DRY UP!" unto the falling rain.

Out of all these answers the reader will take his choice. We call attention to the fact that all of them whose origin is known came to us from New England, whose people are proverbially good at guessing.

THE sudden transition from the sublime to the ridiculous was never more amusingly illustrated than it is by an actual occurrence in the family of a friend of the writer of this in Georgia. It necessarily trenches on serious things; and the desire of the Drawer to avoid every thing that may justly give offense to serious minds, is respected by all its sensible correspondents. But in the simple story we are about to tell there is so much truth to nature that we shall not hesitate to repeat it as it comes:

"In one of the genteel families of the State, Miss Mollie and Miss Peggie are two sisters. Miss Mollie is the eldest—a very upright and amiable young lady, whose good sense always prompts her to conduct herself with the utmost propriety under all circumstances. She is not a member of any church; but, like all well-bred young ladies, says her prayers before retiring. One night she carried with her to her room a pickle, and laid it upon her bureau, thinking she would eat it after her devotions. She knelt at the foot of her bed for the purpose. Peggie entered the room, and seeing her deeply absorbed, thought to improve the opportunity by appropriating the pickle to her own use. She had bitten off a piece, and in chewing it made

a noise, which her sister heard, who, wishing to know the cause, looked up, and beholding Peggie devouring the pickle, hurriedly arose, exclaiming, 'O Lord! excuse me a moment; Peggie is eating up my pickle!' Peggie told it the next day. We laugh at Miss Mollie about it; but she takes it all in good part, and upholds her conduct admirably by averring that it is when in just such company that we are commanded to 'watch as well as pray.'

IN Saybrook, Connecticut, of Platform celebrity, lived Roger Green, whose misfortune and vice it was to be a sad drunkard. He was a man of good family connections, but his habits made him a burden and disgrace to all who were compelled to own his relationship. The only good thing he was ever known to do, was to write the following epitaph for himself:

"Here lies a dead man—who do you think?
Poor Roger Green, pray give him a drink.
What! drink for a dead man? Yes. And why?
Because when alive he was always dry."

MANY of the readers of *Harper's Magazine* remember the great race, many years since, between the two famous horses, Eclipse and Sir Henry, over the Long Island Course. Eclipse, being a Northern horse, was backed by Northern men; and Sir Henry, for similar reasons, was the choice of the Southerners, among whom was the celebrated John Randolph, who had been betting heavily. While the decisive heat was being run, all eyes, of course, were intently fixed on the two horses, and the greatest excitement manifested. On the home stretch Sir Henry had slightly the advantage of Eclipse, and passed him, when John Randolph shouted, "Two to one on Sir Henry!" "I take that!" promptly answered a voice from the crowd around him. While this was passing, however, Eclipse recovered himself, and in turn passed Sir Henry. This, of course, was observed by Mr. Randolph, who, turning to the point whence the voice proceeded, said, in his inimitably sarcastic manner, "I didn't speak to you, Sir."

"A FEW months since," writes a correspondent, "two of our well-known citizens, Mr. C—— and Mr. S——, were sauntering through the streets of Cincinnati, viewing the sights, and of course looking into all the shop windows. Mr. C——, who is somewhat of a shop, observed a man seated motionless in a show window, resting from his exertions in cleaning the panes, with his left elbow on his knee and his face in the palm of his hand. Drawing his companion's attention to the man, he remarked, in his careless way,

"That's pretty natural; ain't it, John?" and, passing on a short distance, stopped.

"Mr. S——, however, stopped short, and, after viewing the supposed *figure* a moment or two, said, in a surprised yet confident manner,

"Blamed if that *don't* look natural!" and approached the window for a closer inspection. Resting his hands on the railing, he stared fixedly at the figure; when, to his great surprise and discomfort, the man, raising his right hand, with outspread fingers, to his nose, made a most significant gesture. Mr. S—— left rapidly, and to this day is plagued about the man in the window looking so natural."

"LAWYERS and Judges have to stand the 'brunt'

of a good many jokes, and those of our State [Wisconsin] seem to have as light a load of it upon their shoulders as any in the Union.

"Here is one, recently perpetrated in the hearing of your correspondent by a Judge of the Supreme Bench.

"In a 'Dutch garden,' at the capital, a few evenings since, a few young men, who had been participating rather freely of 'lager,' sang two verses of 'Old Dog Tray,' and, amidst the clapping of hands, was heard the voice of one of the by-standers imitating the musical voice of a mule! The Judge, who sat close at hand, coolly rose, took off his chip hat, and said,

"That is too natural to be artificial!"

"Our man of mulish propensities gave the Judge credit for making the best 'hit,' and silently walked away, while the singers ordered a 'drink' for the Judge. It is needless to say that a deafening roar of laughter followed."

THE Drawer's readers will be certainly under great obligations to the correspondent who contributes two or three things that follow:

"No Pennsylvania kitchens could boast of finer Irish 'maids' than my neighbor's, Mr. P——, and our own, when graced by the respective presence of the two sisters, Bridget and Norah Snoddy. Young, blooming, cheerful, and refined to an unusual degree for girls in their situation in life, they did not lack for plenty of jolly Patricks to pay them the homage so dear to every woman's vanity; but, while Bridget (the younger) laughed, danced, joked and flirted with 'ivery jintleman' who offered his 'attentions,' Norah preserved a dignified composure toward all her admirers, which, while it did not repel, neither excited any hopes as to who should be the favored one. At length Larry Dolan, a fine-looking, dashing, independent son of Erin, appeared upon the field of contest, and soon the claims of all others shrank into insignificance before the might of his powerful attractions. A strong rivalry was excited between the sisters—the one fearlessly, the other timidly attesting her love for him in a hundred little ways; yet for a long time his choice remained undecided. Norah, finally, resolving upon a bold stroke for victory, fell sick. Larry's heart was 'broken intirely;' and in a few days she privately became Mrs. Dolan. Her affectionate nature, however, prevented her from making any joyous demonstration or wifely acknowledgments before the defeated Bridget.

"Norah," I asked of her one day, as, entering our kitchen, I saw her bidding her sister farewell, "where will you live now since you are married?"

"At Dauphin, Miss."

"Why not here, in town?"

"Because *he* has work there, Miss; and *he* says it is the healthiest place."

"Who is 'he,' Norah?" I asked, with a knowing smile.

"Larry Dolan, Miss!" she answered, hesitatingly.

"And who, pray, is Larry Dolan?"

"With a blush that spoke volumes, she said, 'Bridget Snoddy's beau, Miss.'"

"A MAN of 'infinite wit and humor' was Samuel D. Franks, presiding Judge of Dauphin County some thirty years since. Gifted, among other intellectual traits, with powers of memory remarkably strong and active, he as often made it the tool

with which to perpetrate practical jokes upon his friends as for more dignified and useful purposes. It is said of him that, having read a newspaper through, he could immediately afterward repeat *verbatim* every word of its contents. In the city of Reading there resided Mr. Coleman, a well-known stage proprietor and owner of several large livery stables. The Judge happening into a barber's saloon one morning, where Mr. Coleman was getting shaved, drew from his pocket a copy of the *United States Gazette*, and, unfolding it, began to read aloud 'Great Sale of Horses. Will be sold, at Philadelphia, on the 10th of next month, the largest collection of superior and valuable horses ever before offered to the public, consisting of—' Then followed a lengthy and minute description of horses of every variety of color, character, and perfection; the whole advertisement apparently occupying a column or more of the paper. Mr. Coleman having listened to his reading with the utmost attention and eagerness, said, 'Judge, when you are through that paper, please put it into my hat; I must attend that sale for certain!' The Judge did as requested, and soon left the room. After a while, again sauntering into the saloon with some friends, to whom he had told the joke played upon Coleman, they found the latter poring with flushed face and knit brows over the *Gazette*.

"Holloa! Coleman, what's the news?" asked one.

"Oh, don't bother me!" he amiably answered; 'I'm worried enough already. Franks read me an advertisement a few minutes ago about a splendid horse sale, but hang me if I can find it any where! Judge,' turning toward him, 'haven't you left me the wrong paper?'

"Oh I guess not," said the Judge, taking it from him, and coolly running his eye over the fourth page. 'Here's the place; I'll read it again.'

"And commencing, he repeated, *word for word*, the column he had pretended to read half an hour previous.

"Well," said Mr. Coleman, scratching his organ of marvelousness, 'it's the queerest thing that I couldn't find it too. Now just fold the paper up tight and give it here; I'll take it home, and find it this time *for sure*!'

"But that he never saw it was a fixed fact, since no such advertisement ever existed save in the fertile brain of Judge Franks."

DURING Judge Franks' term of office, he had at one time associated with him Mr. F——, of Harrisburg, a man remarkable for his mathematical talent, but not particularly brilliant in matters pertaining to the judiciary. At a certain morning session in court, a dispute arose between the lawyers and Judge relative to the correctness of some testimony that had just been rendered. Not being able to agree, Judge Franks, turning toward Judge F——, whom he had observed busy with a paper during the trial, said,

"Judge F——, you have been taking notes, I see; can not you set us right?"

"No," answered the surprised gentleman, slowly raising his head; '*I was no takin any notes; I was shust makin—a—c—o—w!*'"

TRUE to the life, and true to nature, is this beautiful sketch:

"A wee bit of a philosopher is our little Mary, and the truths which sometimes fall from her cher-

ry lips are quite as good as the 'pearls and diamonds' of fairy-tale memory. A few weeks ago, Mary and her mamma were sitting in the sunshine near an open window. Mamma was sewing, and Mary, not in a very good humor, with slate and pencil on her knee, was trying, with all earnestness, to copy the straight trunk of a locust-tree, whose flower-laden branches almost touched the window-sill. Four or five times she had brought the slate to mamma, asking, as she pointed to strokes as curved as rainbows, 'Ma, ain't it right *this time*?'"

"'No, darling,' mamma would say, rubbing out the lines, 'the *real* tree is straight, yours is very crooked; try once again.'

"'No, I won't,' said Mary, at last, petulantly; 'I am sick with trying; nobody could draw *that* old tree straight, and I'll just let it alone.'

"Mamma sewed on very quietly. Mary pouted prodigiously a few minutes, then, without saying any thing, took up her blank slate and again sat down. A golden-breasted oriole was skimming through the leaves like an arrow of light; she watched him a moment, then, as her little white fingers again clasped the pencil, she began to sing, almost unconsciously. Now her eyes once more sought the abused tree; her hand moved slowly over the slate, faster and more merrily she sang, quicker and lighter grew the pencil touches, until suddenly bringing her song to an abrupt finale, and springing to her mother's side, she triumphantly displayed a correct drawing. 'Mamma,' she asked, after it had been sufficiently admired, 'do you know what made it come right *this time*? *I just worked the music in!*'"

A CORRESPONDENT in Savannah, to whom we hope to be indebted for many contributions in future, furnishes several amusing reminiscences of a distinguished citizen of one of the Southern cities. He is long since dead, and there will be no one more pleased to read the anecdotes than the few who remember him.

"Mr. H—— was a self-made man, and from extreme poverty became one of the wealthiest men in the city, and one of its most esteemed and best beloved citizens. He had no advantages of early education, and was very illiterate. But he was a man of rare good sense, and one of the best financiers in the country. Still, his ignorance of the English language led him into many amusing blunders, a few of which I send you.

"Some years before his death, an English nobleman was entertained by Mr. H——, who, in addition to being a man of great wealth, was noted for his hospitality. He drove his guest over the city, and showed him all its 'lions,' and among other things, informed him that there were a great many descendants of the *Juggernauts* in the city! He meant *Huguenots*.

"Mr. H—— was for many years an Alderman. Soon after the death of Mr. Calhoun, a proposition was made to have a marble *bust* of that distinguished man executed and placed in the Council Chamber. Mr. H—— wanted to amend the proposition and have a *full-length* bust ordered.

"He was an ardent railroad man, and a regular attendant upon all railroad meetings, and his sound, practical sense gave him much weight in these convocations. At one of them he moved, after the business was gone through with, that the meeting 'adjourn *sine die*, to meet again next Tuesday night.'

"Some years before his death he visited Europe. When he returned his friends were anxious to know what he had seen that was remarkable. To one of these he replied that, while in Paris, he had visited *the palace of the Fooleries!* He went to Naples, and to *Mount Usurious*, where he saw the burning *saliva* thrown down to the height of many feet."

"There are many other anecdotes of Mr. H——, but I have given you enough for the present. I will give you an anecdote related to me by Mr. Simms, the great novelist, and which, he assured me, was founded on fact.

"In the interior of South Carolina there lived, some years ago, an old man, very rich and very ignorant. His only son was educated at the South Carolina College, and after graduating was sent to Europe by his indulgent parent. On his return his father asked him what he saw in Europe. The son replied that he had seen a great many rare and wonderful sights, and many fine cities.

"Did you see any place you liked better than home?" asked the old man.

"Oh yes," was the reply; "I saw London and Paris, both very fine cities."

"Which did you like best?" queried the father.

"Paris," replied the son.

"You liked Paris a great deal, did you?" continued the old man.

"Oh yes, very much."

"Then *I'll buy it for you!*" triumphantly replied the old gentleman."

COOTE was a civil engineer engaged upon one of the new railroads concentrating at Jackson, and when not 'in the field,' camped in his friend Holt's law-office. Holt once went off to an adjoining county on business, leaving Coote in full possession; but while Holt was gone, Coote received orders from his Chief to go to New Orleans after certain instruments. But what to do with the office key, so that others could not, yet Holt might find it, puzzled him. At last he spied a certain place to hide it where no one could ever find it without directions.

"So he writes a letter to Holt all about it, hides the key, and vamooses. Holt came home, but rather than break a fine lock, kept out of his office three days until Coote returned. Meeting him at the dépôt, Holt, quite irate, asked him what he kept him shut out of his own office so long for—why he didn't leave the key, etc.

"Why," said Coote, "I did leave it hid for you, and left you a letter telling you where to find it."

"Left a letter!" said Holt, "where, pray?"

"Why, where else should I leave it, but sticking in the looking-glass on the mantle-piece, where you couldn't help seeing it."

"What looking-glass? What mantle-piece? Where?"

"In your office, as a matter of course!" answered he, innocently; and he angrily wondered what Holt and all the by-standers 'guffawed' so about.

"Need I add that Coote was an Irishman?"

A KENTUCKY correspondent sends his congratulation to *Harper* on the success of the two great institutions of the age, the Atlantic Telegraph and the Drawer, and then he adds several capital stories, from which we take two or three. He says:

"During the last election in this State, a man

by the name of Johnson was the candidate for Coroner of — County, and found it to his taste to go about the country and burlesque the speeches of the opposition candidates. On one occasion he followed, in his speech, a man who was generally considered half-witted, and who had just given a glowing account of his sufferings in the Indian war, in which *he* and General Harrison figured. Mr. Johnson had also been in the wars. He had served in the brilliant campaign under General Taylor, in Mexico. 'And, gentlemen,' Mr. J. continued, 'at Buena Vista I was wounded—terribly wounded. My friends all thought I was about to die. I guess none of you ever saw such an awful attack of the measles as I had in Mexico. But I finally recovered, was taken care of by my friends, returned to my native mother and rejoicing State to live among you, and to urge you, in consideration of these important facts, to vote for me for Coroner of this county.' At this point he sat down, but to rise almost immediately and remark, 'I forgot to state, gentlemen, that it was not myself but my friend, Mr. Adkins, who was attacked with the measles, and who, I regret to say, never *fully* recovered—for the fact is, Adkins died. Therefore, gentlemen, vote for me. Remember that great truth, which reads—that immortal phrase in the old school speller—that soul-stirring motto which spells—United we stand, *provided* we fall.'

A VIRGINIAN writes to us, and relates one more anecdote of that remarkable campaign when, he says, "Mr. Wise, our present Governor—the man who 'never failed nor quailed'—was on that famous stumping tour in which he killed *Sam* so very dead. [Did he?] He was introduced to a famous character of that county, Mr. F——, when the following conversation occurred:

"MR. F. 'Glad to see you, Mr. Wise!'

"MR. W. 'Happy to see you, Mr. F——!'

"MR. F. 'Sorry I can't *vote* for you, Mr. Wise.'

"MR. W. 'Sorry for that too; but this is a free country—a man can vote as he pleases.'

"MR. F. 'But I'll *bet* on you, Mr. Wise.'

"MR. W. 'Glad to hear that from you, Mr. F——, as you are a man of discernment in all betting matters.'

"MR. F. 'Let me tell you a story: Some years ago I was at the Richmond races. There were several fine-looking horses entered. Presently they led in the *ugliest*, *rawboniest*, *scrawniest*-looking beast that you ever *did* see; but he had *fire* in his eye. I got any odds I pleased, and won every bet. So, if I can't *vote* for you, Mr. Wise, I'll go my death betting for you!'

"Wise laughed heartily, and accepted the remarks of Mr. F—— as a good omen; which was in a few weeks afterward verified, in the most wonderful result of an election that ever occurred in this State, or probably in this country."

THE Tennessee contributor who sends the following to the Drawer vouches for its literal verity, and we hold him responsible:

"An earnest and eloquent divine in this part of the State was holding forth to a very respectable congregation on Sunday night. After the sermon was over he called on his hearers to contribute to the cause of Missions. In the course of his remarks on this subject, he broke forth with, 'You should all have for your motto, "Live or die, *swim* or

sink, *perish* or *survive*, I give my heart to this cause!" as *Daniel Webster* said, *when he signed the Declaration of Independence!*"

WHO is not carried back to good old times as he reads this sketch of Connecticut goin' to meetin' fifty years ago? It is a genuine story contributed to the Drawer:

"In the early part of the ministry of Rev. Jehu C——k, who preached many years in one of the pleasant towns in the western part of Connecticut, it was the custom of many of the good ladies from the distant parts of his parish to bring with them food, which they ate at noon; or, as they used to say, 'between the intermission.' Some brought a hard-boiled egg, some a nut-cake, some a sausage; but one good woman, who had tried them all, and found them too dry, brought some pudding and milk. In order to bring it in a dish from which it would not spill over on the road, and yet be convenient to eat from, she took a pitcher with a narrow neck at the top, but spreading at the bottom. Arrived at the meeting-house, she placed it under the seat. The exercises of the day soon commenced, and the old lady became wholly rapt in her devotional feelings. Though no philosopher, she knew by practice—as many church-goers seem to have learned—that she could receive and 'inwardly digest' the sermon by shutting her eyes, opening her mouth, and allowing all her senses to go to sleep. While thus prepared, and lost to all external impressions, she was suddenly startled by a rustling and splashing under the seat. She had no time to consider the cause before she discovered her dog, Put, backing out with the neck of the pitcher over his head, and the pudding and milk drizzling out. Poor Put had been fixing his thoughts on material objects alone; and, taking advantage of the quietness of the occasion, had crept under the seat of his mistress, where he was helping himself to a dinner. His head had glided easily through the narrow portion of the pitcher; but, when quite in, it was as securely fixed as an eel in a pot. Unable to extricate himself, he had no alternative but to be smothered or back out. The old lady bore the catastrophe in no wise quietly. A thousand terrible thoughts rushed into her mind; the ludicrous appearance of the dog and pitcher, the place, the occasion, the spattering of her garments, the rascally insult of the puppy—but, above all, the loss of her 'Sabber-day' dinner. At the top of her voice she cried,

"Get out, Put! get out! Oh, Jehu! I'm speakin' right out in meetin'! Oh! I'm talkin' all the time!"

"The scene that followed is not to be described. The frightened old lady seized her dog and pitcher, and rushed out of meeting; the astonished preacher paused in the midst of his discourse, while the whole congregation were startled out of their propriety by the explosion; and it was some time before order and the sermon were again resumed."

WELL, we have been "sold," as well as many a reader of the Drawer; but the explanation is the best part of the story. We give it as it comes:

"In your Drawer for August I observe a story about two letters—one directed to Miss Susan *Allen*, and the other to Miss Barbara *Ditto*, both of St. Joseph, Missouri. Now the chief fun of the thing to us out here is, that there formerly lived in this county a lady whose name actually was

Miss *Barbara Ditto*; and, what is a still more remarkable coincidence, she removed a few years ago to St. Joseph, Missouri. So you see the letters may have been right after all.

"There is a good story current here of John Ditto, Miss Barbara's brother. Once, while going down the Mississippi, he got into conversation with the captain of the boat, and asked his name. 'My name,' said the captain, 'is Smith; and may I ask what is yours?' 'Ditto,' was the reply; and the captain called John Mr. *Smith* for the rest of the trip!"

A GENTLEMAN in Louisiana writes respecting Colonel M'Clung's "requiem."

"In the Drawer of the August number of your Monthly, I observe mention made of Colonel A. K. M'Clung, who delivered the eulogy on old 'Harry of the West,' at the end of which you give his 'Requiem to Death,' from a correspondent, saying that it was written only a few months before his death. I saw the same statement in the New Orleans *Delta*, a short time ago, and thought to correct it, but it escaped me. I now wish to state to you, that the 'touching lines' were written, and at *his* request set to music, *before* the war with Mexico broke out, *i. e.*, in 1845, and that the original and only copy of said music extant, is now in the possession of my wife, to whom *he* gave it, with the request for her to learn it for his sake.

"As there appears to be a disposition to make it notorious, I can furnish a copy of the music, if desired."

THE conceit was well taken out of a dandy preacher in Tennessee on this wise:

"Some years ago, a drunken loafer staggered into a country tavern on the mountains near Sparta, in this State, and asked to stay all night. The landlord refused to admit him, stating that there were four or five Methodist preachers in the house, and he would not have them annoyed by him. The weather was very cold, and the fellow begged so hard that the landlord yielded on condition that he would keep perfectly quiet. After supper he took his seat by the fire, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. In this position he sat for an hour, adhering to his promise to 'keep quiet.' Among the preachers was the Presiding Elder of the Sparta district—a sedate, dignified old gentleman—listening attentively to the *spouting* of a conceited, self-important, young preacher, whom the elder had never met before. The dandy preacher paced the floor, twirling his gold-headed cane, boasting of what he could do, when the elder asked him, 'Brother, are you married?'

"'Yes, I married one of the Lord's children.'

"The loafer, who had not spoken, slowly raised his head and drawled out, 'See here, stranger, I'll bet you my horse you'll never see your daddy-in-law.'"

SOMETHING less than fifty miles from Rochester lives a man, the possessor of great wealth, and who is as penurious as he is wealthy. Mr. Bowne is the father of three children—two boys and one girl—named, respectively, John, James, and Susan. The boys were once what are sometimes called "fast young men;" and the old gentleman, fearful that they have not fully turned from their early ways, is rather suspicious of his "hopes."

Mr. Bowne has never made a will, but has often felt very much inclined to do so. Not long since this inclination reached a crisis, and a will he determined to make. So, calling on his business man, Mr. C——, he made known his determination, and wished him to write as he should dictate.

"I am ready," said Mr. C——.

"Set down \$50,000 for John," said Mr. Bowne; "\$50,000 for James; \$50,000 for Susan"—then a pause.

"Well," said Mr. C——, "what is to be done with the balance?"

"I guess I'll keep the rest myself!"

SUCH curious contributions to the Drawer are always welcome. Our correspondent writes:

"I transcribed, the other day, from a tombstone which may be seen upon the plantation of Charles S. Contee, Esq. (than whom our country contains no finer specimen of a gentleman farmer), near the head-waters of Rhode River, in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, the inclosed inscription. I send it to you for insertion in your Magazine, if you think it worthy of such notice. Nothing is now known with certainty of Major Francies; but there is a tradition in the neighborhood that his house stood near his grave, and that it was the only house for many miles around.

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF
MAJOR THOMAS FRANCIES;
WHO DECEASED YE 19TH OF MARCH,
ANNO 1685. AGED 42 YEARS.

Tho: now in silence, I am lowly laid
Ha! tis that place for mortalls made—
Oh therefore doe not thou thyselfe more gréive
Mourne yu noe more, but doe yrselfe relieve.
And then in time, I hope you'll plainly see
Such future Comforts as are blessing me.
For tho: grim death thought fitt to part us here
Rejoyce and think that wee shall once appear,
At that great day, when all shall summond bee
None to bee Exempted in this Eternitie.
Cause then its soe, gréive yu noe more
In fear that God should thee afflict most sore,
Even to death, and all to lett yu see
Such grieves to him, offensive bee.

ONE of the most accomplished gentlemen in the U. S. Navy sends us a number of anecdotes not more remarkable for their humor than the extraordinary chirography in which they come. Its beauty is not surpassed by any thing that has ever come to the Drawer.

"An account was lately published under the head of 'Posthumous Benevolence,' of a man who bequeathed, by will, his fortune to various charitable institutions, his body to be dissected by surgeons, and afterward his teeth (which were very fine ones), to be drawn, and sold to a dentist, the proceeds to be expended in purchasing food for the poor, his hair to be given to a plasterer, and his bones sold to a button maker, and the price given to a society for the relief of poor needlewomen. But the following instance of *posthumous revenge*, or rather, *intended* posthumous revenge, is not bad, and has never been in print:

"John W. W. Dyes was a master's mate in the U. S. Navy, and was attached to the flag-ship of the Exploring Expedition under Captain Wilkes when a boat's crew of that ship was captured by the cannibals on one of the Pacific islands, and Midshipman Henry killed. Knowing that the savages ate the bodies of their enemies, captured or killed in battle, an armed expedition was form-

ed on board of the *Vincennes* to rescue the remains of young Henry, and Dyes, among others, detailed for the service. When the boat was all ready to leave the ship, Dyes suddenly recollected that he had forgotten something, and, telling his companions that he would return in half a minute, darted back; he soon re-entered the boat, and resumed his seat, apparently much pleased at something he had accomplished, as he, smiling, held his hand on his right vest pocket, and muttered to himself, 'I'll fix 'em, the bloody scoundrels, I'll fix 'em!' Curiosity prompted the inquiry, as we pulled to the shore, of the occasion of his return to his mess-room, and of his subsequent complacency, when he said that he had prepared a small paper of arsenic expressly for that occasion, but in the hurry of preparation, had at first forgotten it, and it was for that he went back. 'And now,' said he, 'I have got it here in my vest-pocket; and if those rascally cannibals overpower and take me, I purpose—the last thing I do before they kill me—to swallow that package of arsenic; and,' added he, with an oath, and an energetic gesticulation to give emphasis to his declaration, '*I will poison every scoundrel that eats me!*'"

"MANY years ago I was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, and had occasion to cross from Norfolk to Portsmouth late one night, when I overheard a conversation between two negroes, which struck me as so racy that I wrote it down at the time, under the light of a lamp-post, as soon as I reached the Portsmouth shore, and now send it you for the amusement of the readers of the *Drawer*. It is quite equal to any of the famed conversations between Cæsar and Pete Johnson, occasionally reported in the New Orleans *Picayune*, and has the advantage of being strictly and *literally* veritable.

"The large ferry-boat that during the day plied between Norfolk and Portsmouth ceased to run after 11 P.M., and its place was supplied by a skiff, in which any chance pedestrians wishing to cross the river at a later hour were ferried over by an old negro of the name of Sam. On the night in question I heard Sam's voice calling out, as I approached the wharf, his well-remembered and often repeated summons, 'Last boat to Portsmouth! Over, over, over!' I ran to the boat, jumped in, and threw myself on a seat in the stern-sheets. There was no other white passenger; but a negro, who seemed to be an acquaintance of Sam's, and whom that worthy greeted as 'Jim,' soon after got in, and assisted Sam to row across the river. I paid no attention to their conversation at first; I had been spending the evening with some fascinating girls in Norfolk, and the music of their voices still rung in my ears, and the light of their smiles still wreathed a halo around my heart; and, drawing my cloak over my face, I leaned back and pretended to be asleep, and gave myself up to the indulgence of rose-tinted fancies, little heeding the conversation between Sam and Jim, until, about half-way across the river, I heard the former say,

"'Jim, I want to ax you a question: Do you love your mother?'

"'Yes, Sam, I do,' replied that gentleman.

"'Jim, do you love your wife?'

"'Yes, Sam, I do.'

"'Jim, do you love your child?'

"'Yes, Sam, I do,' for the third time responded the darkey he addressed.

"'Well, Jim,' continued Sam, 'suppose your

mother and your wife and your child were all drowning, and you could only save one, which would you save?'

"'Why, which one would *you* save, Sam?' said Jim, without otherwise replying to the question.

"'First,' says Sam, 'I would save my mother, and I would save my wife by all means, and I would die before I would let my child drown. But I ax'd you the question, Jim; which one would *you* save?'

"'Sam,' says Jim, and rested on his oar, 'I don't like that circumsunce; no man can tell beforehand what he would do in such affair; them is a fraction which no man can defraction; and I consider it a sinful sense to ax such a question. But, Sam, I'll ax *you* a question: Do you ever pray?'

"'Yes, Jim,' replied Sam; 'I pray to God every night, and I pray to him to save my life.'

"'Well,' returned Jim, 'you've got no right to pray to God to save your life. God has a right to strike you dead whenever He pleases, and you've no *right* to ax him to save your life. You should pray for *light*; and, if you pray for light, God will give you that light, and that light will take you straight up to heaven.'

"'Jim,' exclaimed Sam, 'who told you dat?'

"'Neber you mind,' replied Jim; 'it's truf.'

"'Jim,' said Sam—unable to meet his opponent on such a transcendental platform—'Jim, you hush! You've neber been converted, and you has got no right to talk on such sumject, and you has got no right to pray: now I'se been converted, and I'se got a right to talk.'

"ANOTHER discussion, which struck me for its intelligence and ingenuity, I overheard at a different time and place. I was standing on the wharf in Philadelphia, and overheard two negroes discussing the oft-contested question of whether it was right to say '*to-morrow is*' or '*to-morrow will be*.' One said, 'To-day is Tuesday, and to-morrow is Wednesday; Wednesday is to-morrow *now*, but after to-day it will not be to-morrow any longer, but will then be *to-day*; so it is not proper to say to-morrow *will be*, but to-morrow *is*.' The other said, 'Well, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. If you can say *to-morrow is Wednesday*, by the same rule you can say *yesterday is Monday*, and nobody ever heard that expression.'

A TENNESSEE youngster showed good grit, according to the note of a correspondent in that State, who writes:

"The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation of boys in this town had occasion to correct a little fellow, named Johnny —, and Master Johnny got into a fit of sulks about having been whipped. The pedagogue, wishing to convince him that he had been justly punished, began to argue thus:

"'Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water, and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any further, what would you do?'

"Johnny stifled his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, replied, 'I'd *cluck* to him, Sir.'

"'But, Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your *clucking*, what would you do then?'

"'I'd *get down* and *lead* him, Sir.'

"'And what if he were obstinate and wouldn't let you lead him?'

"Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and *walk* home, Sir."

"You may go and take your seat, Johnny."

"Johnny could not be made to see the necessity for using the *switch*."

On the same old, yellow, smoked sheet of paper that contained the lines by Tom Paine recently in the Drawer, came the following, supposed to be by the same pen. We know not to what obliging correspondent we are indebted for the use of them:

ON GENERAL WOLFE.

In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat,
Britannia sat, wasted with care;
She mourned for her Wolfe, and exclaimed against Fate,
And gave herself up to despair:
The walls of her cell she had sculptured around
With the feats of her favorite son;
And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
Was engraved with some deeds he had done.

The Sire of the Gods, from his crystalline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame;
And, moved with her tears, he sent Mercury down,
And these were the tidings that came:
Britannia forbear, not a sigh or a tear
For thy Wolfe, so deservedly loved;
Your tears should be changed into triumphs of joy,
For Wolfe is not dead but removed.

The Sons of the East, the proud giants of old,
Have crept from their darksome abodes;
And this is the news, as in heaven it was told,
They were marching to war with the Gods.
A council was held in the chambers of Jove,
And this was their final decree—
That Wolfe should be called to the army above,
And the charge was intrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew;
He begged for a moment's delay.
He cried, "Oh, forbear! let me Victory hear,
And then thy commands I'll obey."
With a darksome thick film I encompassed his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn,
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore
Should induce him again to return.

LET the Judge who delivers the following good things sentence the Drawer to receive more of the same:

"The learned and venerable Judge——, who in his time was an ornament to the New York judiciary, heartily enjoyed a joke, even at his own expense and in open court. Once upon a time he was holding a circuit in one of the northern counties, and after he had delivered the usual charge to the Grand Jury, and the clerk had commenced calling the list of Petit Jurors, a juror desired to be excused on account of partial deafness. For the purpose of testing the capacity of his organs, the Judge, in an ordinary tone, propounded to him a few questions; and at last inquired of him if he heard his charge to the Grand Jury? The juror honestly, and with the most unaffected simplicity, answered, 'I stood here while you was speaking, and I couldn't make any sense of it!' An explosion of laughter followed, in which the Judge heartily joined, remarking that it was probably more his own fault than the juror's.

"While the late Judge C——, some twenty-five years ago, was holding the Circuit Court and Oyer and Terminer in the neighboring county of W——, a backwoodsman was arraigned and convicted of an aggravated assault and battery upon his wife. The Judge ordered the prisoner to stand up, and concluded a solemn and appropriate admonition by

sentencing him to ninety days' imprisonment, the last thirty of which he was to be kept in solitary confinement, and upon bread and water only. The prisoner, who lived in a region where luxuries were never known, and even the necessities of life were scarce, reflected a moment, and replied, 'Judge, say *wheat* bread, and I'll go it!'"

A FRIEND in Tennessee, after relating two or three pleasant incidents of negro life in that part of the country, goes on to say:

"Old Uncle Anthony, who belonged to a planter in this county, died a few years ago, at a very advanced age. He was born in Virginia, and recollected a great many incidents which took place during the Revolutionary War, and, like most of veterans, was never tired of talking about what he had witnessed. On one occasion he was detailing to a young friend of mine the appearance of the 'Britishers,' and what he had seen in the 'old Revolution,' when my young friend, very much entertained, said, 'And I suppose, Uncle Anthony, all this came under your own observation?' 'No, Sir,' said the old man, '*it did not, for I seed it myself!*'"

AN Iowan writes to the Drawer, and says, "I think the following correspondence—which I assure you is genuine—is sufficiently spicy for the Drawer." We concur:

[COPY.]

CHARLESTON, LEE COUNTY, IOWA.

MR. STRIPE ESQ: DEAR SIR.—I have bene informed that you hav got the apintment from the giniril guverment to make observations and profesy about the wheth-er—I want badly to no what sort of whether we shal hav on the 10 April pleas let me no and what you charg

THOMAS PATTON

March 10. 1858

KEOKUK, IOWA, March 13, '58.

MR. THOS. PATTON: DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 10th inst., inquiring about the weather, is before me; and, in reply, I would inform you that I have received no appointment from the General Government, and that any one who presumes to *prophesy* so far ahead as you desire must be a charlatan. Yours, etc.,

W. C. STRIPE.

CHARLESTON, IOWA.

MR. STRIPE ESQ: DEAR SIR,—I am a shamed to trubel you any moor but I thought you was the charlatan apinted by the gineril guverment will you pleas let me no who is the charlatan for this county and obleege

Yours etc THOMAS PATTON.

THE truth of this story is vouched for by the Judge, and he ought to know:

"In the town of G—— there lived one Patrick——, and his spouse Biddy, the current of whose lives was frequently ruffled by breakers in the guise of 'whasky' jugs.

"Frequent brawls and bloody noses, mutually given and received, attested the love of each for the 'crather.' In these conjugal bouts victory would perch upon the banner of the soberer—or, more properly, the least drunk—of the two. Finally, Biddy outwitted her lord, and, getting possession of the jug, contrived to get 'elegantly drunk,' while Pat was, *per force*, only able to get 'tight.'

"This was too much for Pat's forbearance; so at it they went, rough-and-tumble, Pat demanding his full share of the drink at every blow, and she returning a Roland for his Oliver with her refusals. But Pat struck one blow too many, and poor Biddy lay a corpse before him. Pat's mind

was haunted by visions of a 'jug' he had not bargained for, but he made a clean breast of it, and was marched off to jail. Then came the trial. Pat plead 'Guilty,' and claimed the mercy of the Court. The Court demanded, 'Prisoner, what have you to say why sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?' This stumped Pat, but clothing his face with a most ludicrous expression of innocent simplicity, he replied, 'Shure, yer Honor, and ye won't be afther punishin' a poor Irishman *jist* for killin' such a baste of a woman as would hide the whasky jug from her husband, and niver give him a dhrop at all at all!'

"His Honor considered Pat's plea, and sent him to the State prison for eighteen years."

A TEXAS correspondent insists that the wrong "Judge" was mentioned in the Drawer in connection with a criminal trial. A man was tried for stealing a pistol. Judge Henderson was said to have been assigned as his counsel to defend him. Our contributor says it was Judge Ochiltree, of Nacogdoches, who had that honor. He made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the prisoner, and convinced Court and jury of his entire innocence. He was acquitted. Taking his deliverer aside, the man said, "I have no money to pay you, but you shall have the pistol!" and handed it to the lawyer.

It seems that the same Judge got another tool in the same way. He was successful in defending a prisoner, who asked him afterward what was his fee. The Judge said an X would be enough. The fellow brought him a beautiful AXE, actually understanding his counsel to name that article as his charge. The Judge took it, axed no questions, but told the story often of the heaviest fee he ever got in his life.

UNCLE NED sends three or four very neat little-boyiana:

"Little Franky, five years and five months old, said, the other day, 'Oh, uncle, I bought a cake at the baker's, with a hole in it, and ate the hole! Yes,' said he, 'I ate the *whole* of it.'"

"Seeing two horses and two cows in the road—'There,' said he, 'there go two kickers and two hookers.'"

"I was cutting up a chicken at dinner, the other day, and had already given one drum-stick to Franky, which he had eaten and asked for the other. I looked about, but couldn't find it, and said I didn't think there was another. 'Oh yes, uncle,' said he; 'there are always two sticks to a drum.'"

THE Drawer has often amused itself with men who could not see the point of a joke till all the rest are done laughing at it, and could not hold on to the point of a joke long enough to tell of it when they did come to see it. And the Drawer has another capital illustration from the old North State:

"Mr. Reporter Jones, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, whose fame is coextensive with that of 'Cousin Sally Dillard,' tells the following with inimitable humor, showing clearly that some of the compeers of Gaston, Ruffin, and Pearson are rather slow at *taking*. Judge Billings, of the Superior Court Bench, was once holding court at Fayetteville. A case was called up for trial in which ex-Judge Strange was counsel. A witness in the case, named Sarah Mooney, was absent.

Mr. Strange arose and stated to the Court that he could not go into the trial of the case without *cere-mony* (Sarah Moony). At this sally the whole bar burst into a giggle of merriment. The Judge was somewhat irritated, and sternly rebuked the members of the bar for their want of respect to the Court. After adjournment of court some member of the bar explained to his Honor that the merriment was called forth by Mr. Strange's pun. The Judge appeared to be satisfied, but still did not see the point of the pun. At the close of the circuit the Judge returned home still pondering on the remark of Mr. Strange, and wondering where the *pun* could be; just before he reached home, however, the *point* occurred to him, and he commenced laughing immoderately. When he entered his yard he was met by his wife, who was amazed at his cachinatory fit, which had not yet subsided.

"My dear husband!" she exclaimed, 'what can be the matter? are you beside yourself?'

"Well, my dear," he answered, after he had become somewhat calm, 'at the Cumberland Court there was an absent witness in one of Mr. Strange's cases whose name was Mary Moony, and Strange remarked that he could not go into the trial without Mary Moony,' and here he relapsed into a hurricane of laughter.

"Why, Judge," replied the good lady, 'I don't see any thing laughable in that remark.'

"Well," replied the Judge, after a long pause, 'I don't see the point just now myself, but I did a few minutes ago, and you may depend upon its being a rich one if you will only discover it.'"

Just so; if you could only see it! Well, the joke was not very smart, and the Judge was very excusable for not *taking*: the fun of the thing was the after-clap.

A COMPANY at the residence of the Brownings had been discussing the future state of the dead and the possibility of their communicating with the living. A child of the poet's, too young to speak plainly, being asked if he should be afraid of a spirit, replied:

"I don't think I should be afraid of a little spilit, but if a vely large angel should appear I should be a little afraid!"

As this is the last Number of another Volume—or rather, we should say, as the next Number will begin a new one—the publishers have intimated to the best-natured man in the concern—meaning, of course, the man who tends the Drawer—that he should intimate to his innumerable readers and admirers words to the following import, or as near the following as the Drawer can make bold to say: viz., That the Drawer has been a source of unbounded entertainment to hundreds of thousands, and all those who wish to see it enlarged and improved, running over with more and more entertaining and amusing matters and things so good for digestion, comfort, and health, should signify the same to the publishers by getting up a club of new subscribers on the terms stated upon the cover of this Number, which club will be a striking indication of gratification, and will encourage all hearts and hands; and as the present is the most favorable season of the year for such an amusement, the publishers will expect to hear from something less than half a million of the Drawer's friends in the course of the ensuing month.

An Affair of Honor.



Mr. SPASEM, thinking himself insulted by his Rival, TREMBLETON, consults "a Friend."



Who assures him that, as a Man of Honor, he must "call out" his Rival.



Mr. S. is persuaded to send a Challenge.



Which is promptly accepted.



Mr. S. says that he has never fired a Pistol.



And is advised to practice in a Gallery.



First Trial: Hits the Floor.



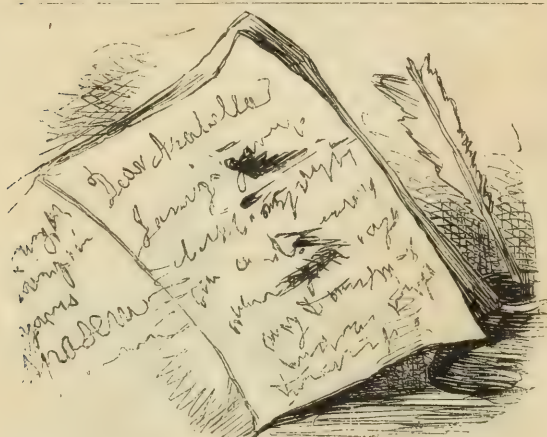
Second Trial: Hits the Ceiling.



Third Trial: Shuts his Eyes, and hits the Target plump in the centre.



Now he has "got the hang of it, can do it every time."



Having imbibed sundry Horns of Brandy, writes to Arabella.



On the Ground.—Don't like his Rival's Coolness.—Would like to apologize.



The meeting.—Both fire at the Word, and both fall, mortally—scared.



The Seconds rush up, and find their Principals perfectly uninjured.



When both frantically apologize, and fling themselves into each other's arms.



And leave the Ground sworn Friends.—Arabella is not once mentioned.

Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.—OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—CLOAK.

THE advance of the season renders Cloaks an important article of costume. The styles now worn are characterized by the great depth of the skirt, and the ample fullness demanded by the expanse of crinoline beneath. We may divide the different styles of the season into two general classes. The first class are properly Cloaks, with wide flowing drapery. The second class are more properly Basques or Coats. Both styles are made with or without hoods, at the option of the wearer. A novelty, intermediate between them, has made its appearance. It consists of a black cloth garment—circular—with a wide box plait in the middle of the back, and one on each shoulder, with an inside band to draw it in, more or less, at the waist, giving it somewhat the appearance of a coat. It has a *berthe*, and flaps or tabs of *velours-épinglé*, and is fringed.

The garment which we have selected for illustration may be taken as a type of the class of cloaks, with deep box plaits, plastron, double tabs, and tassels. Our Illustration represents a cloak of dark cloth, ornamented with drop buttons and a neat trimming. They are also made of moires, velvets, and, in fact, of almost any appropriate material. There is an equal diversity in the material used for trimming. Plaided *passementeries*, in particular, find much favor, which they well deserve, for we have never seen more beautiful fabrics than those of this class which have been produced this season.

Plaided fabrics—velvets especially—are also much used as trimmings for Bonnets. The BONNET which we illustrate is of maroon velvet, coming far forward over the forehead, and standing widely off at the cheeks. The rim is edged with an ivy wreath, which is also carried around the top of the curtain. Beside this is laid flat a row of black blonde, over which falls a deep veil of white lace, edged with blonde. Outside is a cluster of leaves of crape, tinted with the gorgeous hues of autumn. Inside is a *ruche*, and a cluster of Cape jessamine and convolvulus, with small pensile blooms.

The accompanying graceful COIFFURE is copied from a French publication. A twist of blue taffeta, plaited, passes over the head, with flowers at the sides. The ornament behind consists of a net of French blue, with a tassel in each mesh, and a *nœud* of blue ribbon.

The UNDER-SLEEVE is of tulle, divided by small crossings of narrow sky-blue taffeta ribbon, to form the divisions in the puffs.

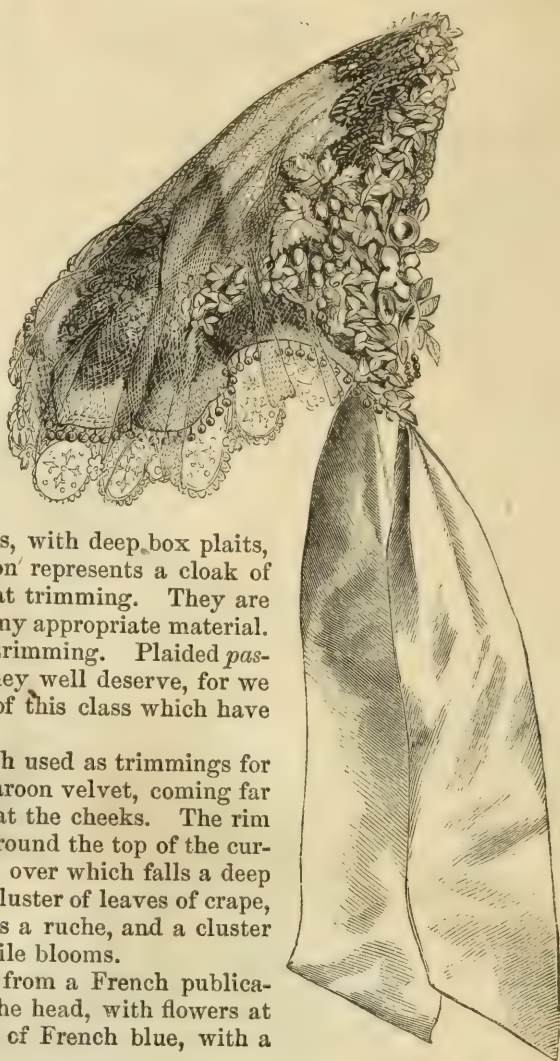


FIGURE 2.—BONNET.



FIGURE 3.—COIFFURE.

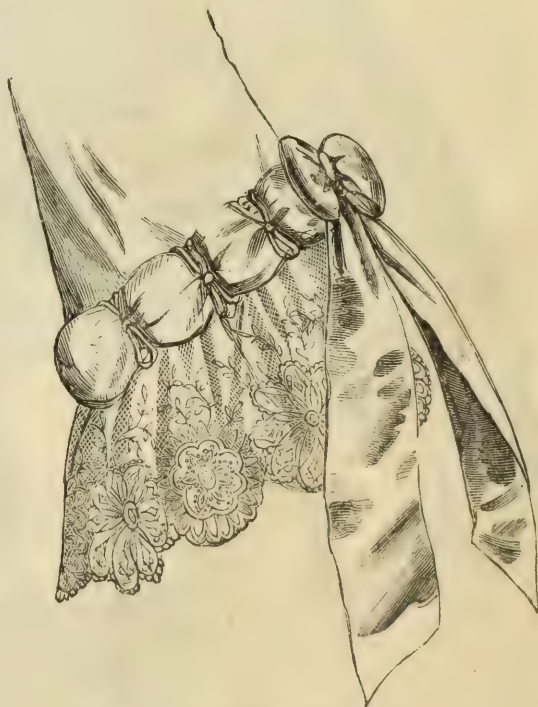


FIGURE 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

